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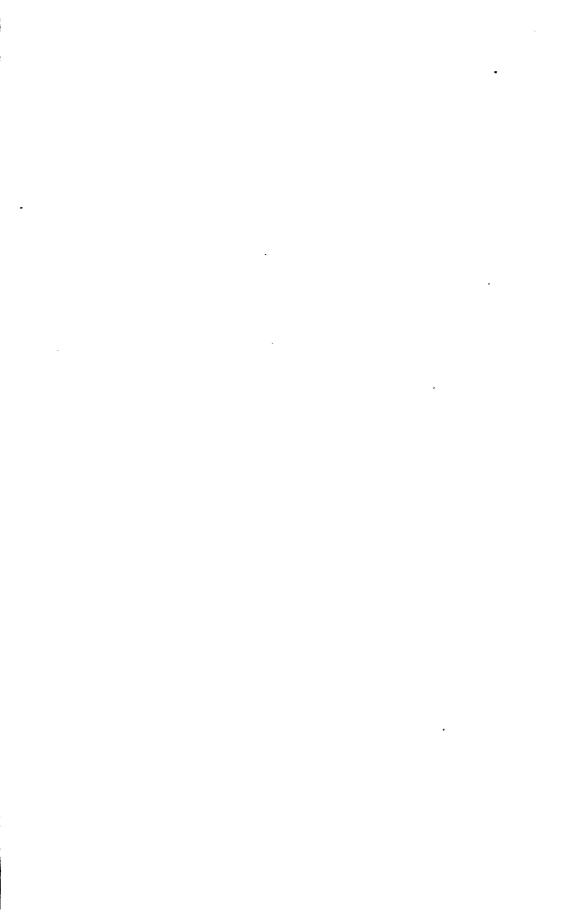
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INDEX.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER-VOLUME IX.

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.

A.	r.
PAGE	PAGE
Antiquity, the Writers of 31	Faded Flower 160
Anecdotes, Jewish 80	Female Patriot, La Salvarietta, or - 224
Address, to the Patrons of the Messenger - 449	Fitz-Maurice, Henry 242
Antiquities, Virginia 560-591-693-728	Family Library, No. VI 494
Austria, Wilde's 596	False Heir, the-Notice of - 503
American Scenery, a Gallop Among - 318	G.
Alison's History of Europe 136-281	Gold Mines, the—A Tale - 257
В.	Ghost Story, a - 382
Blindness and the Blind 6	George III.—Mental Grandeur of the Reign of - 517
Bolingbroke, Lord	Grave-Yards and the Congressional Burial Ground 652
Bornitt, Elihu 234	Great Men, the Principles of 657
Blank Charts on board Public Cruisers - 458	Glimpses into the Biography of a Nameless Travel-
Brougham, Lord	ler - 647-730
Bland Papers - 657	н.
<u> </u>	Harry Bluff on the Navy and the West - 1
С.	Heroism, Fields of - 190
Creole, Considerations on the case of the - 11	Hermit, the—A Tale 246
Chemistry, Organic 238	Tremus, suc-A Tale
Census of 1840, Reflections on the - 340	1.
Clairwoods, the—A Tale - 401	Ice Mountain of Hampshire County, Virginia 555
Caracas, a peep at, taken from the Journal of a Tra-	Immortal Gift 577
reller 513	Iceland Letter - 673-721
Cooper River, a Day on	Insincerity, the Fatal Effects of - 606
Copyright Club 647	Infant's Grave, the - 734
Cottage Girl, the 275	K.
D.	Knickerbocker, Mr. Irving and Sr. Navarrete 15
Dematists, the French	Knights of Malta, History of the - 86-163
Dramatists, the Greek 96	L.
Davidson, Miss L. M 94	Loafers, Something about - 198
Davidson, Miss Lucretia 309	Lapsus Pennœ 441
Dialogues of the Dead 158	Letters, Familiar, to my readers - 545
D'Alverez, Lona-A Tale 531	Literature, its Toils and Rewards - 562
Defect in Science Supplied - 574	
Democracy, the Spirit of 671	
E.	Lake George 696
**	Love Sketches 33-442-632
	and the second s
n	120
Encyclopedia, Brande's. Part IV - 313 Encyclopedia, the Farmer's - 356	M.
Essui, a Cure for	Mutiny, Cases of, at Sea - 66-133
	Muffled Priest 145
F.	Messopotamia and Asyria 180
Flunders, the Fair Maid of 81	Music, the Religious uses of - 193
Ploretta; or, the First Love of Henry IV . 149	Medical Profession, short Essays on the - 297

М.	S.
PAG	PAGE
Mehemet Ali 32	South America, a Sunday in - 93
Messenger, Address to the Patrons of the - 44	Slip-Slop 199
My Schoolmaster, or Blackstone Made Easy 48	Springs, Red Sulphur - 422
Mathews' Poems 71	Switzerland, Rambles in, or Notes of an American
N.	Tourist 425
N.	Spain, the Bible in - 465
Navy, Moral and Religious improvement in the 7	
Naples, Description of 10	
Navy of the U. States, Rules and Regulations for the	Scenes and Adventures in the Army - 109
Government of the - 371-452-524-68	
0.	Simms as a Political Writer - 755
0.	T.
Order of St. John of Jerusalem, a Historical Sketch	
of the 417-529-57	Thiers' History of the French Revolution - 354
Р.	U.
Patrons, the Editor to his	United States Military Academy 665
	\mathbf{v} .
Poets, our Younger. No. III - 38	₫ '
Preachers, Hints to 59	Yow, the A Tale
Pardon, Petitions for 66	vacation Schoolings, or, Detters from a Conege
	GOMU Past 401
Ŗ.	W.
Revenge, Female 17	Wanderer, the 17
Rome, a Walk about 17	Winter-Nights Club, the 38
Rudolph and Alice. Translated from the German 26	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Riego; or, the Spanish Martyr. A Play 302-38	
Ramble, a Summer Evening 46	1
Rhododaphne: Doubts about the Authorship 390-55	1
Rough Notes of Rough Adventures - 70	Webster's Bunker Hill Oration - 749

ORIGINAL POETRY.

	A.	•	1	F.
			PAGE	PAGE
Address, Delivered before	the Total	Abstinence	So-	Flower, the Dying 670
ciety of Alabama	-	-	745	Foreign Muse, a 579
Alban, the Proto-Martyr of		-	352	н.
Æolian Harp, to the Spirit	of the	-	400	Humming-Bird and the Butterfly - 30
A Dream -	•	-	401	How to Plant and Cook Potatoes - 104
▲ Memory	-	•	448	"How Cheering the Thought" - 697
A Word to the Sluggish	•	•	559	Hermit's Lesson of Life, the - 130
Arts Ideal, the	•	•	646	T
Autumn Leaves -	•	•	662	1.
	В.			Invocation to the Southern Muse 145
Boyhood -	-		. 180	L.
British Oppression		-	506	Light, the Morning 108
Bard, the Grave of the			651	Lines. By L. A. Gobright - 157
2414, 110 01111111	C.			Lines to My — 238
	U.		•••	Lines. By Mrs. E. J. Earnes - 246
Cottager, the Pious	-	•		Lines, to a Lady on Singing Moore's Song-"Oh!
Christ Singing a Hymn	•	•	205	Believe Me." - 422
Conscience, the Avenging			462	Love's Last Work 559
Childhood's Home		-	591	Leaves, the Autumn 662
	D .	_		"Long in Sorrow's Gloomy Night." - 720
Davidson, L. MLines to	the Moth	er of -		Die in the Autumn Woods
Dan Lonesome	•	-	130	Love, the Ditth of
	\mathbf{E} .			М.
Enna; or, the Marriage P	romise	-	204	
Evening Twilight	-	-	383	Mother, to my - 79
Epitaph on a Beloved Dau	ghter	-	422	Musings, Moonlight - 255-605
Early Lays	•	•	635	My Cousin—a Boyhood Memory - 296

	M.					S.	
					PAGE		PAGE
Morning -	-		-		301	Song, by Anna Cora Mowatt	- 25
Man Not Made to Mourn		-			301	Steam-Ship President; the Fate of the	224
Meditations of a Convict	-				493	Scio, the Massacre of -	- 233
Musings, Saddened	-			-	502	Sonnet to one Beloved -	242
	A T	•				Song. By E. B. Hale	- 257
	N.					Song, or Lines to	321
New England, a Farewell	to	-		-	76	Serenade -	- 356
Nightingale, the Death So	ng of t	he	-		664	Spanish National Song	464
	0.					Solitary Contemplations -	- 489
	U.					Sunday Evening Verses	530
Old King Time -		-		•	14	She is the Last	- 683
Ode to Death -			-		202	Southern Bards	252
Ode to Liberty		-		-	237	Sky-Lark, to the American	- 727
Old Ballads. Forbes' Gre	en; a	Cumbe	rland	Ballac	1 280	Stanzas, Suggested by the Death of an Infant	- 735
On Completing my Thirty	-Sixth	Year	-		652	Sonnets. By Anna M. Hirst	- 749
	P.					Т.	- 749
						The White and the Red-Man	- 56
Providence, the Mysteries	of	-		-	36	Twilight -	203-255
Prize Poem, the -	•		•		129	The Storm; a Fragment	
Poesy, the Spirit of -		-		-	201	To Miss M—— of Philadelphia	- 263 321
Psyche; or, the Butterfly	-		-		424	Trees and Flowers	
Paradise, the Bird of -		-			683	The Stars. "The Poetry of Heaven"	- 328
Poems offered for the Priz	е -		-	1	30-201	To My Husband -	458
Power of the Bards, the		-		-	744	To Helen -	- 529
	Λ					U.	727
One of March William	٠٠.		_	_			_
Queen Mary's Vision, on t	be Eve	of her	Exe	cution	593	Unpublished Poem, Extracts from an	1
	R.					W. Woman	
Reflections on the New-Ye					,,,		11
Rhododaphne; or, the The		Spell		٠.	171	Winter is the Season for Charity	- 33
Riego's Hymn -	18 usea	. Spen		30	29-408	West, Longings for the	85
		-		-	549	Wandering	391

EDITOR'S TABLE AND NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

A.		D.	
- -	AGE	P.	AGE
A Satire. By Park Benjamin -	124	Dickens' American Notes for General Circulation,	
Anatomy and Physicology, the book about -	126	two Notices of	58
American Journal of Science and Arts .	126	Dublin University Magazine, the	192
Alice, or the Mysteries : a Sequel to "Earnest Mal-		De Vere Judich Juratorum Origine Natura Et Indole	
travers."	191	Davidson, Margaret Miller, Biography, &c., of	448
Allston, Esq., Washington—Death of	507	Davidson's Works, Mrs. M. M.	512
Alison's History	701	Discourse on the Qualifications and Duties of an	576
Atalantis, a Story of the Sea	703	TT:-4	
Addresses	704	Donna Florida, a Poetical Tale	638
American Almanac, for 1844	762		703
	102	E.	
В.		Encyclopædia of Science Literature and Art	126
Biography, American, by Jeremy Belknap, D. D.	64	England, Lives of the Queens of - 192-703-	
Biographical Stories for Children	192	Encyclopædia of Geography - 256-448-704-	
Brade's Encyclopædia	512	Europe, Alison's History of - 448-575-	
D	576	T311 3.6	511
-	١,٠٠	Exercises of the Alumnse of the Albany Female	U
С.	- 1	A 3	576
Collins' Miscellanies		December and the Alice December 1	702
0. 1	126	Redesirates Austinoma	761
C 6 10 10	637		101
Cook at - O . 1 .	638	F.	
Cook, the Complete	760 l	Fables, La Fontaines'	126

F.		o. '
	PAGE	PAGE
Familiar Dialogues, etc	126	Ohio Lunatic Asylum, fourth Annual Report of the 384
French Language, a Course of Lessons in the	640	Ourselves 575
	0.10	•••
G.		Р.
Goddard's Address, to the People of Rhode Island	512	Philosophy, First Principles of Natural - 63
Guardian, the	758	Preacher, Virginia Baptist 64
Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire	759	Poultry Book, the American - 639
**		Plus and Minus 698
Н.	1	Perilous Adventures, or Remarkable Instances of
Henry of Ofterdirgen	125	Courage, Perseverance and Suffering 759
Harpers' Family Library	320	Proverbial Philosophy 762
History of Congress	448	Paris, the Mysteries of - 762
Home; or, the Iron Rule—a Domestic Story -	512	R.
Hannah More, the Works of - 512-57	6-759	
I.		Review, Southern Quarterly - 64-384-576
1.		Ruschenberger's Series - 256 Review, the North American - 383-509-762
Ive's Poems. Chips from the Workshop -	511	Review, the North American - 383-509-762 Ruffin on Calcareous Manures - 576
Insects, Natural History of	512	Rhododaphne - 638
International Literary Exchanges -	757	Robinson's Virginia Reports - 704
K.		S.
		·
Kingdom of Heaven, the Keyes of the	700	
Kendall's Life of Gen. Andrew Jackson -	760	St. Ann's Hall. Flushing, N. Y 508 Stevens' Travels in Yucatan - 509
L.		Silliman's Journal of Science and Arts - 511-701
I there of Select Newsle	64	
Library of Select Novels Lynch, Edward A. and Eugene H.—Death of	384	Т.
Legaré, Death of Mr	512	Thulia, a Tale of the Antartic - 62
Life in Sweden	639	The Lily of the Valley - 126
Lessons on the Book of Proverbs -	701	The Neighbors, a Story of Every Day Life - 511
Lecture on the Magnetism of the Human Body	704	The Days of Queen Mary of England - 512
Lectures on the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the		The Orion, or Monthly Magazine 639
United States	759	The Lowell Offering and Magazine - 640
		The American Newpaper Press 640
M.	- 1	To the Editors and Publishers of Periodicals 689
Mason, Ebenezer Porter, the Life and Writings of	63	Thirty Years from Home, or a Voice from the Main Deck 701.
	0-703	Deck - 701. The Banker's Wife, or Court and City - 703
	4-704	The Opal. A Gift for the Holydays - 704
Memoirs of the Court of England -	640	The Rose, or Affection's Gift - 760
McCulloch's Gazeteer	704	The Twin Brothers - 761
N.		W.
New World and Brother Jonathan -	64	Washington, George—Jared Sparks' Life of 126
New Works Received	576	What we wished to speak about - 576
Navigation, an Elementary, Practical and Theoreti-	- 1	Woman, an Enigma; or, Life and its Revealings 640
cal Treatise on	758	Wyandotté, or the Hutted Kuoll - 700
Ned Maron on Life Refere the Most	757	What's Doing

LITERARY MESSENGER.

T. W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IX.

JANUARY, 1843.

NO. I.

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.	ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES-(CONTINUED.)
PAGE	PAGI
1. The Editor to his Patrons1	7. The Wanderer; The Abbey of Paraclet; Heloisa
2. The Navy and the West; Harry Bluff's plan for	and Abeillard; Interesting account of their ro-
establishing a National Boat-Yard, on the Mis-	mantic history17
sissippi; How it was responded to, by the Le-	8. Lord Bolingbroke: his Political Character and
gislature of Tennessee; The proceedings of the	Writings, continued. The love of country im-
citizens of Memphis, in relation thereto; How	planted by Deity in the human breast; Exile,
the West is concerned in the Navy, and how it	forced and voluntary; His reflections on Exile;
bas been cheated of Navy patronage; and how	His master-piece; "Spirit of Patriotism;" "The
the public service has suffered in consequence	idea of a patriot-king."2
thereof; The mouth of the Mississippi not at the	9. The Writers of Antiquity. Laconic descrip-
Balize, but at the capes of Florida; How the	tion
Gulf of Mexico ought to be defended by Steam-	
ers, and how they ought to be manned by West-	10. Love Sketches-No. VI. The Poet's Love; Edith
ern boatmen; How every thing for boat building	and Mordante: She meets Lesbourne; Mordante's
is produced in the West, and carried to the East	dieing hour; A visit from Evelyn3
for the benefit of Eastern speculators; How	11. The Winter-Nights Club, by Maria G. Milward.
guns for the Navy are cast in the West, for 50	Nancy Broadhorn and Braithwaite; A love
per cent less than in the East; How the Steam-	scrape; Meetings; The Wards; Miss Hurst; Re-
ers Mississippi and Missouri have proved fai-	citations; Extemporising; How a young lady
lures : How it cost \$1,500 a day to sail them, and	may grieve her beaux away3
how they cost more than they came to; A plan	ODIGINAL DOESDY
proposed by which every river-town in the West,	ORIGINAL POETRY.
may have its 'water-mark,' showing at all times	12. Extracts from an unpublished Poem
the depth of the shoals above and below; A capi-	13. Woman1
tal idea, worthy the consideration of the West-	14. Old King Time, by E. B. Hale14
ern people; Report of the Secretary of the Navy;	15. Song, by Anna Cora Mowatt2
Extracts; How the West ought to have the de-	16. The Humming-bird and the Butterfly
fending of the Gulf of Mexico in war, and the	17. Winter is the Season for Charity3
protecting of it in peace; Western people its natu-	18. The Mysteries of Providence3
ral and best defenders; Valuable suggestions1	19. The White and the Red-man, by J. K. Paulding 5
3. Blindness and the Blind; Interesting historical	20. The Midnight Festival
facts; Biographical sketches of blind persons;	NT NT NT
Maria Theresia van Paradies; Her accomplish-	Notices of New Works:
ments; Sensation created in London by her visit	21. Two notices of the "American Notes for General
to that city; How the Japanese treat their blind 6	Circulation, by Charles Dickens;" the one from
. The decline of Poetry, by Payne Kenyon Kil-	the North, and the other from the South5
bourn; The causes of9	22. Thulia. A tale of the Antartic, by J C. Palmer,
5. Considerations on the case of the Creole; Im-	United States Navy6
plied and express prohibition; The immunities	23. The Life and Writings of Ebenezer Porter Mason 6
of men-of-war; The same of merchantmen; Re-	24. First Principles of Natural Philosophy
port of English cases; The comity of nations;	25. American Biography, by Jeremy Belknap, D.D.,
A ship on the high seas, a part of the territory of	with additions and notes by F. M. Hubbard 6
the nation to which she belongs.	26. Southern Quarterly Review
•	21. The New World and the Brother Jonathan
6. The Knickerbocker, Mr. Irving and Sr. Navar- rete; The magniloquence of the Knicherbocker	27. The New World and the Brother Jonathan 6. 28. Library of Select Novels 6.

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Adams, David R W. A. Estonion, Georgiavoi	0
Armstrong, James W. JWA. Eatonton, Georgia. vol Allen, Robert. Liberty, Virginia vol Alsop, Joseph. Fredericksburg, Virginia vol Alsop, Joseph. Fredericksburg, Virginia vol Breedlove, E. B. Milledgeville, Georgia vol Breedlove, E. B. Milledgeville, Georgia vol Bolti, Berthier. WG. Finney Mills, Virginia vol Burwell, Miss Jean B. WG. Mill Grove, Va vol Bolling, George W. WG. Petersburg, Virginia vol Blanch, Ezekiel A. WG. Boydton, Virginia vol Bowdre, Benjamin Columbia co., Georgia vol Bowdre, Benjamin Columbia co., Georgia vol Brame, George W. Perry C. H. Alabama vol Brame, George W. Perry C. H. Alabama vol Brown, Williamson D. Brown's Cove, Virginia vol Brown, Williamson D. Brown's Cove, Virginia vol Brown, Williamson D. Brown's Cove, Virginia vol Boyd, James M. Lynchburg, Virginia vol Boyden, Rev. E. Everetaville, Virginia vol Boyden, Rev. E. Georgeto, Virginia vol Bork, John N. Front Royal, Virginia vol Barneck, Wm. M. Robertsville, S. Carolina vol Barneck, Wm. M. Robertsville, S. Carolina vol Baskerville, Mrs. L. G. WG. Lombardy Grove, Va., vol Benton, John B. WG. Suffolk, Virginia vol	ā
Allen, Robert Liberty, Virginiavol	ä
Alsop, Joseph . Fredericksburg, Virginiavol	ğ
Ayre, Dr. BenjaminHolcomb, Georgiavol	8
Breedlove, E. BMilledgeville, Georgiavol	8
Bolling, Ro. BWGPetersburg, Virginiavol	8
Bott, BerthierWGFinney Mills, Virginiavol	8
Burwell, Miss Jean B., WG., Mill Grove, Va., vol	8
Bolling, George W. WG. Petersburg, Virginia vol.	g
Blanch Ezekiel A WG Roydton Virginia vol	Ä
Bounder Ponismin Columbia of Georgia vol 7	۵
Downer, Denjaminvoi /	-0
Dass, wm. rivol	ō
Brame, George WPerry C. H. Alabamavol	ď
Brewer, HenryGeorgetown, D. Cvol	8
Boyd, James MLynchburg, Virginiavol	8
Brown, Williamson D Brown's Cove, Virginia vol 7	-8
Bell, Dr. S Coffeeville, Mississippi, paid to close vol	8
Barker, R. R. (W. J. T.) Louisiana vol	Ā
Bouden Ray F Francisco Vincinia vol	ĕ
Pard Dr. John G. Glanneille Alabama	۵
Durk J.L. W. Frank D. 1 Vincinia	٥
Duck, John Iv Front Royal, Virginia	
Barnwell, R. W Beautort, South-Carolinavol 7	-8
Bostwick, Wm. MRobertsville, S. Carolinavol	9
Baskerville, Mrs. L. G., WG., Lombardy Grove, Va., vol	8
Benton, John B. WG. Suffolk, Virginiavol	8
Branch, Capt. D. H., WG., Petersburg, Virginia, vol	8
Butt, Dr. R. B. R.N. Portsmouth, Virginia vol	8
Balfour Dr E RN Norfolk Virginia vol	Ř
Damoud Mice A F Hananar Virginia wal	ň
Dellard, miss A. P Handver, virginia	42
Bush, Miss M. Wilmington, Dela., pd. \$10 to Sept., 15	ม
Brown, Henry B Maysville, Kentuckyvol	ğ
Baptist, R. B Boydton, Virginiavol	8
Baskerville, Mrs. L. G. WG. Lombardy Grove, Va., vol Benton, John B. WG. Suffolk, Virginia	-8
Collier, Robert R., WG Petersburg, Virginiavol	8
Claiborne, Dr. D. J., WG., Edmund's Store, Va., vol	8
Chilton Mrs Mary C. Talladega Alahama vol	R
Clower P. I. Clinton Georgia rol	Ä
Clower, P. L. Clinton, Georgia vol Campbell, Robert (W. F. P) Augusta, Georgia vol	۵
Campbell, Robert (W. F. F)Augusta, Georgiavoi	0
Clausel, J. B Monroe co., Alavol	0
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol	8
Clendinen, James ASpartanburg, S. Carolinavol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem ⋈ Roads, Vavol	8
Clendinen, James ASpartanburg, S. Carolinavol Cary, George BWGBethlehem ⋈ Roads, Vavol Campbell, JamesWGNashville, Tennesseevol	8
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem ⋈ Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG. Nashville, Tennessee vol Castleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol	8 8 9
Clendinen, James ASpartanburg, S. Carolinavol Cary, George BWGBethlehem ⋈ Roads, Vavol Campbell, JamesWGNashville, Tennesseevol Castleman, Miss AmandaClarke co., Virginiavol CackeJohnRNPortsmouth. Virginiavol	8 8 9 8
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B WG. Bethlehem M. Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG. Nashville, Tennessee vol Castleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol Cocke, John RN. Portsmouth, Virginia vol	88888
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B WG Bethlehem Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG Nashville, Tennessee vol Castleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, Leonard RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, Leonard RN Popt Peper Creek Virginia vol	888888
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B WG Bethlehem M. Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG Nashville, Tennessee vol Costleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, Leonard RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cherry, Col. Josiah RN Deep Creek, Virginia vol Cheiro, Lefforson, Greenville C. H. S. Carolina vol Cheiro, Lefforson, Greenville C. H. S. Carolina vol S.	888888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolinavol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Vavol Campbell, JamesWG. Nashville, Tennesseevol Castleman, Miss AmandaClarke co., Virginiavol Cocke, JohnRNPortsmouth, Virginiavol Cocke, LeonardRNPortsmouth, Virginiavol Cherry, Col. JosiahRNDeep Creek, Virginiavol Choice, JeffersonGreenville C. H., S. Carolinavol Scarolinavol Sc	888888888
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B WG Bethlehem Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG Nashville, Tennessee vol Castleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, Leonard RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cherry, Col. Josiah RN Deep Creek, Virginia vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Choice, W. A Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol &	88888889
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B WG Bethlehem M. Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG Nashville, Tennessee vol Castleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, Leonard RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cherry, Col. Josiah RN Deep Creek, Virginia vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Choice, W. A Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Chandler, Rufus Campbellton, Georgia vol	889888998
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina. vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va. vol Campbell, James. WG. Nashville, Tennessee. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cocke, Jeonard. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cherry, Col. Josiah. RN. Deep Creek, Virginia. vol Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Chandler, Rufus. Campbellton, Georgia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol	888888888888888888888888888888888888888
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B WG Bethlehem Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG Nashville, Tennessee vol Costleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, Leonard RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cherry, Col. Josiah RN Deep Creek, Virginia vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Chandler, Rufus Campbellton, Georgia vol Carter, John G Richmond, Virginia vol Carson, J. L Cadiz, Kentucky vol	888888888888888888888888888888888888888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolinavol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Vavol Campbell, JamesWG. Nashville, Tennesseevol Castleman, Miss AmandaClarke co., Virginiavol Cocke, JohnRNPortsmouth, Virginiavol Cocke, LeonardRNPortsmouth, Virginiavol Cherry, Col. JosiahRNDeep Creek, Virginiavol Choice, JeffersonGreenville C. H., S. Carolinavol & Choice, W. AGreenville C. H., S. Carolinavol & Chandler, RufusCampbellton, Georgiavol & Carter, John GRichmond, Virginiavol Carson, J. LCadiz, Kentuckyvol Davis, WilliamLancaster, Kentuckyvol	888888888888
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B WG Bethlehem ⋈ Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG Nashville, Tennessee vol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, Leonard RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cherry, Col. Josiah RN Beep Creek, Virginia vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Choice, W. A Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Chandler, Rufus Campbellton, Georgia vol Carter, John G Richmond, Virginia vol Carson, J. L Cadiz, Kentucky vol Davis, William Lancaster, Kentucky vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol	8 8 8 8 8 8 8 9 8 8 9 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B. WG Bethlehem ⋈ Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG Nashville, Tennessee vol Castleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cherry, Col. Josiah RN Deep Creek, Virginia vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Choice, W. A Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Chandler, Rufus Campbellton, Georgia vol Carter, John G Richmond, Virginia vol Carson, J. L Cadiz, Kentucky vol Davis, William Lancaster, Kentucky vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG Survy C. H., Virginia vol Dillard. Wm WG Survy C. H., Virginia vol	8889888978 1-9888978
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B WG Bethlehem M. Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG Nashville, Tennessee vol Castleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, Leonard RN Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cherry, Col. Josiah RN Deep Creek, Virginia vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Choice, W. A Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Chandler, Rufus Campbellton, Georgia vol Carter, John G Richmond, Virginia vol Carson, J. L Cadiz, Kentucky vol Davis, William Lancaster, Kentucky vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol Dillard, Wm WG Surry C. H., Virginia vol	888888888888888888888888888888888888888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolinavol Cary, George B WG. Bethlehem M. Roads, Vavol Campbell, James WG. Nashville, Tennesseevol Costleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginiavol Cocke, John RN Portsmouth, Virginiavol Cocke, Jeonard RN Portsmouth, Virginiavol Cherry, Col. Josiah RN Beep Creek, Virginiavol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolinavol & Choice, W. A Greenville C. H., S. Carolinavol & Choice, W. A Greenville C. H., S. Carolinavol & Carson, J. L Cadiz, Kentuckyvol Davis, William Lancaster, Kentuckyvol Davis, William Lancaster, Kentuckyvol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol Dillard, Wm WG Surry C. H., Virginiavol Dyer, Miss Louisa P. E Franklin, Virginiavol Doughety, Hon. Charles JPW. Athens. Geovol	888988897898
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolinavol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Vavol Campbell, JamesWG. Nashville, Tennesseevol Castleman, Miss AmandaClarke co., Virginiavol Cocke, JohnRN. Portsmouth, Virginiavol Cocke, LeonardRN. Portsmouth, Virginiavol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolinavol & Choice, W. A	888988897898
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina. vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va. vol Campbell, James. WG. Nashville, Tennessee. vol Castleman, Miss Amanda. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cocke, Leonard. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cherry, Col. Josiah. RN. Deep Creek, Virginia. vol Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Chandler, Rufus. Campbellton, Georgia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol Carson, J. L. Cadiz, Kentucky. vol Davis, William. Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol Dillard, Wm. WG. Surry C. H., Virginia. vol Dyer, Miss Louisa P. E. Franklin, Virginia. vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles. JPW. Athens, Geo. vol Daniel, William. Roxborough, North-Carolina. vol	8889888978988
Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va vol Campbell, James WG. Nashville, Tennessee vol Castleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol Cocke, John RN. Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, John RN. Portsmouth, Virginia vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol & Chandler, Rufus Campbellton, Georgia vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia vol Carson, J. L Cadiz, Kentucky vol Davis, William Lancaster, Kentucky vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. Sury C. H., Virginia vol Dyer, Miss Louisa P. E Franklin, Virginia vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles JPW. Athens, Geo vol Daniel, William Roxborough, North-Carolina vol Edney, James M Edneysville, N. Carolina vol	88898889789888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina. vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va. vol Campbell, James. WG. Nashville, Tennessee. vol Castleman, Miss Amanda. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cocke, Leonard. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cherry, Col. Josiah. RN. Deep Creek, Virginia. vol Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Chandler, Rufus. Campbellton, Georgia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol Carson, J. L. Cadiz, Kentucky. vol Davis, William. Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol Dillard, Wm. WG. Surry C. H., Virginia. vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles. JPW. Athens, Geo. vol Daniel, William. Roxborough, North-Carolina. vol Edney, James M. Edneysville, N. Carolina. vol Edney, James M. Edneysville, N. Carolina. vol Elder, Samuel. Fairmount, Illinois. vol	888988897898888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina. vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va. vol Campbell, James. WG. Nashville, Tennessee. vol Castleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cocke, Jeonard. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cherry, Col. Josiah. RN. Deep Creek, Virginia. vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Chandler, Rufus Campbellton, Georgia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol Carson, J. L. Cadiz, Kentucky. vol Davis, William. Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, William. Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Dillard, Wm. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol Dillard, Wm. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol Dillard, Wm. G. Surry C. H., Virginia. vol Dyer, Miss Louisa P. E. Franklin, Virginia. vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles. JPW. Athens, Geo. vol Daniel, William. Roxborough, North-Carolina. vol Edney, James M. Edneysville, N. Carolina. vol Elder, Samuel. Fairmount, Illinois. vol Elder, Miss Ann A. Chester, Massachusetts. vol	88898888978988888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina. vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va. vol Campbell, James. WG. Nashville, Tennessee. vol Castleman, Miss Amanda. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Chandler, Rufus. Campbellton, Georgia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol Carson, J. L. Cadiz, Kentucky. vol Davis, William. Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol Dillard, Wm. WG. Surry C. H., Virginia. vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles. JPW. Athens, Geo. vol Daniel, William. Roxborough, North-Carolina. vol Edder, Samuel. Fairmount, Illinois. vol Elder, Samuel. Fairmount, Illinois. vol Earle, M. S. Ann. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Earle, M. S. Ann. Clarke co., Virginia. vol	888988897898888888888888888888888888888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina. vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va. vol Campbell, James. WG. Nashville, Tennessee. vol Castleman, Miss Amanda. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cocke, Leonard. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cherry, Col. Josiah. RN. Deep Creek, Virginia. vol Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Chandler, Rufus. Campbellton, Georgia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol Carson, J. L. Cadiz, Kentucky. vol Davis, William. Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. toclose vol Dillard, Wm. WG. Surry C. H., Virginia. vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles. JPW. Athens, Geo. vol Daniel, William. Roxborough, North-Carolina. vol Eddey, James M. Edneysville, N. Carolina. vol Edder, Miss Ann A. Chester, Massachusetts. vol Earle, A. M. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Emmerson, Arthur. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol	888988889789888888888888888888888888888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina. vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va. vol Campbell, James. WG. Neshville, Tennessee. vol Castleman, Miss Amanda. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Chandler, Rufus. Campbellton, Georgia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol Carson, J. L. Cadiz, Kentucky. vol Davis, William. Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, William. Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. Surry C. H., Virginia. vol Dyer, Miss Louisa P. E. Franklin, Virginia. vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles. JPW. Athens, Geo. vol Daniel, William. Roxborough, North-Carolina. vol Elder, Samuel. Fairmount, Illinois. vol Elder, Samuel. Fairmount, Illinois. vol Elder, A. M. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Elder, A. M. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Entreron, Arthur. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Fly, John D. Coffeeville, Mississippi. vol 7	8689888997898888888888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina. vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va. vol Campbell, James. WG. Nashville, Tennessee. vol Castleman, Miss Amanda. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Chandler, Rufus. Campbellton, Georgia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol Carson, J. L. Cadiz, Kentucky. vol Davis, William. Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol Dillard, Wm. WG. Surry C. H., Virginia. vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles. JPW. Athens, Geo. vol Daniel, William. Roxborough, North-Carolina. vol Edney, James M. Edneysville, N. Carolina. vol Edder, Samuel. Fairmount, Illinois. vol Elder, Samuel. Fairmount, Illinois. vol Earle, A. M. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Emmerson, Arthur. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Ferrusson, R. French. West Middleburg, Ohio. vol	868988897898888888888888888888888888888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina. vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va. vol Campbell, James. WG. Neshville, Tennessee. vol Castleman, Miss Amanda. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cocke, Jeonard. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cherry, Col. Josiah. RN. Deep Creek, Virginia. vol Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Carson, J. L. Cadiz, Kentucky. vol Davis, William Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol Dillard, Wm. WG. Surry C. H., Virginia. vol Dyer, Miss Louisa P. E. Franklin, Virginia. vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles. JPW. Athens, Geo. vol Daniel, William Roxborough, North-Carolina. vol Elder, James M. Edneysville, N. Carolina. vol Elder, Miss Ann A. Chester, Massachusetts. vol Earle, A. M. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Fly, John D. Coffeeville, Mississippi. vol 7 Fergusson, R. French. West Middleburg, Virginia. vol Fulton. Montroville C. Glade Springs, Virginia. vol	868988889789888888888
Clendinen, James A. Spartanburg, S. Carolina. vol Cary, George B. WG. Bethlehem Roads, Va. vol Campbell, James. WG. Nashville, Tennessee. vol Castleman, Miss Amanda. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Cocke, John. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia. vol Choice, Jefferson. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Choice, W. A. Greenville C. H., S. Carolina. vol & Chandler, Rufus. Campbellton, Georgia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia. vol Davis, William Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, William Lancaster, Kentucky. vol Davis, Miss M. A. WG. Surry C. H., Virginia. vol Dyer, Miss Louisa P. E. Franklin, Virginia. vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles. JPW. Athens, Geo. vol Daniel, William Roxborough, North-Carolina. vol Elder, Samuse M. Edneysville, N. Carolina. vol Elder, Samuse M. Edneysville, N. Carolina. vol Elder, Samuse M. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Endre, Samuse M. Clarke co., Virginia. vol Fly, John D Coffeeville, Mississippi. vol 7 Fergusnon, R. French. West Middleburg, Ohio. vol Frenklin Literary Society. WG. Bovdton. Va. vol	868988899888888888888888888888888888888
Clower, P. L. Clinton, Georgia vol Campbell, Robert (W. F. P) Augusta, Georgia vol Clausel, J. B Monroe co., Ala vol Clendinen, James A Spartanburg, S. Carolina vol Cary, George B. W.G. Bethlehem M. Roads, Va vol Cary, George B. W.G. Bethlehem M. Roads, Va vol Castleman, Miss Amanda Clarke co., Virginia vol Cocke, John. R.N. Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, John. R.N. Portsmouth, Virginia vol Cocke, Leonard. R.N. Portsmouth, Virginia vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol Choice, Jefferson Greenville C. H., S. Carolina vol Chandler, Rufus Campbellton, Georgia vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia vol Carter, John G. Richmond, Virginia vol Davis, William Lancaster, Kentucky vol Davis, Miss M. A. W.G. St. Tammany, Va., pd. to close vol Dillard, Wm W.G Surry C. H., Virginia vol Dougherty, Hon. Charles JPW Athens, Geo vol Daniel, William Roxborough, North-Carolina vol Edney, James M Edneysville, N. Carolina vol Edder, Samuel Fairmount, Illinois vol Edder, Samuel Fairmount, Illinois vol Earle, A. M Clarke co., Virginia vol Earle, A. M Clarke co., Virginia vol Ferngus (W. F. P) Augusta Georgia vol Franklin Literary Society WG Boydton, Va vol Franklin Literary Society WG Boydton, Va.	868988899888978988888888888888888888888
Frazer, James (W. F. P)Augusta Georgiavol	8
Frazer, James (W. F. P)Augusta Georgiavol	8
Frazer, James (W. F. P)Augusta Georgiavol	8
Frazer, James (W. F. P)Augusta Georgiavol	8
Frazer, James (W. F. P)Augusta Georgiavol	8
Frazer, James (W. F. P)Augusta Georgiavol	8
Frazer, James (W. F. P)Augusta Georgiavol	8
Frazer, James (W. F. P) Augusta Georgia vol Ford, Henry A Baltimore, Maryland vol Gholson, Dr. R. A. WG. Mallory P. O., Virginia vol Garland, Landon C WG. Boydton, Virginia vol Guest, Joseph Wellsburg, Virginia vol Garland, Miss A. E Amherst C. H., Virginia vol Giet, Independent Levington Kentucky.	8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8
Frazer, James (W. F. P) Augusta Georgia vol Ford, Henry A Baltimore, Maryland vol Gholson, Dr. R. A. WG. Mallory P. O., Virginia vol Garland, Landon C WG. Boydton, Virginia vol Guest, Joseph Wellsburg, Virginia vol Garland, Miss A. E Amherst C. H., Virginia vol Giet, Independent Levington Kentucky.	8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8
Frazer, James (W. F. P) Augusta Georgia vol Ford, Henry A Baltimore, Maryland vol Gholson, Dr. R. A. WG. Mallory P. O., Virginia vol Garland, Landon C WG. Boydton, Virginia vol Guest, Joseph Wellsburg, Virginia vol Garland, Miss A. E Amherst C. H., Virginia vol Giet, Independent Levington Kentucky.	8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8
Frazer, James (W. F. P) Augusta Georgia vol Ford, Henry A Baltimore, Maryland vol Gholson, Dr. R. A. WG. Mallory P. O., Virginia vol Garland, Landon C WG. Boydton, Virginia vol Guest, Joseph Wellsburg, Virginia vol Garland, Miss A. E Amherst C. H., Virginia vol Giet, Independent Levington Kentucky.	8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8
Frazer, James (W. F. P) Augusta Georgia vol Ford, Henry A Baltimore, Maryland vol Gholson, Dr. R. A. WG. Mallory P. O., Virginia vol Garland, Landon C WG. Boydton, Virginia vol Guest, Joseph Wellsburg, Virginia vol Garland, Miss A. E Amherst C. H., Virginia vol Giet, Independent Levington Kentucky.	8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8
Frazer, James (W. F. P)Augusta Georgiavol	8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8

Harral, James... Charleston, South-Carolina... vol 9
Hicks, Elizabeth F... Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... vol 8
Haskins, Miss Julia... Kennedy's, Virginia... vol 8
Innis, John M... Sumpter co., Alabama... vol 7
Jett, John F... Brownsville, Tennessee... vol 7-8
Johnson, William B... Richmond, Va., paidin full \$6 25
Jones, Miss Martha M... WG... Boydton, Virginia... vol 6-7
Jones, N... WG... Burwell's Bay, Virginia... vol 7-8
Jeter, Wm. L... Columbus, Georgia... vol 8
Jerome, Charles... Auburn, N. York... vol 8
Johnson, Wm. R... WG... Petersburg, Virginia... vol 8
Jones, Miss A. S. JPW... Athens, Georgia... vol 9
Jones, Henry B... Brownsburg, Virginia... vol 8
Johnson, Achilles D... Lynchburg, Virginia... vol 8
Jeffries, Thomas... Macon, Alabama... vol 8-9
Ketcham, John L... Indianspolis, Indiana... vol 9
Kennedy, Gilbert... Dayton, Ohio... vol 8 Actenam, John L. Indianapolis, Indiana. vol 9
Kennedy, Gilbert. Dayton, Ohio vol 8
Kercheval, John B. Romney, Virginia. vol 9
Lithgow, W. T. WG. Petersburg, Virginia. vol 8
Lownes, J. Henry A. WG. Petersburg, Virginia vol 8
Land, C. A. WG. Newville, Virginia vol 8 Land, C. A. WG. Newville, Virginia... vol 8
Library Club... Layfayette, Indiana... vol 8
Lynch, William B... Lynchburg, Virginia... vol 89
Laidley, Alexander T. Wheeling, Virginia... vol 89
Longwood, Mrs. Mary W. BFR. Oakland, Tenn. vol 7-8
Lamar, Mrs. Sarah W. Covington, Georgia... vol 8
Little, William H. Natchez, Mississippi... vol 7-8
Love, Miss Mary Jane... WG... White Plains, Va... vol 7-8
Leigh, R. H., Jr. Leighton, N. Ala., pd. \$5 to August 1842
Marr, Hugh D. Livingston, Alabama... vol 8
Montgomery, Dr. Joseph F... Jackson, Mississippi. vol 8
Marshall, John C. Shawneetown, Illinois... vol 8
Manly, Thomas S. Toledo, Ohio... vol 7-8 Massenburg, E. W. WG. Jerusalem, Virginia... vol 7-8
McKinnie, Henry... Scuabock's Springs, Florida. vol 8
McLeod, Miss C. RN. Macon, Georgia, pd. to July, 1842
Milrose, Mrs. A.. RN. Macon Georgia, pd. to July, 1843
McRae, John C. RN. Portsmouth, Virginia... vol 8
Mudd, William S. Jefferson co., Alabama... vol 7-8
Nicholas, J. W. RN. Kempsville, Virginia... vol 8
Owen, John. pd. JTF. Cambridge, Mass. \$12 on account
Outlaw, David... Windsor, North Carolina... vol 8
Owens, Samuel W. Washington, Kentucky... vol 9
Poindexter, Park.. WG. Chesterfield C. H., Va. vol 8
Paxton, William C. Yanceyville, N. Carolina... vol 9
Parkinson, J. Washington co., Pennsylvania... vol 9
Parkinson, J. Washington co., Pennsylvania... vol 7-8
Phillips, Dr. B. L. Belmont, Mississippi... vol 7-8 Phillips, Dr. B. L. Belmont, Mississippi... vol 8
Pardee, T. CRS. Chicago, Illinois... vol 9
Parish, Mrs. C. DN. Monticello, Flo., pd. to close 1842
Quarles, J. W. (W. J. T.)... Memphis, Tenn... vol 7-8

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VOL. IX.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1843.

NO. 1.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY E. B. HALE.

T.

Twas an Autumn's eve—with the sick man's groan,
As he writh'd in torturing pain,
Came the solemn dirge—so dreary and lone—
Of the autumn wind, and its spirit-like moan,
And its sad and desolate strain.

II.

And the yellow leaves, all sere and dry,
As the hollow wind flew past,
In a funeral march, went rustling by,
With the notes of grief and many a sigh,
As they rode the pitiless blast.

Ш

And thro' the bows of the willow tree
That stood by the good man's door,
The wild winds danced with furious glee,
And sung their songs all solemnly,
As they ne'er had sung before.

1V.

Bet all was calm and as still within,
As the hour of peaceful rest:
And the dying man, in his thoughts had been,
To that beautiful clime where sorrow or sin,
Shall never, no never molest.

EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

The ending of the old and the beginning of the new-year, are land-marks in the ways of business :the former is the time for casting back and settling up old scores—the latter, for looking blithely ahead, and forming new plans. We have taken a view each way, and are reminded, that, to day, we turn over a new leaf in a new volume of the Messenger. While we are doing this, we beg the attention of our friends and subscribers for a few moments. Times are hard-our engagements are pressing; we have wrought the year through, and furnished our subscribers with every jot and tittle of what we promised to give them. Have they done the same by us? Many, we are happy to say, have—and many, the state of our finances reminds as, have not. To the first, we return many and bearty thanks—to the last, we appeal for justice. Our subscription list is a large one; had we half of what is due by it, we should be satisfied for years to come. A few names on this list are marked paid for 1843, some for 1842, but the rest are in arrears, some for one year, some for two years, some for three and some ever since the Messenger began.

upon the faith of this list, and on the promise of these subscribers that many of our engagements were made-they are pressing upon us-this is the time for us to meet them-and these arrearages are our main reliance. They are divided among many hundreds of subscribers, and the sum owed by each is trifling in itself to him, but, in the aggregate, the amount is large, and by us is greatly needed. It is our sole reliance-a mere pittance to the subscriber, but a fortune to the publisher. Many, we know have withheld their fees, on account of the deranged state of the currency. Their motives were good, and are highly appreciated. But we can better lose a part now than we can afford to wait longer. Our distant subscribers who have been thus actuated, are respectfully informed that the current bank notes of every State, are now received by us at their par value. Any one, may forward his subscription fee, free of postage, through the post-master, who is empowered to frank all such communications.

We cannot close this appeal, without returning our thanks to our numerous contributors for their many favors. Notwithstanding the tightness of the times, there is a noble band of those who have stood by us manfully, and have proudly borne us along the walks of literature.

THE NAVY AND THE WEST.

We respectfully and earnestly invite the attention of Western members of Congress—of the Western press, and of the Western people to the subject treated of below.

Ed. Sou. Lit. Messenger.

This* is a neatly printed pamphlet of twenty odd pages, the object of which is fully set forth in the title page. Our readers, doubtlessly, will recollect the letters of Harry Bluff, which, under the alias of "Union Jack," were addressed in the Messenger, to Mr. Clay, about eighteen months ago, setting forth the claims of the South and West upon the Navy. These letters were nobly responded to by the press in those regions. In answer to Harry Bluff's appeal to Western patriotism, Tennessee has manfully stepped forth, and bravely responded. Memphis in particular, has asserted her claims, and

pairs to come. A few names on this list are marked paid for 1843, some for 1842, but the rest are in arrears, some for one year, some for two years, some for three and some ever since the Messenger began. If one monety of these arrearages were paid up, we should ask no favors and give no duns. It was Memphis, Tennessee, on the subject of the Establishment of a Western Armory and Naval Depot and Dock-Yard at Memphis: together with the report of Col. D. Morrison, Civil Engineer, the Report of the Committee appointed by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Memphis, Tennessee, on the subject of the Establishment of a Western Armory and Naval Depot and Dock-Yard at Memphis: together with the report of Col. D. Morrison, Civil Engineer, the Report of the Committee appointed by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Proceedings of the Board of the Proceedings of the B

preferred them with such force of reason and argument that has fairly brought them to the favorable notice of Congress. Though the shores of the West, be not washed by the tides of the Ocean, they are by noble streams that load the Ocean with commerce; and anything that is "tarry and briny" closely concerns many of their best interests. Let us see therefore, what connexion the South and West have, or ought to have, with the Navy: There is a steam man-of-war; let's look at her, and examine whence came the materials of that smoky leviathan. Her bulwarks, her sides, her timbers and her ribs, are of oak and pine. Where did they grow, and whence were they taken? They grew in the South and West, and were taken to the East, to be moulded into shape. Her machinery is made from Western iron, by Eastern mechanics. Her cordage and her canvass were produced in the West; but the profits of their manufacture filled Eastern pockets. The copper and the lead used in her construction, though smelted on the waters of the Upper Mississippi, were carried away in Eastern ships, bought by the government of Eastern merchants, manufactured in Eastern workshops; -and for why? that Eastern states might monopolize Navy disbursements. And though she be intended for the Gulf of Mexico, and therefore, more immediately for the protection of Southern and Western interest, her crew are Eastern men, shipped and paid off in Eastern ports, and fed on Western pork and beef, taxed with Eastern profits: the very fuel that gives her power, though it may be had on the banks of the Western rivers for five cents the bushel, is bought in Eastern towns of Eastern men, at a good round Eastern price, and then transported in Eastern ships, by Eastern crews, and Eastern masters, for Eastern owners, and deposited at the door-way of the West, at more than double cost. The coal, that is supplied to our steamers at Pensacola is supplied from Boston-which is supplied from an English province, and costs the government, we are informed, by the time it is landed at Pensacola, from \$15 to \$20, per ton-whereas better coal-coal that burns freely-that will neither "clink" nor "choke," may be furnished from our Western river banks, and landed at Pensacola, or any where in the Gulf, at less than half that price. Verily, Southern and Western legislators are strangely blinded to their interests in relation to the Navy. Why should not all this timber, and all this iron, and all this hemp, and all this copper, this lead, this coal, this beef and this pork; aye, and this crew, be supplied directly from the West? With the Memphis Aldermen, we think they should, and we hope to see the attention of Western members in Congress, turned, in good earnest, to this subject, for the general, not less than the sectional interests, require that the links in the chain which binds the West to the Navy, should be made bright. | tain, as well as more safe.

lise-the Gulf of Florida is the outlet for Western commerce-therefore the defences of the Gulf of Mexico, are only those of the Mississippi, extended. These defences operating more immediately for the protection of the South and West, in whose hands should they be placed, but in those of Southern and Western yeomen? Is the West willing, in case of war, to entrust the defences of the Gulf to Eastern sailors? the Western boys are its natural defenders. Those defences must consist of steamers—the West is the land of steamboats, and Western river boatmen would furnish our man-of-war steamers with The steamers inthe best crews in the world. tended for the gulf should be built in the Westequipped in the West, and manned in the West. There their crews should be shipped, and there they should be paid off and discharged.

The boilers and engines, instead of being made on the banks of the Hudson, should be manufactured on the banks of the Mississippi-and the hemp too of Kentucky, instead of being sent round to the rope yard at Boston to be spun into cordage, should be stopped at the Memphis boat-yard, and be manufactured there—so too with chain cables and so too with the cannon for these boats. gentlemen aware, that the best and cheapest guns, that have been procured for the Navy, are cast on the Western waters from Western iron? These cannon have been delivered at ninety odd dollars, whereas Eastern founders received under former contracts-from \$135 to \$140, for like pieces.

When a vessel is crippled in the gulf, it certainly would be nearer, and safer, and cheaper, to send her to the Boat-yard at Memphis for repairs, than it would be to send her to New-York or Boston. View this subject as we may, reason, justice, and public weal, all point to the banks of the Mississippi, as the proper site for the National Boat-yard, and to the Western rivers as the best nursery for armed boatmen.

We should be much pleased to hear that Lieut. Hunter, in his newly constructed steamer, the Union, had been sent by the Department up the Mississippi, that the Western people may see a steam vessel-of-war, and be reminded of the interests they have at stake in this matter; they would recognize in her, the produce of their hills and their valleys, which had been carried away in the rough. wrought up into shape, and sent back again to their doors;-then, perhaps, their eyes would be fully opened to our course of reasoning.

There is another subject too, besides the establishment of a National Boat-Yard on the Mississippi, which would redound greatly to the advantage of the West-and which we have time now only to glance at. We allude to a survey, or rather an "index" of the Western rivers, by which their navigation may be improved, and rendered more cer-The public coffers have The mouth of the Mississippi is not at the Ba- been, for years, opened with a liberal hand for what it by putting the pins so as to represent the angles of the figures which he wanted to delineate, and then wrapping them with a silk thread. The celerity with which Saunderson performed the longest calculations by means of this simple contrivance, is said to have been truly wonderful; he calculated with it, and then prepared permanently tangible tables of the natural sines, tangents, etc., which can yet be seen at Cambridge. His biography, written by his disciple and friend, Juchlif, was published in Dublin in 1747.

Dr. Henry Mayes, born in Manchester, lost his sight in early infancy. He was carefully instructed by his parents, in languages, music, mathematics and chemistry; he evinced during his youth, a decided taste for mechanics, and succeeded in making wind-mills, looms, etc. As professor of Chemistry in Pitterweem, Scotland, he lectured with much applause on the various branches connected with his chair. He not only repeated the experiments by which the identity of Galvanism and Electricity, used to be demonstrated, but invented several striking new ones. He first found out that copper, zink and wet paper, were not the only materials out of which a galvanic pile can be constructed. He also first noticed the presence of gas in water through which a galvanic stream has passed. He founded upon his experiments, a very ingenious theory by which he accounted for the difference in the quantity of vapor sustained in the air at different times. He was a pleasant companion, and as a lecturer, remarkable for the clearness and conciseness of his language. (Bacyka p. 51.)

Joseph Kleinhars, born at Nauders, in Tyrol, became blind in his fourth year. He made crucifixes and holy figures of wood, in which all parts were in due proportion, and which expressed affliction, delight, and other affections of the mind. He made statues from less than a foot high, to the common size of the human body, which would do honor to many seeing artists. He also carved, in great perfection, heads or busts of living persons, which he took off by feeling, either from nature or from casts.

The blind man of Puisseaux, whose manifold acquirements Diderot (letters sur les aveugles) describes, was the son of a professor of Philosophy in the high school of Paris where he attended the different schools and received his education. ing become reduced in circumstances he repaired to Puiseaux, where he erected a distillery. He was singular in many of his actions; it was his custom, for example, to sleep during the day and to work all night, because, as he said, he was not apt to be

all the other figures, till 9 was represented by a speak but once, he could tell by the sound of his large pin in the central hole, and a small one in the own voice, whether the place of any of the furni-North-Western hole of the little square. The same ture of his rooms had been changed during his abapparatus was also used by Saunderson for Geome-sence. He replied to Diderot, who asked him whetry; he could produce any straightlined figure upon ther he did not often wish he were able to see; "Yes, but only because curiosity plagues me, otherwise I would prefer very long arms; I could then become acquainted with objects at a distance, better than you can with your telescopes; besides, the eyes are much more easily lost than the fingers."

John Kaeferle, son of a miller, was born in 1768, at Weiblingen in Germany. He lost the sight of one eye in early infancy, and that of the other when about four years old, by the accidental discharge of a crossbow. His talents for music and mechanics, for which he afterwards became celebrated, showed themselves at an early age. When only five years old, in a few weeks, and without assistance, he learnt to play several tunes on a little toy violin which had been given to him as a new-year's gift. At the early age of ten years, his fathers' turninglathe having attracted his attention, he secretly examined into its mechanism, and without any body's assistance, turned a set of ten pins. Soon after, he made a neat and exact model of the machinery contained in a neighboring wool-factory. afterwards, he made for his father, a useful ciderpress. About this time, his father having bought a mile in the neighborhood of Lewisburg, John erected for a blacksmith of the town, a pair of bellows worked by water power. He invented different kinds of traps for mice, rats, minks, birds, etc. his fifteenth year this blind youth undertook to furnish the farm of his father with water, and succeeded in this undertaking by building in the river Necker, a forcing pump, which adapted itself to the height of the water, and was worked by the force of its current. At the age of sixteen, one eye was operated upon by a surgeon, who succeeded in restoring its sight for a short time; but, four months afterwards, a violent inflammation not only destroyed the eye-ball, and thus blasted all hopes of his ever seeing again, but also affected his general health materially, and confined him for a long time to his bed. At the age of twenty, being perfectly recovered, he began to make musical instruments, an occupation which he followed ever after with great success and distinction. The instruments which he made first-violins and guitars-were so well made that they met with ready sale at a good price. But, having accidentally obtained a piano, he soon showed a decided predilection for that instrument, and learned in a few months to play on it so well, that he was appointed organist in a neighboring church. His father bought him a small organ, the bellows of which were intended to be worked by the feet of the player; but finding this irksome, he soon contrived to attach them to the machinery interrupted. His memory of sound was so good, of his fathers' mill, and to have them blown by its that he could recognise persons whom he had heard means. He constructed his first piano in 1790.

ticipated; a result which, if we take into consideration the exactness with which such an instrument must be built, the intricacy and the number of its component parts, we shall not wonder at. This want of success, however, did not discourage him; he soon tried again, and this time succeeded beyond his own expectations. The mill of his father having, about this time been consumed by fire, John was obliged to relinquish his favorite occupation, to assist him in repairing the loss. He turned nearly all the wheels, constructed the greatest part of the machinery of the new mill, and presented his father with a new set of furniture of his own making. After the death of his father, which happened shortly afterwards, young Kaeferle, who already enjoyed considerable reputation, established a piano manufactory in Lewisburg, hired a large number of journeymen, and gradually improved his instruments so that he became one of the most distinguished instrument makers in Germany. He then married, had a house built according to a plan of his own, and extended his business to foreign countries. The invention of Harmonicas having obliged him to make himself acquainted with the art of casting and working metals, he soon made himself master of the subject, and invented many ingenious contrivances to facilitate his operations. He was also well acquainted with chemical manipulations, prepared himself all the paints and varnish used in his manufactory, made potatoe-sugar, etc. This remarkable man lives still (1819,) resides in Louisburg, in the midst of his family, is wealthy and generally respected, furnishing us with a striking proof that industry and talents can supply the place of the most important senses. (Klein p. 251.)

This is an extraordinary case, but it is well attested; indeed, we have ourselves seen so many extraordinary instances of the great powers of the blind, that we have no doubt of those of Kaeferle. We have known young men who roamed all over the country, alone, by the help of a cane and a pocket compass; who rode fearlessly about on horseback, and who would mingle with ease in society, and take their part in many of its amusements such as dancing, chess, etc. Indeed, we often meet blind persons who have been properly neglected, if we may so express ourselves-for neglect is better for a blind child than the excessive attention which they generally receive, and which prevents the development of their faculties. Such persons are to be found almost every where going about the streets, and from town to town alone.

A distinguished man of letters who has flourished within a few years, was the Rev. Dr. Blacklock, of Scotland, who was born blind; and yet became a most chaste and ripe scholar, an able divine, and a beautiful poet. He published a volume of poems

This first attempt was not as successful as he had an - | visible creation, he proves to us, that had Homer and Milton been born blind, instead of losing their sight in after life, they might still have reared those splendid monuments of mental power, the immortal Iliad and Paradise Lost.

Maria Theresia van Paradies, born at Vienna in the year 1759, was the daughter of an Imperial Councellor. She became blind when about two years old, and so gradual was her loss of sight that for some time her parents could not persuade themselves that she had actually ceased to see. soon however as they ascertained that the loss was irretrievable, they employed all the means in their power to cultivate her mind and to give to her uncommon activity, the direction which would most likely conduce to her happiness. Nature having endowed her with uncommon talents for music, they wisely determined to cultivate them; and, such was the rapidity of her progress, that whilst yet a child, she acted as organist in one of the churches of Vienna before the Empress Maria Theresia, who was so much pleased with her performance that she granted her a pension for the remainder of her life. The best music teachers in Vienna were engaged to cultivate her taste in playing, singing and com-Music was with her, the language of the posing. heart. She chose as subjects of her composition the passions of mankind, and her lively imagination entitled her to portray them with great vividness and truth. Accompanied by her mother, she made in 1784, a journey through Germany, Switzerland, France, and England. She played in Paris before the Queen, took part in the "concert spiritual," and was received every where with unbounded applause. The same honors awaited her in London where she became acquainted with many of the most distinguished persons of Great Britain. It was not only the extraordinary talents for music of Miss Paradies that excited the astonishment of all those who became acquainted with her, but her amiable disposition, the activity of her mind, the ease and the modesty of her manners and her manifold scientific acquirements. The apparatus which she invented to overcome the obstacles which want of sight threw in her way, was very ingenious. She corresponded with her friends by means of a little printing press. She invented a method for writing out her own musical compositions, by pricking the notes with a pin upon thick paper or pasteboard. This process was afterwards much simplified by Mr. Kempillen, the inventor of the automaton chess player, who made a press with which she printed music in relief. She performed obstruce calculations by means of the cyphering board which Saunderson had invented. On her maps, the boundaries and rivers were marked and rendered tangible by fine wire or silk threads; the sea by sand, and the towns by flat pearls. She danced well. which bear all the marks of genius, and in which Her exquisite sensibility of hearing, and her long by an extraordinary power of description of the attention to the intonation of the voice, enabled

her to judge of character with great accuracy and | kept in the same establishment, and thus transmitted precision. She recognized persons with whom them from age to age, with the greatest fidelity. she had not conversed for many years, by the It must have been a singular sight, to visit this livoice. She moved with ease and freedom, and brary of walking books, and to have consulted these never ran against any large object. Her ideas of talking archives. Instead of pulling down a musty beauty coincided with regular proportions; she ap- folio, to seek for an historical fact, you would walk peared, however, to lay but little stress upon it, and up to a blind man, and ask if he were the deposiridiculed, often, the idea of attaching value to something about which so few persons agree.

The education and the acquirements of Miss Paradies, coupled with the absence of one of the you might ask him a thousand questions, and, turnmost important senses, drew the attention of the ing over the tablets of his memory, as the leaves public to the means by which this education had been acquired. Harvy became her friend, and this philanthropist was undoubtedly indebted to her for many valuable suggestions in relation to plans for the instruction of the blind.

Peter Pontanus, or Dupont, called the blind man of Bauges, flourished at the commencement of the sixteenth century. He lost his sight in his third year; but this misfortune, though it perhaps impeded, could not prevent his making splendid attainments in science and literature. Such is the laxuries of genius, that nothing seems capable to repress its growth,—it shoots without culture—it buds and blossoms amid misfortune and poverty, and bids defiance to the impediments of circumstances. He taught belles lettres at Paris with is not satisfied with the quinge-vingts, even as a unexampled success, and published many works, which augmented his reputation and celebrity. Among other productions, one on rhetoric, and a treatise on the art of making poetry, in which he reason, that the blind at the quinge-vingts, havattacks Despaultere, are the most esteemed. Pontanus was a profound philosopher, enlightened and supported there in idleness, soon communicate to religious; an enemy to duplicity, and the friend of those who come from his school, their own imtruth.

We see from all these examples and countless others, which might be adduced, that long before Institutions were established, it must have been known that some blind persons, by the use and improvement of the senses of hearing and feeling, had risen to the highest degree of mechanical and mental attainments. These remarkable instances, however, instead of convincing the public that there is nothing in blindness to incapacitate a person afflicted with it, from acquiring that knowledge which will make him both useful and happy, were, up to the times of the immortal Harvy, considered as departures from the common course of things, and no systematic attempts were made to rescue this unfortunate class of our fellow-beings from ignorance and consequent wretchedness. Indeed, more was done for them out of civilized Europe, and among the Pagans than within it. We have already al- indeed true, that the pure and elevated sentiments luded to the fact, that in Japan many blind persons which form the principal elements of the poetic were kept, at the expense of the government, as a spirit, are on the decline-if the prevailing opisort of living library; for, instead of having the nions which characterise our age and nation are history of the country written in books, the events not tending to elevate us in the scale of intelligent, were related to blind men, who committed them to thinking, rational beings-then it is incumbent upon memory, and repeated them to young blind men, all who rejoice in the well-being of their race, to

tory of the records of such and such a century; and he would answer, yes! or else, that his neighbor, further on, was the right volume; and then of a book, learn at the same time the matter in question, and the opinion of the recorder besides.

The oldest institution for the blind in Europe, is the celebrated quinge-vingts, or hospital of 300 blind, established by St. Louis at Paris, in 1260. This institution, however, is an asylum, and not a school, and I am sorry to add, that although well managed in many things, it is in a moral point of view by no means a pattern for a blind asylum. It was founded at a time when it was not known that the blind are capable of receiving instruction, and when it was thought that benevolence could not do more than to provide for the wants of their animal nature. Mr. Signier, the able Director of the institution for the instruction of the blind in that city residence for his pupils, after they leave the school. He has been endeavoring to have another asylum erected on purpose for them, and assigns as the ing never been in the habit of working, and being moral and idle habits.

Va. Institute for the Blind,) Staunton, 1842.

THE DECLINE OF POETRY.

BY PAYNE KENYON KILBOURN.

"The poetic era is with the past," wrote the famous Christopher North, more than a quarter of a century ago; and it needs not the ken of a magician to divine that the spirit of the present age bears with it no indication of a speedy return of the "good old times," when Dante, and Homer, and Sapho, enchanted the world with the melody of their numbers, and shed the lustre of their genius and the glory of their renown upon the eras and countries in which they lived. And if it be

endeavor to discover the causes, and point out a remedy. Without going into an examination of the correctness of the sentiment above advanced, we shall take its truth upon trust, believing as we do in the quaint old axiom, "What all acknowledge, must be so." "The voice of the people is the voice of God," saith Jefferson,—and what authority have individuals to controvert the language of Divinity?

What, then, are among the prominent causes which have led to such a result! It must have been evident to the observation of all, that in recent years the public mind, especially in this country, has been the theatre of alternate excitement and depression, engendered by the prevailing spirit of mammon. Catching the strange infection, the man of science has left his laboratory, the student his books, the lawyer his "briefs," and too often, alas! the minister at the altar, and the poet at his lyre, have left their high and honorable calling, to engage in some reckless scheme of self-aggrandizement! How many intellects which have given evidence of superior culture, and whose early literary efforts gave fair promise of lofty achievements, becoming debased by this sordid desire for gain, have disappeared from the firmament like bright stars obscured or eclipsed in the zenith of their glory! How many warm hearts have been seared-robbed of all their gushing sympathies and finer emotions—by the same unhallowed influence! And how many, too, whose harps were ever tuned to the cause of goodness and virtue, are silent now, or wake their numbers to the melody of a higher sphere!

"They, the young and strong, who cherished
Earnest longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished—
Wearied with the march of life!"

Clarke, Mellen, Hillhouse, Thatcher, Bacon, Miss Hooper, and others, whose writings have been justly regarded as ornaments to our national literature, have gone in rapid succession from a world consecrated by their genius, and made better by their influence and example, to the land of shadows and silence. With their harps in their hands, and a song on their lips, they passed away. And who are they that are to fill the places of the lost ones, and the dead in the great arcana of literature? Whither shall we look for the rising and increasing lights which are to render less apparent the absence of those "bright orbs of song" which have been quenched in the vortex of worldliness, or darkened by the shadows of death? Those departed minstrels—how the remembrance of their inspiring words steal over our thoughts in the calmness of solitude, like the sweet echoes of voices beloved and cherished in happier years! But they come not back !—they answer not to our call!

"For an iron sleep hath bound them in its passionless embrace;

We may woo, but cannot win them from their dreary resting place!"

Peace to their ashes-immortality to their famerepose to their gentle spirits!-And what can we say for those of our native bards who, though living, are yet lost to the world in the spheres of usefulness and honorable distinction which they were wont to occupy !--who have abandoned the Muses, to woo the favor of the "god of this world," and have turned from the calm shades of Castalia, to dream golden dreams in the counting-house, or to muse amidst the primeval groves of paper cities, and prospectively wield the sceptre of command in States and nations yet to be! Stillthough they have gone out from us-we will revere their memory, and cherish their fame; but worthy of double honor shall be he who shall ultimately succeed in winning them back to their "first love."

Another cause for the decline of poetry, may be found in the lack of a just and discriminating criticism. Nothing can be more fatal to the proper development of the talent and genius of a people, than the supremacy of an ignorant, illiberal, irresponsible, cringing, class of reviewers. criminate praise, on the one hand-and unqualified and universal condemnation on the other, seem to us to be the prevailing characteristics of the system of criticism now in vogue. The consequences of such a state of things, may be clearly read in the history of the past. The reader has not forgotten the "iron age" in British literature, when a few self-constituted censors of the periodical press in the father-land, established, and for a while maintained, the most complete and systematic model of a literary despotism, which the world has ever witnessed. By affecting a disinterested zeal for the cause of letters, and under the specious pretext of guarding the public from the impositions of ignorant and ambitious pretenders, they succeeded in gaining an influence infinitely above their real deserts. Their praise was regarded as a sure passport to fame, while their censure was looked upon, by both author and reader, as indicating the surest and nearest way to a premature oblivion. Few could contemplate appearing before the world in the character of an author, without shrinking appalled at the prospect of being compelled to pass this fiery ordeal; for few, indeed, -and they the especial objects of favoritismwere suffered to pass unscathed. Now and then, one among the many aspirants to the honor of authorship, animated by a stern, unyielding spirit, determined to run the venture, and, like the haughty Byron, hurled defiance at the shafts of his adversaries, and finally came off conqueror. But multitudes, giving way to that timidity which is too often the accompaniment of real merit, either

withheld their works altogether from the public, or, having once thrown themselves upon the "tender mercies" of the merciless, bowed to the storm, nor dared to rise even to witness its effects upon those around them. Thus, under the guidance of Jeffrey and his leagued associates, the office of the reviewer, instead of being regarded as a nursery and defence of the good and true in literature, became, as it were, the great slaughter-house of genius; and the press, instead of teeming with the light and life of truth, was incessantly reeking with the blood of the murdered reputations and crushed hopes of its victims.

Perhaps there is far less danger of reaching such a state of criticism in this country, than there is of running into the opposite extreme. But it would be well for our reviewers to bear in mind, that the distance from Scylla to Charybdis is short, and the voyage quickly made, and the dangers of the latter far more sure and calamitous.

Other reasons for the declension of the spirit of poetry among the people of the present day, might be mentioned, and various remedies suggested, and we trust other and abler pens will do justice to the subject. It is a fitting theme for the essayist, the orator, and the poet; for whatever tends to raise and purify the thoughts, affections, and fancies, of the multitude, adds indeffinitely to the aggregate of human happiness, and deserves the gratitude of mankind.

December, 1842.

WOMAN.

(Written for an Album.)

When the world frowns with angry scowl,
And sorrows meet thee in thy way;
When Passion's tempests round thee howl,
And friends forsake thee day by day;

Then turn thee from man's cruel course,
Nor wring thy heart with cureless grief;
But seek pure friendship at its source,
And find in female charms relief.

When man's deceit, neglect, or guile,
Drives burning tear-drops to thine eye;
There is in woman's cheering smile,
A sunshine, which those tears can dry.

When fortune fawns, and all is bliss, She is the mirror of thy joy; Reflecting back pure happiness, Unmingled with its base alloy.

When dire afflictions bow thee low, And scorching fevers rack thy brain; She's first her tenderness to show, And soothe by sympathy thy pain.

To turn thy pillow, smooth thy bed, To trim the midnight lamp, and try By every art to ease thy head, She watches with a sleepless eye. When man resigns thee, bids adieu,
And yields thee to thy cheerless doom;
Then woman still becomes more true,
And cheats the grave of half its gloom.

When Death, resistless war shall wage, And hoary locks proclaim thy end; She is the same in every stage— Thy first, thy longest, latest friend.

And when at last, the spark is fled,
She mourns the deepest round thy bier.
Is last to leave thy lonely bed,
And on it drops the purest tear.

Toler's Mills, Va.

W. P. S.

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE CASE OF THE CREOLE.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

SIR,-The following considerations were not written for publication, as your readers will at once perceive. But the great importance of the subject, the interest attached to it by recent events, the comparative novelty as matters of diplomatic discussion, of some of the doctrines propounded, together with their incontrovertible truth, as principles of public law, will recommend them, I flatter myself, in a very special manner, to some of the readers of your Journal. These doctrines have recently received from a most able hand, a clear and forcible exposition. But they admit of, and indeed require further illustration. A French Review of leading influence, has ventured to controvert the positions laid down by Mr. Webster, in his correspondence with Lord Ashburton, in the case of the Creole. I affirm, with confidence, that those positions cannot be shaken. The memoranda I send you, present them in another aspect, and fortify them by other topics, and the most venerable authorities. If you do not think such a matter too grave for your agreeable Journal, I will answer for the service you will render to students of public law, as well as to the great interests of the South, by giving these reflections to the public.

In another paper, I shall collect a number of cases, in which the law (in all its departments) of civilized States, considers the necessity imposed on vessels of neutral or friendly countries, by the dangers of the seas, of entering prohibited ports, or free ports with prohibited articles or persons, as a protection against forfeiture and penalty.

These cases should seem to put an end to the whole question: for, if an absolute and proclaimed prohibition, does not, under such circumstances, authorize a State to enforce its municipal laws against foreigners, who violate that law involuntarily, how should it be authorized to do so, in a case where the entry of its ports is not even by implication, forbidden? and where, on the contrary, it is presumed to be permitted on the principles of common humanity? If England were to proclaim that certain property should be confiscated, if any attempt be made to import it into her territories, it is her own adjudged law that a case of necessities from dangers of the seas, would save the forfei-

ture, on the ground, that such a compulsory entry is not an importation, and the property not in legal contemplation within her jurisdiction. She might, it is true, carry the principle of territorial sovereignty so far, as to proclaim, that ships with prohibited property or persons on board, should go down at sea, rather than be allowed a momentary asylum on her coasts, or in her roadsteads; but, would such proclamation be consistent, I will not say, with her character among nations, but with any nation of comity or civilization, or peaceful relations to the rest of mankind?

But it may be argued that slaves are, in the eye of the English law, not things, but persons, and have a right to the protection of that law.

It is conceded that a Government which prohibited the importation of slaves, while it recognised the relation of master and slave, could not be justified in seizing a ship driven into one of its ports by stress of weather; but it is maintained that having abolished that relation itself, the implied prohibition of such an importation, gives it a right to do what the express prohibition in the other case, did not, viz: to take possession of a ship in distress, and set the persons on board at liberty.

I confess I am unable to perceive any difference between these two cases.

It must not be lost sight of, that what we are now considering, is not the right of the master to use the legal process, and the Executive power of a foreign State to enforce his right. We concede that he who calls on a foreign court to enforce his rights in a matter of conflict of laws, must be content to accept the assistance of that court, with the qualifications and conditions imposed upon such , iuterposition by foreign policy and laws. But the question here is, not how our municipal law is to be enforced by Great Britain, within her undoubted jurisdiction, but whether her municipal law is to be enforced without any invitation from us, but against our will, within our jurisdiction. For we maintain, that our ships, driven upon her coasts, or into her harbours, by dangers of the seas, are not to be held accountable for what they contain, when they are driven in, the entry or importation being involuntary, and so considered as not made at all. We protest against the interference of her authorities and people, to enforce her municipal law, in respect to one of the domestic relations of life in such a case, and we affirm that she has no more right to do so, than to interfere in any other matter of municipal law, or private property.

The relation of master and slave, exists even now, in most countries, and was, until recently, as universal as that of parent and child, husband and wife, guardian and ward. In the New Testament the only word for servant, with scarcely an exception, is slave, (δουλος.)

a nation, which she has a right to insist on being is this exemption from the municipal law, secured

acknowledged by foreign and friendly States, it is that which regards personal capacity or status.

The continental lawyers almost universally maintain, that such laws follow the person every where. Qualitas personam sicut umbra, sequitur. The French code (article 3d) lays down the principle broadly. Les lois concernant l'état et la capacité des persounes régissent le français même residant en pays étranger.

Minors, married women, prodigals under interdict, idiots, madmen, apprentices, &c., are, say these jurists, every where to be treated as laboring under the incapacities to which they are subjected by the laws of their own country.

I am aware that these principles can seldom be enforced in practice, and are even in theory liable to many qualifications and exceptions. I know what a conflict of opinion exists with regard to them, and that the common law of England and of this country, is particularly stubborn in refusing its help to any right springing out of mere positive legislation in foreign countries, and inconsistent with our ideas of policy or obligation.

Dut I mention the doctrine of continental jurists to show, that interference with persons on board foreign ships, on the ground of personal capacity or status, is, to the full, as gross a violation of international! comity, as any interference with property or con-

Capacity or status is generally matter of fundamental public law, and if there is any particular whatever, in which a country may claim that foreigners should not directly or wilfully interfere with her legislation or institutions, it is surely her public law. Considered as matter of mere municipal right and authority, the domestic relations are not less, but more sacred than contracts, which individuals may make and modify at their discretion.

I repeat-I do not pretend with the foreign jurists, that the personal qualities impressed upon men, follow them every where, and are to be enforced in foreign countries, by foreign courts, or even in regard to what passes in foreign countries, by their own courts. Sir William Scott, indeed, in a famous case, solemnly ruled that an English marriage cannot be dissolved by a sentence of any foreign tribunal founded upon foreign law. My proposition does not go to that length. All I maintain is, that within our own jurisdiction, these relations are as sacred as contract and property, and more sacred too, and that in no case has a foreign nation a right to interfere with them, where it has no right to interfere in matters of contract and property.

But we have seen that in all cases of importation of merchandize, breach of blockade, prohibited entry, &c., the dangers of the seas exempt a foreign ship from the application of municipal law. and treat her as if she were still on the high seas. But, if there is any part of the municipal law of I insist, therefore, that on every principle, a fortiori, persons and their personal capacity.

This is indeed the universal practice of nations, and I venture to say, that were it not for the pecaliar feelings with which all questions connected with domestic slavery, are treated, it would command the assent of all mankind.

A ship, though at anchor in a foreign harbor, preserves (independently of the ground of being driven in by stress of weather,) its jurisdiction and its laws. Marten's B III, c. 3, s. 8, Vattel, and 1 c. 19, s .216.

This, with regard to men-of-war, is familiar doctrine. They stand on precisely the same footing as the persons, suite and residence of foreign ministers, or of sovereigns themselves, in the territory of a friendly power. All access may indeed, in strict law, be refused in these cases, but the presumption is the other way, and if admitted at all, these persons and things are supposed to be admitted with the immunities that belong to them, by the usage of nations. Case of the Exchange 7. Cranch 116.

But merchant vessels enjoy the same privilege of a fictitious extra-territoriality, though not in the same degree. It is admitted, that though they keep, to many intents, their own laws and jurisdiction, still that these are not exclusive. Certainly, for any thing that happens after they arrive in port, or for any previous breach of the laws of the country where they happen to be, they are answerable to its laws. But persons aboard of her, may, in certain cases, for the same thing be held responsible to their own Governments.

There is, in this respect, divisime imperium, and the ship's company are like the old feudal tenants that held of two lords ad utriusque fidem, but for every thing that happened on the high seas, before her entry into port, or in other countries, for all the personal relations and responsibilities existing in a ship, at the time she entered a port, and established, or permitted by the laws of her own country, ber anthorities are answerable only at home, and to interfere with them in the discharge of the duties imposed upon them, or the exercise of all the powresvested in them by those laws," on the ground of their being inconsistent with the municipal legislation of the country where the ship happens to be lying, is to assert for that legislation, a superiority not acknowledged by the law, and inconsistent with the independance of nations.

Admit that in such cases a habeas corpus would be allowed to bring up a man, would it not be a sufficient return to say, that he had been always kept on board a ship belonging to the United States by whose laws the Captain had an undoubted authority to keep him, and that nothing had happen-

to foreign ships in that predicament, with regard to ed since his arrival in port, to justify any interference of the local authorities, with the authorities of the master? Put the case of a murder committed on the high seas, and the murderer brought into a British port in chains, and so kept, with a view to be taken for trial to his own country. He too, might sue out a habeas corpus, and might very well allege that he was imprisoned within the territorial jurisdiction of the British crown, for no offence against the laws of England. But is there a judge or a lawyer in England, who would hold him entitled to his discharge on that ground, because all criminal laws are strictly local? Certainly not; he would be restored, as in all other cases, to the place and the condition from which he had been taken.

Just as in the report of the English Crown lawyers, in the matter of the Silesian Loan of 1753, it is stated, "that French ships and effects wrongfully taken, after the Spanish war, and before the French war, have, during the heat of the war with France, and since, been restored by sentence of your Majesty's courts, to the French owners. No such ships and effects ever were attempted to be confiscated as enemy's property here during the war, because, had it not been for the wrong first done, these effects would not have been in your Majesty's dominions." This is a clear ground, and susceptible, in practice, of various applications.

A familiar and very striking illustration of the principle in question, occurs in the case of a prize ship carried with prisoners of war on board, into the harbor of a friendly power. Not only is no interference on the part of the local authorities, allowed in such a case, but the possession of the captor, being regarded as the possession of his Sovereign, the courts of the latter have jurisdiction over her while she is laying in a neutral port, and can change the property in her, by a sentence of condemnation.

So far, I have endeavored to show, that a ship, going into a British port with slaves on board, would not, according to the law of nations, in analogous cases, be responsible on that account, to the local authorities, so long as those slaves continued on board. But I know how far the English doctrine has, in this particular case, been carried by English courts, who, I am quite sure, are not prepared to generalize their principles, by applying them, where even they are in strict logic, applicable. I am willing, therefore, to concede, for the sake of the argument, that in this particular case, ships voluntarily entering into British ports, with a knowledge of the state of British law, may be taken to have voluntarily submitted to the law, (right or wrong,) as it is interpreted there. Still, in the case of a cumpulsory entry, under an overruling i necessity, there can be no such presumption of acquiescence, and I maintain, that no authority, nor principle, nor analogy, of the law of nations, will

^{*} It must be remembered that a ship's master is treated as a quasi military officer, and is armed with despotic power under the jus gentium; in short, is a public authority.

involuntarily within the jurisdiction of a foreign nation, the municipal law of that nation, to the ut- v. Bannerman. ter subversion of authorities and rights, undoubtlaw of its own country.

The principle is, that if a vessel be driven by stress of weather, or forced by vis major, or, in short, be compelled by any overruling necessity, to take refuge in the ports of another, she is not considered as subject to the municipal law of that other, so far as concerns any penalty, prohibition, tax or incapacity, that could otherwise be incurred by entering the ports, provided she do nothing further to violate the municipal law during her stav.

The comity of nations, which is the usage, the common law of civilized nations, and a breach of which, would now be justly regarded as a grave admit them on such conditions. offence, has gone very far on this point.

The old law of Europe, barbarous as it was in the relation is one of covert hostility. many respects, e. g. wrecks-furnishes examples of this exemption. See 2 Inst. 57, Coke's Commentaries on Magna Charta, and a citation of ancient Saxon laws.

When a ship is driven into port by stress of weather, and there unloads her cargo, she is not bound to pay duties or customs in that place, because she came there by force. Nor is she liable to forfeiture. Neither are duties to be paid on goods forcibly driven into port. Romes Note C.

If there is a case in which the excuse of necessity would be regarded with suspicion, and received with disfavor, it is undoubtedly a breach of blockade, one of the extreme cases of the law of war, involving in its own nature, a necessity that could seem to supersede all others. Yet, Sir William Scott admits it to be a good plea, when the facts fully support it. See 5 Rob. 27, The Tortune.

Under the English Navigation act, it has been settled, that coming in by stress of weather, could not be an importation, without reference to intention, or mala fides. See the cases collected 1 Chitty's Commercial Law, p. 245.

What is this, but an admission by statute, that a ship in that category, is like a ship of war belonging to a friendly power, considered by the law of England, as not subject to the municipal law.

This analogy of a ship of war, like that of a foreign Sovereign travelling in the dominions of a friendly power, and of ambassadors of all classes, shows the principle of immunity by reason of a quasi or fictitious extra-territoriality to be familiar to the law.

But put it on the ground of comity, it is plainly juris gentium.

To shew how sacred the duties of humanity have been considered in England, even as between enemies, Sir William Scott rejected with indignation, a claim of capture by persons going on board

justify the enforcing on board a foreign ship, thus in distress, allowing freight, expenses and demurrage to the ship. 1 Rob. 243. The Jonge Jacobi

Further. The distinction is plain between calledly established and guarantied, by the municipal ing on the foreigner for help, though even that is not often refused in case of distress, and demanding of him only a temporary asylum. In the former case, we ask him to aid in executing our municipal law in his territory—in the latter, we only ask to be exempted from his municipal law in our territory.

> Beyond all question, a ship on the high seas, beyond a marine league from shore, is part of the territory of the nation to which she belongs, why should her being blown, &c., within a marine league, by tempest &c. make a difference?

> We affirm that to shut up her ports, absolutely to vessels in distress, would be less hostile, than to

> Hospitio prohibemur arena, in either case, and

Suppose the case of a British transport, or cartel filled with impressed seamen, driven into our ports, or a convict ship into those of France.

OLD KING TIME.

BY E. B. HALE.

Old King Time, is a merry old soul, And he swings his scythe with glee; In the sunshine day-when the zephyrs play-In the dark midnight-when the tempests fight-

In kingly court-In the rotten tomb-Where Houries sport-Where angels bloom-He swingeth, he swingeth his scythe with glee, And a merry, a merry old soul is he.

He recks not when-and he cares not how, The cycling ages flee; Tho' he travels by-with a fireless eye-With a wrinkled brow-and a frosty prow-And our eyes grow dim, And our hearts grow sad, As we think of him,

And the joys we've had; Yet he swingeth, he swingeth his scythe with glee, And a merry, a merry old soul is he.

When the circling sun-his life begun-Old time was there to see; And travelling on-from that primal morn-He's follow'd alack-his burning track-

With reckless haste, And tireless speed, Not a moment to waste, Not a soul to heed,

And he swingeth, he swingeth his scythe with glee, And a merry, a merry old soul is he.

His scythe I ween—is sharp and keen— And claims the bended knee : The sceptres strewn-around his throne-The crumbled crown—the ruined town—

Ah! tell they not, Of glory gone? And yet I wot,

Time travelleth on, And swingeth, and swingeth his scythe with glee, For a merry, a merry old soul is he.

The old must die-and lowly lie-And all forgotten be: But they, the young-with pulses strung-And hearts as light-as the merriest wight-Can Time destroy, Their blissful breath? And sink their joy, In the chills of death?

O yes, and he clippeth them down with glee,

For a merry, a merry old soul is he.

But when he cometh with his stealthy tread, And cometh to call for me, O let me bring-to the kind old King-A beart refined-and a cheerful mind-Give a kind good bye, And a hand to all, Nor think to fly From the Old King's call, For he swingeth, he swingeth his scythe with glee, And a merry, a merry old soul is he.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, MR. IRVING, AND SR. NAVARRETE,

The December number of the Knickerbocker, has just reached us, and brings (p. 586,) what is intended, doubtless, as our coup de grace in this controversy. When we say that the article is precisely of that character, which we had reason to expect from its author's previous effusions upon the same subject, we enable our readers to anticipate the brief summary which follows:

The facts which we marshalled in our November number, are, of course, received and treated with that convenient silence, which prudence always dictates, in the absence of a more satisfactory means of refutation. The single page which the article occupies, is devoted exclusively, to the consideration of our personal and literary demerits, and the triumphant ability, with which its author has wrought our utter annihilation. It seems, indeed, to be a settled principle of our opponent, that the most successful vindication of Mr. Irving, is to be found, not in an examination of the questions at issue, but in convincing his readers, that the bumble individual who has dared to assert what he has shown himself able to demonstrate, is, on the whole, a most improper and impertinent person. It s not the "slovenly unhandsome" facts, which he

thinks it worth while to assail-it being far more philosophical, and perhaps somewhat easier, to belabour the "untaught knaves, unmannerly," by whom these facts have been brought-

"Betwixt the wind and his nobility."

Our style is "stiltish and verbose to a degree." We are "intemperate in language and coarse in manner." Our November article "forms the most striking illustration of the term floundering," which the Editor has ever encountered. He will not "slander the intelligence of his readers," by permitting any "farther reference to this self-discomfited hypercritic," in the pages of his "unanimously and universally popular" Magazine! No allusion is made to a solitary argument. But one of our views is the subject of comment, and that, after having been misstated and misrepresented, in a manner to which no respectable periodical but the Knickerbocker would descend, is dismissed as "sufficiently pitiful, and quite in keeping with the rest." Not content with all this, which, to an unambitious man, would be sufficiently glorious in the way of logical demonstration, he concludes by the Achilleum, the force of which, cannot but be felt by all, that the author of the Messenger's article, was a "mousing owl," and moreover, that the said owl "died!" If the chain of testimony be not, after that anunciation, as complete as need be, then there is no virtue in dialectics. How can it be possible that Irving can have treated Navarrete unfairly, when it is known, that the party making the charge, is no better than an "owl!"

All this, we might have endured patiently, for we humbly conceive that it will be admitted, on all hands, to be a very harmless, though a very disreputable libel. The thing has not much wit, to be sure, but the author deserves some consideration, for sundry praiseworthy, though unfortunate attempts at it. He was not, however, content with thus scandalizing us-he must blow a trumpet for himself. His defence of Mr. Irving, he asserts, met with "a hearty and cordial response from Maine to Louisiana, and he may add, from the other side of the Atlantic!" If he "may credit the verdict of the public, he demolished us in his August number." "The reception of his expose by the public, was certainly not calculated to flatter our vanity, or elevate our literary reputation." If we were as full of charity, as was Father Feyjoo, in a similar case, we should let this pass, upon the ground which the good man alleges, "Adeo inter frigidas ineptias, eminent atroces injuriæ." But the thing deserves exposure—and charity has no right to interfere. Where are the evidences of all this demonstration on the part of the public? We are not, like the Knickerbocker, and the man in the "Stranger," fortunate enough, to have "correspondents in the principal cities of Europe, Asia, Africa and Ame-

* Aug. Knick. p. 205.

Knickerbocker did create a very great sensation abroad-probably, (in Madrid,) a very favorable one. As to the mass, however, the sensation, though very strong, has been too deep for words-inasmuch as we have seen no notice of any public meetings on the subject, down to the last dates by the steamer. Here, at home, we should have heard, we are certain, some of the rumblings of this literary tremblement deterre, if it had, in reality, rocked the continent "from Maine to Louisiana," as is alleged. Still, we have seen no notice of any commotion along the disputed boundary, nor are we aware that the waters of the Mississippi, have, at any time, taken to running up stream, as would have been natural, under the excitement supposed. In this monumental city, from which we write, we have heard no such "verdict of the public," as is said to have been rendered, and we think that here, if any where, we should have been likely to have witnessed a rendition of that kind, inasmuch as the Knickerbocker's subscribers, amounting, as we are informed, to about the number of a petit jury, could have empanneled themselves, without difficulty. Where then, except in the amiable promptings of the Editor's own suggestive fancy, are all these "verdicts" which his logic, like a domestic seeking service, endeavors to enlist, by way of proving its good character, to those who are not disposed to argue favorably from its outward and visible signs ! Alas! we fear that the records of this "public reception" will be found, truly, as is facetiously stated of Mr. Navarrete's contributions to Mr. Irving, not to exceed "six pages out of the twelve hundred" which flit before the Editor's imagination. For ourselves, we can only say, that if our readers have seen these universal, continent-sweeping testimonials of our demolition, they are more fortunate than we, and we leave them to settle the question. We are assured, nevertheless, even if our opponent had not declared us "self-discomfited"-which, to an ordinary mind, would argue against the idea of his having "demolished us in his August number"that the ten thousand readers of the Messenger have appreciated our efforts in the cause of truth, and have given us their approbation, in a manner and to a degree, which supersedes the necessity of our retailing our own glorification.

Again, too, we are charged with having "attempted to sully Mr. Irving's reputation as a man," and in the same breath, (it seems to us rather singularly,) we are accused of "flattery" to the same distinguished individual. The latter of these charges is the last, we must confess, which we had expected to hear-certainly the very last, which we shall attempt to refute. Of the former, we will merely observe, that we have already met it sel off from them.

rica," and therefore we cannot tell what may have |in two ways, first, by proof of its wantonness, sehappened afar off-"we may add on the other side | condly, by explicit denial. Upon the proof, the of the Atlantic." No doubt the article of the public must decide between us. Upon the denial, our readers will hardly expect us to waste more words with an opponent, upon whom we fixed, in our last, a palpable falsification* of a portion of our text, which remains without answer, apology, or explanation. Lastly-much stress is laid upon the fact that we are "an anonymous writer," while the Editor of the Knickerbocker is well known. It would, perhaps, be equally difficult to decide, whether we have any advantage from our incognito, or Mr. Irving, from the familiarity of the public with his champion. But, apart from this, we had no idea that a name could change the nature of either truth or falsehood, and as we wrote for nothing but the truth's sake, we chose to appear, as other reviewers write, anonymously. We believe, however, that the most of our readers could designate the humble individual, who is responsible for the articles which have appeared in the Messenger upon the present question. At all events, no attempt has been made, to keep so unimportant a matter, a state secret, and while no desire is felt to promulge it, no obstacle will be presented, as none has been, to the enquiries of any whom such information may concern.

But we did not commence this controversy to bandy personalities, and we shall continue it for no such purpose. This magazine claims for itself but little, in comparison with what we are informed will be seen by cis-atlantic and trans-atlantic discoverers, who may monthly climb to the "summit of our periodical literature" -- but, notwithstanding, it has views of propriety, in its humble sphere, which crimination and re-crimination would violate. Epithets are a seed easily sown, but they bear no fruit, as the example of others has shown, which we could gather, with credit, as a scholar or a gentleman. We shall therefore, take present leave of the subject, trusting soon again to meet our readers, with more pleasant topics, and in better company.

Baltimore, 12th December, 1842.

- * Vide November Messenger, p. 734, n. 25.
- * August Knick. p. 205.

TAMENESS OF ANIMALS IN HIGH SOUTHERN LA-TITUDES.-When the South Shetlands were first discovered, the shore was lined with fur seals:-80,000 of them were killed by the sealers of Stonington, before they learned to get out of man's way.-When Lt. Walker, in the Flying Fish, approached the Antartic, the whales were so tame, that the crew had to get out poles to push the ves-

THE WANDERER.

T. W. WHITE, Esq.

Dear Sir,—To nine-tenths of your readers, I have no doubt, this sketch of the lives and characters of Abeillard, &c. will be entirely new, and to all perhaps not less interesting than if it was wholely original. If you think so, you can give it a place in your Messenger, as I should like to have it preserved in such a Journal.

Very truly, yours, &c.

G. W.

My life has not been long, but it has been event-fal—knowledge has been forced upon me by pain-ful experience, by suffering, and by agony. My heart has been seared; and I look upon the world around me with the same indifference and torpor, as a man looks upon what no longer delights him. I love solitude, if I love any thing. In solitude, I am thrown upon myself, and I avoid the pestilent touch of those I despise. My reflections are, indeed, dark and sombrous, but they suit the temper of my mind, and they sometimes please, if any thing can please me—

"High mountains are a feeling; but the hum Of human cities, torture."

I was not made for society, though I have mingled much with it-solitude I have preferred, and I have wandered over the larger portion of the world, as a being conscious of no connection-no common tie no sympathy with the rest of mankind. have stood on the "marble waste" of Palmyra; but not to indulge in the withering and blasting reflections of the infidel Volney. I have strolled. by moonlight, through the Coliseum of the "eternal city," the "lone mother of dead empires," and have sat amid the ruins of the Parthenon of Athens and, though my feelings were soothed and my mind mellowed and tranquilized, I experienced none of the sickly and affected sentimentality of Chateaubriand. It was a gloomy and passionless emotion-Hooked around upon the monuments of the "mighty dead"-of those whose names once glowed on the lips of beauty, and whose actions once disturbed the peace, and overthrew the power of nations, and smiled in bitterness-

> I looked upon the peopled desert past, As on a place of agony and strife.

Once, I remember, to have found myself (whether led by curiosity or accident, I know not) in the venerable abbey of the Paraclet, where the ashes of the cold-blooded Abeillard, and the generous and noble-minded Heloisa, reposed. The moon beamed through the gothic windows of the time-worn edifice, and silvered and mellowed the melancholy landscape around; a soft and refreshing breeze sighed among the foliage, and whispered in sadness through the "long sounding" aisles of the venerable abbey. I was carried back to the period when its founder, animated by the spirit of religion, and sickened with the world, first dedicated his humble

structure to the "Comforter," amidst the wild and savage forests of Champagne. I gazed on the very rivulet that the learned and unfortunate Abeillard so often contemplated, and trod the cold pavement so often pressed by the feet of the beautiful Heloisa, seven hundred years before. I wandered amidst the cloisters, and mused in the "deep solitudes and awful cells" of "Paraclet's white walls," where—

Black melancholy sits, and found her throws A death-like silence, and a dread repose.

I experienced a tone of feeling in harmony, with the scene—it was a feeling of delicious sadness, and I dropt one tear to the memory of a being whose love was so enduring, and whose soul was so tender and impassioned. Poor Heloisa! ill fated and ill treated woman! Is there a heart, so callous, that does not throb in sympathy with her melancholy fate; that does not glow with admiration at her various and singular attainments-at the splendor of her beauty, the soul of fire, the fortitude, the mildness, and the glowing eloquence which she displayed, through a long life of melancholy and seclusion. Love was her ruling passion, the business of her life, and to this passion, she devoted herself with an energy and perseverance that deserved a happier and a better destiny. Abeillard, the learned and beautiful, but cold and selfish Abeillard, had, by unworthy stratagems, seduced her affections at an early period of life. With that devotedness, which women only display, she was willing to sacrifice her character, her fame, and her very happiness, to a being that thought only of himself, and that could not appreciate the greatness of the sacrifice, or the worth and merit of her who made it. Knowing that a matrimonial union would forever blast his prospects of preferment in the church, she observes, when pressed to marry by Abeillard himself, in consequence of a promise made to her uncle, and not from any apparent consciousness of its propriety: "Is it by disgracing you that I must be exalted? What reproaches should I not merit from the world, from the church, from the schools of philosophy, were I to draw from them their brightest star ! and, shall a woman dare to take to herself that man whom nature meant to be the ornament and the benefactor of the human race? Abeillard: it is in you, only, that all my wishes centre. I look for no wealth, no alliances, no provision. I have no pleasure to gratify, no will to serve, but yours."

Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove; No, make me mistress to the man I love.

Abeillard, in consenting to marry Heloisa, had made her uncle promise to keep the marriage a profound secret; but, after that event had taken place, Fulbert was induced to divulge it; and, though any other woman would have gloried in being thus redeemed from diagrace and opprobrium, Heloisa, the

prosperity of him she loved so tenderly, persisted in denying it, and in submitting to the imputation of being thought only his mistress.

When that terrible misfortune occurred which rendered life a burden to Abeillard, and which induced him to look to the cloister as the only place of refuge from shame and mortified feelings, he had the selfishness to propose to this young and interesting woman to imitate his example. "When I was overwhelmed by my misfortunes," he observes, according to the translator of one of his letters, "my weakness rendered me jealous, and I made to myself rivals of all men." Heloisa deeply felt the illiberality of this proposal, and was moved to tears by the suspicion which he manifested. What motive had she, in the heyday of youth, in the full blaze of beauty-possessing all those accomplishments, and that extraordinary learning which were calculated to excite the admiration of the world, to bury herself in the gloom of a cell, and without a desire, to spend her life in the obscurity of a cloister?

The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

What motive had she to separate herself forever from her friends-from society-from her child, to bid a lasting adieu to that distinction she would have reached, to that fame she would have acquired, and to that consequence she would have merited? She had no inclination to the veil, and though, perhaps, her misfortunes and those of her husband, might have produced a temporary love of solitude, she could not have believed it her duty to make so great and so painful a sacrifice. She wished, at least, to have the privilege of becoming a "voluntary recluse, without the tie of eternal vows." But the cold blooded eunuch peremptorily ordered her to comply-she yielded.

"It was not religion," she says, "which called me to the cloisters I was then in the bloom of youth; but you ordered, and I obeyed." Abeillard was not satisfied with this assent and her promise to obey-he harbored the base suspicion in his ungenerous and selfish heart, that should he leave her at liberty, by first taking the monastic vows himself, she might again return to the world. He intimated his fears, and insisted upon her first engaging herself. Poor Heloisa was wounded to the heart. "You feared I might look back," she says, "and therefore, before you could surrender your own liberty, I was to be devoted. In that one instance, I confess, your mistrust of me tore my heart: Abeillard, I blushed for you." What nobleness! What delicacy! Heloisa, notwithstanding the persuasions of her friends-the bright allurements of the world, the magnitude of what she was about to surrender, resolved to consummate the sacrifice she had commenced. The incident has been told by Don Gervaise, and is too interesting to be omitted. The day was fixed, on which she was

devoted Heloisa, regarding only the interests and to take the veil, and bid a long adieu to the world. An immense crowd had assembled at Argenteuil to witness the interesting and affecting spectacle.

> The bishop of Paris officiated in the ceremony: he blessed the holy veil which was placed upon the altar, according to the custom of the time; and the novice was to advance from the cloister, and fix it on her own head. Heloisa came forward: she was arrayed in the costume of the order, her attitude was resigned, her motion was slow but firm; and a soft shade of melancholy hung over her countenance, and gave to her features a more than earthly charm. The crowd was moved to compassion. Her beauty, her youth, her extraordinary merit and accomplishments were felt by them, and they gazed on her as a victim, devoted to death. Numbers approached, to induce her to abandon her designthey entreated her to reflect on the consequence of so fatal and so awful a step-dwelt on her beauty, her talents, and the horrors of the condition into which she was about to plunge. Heloisa became agitated, tears rolled from her eyes, she sighed deeply; but these emotions proceeded from another source than from what they supposed. "Unfortunate husband," she cried, "is it possible that the rigor of Fate has prevailed so much over so great a man! Why was I so unfortunate as to render him miserable by marriage! No, no! I was unworthy of his alliance, and since I have been the cause of his misery, it is but just I should suffer the penalty." In uttering these words, she disengaged herself from those who had attempted to detain her, and hastened to the altar, as to a funeral pile, where she was to offer herself up as an unresisting sacrifice. There, having touched the sacred cloth, which she kissed with reverence, she pronounced, in broken accents, the lines which Cornelia utters in Lucan-

> > O, maxime conjux, O, Thalamis indigne meis! Hoc juris habebat In tantum fortuna caput? Cur impia nupsi Si miserum factura fui? Nunc accipe pænas, Sed quas sponte luam. - Luc. Phar. L. 8.

She then took up the black veil, threw it over her face, and with a firm voice, pronounced the fatal vows that separated her, forever, from the world and Abeillard.

Could any sacrifice be more generous, any devotion more heroic, or any love more ardent, than this? Long after, in speaking of the event just mentioned, she says, in a letter to Abeillard, "that, to comply with your wishes, I could bear to sacrifice myself. My love for you had risen to such a degree of phrenzy, that to please you, it even de-

* Ah! my once greatest lord! ah! cruel hour! Is thy victorious head in fortune's power? Since miseries my baneful love pursue, Why did I wed thee, only to undo? But, see, to death my willing neck I bow, Atone the augry gods, by one kind blow.

prived itself of what alone in the universe it valued, (Abeiliard) and that forever. Heaven knows that in all my love it was you, and you only, that I sought for."

Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you; Not grace or zeal, love only was my call, And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.—Pope.

Could not such a being, so heroic, so devoted, so romantic, have smiled at any sacrifice however terrible, and looked with calm indifference, had it been necessary, on the glittering dagger and the poisoned bowl? But this being, so lovely, so tender, was suffered to waste her youth in the gloom of a cloister, and to spend a life that might have been useful to society, in eternal seclusion from the world, and amidst "relentless walls," and

Shrines! where their vigils, pale-eyed virgins keep, And pitying saints whose statues learn to weep!

And all this she did too, not from inclination, but merely in obedience to the will of one she loved to madness, and who returned that love by an almost total neglect and long continued silence. At length he is appealed to by one scarcely known to him, for consolation and comfort, and he sends him a history of his own life, his sorrows, and his misfortunes, as an alleviation, and but barely glances at the part Heloisa had shared in them. This letter fell into her hands; and his coldness and apathy, though it touched her to the soul, did not diminish her attachment, and she addresses him in a strain of love, pathos, and eloquence, that cannot be read without admiration and sympathy. "Not even when long grief," she says, " had worn me down, did you come to see me, or even send me one line of comfort. Yet, surely, after the bond of matrimony had cemented our union, your obligations to me became more binding. Who does not know how immoderate was the love I bore you; and from thence have I no pretensions to a peculiar return? You know, my dearest Abeillard, ah! who is there in the world that does not know-how much I have lost in losing you! Say, then, if you can, how it has happened, that, since my retreat from the world, which was your own work, and the effect of my entire submission to your will, you have neglected me so much, or rather so perfectly forgotten me, that you have not, since that time, afforded me the least consolation, either in person, or by letter? I will tell you what I believe, and what the world believes to be the cause—it is that you have never truly loved, and that your love, if ever you had any, has vanished with your passion.*

"Attend, I beseech you, to my request—if I am to be deprived of your society, give me what else you can, at least a few lines—and can you, who are

 Concupiscentia te mihi potius quam amicitia sociavit ibidinis ardor potius quam amor. Ubi igitur quod desiderabas cessavit, quicquid propter hoc exhibebas pariter evenuit.—Epistela 1 Heloise.

so rich in words, refuse me that faint image of yourself? My soul cannot exist without you. Receive it kindly. There it will be happy, if you be indulgent: if you only return kindness for kindness, trifles for things of moment, and a few words for all the deeds of my life. Were you less secure of my love, you would be more solicitous. But, because my conduct has rendered you secure, you neglect By that God, then, to whom your life is consecrated. I conjure you, send me some lines of consolation! Once, when pleasure was your pursuit, how often did I hear from you! In your songs, the name of Heloisa was made familiar to every tongue, it was heard in every street, the walls of every house repeated it. With how much greater propriety might you now call me to God, than you then did, to pleasure! Think on my petition-Farewell, my only friend, my all, farewell!" These short extracts from the celebrated epistle of Heloisa to Abeillard, which Pope has so elegantly, but too glowingly wrought into verse, will display the tenderness and devotion of this lovely and interesting woman. The whole letter is a beautiful specimen of modern latinity, and teems with the most generous sentiment, and the finest sensibility. It displays the workings of a mind, rich in genius, but subdued by affliction, and agitated by love. The style is pure, concise, and nervous, and decidedly superior to that of Abeillard, though so distinguished, in that age, for his learning. To this warm and eloquent appeal to his feelings, Abeillard makes a cold and formal reply, exhorting her and her sister nuns to pray for him; dwells on the efficacy of prayer, and sends a new form, which he desires them daily to recite for his personal safety, and the good of his soul. The truth is, Abeillard no longer loved, and his persecutions and misfortunes made him still more selfish than he had been before. Heloisa's disappointment must have been extreme, after the perusal of this cold and languid effusion, which responded not to the ardor of her feelings and which breathed no sentiment in harmony with her's. Her answer was marked by greater power of eloquence, more warmth and rapidity of expression, with sentiments more glowing, and with thoughts more breathing and voluptuous, than those by which her first letter was distinguished. She complains of his cruelty in alluding to the impression he was under, "that his enemies might so far prevail, as to take away his life," &c. "Oh! Abeillard," she says, "how could your mind suggest such ideas! how could your hand write them! No, no: God will never so far forsake his servants, as to perpetuate our lives when you are gone. Do you then imagine we can ever forget you? If the sole mention of your death thus strikes us to the heart, what would the reality not do! It is our prayer to Heaven that we may not survive you!" She dwells on the elevation to which she had been raised by her union with Abeillard—on the unbounded happiness and exquisite enjoyments which she had once tasted, and was deep, but not querulous—she hung over the which were now no more. "Hanging over my pitiable state, I shed the more tears, when I view the magnitude of my losses; but they redouble, when recollection tells me how dear that possession was, which I have lost. To the greatest joys have succeeded the greatest sorrows." She reverts to their former pleasures and the scenes of their former delight, and confesses and laments her weakness, in a strain glowing and impassioned. fascinating were the pleasures we once indulged, that I cannot efface their impression. Wherever I turn my eyes, in all their charms, there they are present to me. Even in my dreams, the dear phantoms hover around me. When I should grieve for what is passed, I only sigh that the same pleasures return no more."

I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee; Thy image steals between my God and me!

She concludes this beautiful letter by the following candid confession. "I look for no laurels, no crown of victory. It is enough for me to keep out of danger. I like not the perils of war. If God will but give me the lowest place in Heaven, I shall be satisfied. No jealousy is there, where each one is pleased with his own allotment of happiness."

But no appeal, however eloquent—no remonstrance, however pathetic-could move the monkish and torpid Abeillard, whose life was now in truth

A long dead calm of fixed repose; No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.

He replies in a strain of serious expostulationturns her attention to the sufferings of Christ, and the mercies of God, exhorts her to banish from her mind the baneful thoughts of those pleasures to which she so frequently reverts, and on which she seems to delight too much to dwell; and concludes with a prayer which he requests her often to repeat. Another letter from Heloisa, in a more subdued and religious tone, closes the interesting correspondence of those unfortunate lovers.

After a long life, embittered by misfortune and harassed by persecution, Abeillard, the learned and once fascinating Abeillard, breathed his last at the Abbey of Cluni, whither he had gone, on his way to Rome, to obtain justice and seek redress from the injuries and calumnies of his enemies. whom he had cited to appear. He was in the 63d year of his age at the period of his death. loisa, whose attachment no time or absence could diminish-received the melancholy tidings of his decease with fortitude and resignation, but not without deeply feeling the loss she had sustained. Some days after this afflicting intelligence, and when her grief had somewhat abated, she asked for, and obtained the body of her husband from the Abbot of caused to be prepared for its reception-her sorrow had never been. Man is dust, and to dust he re-

grave of her long loved Abeillard and could with difficulty be removed; and daily and almost unceasingly for twenty-one years after, she wept and prayed at the tomb of him whom she loved as no woman had ever loved before-

> O! Death, all eloquent! you only prove, What dust we dost on, when 'tis man we love.

This interesting woman, as if destined to equal her husband in years, as well as in genius and learning, expired in the sixty-third year of her age, twenty one years after his death, and left, as her last dying request, that she might be laid in the tomb by the side of Abeillard. Her request was complied with, and all that remained of the once learned, pious and beautiful Heloisa, was consigned to the tomb which contained the body of her husband. It is asserted, by the historian of their lives that when the tomb was opened, and they were in the act of letting down the body of Helosia, Abeillard extended his arms to receive her, and pressing her to his breast, thus exhibited to posterity an inimitable example of the fidelity of conjugal attachment, stronger than death itself. Existing in the tomb, he observes, it ought surely to continue in Heaven, in a manner infinitely more pure, more noble, and more elevated.

For this fact, I do not pretend to vouch. I should judge it rather apochryphal, when the indifference of Abeillard, while living, is considered. It is, however, true, that for six hundred years, notwithstanding the various changes the tomb and building had undergone, no separation had taken place in the ashes of the dead, and that the profoundest respect and veneration have always been paid to so rare and so holy a union. In 1779, a marble monument, projected by the Abbess, Mad. de la Rochefoucauld, was erected in honor of this unfortunate pair, and the following epitaph, said to have been written by Marmontel, was inscribed upon it. I give the English translation-

Here,

Under the same stone, repose Peter Abeillard the founder. And Heloisa, the first Abbess, of this Monastery.

Alike in dispositions and in love, They were once united in the same pursuits, The same fatal marriage, and the same repentance; And now in eternal happiness, We trust they are not divided.

I gazed with a feeling it is difficult to analize or describe, on the tomb that contained the ashes of two beings once so distinguished and so unfortunate. What now remains of that splendid beauty which fascinated the eye of all who beheld it !--where are now the graceful form, the eloquent and soul-thriliing voice, the elaborate research, and extended intellect, which were once the objects of general ad-It was laid in the vault which Heloisa had miration and wonder? Alas! they are as if they

turns—he only serves to fertilize the earth from it is but the lightning tempest of passion, that glares and power, are but the flitting ignis fatui of living ever. corruption—the glittering and evanescent meteors that irradiate the path of life for a moment, and then sink forever, in the eternal night of death-

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The fame of Alexander or Napoleon may claim for their mighty dust some small respect and veneration, and we may perhaps tread upon it more lightly, or spurn it with less contempt; but no human eye can distinguish their ashes from those of the humblest menial, or the poorest slave, that mingle with the common earth, by which they are surrounded. Who is there, at the end of a long and even brilliant career of life, that may not exclaim with Petrarch-

Che quanto piace al mondo e breve sogno.

Or, with Burke-

"Alas! what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!"

Years after this, as I wandered in the picturesque and romantic burial ground of Pere la Chaise in Paris, I was struck with the appearance of a beautiful monument, which I discovered to be that of Abeillard and Heloisa. Their ashes were here still preserved and still united, blending together in death; and, after a lapse of seven hundred years, mingling, as she had often wished while living, they might, in one common and undistinguishable mass. Their monument, a gothic chapel, was formed of the ruins of the far-famed Paraclete, and exhibited a spectacle at once touching and beautiful. How powerful, how wonderful, is the charm of love! The ardent and devoted attachment of Heloisa to Abeillard, has preserved their memory from oblivion, and has transmitted their lives, and their misfortunes to posterity. The romantic character of ber love has spread around her name, and that of her husband, a ray of glory, that the lapse of ages has rendered more mellow, but not less lovely; and, has called forth an interest more deep and holy, than all that the mere learning, and eloquence, and beauty, which each possessed, could ever have pro-

Heloisa! says a French writer—at this name, a sigh involuntarily escapes from the heart, and religion wishes that she could exult at a triumph that was not altogether produced by her influence.

How great is the contrast between the love of Heloisa, ardent, sincere, and undying, and that of the puling sonneteer Petrarch, whose eyes were always filled with tears, and whose tongue was always eloquent with complaints, at the cruelty of a being whom he never truly loved. But, the love which woman feels, is a different sentiment from that which sometimes agitates the breast of man. In ber; it is a feeling which enters into all the thoughts, and business, and actions of life; in him,

which he springs—and all his greatness, and glory, and flashes for a moment, and then disappears for-

CHAPTER II.

In the course of my wanderings, through this weary world, I found myself, at the close of a fine summer day, in the romantic and beautiful vale of Vaucluse, to which Petrarch has given a kind of classical interest. It was twilight and the breeze swept across the Meditterranean, and felt like that which "breathes upon a bed of violets-stealing and giving odor." My senses were lulled into a species of melancholy stupor-the "beetle winged his drowsy flight" around me-the hollow murmurs of a remote waterfall-the lowing of distant cattlethe fragrant breathings of the evening gale, and the calm serenity of the o'erhanging firmament-gave a delicious mellowness, and beauty to the landscape. and produced a tone of pensiveness in keeping with the scene on which I gazed. I scarcely knew what had carried me to the romantic spot where I stood. I thought I had wandered thither without any definite object, careless of the future and reckless of the past; but when I came to reflect, I found it was Petrarch's fame, and Petrarch's love, which had acted like a secret spell, upon my mind-and had drawn me to the vale, so celebrated, as the residence of the laureat poet of Italy. In my moodiest state of feeling, I have always been soothed by the tender, and elevated by the sublime effusions of the bard-and have felt a deeper and holier interest, while contemplating those scenes to which, by the power and witchery of genius, he has given immortality. It has been most elegantly remarked that "Troy is not the only place preserved from oblivion by a poet. While even the situations of magnificent cities are forgotten, we are familiar with the insignificant village, that sheltered some humble philosopher, or the rill that quenched the thirst of some indigent bard."*

After a lapse of near five hundred years, I stood on the very spot where Petrarch had often mused. I gazed on the same cloudless sky, the same romantic stream. The same dark cavern, which he had so often contemplated, and which have become identified with his name. The place was hallowed and consecrated by his genius; and I felt as if his spirit hovered around me, and gave vitality to the inanimate objects, by which I was surrounded. It was not his love, but his genius; not his mawkish amatory strains, but the tender and sometimes beautiful inspirations of his Italian muse, that imparted to the rich and living landscape, the pure and holy interest I experienced. I had always believed that

> * Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona Multi, sed omnes illachrymabiles Urgentur, ignotique longa Nocte, carent quia va'e sacro.

Hor.

his love was more the creature of imagination than of the heart-and that Laura, if she ever existed (and it has been questioned by some) was a being partly real, and partly imaginary, and of whom he might have been at first, in some small degree, enamoured. Poets are apt to be influenced as much by fancy as by feeling-and as they can give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name," it is not a matter of surprise that they should sometimes feign a love, they do not feel-and endow a mere abstraction of the imagination with all those charms of person, and that moral and intellectual loveliness, they would wish her to possess. Love is a passion that will not last, if it be not reciprocated, and cannot long exist, if its object be enjoyed by another. Laura was a married woman, and to her husband, she is said to have been tenderly attached. Petrarch might have been pleased, nay, smitten with her beauty, when she first burst upon his sight; but to suppose that he really loved Laura, for twenty years with that intensity of passion, which he would have the world to believe-Laura, the wife of De Sade, and the mother of eleven children, is rather too extravagant to be easily credited, even in the warm and voluptuous climate of Italy. No! Petrarch's love was but little more than the creature of fancy—the dream of imagination; it wanted that deep-toned reality and feeling, which belong to the true character of such a passion. He pules and whines and deals in puerile conceits, too much for one whose heart is embraced by the consuming fire of love. His very thoughts and language, are those which emanate from the head, and not the heart. Take for example, the following specimen out of many that might be selected-

> Pensive, weeping, night and day, From this shore to that I fly, Changeful as the lunar ray; And when evening veils the sky Then my tears might swell the floods-Then my sighs might bow the woods.

In the same strain, Petrarch wrote, while folded in the illicit embraces of another woman-and he employs the same exuberance of praise, and the same extravagance, and affectation of grief, in the twentieth, as he did in the first year of his pretended attachment. This is not in nature. does not seem to have been, even in habits of intimacy, or of friendship, with this poetical mistress of his affections; for, he seldom or never, it is said saw her, but in public, or when surrounded by her friends-and though lovely, as a houri in the bowers of paradise, when she first blazed upon him, in all the radiance of youth, the fertility of his imagination was unequal to the task of supplying the decay and havock, with which time had assailed her. Twenty years will make horrible inroads upon female beauty, the most exquisite, even though its

The eye will lose its brilliancy—the hair its gloss the lips its richness-and the cheek its roseate bloom-and the muse will seek in vain, to lavish her decorations, and to create new charms to supply the deficiencies, which time and nature have But in spite of nature and time, Peproduced. trarch continued to write sonnets, filled with complaints, and breathing sighs of wretchedness, and woe, when scarcely anything was left to excite love. Twenty years after he could have seen but a small remnant of that dazzling beauty in her, whose "face, air and gate," he says when he first saw her, " were something more than mortal; whose golden locks waved over her shoulders, whiter than snow, and whose ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of love." And yet, notwithstanding the ravages of time, and although she was a married woman, and the mother of eleven children, he persevered, in his complaints—his importunities—his conceits, and what the world has called, his love. Even a few months after beholding this vision of excellence, when the "brightest flame of love was lit up in his soul," and when his emotions were too intense for utterance, he abandons Laura, retires to a Gascon village with three friends, and spends a delicious summer, nay, "almost" according to his own account "a celestial one." "I cannot," he observes, "recal a season passed so agreeably, without regretting it—those were the most delightful days of my life." And this was Petrarch, the sighing-desponding-love-sick Petrarch, just after he had beheld for the first time, his beautiful Laura, who by the love which she had excited, was to be the means of depriving him forever of all peace and happiness in the world. But the poet when pressed by St. Augustine, confesses "that it was not the person of Laura he adored but her soulso superior to all others." The soul of a woman who could not even read the amorous effusions, he so frequently addressed to her beautiful eye-brows; and her golden hair; and whose mental accomplishments, could not have been very eminent in an age, when a knowledge of reading and writing entitled its possessor to the appellation of learned. But even Laura, uneducated as she was, must have had sagacity enough to perceive that the love which Petrarch felt, was the love of fame, and not of her. His first sonnets, were every where received with enthusiastic approbation and delight, and he continued to pour them out from time to time, because the world continued to lavish upon them its praises, and to rouse him to new efforts by new applause. The road to honor was thus, by a fortunate accident, unfolded to his view, and making Laura a plaything of imagination, and the poetical object of his affections—he wrote and was read—he continued to sigh and lament, and the female world sympathised in his miseries. He poured out his sorrows, and described all the little circumstances possessor be unmarried, and in ease and affluence. of his passion, in strains indeed of great beauty; and mankind wondered at the apparent tenderness and sensibility of his heart, and admired the fertility and brilliancy of his genius. This food to his vanity was as profusely administered, as it was eagerly received; and as his love had given him fame, be continued to love, and to paint its sorrows, in spite of the appalling ravages of time, the infirmities of age, and the decay of nature, till death, in pure commiseration, snatched from the world this vision of poetical beauty. In his first canzoni, written when Petrarch was advanced in years, there is an evident intimation that he was ashamed of the character he had assumed, and the part he had played for so many years—

Oft on my cheek, the conscious crimson glows,
And sad reflection tells—ungrateful thought!
How jeering crowds have mock'd my love lorn woes:
But folly's fruits are penitence and shame:
With this just maxim, I've too dearly bought,
That man's applause is but a transient dream.*

In the whole course of his poetical passion, Petrarch deals in a species of mysticism, against which true sensibility revolts; and, he seems anxious to make the world believe that his love is purely Pla-He throws a veil over his mistress and shrouds her from our view, and when he attempts to exhibit her, it is always in the attitude and bearing of a being of another world, with whom we bave no common or natural sympathies. He perpetually plays upon her name, and personifies her heart. "Throughout his whole life, we are in doubt" says Sismondi,† " whether it is of Laura, or of the laurel that he is enamoured;" and, we are disgusted with the endless colloquies he constantly carries on, with the personified heart of his mistress; which, according to the author we have just quoted, "speaks, answers, argues, is ever upon his lips, in his eyes, and yet ever at a distance." When he goes to bury himself in the delicious solitudes of Vaucluse, he holds out the idea that he retires to cool the ardor of his love, or to meliorate the intensity of his suffering in the sylvan retreats, or the marvellous fountain of this romantic vale. But, it would appear, that his object in this, as in every thing else connected with Laura, was to obtain the admiration of the world. A sonnet always preceded these customary migrations; and while his genius was admired, his constancy and attachment were necessarily the subjects of wonder and adoration to the beanties and the splendid coteries of Avignon. While in his retirement, however, he very coolly employed himself in composing his moral and philosophical works (which, by the way, are rather

Ma ben veggi'hor, si come al popol tutto,
Favola fui grar tempo; onde sovente
Di me medesmo meco mi vergogno:
E del mio vaneggiar vergogna e'l frutto
E'l pentirse, e'l conoscer chiaramente
Che quanto piace al mondo e breve sogno.
Son. 1.

† Sismondi's Lit. South of Europe, 1st volume.

heavy and vapid,) in reading the authors he had with some labor collected—"those friends," he observes, "whose society are delightful—who are never capricious, and who answer all my questions;" and, in laughing at the simplicity of the world, for believing that love was the cause of his seclusion.

Petrarch, lived at an age, when the poetry of the troubadours of Provence was held in high estimation throughout all Italy. These poets had long enveloped love in a veil of mysticism; and wrote about it, with a species of metaphysical refinement, which they mistook for sentiment; and indulged in rant, bombast, and conceits, which they conceived to be the true characteristics of simplicity, nature and passion. "The causeless griefs, the languous, the dying complaints of a lover," says Sismondi, "became a constituent portion of the consecrated language in which the troubadour addressed his mistress, and from which he could not, without impropriety depart." It was this spirit which Petrarch imbibed, and, instead of imitating the fine lyrical models of Greece and Rome, whose literature he was so anxious to preserve, and so industrious to diffuse, he made the Provencals his models; and, in language distinguished for its harmony and picturesqueness, poured out his mysticism and conceitshis affectation and refinement, till he deceived the world into the belief that his passion was as ardent and sincere, as his genius was brilliant, and his poetry beautiful. But, how unlike was Petrarch's love to that of the interesting and unfortunate Heloisa-the source of all her happiness and the foundation of all her miseries! In the one, it was but little more than the creature of fancy, or rather the offspring of vanity and the love of fame-in the other, it was seated deeply in the heart, gave pulsation to all its arteries, and vigor to all its motions. The image of her lover was interwoven with every thought, and identified with her very existence; it was unceasingly blended with all that could charm or delight, and embodied with her finest and most exquisite associations. It floated, in delicious loveliness, before her mind while awake, and stood forth with more than living reality in the visions of night. Amidst the fascinations of the world, or in the gloom of the cloister, surrounded by the beauties of nature, or enveloped in the shades of retirement, it was still the object of her fondest adoration, the brilliant focus on which her mind concentrated, and the gorgeous vision of her day-dreams, around which her fancy loved to play, and on which her heart delighted to repose. But, to Petrarch, the image of Laura was one which the poet's imagination could body forth-beautiful, indeed, as an ideal creation, but destitute of the warmth and glow and freshness of living nature. It could have given no stimulus to the heart, and roused no strong or ungovernable feeling of the soul. Petrarch never did make, never could have made, such a sacrifice as

that to which Heloisa voluntarily submitted. Laura | beauty, and a more enlightened christianity, have never would have been to him the cause of madness or death-of eternal seclusion, or the final abandonment of fame. Like Cowley, there was too much of metaphysics and mysticism-of refinement and subtlety about his attachment, to render it alarming or dangerous in its effects-or to make it capable of operating strongly upon his mind, his conduct, or his life. Laura was indeed no more to Petrarch, than Julia was to Rousseau; and, whatever effort Ginguene may employ to give a history of the real attachment of the Italian sonneteer to his mistress, I cannot believe that his love, "if love it may be called," ever rose to the power, or assumed the nature, of a passion.

But Laura, whether the object of Petrarch's love or fancy, was a woman of no common character. To resist, for so long a period, the splendid eulogies, and the personal beauty, of so distinguished a poet, at an age too when it was decreed by the court of love, that marriage should interpose no barrier to the affections of the heart-and when the morals of society were loose, and dissolute in no ordinary degree, was an evidence of purity and virtue that would have done honor to any age, or country. The beauty of Laura's moral character is much more to be admired than that of her person, splendid as the poet has represented it to be. Her chastity, "pure as the icicle on Dian's temple" and proof to all the praises and blandishments of a man whose person was elegant, and whose genius was splendid, and to whom in that age at least, few women would have hesitated to yield up their hearts, stands out as a beautiful relief to the moral darkness, by which it was encompassed—and furnishes a subject which every lover of virtue must delight to contemplate. Her answer to Petrarch, when he first disclosed to her his love, fully developes her real character, and should forever have barred all future importunity. "I am not, indeed, Petrarch, the person you suppose me." This damped his ardor for a time; but he persevered in his suit, and continued to rant about his sorrows, till the object of his pretended affection no longer existed; because he discovered that the story of his attachment produced interest, and the theme he had chosen was susceptible of all the charms, and embellishments of poetry, and gave to his efforts the high reputation which he was so anxious to attain. the present age, such an attachment, however Platonic, or poetical, would be justly regarded with indignation and abhorrence; and the attempt of a man, however endowed with the mens divinior, to address a married woman and a mother in amatory strains, like those of Petrarch, would lead, it is certain, to a reputation, much less honorable and gratifying than that which conducted the Italian poet to

rendered the matrimonial union, too holy and sacred to be violated with impunity; or to be touched without indignation. This union of all that is delightful in life, of two beings joined together, by the warmest and closest ties of affection and sympathy, and interest-running into and blending together in one creature, animated by one common impulse, and pursuing one common end-is now looked upon as too awful to be trifled with or assailed, by thoughtlessness or vice; and the feelings and opinions of the world, have thrown around it an armor that but few have the hardihood or the profligacy to attempt to penetrate. Would that it had always been so! What agony it would have spared! what bitterness and misery it would have prevented!

I cannot quit the subject of Petrarch's love, without saying something of his poetry; especially as the language of Italy, is now becoming a fashionable branch of education in this country.

Petrarch was a man of elegant genius, and devoted to study-and particularly to that of classical literature. His indefatigable and successful efforts to restore the literary productions of Greece and Rome, and to produce a taste for their various excellencies, have given him a lasting claim upon the gratitude of posterity; and entitled him to a meed of praise, that his poetry would never perhaps have yielded him. Like many other distinguished authors, he prided himself most on that, for which the world has allowed him the least credit. I mean his Latin compositions, which notwithstanding the occasional purity and elegance of their style, are now seldom read, but from curiosity. Their characteristic defects are dullness, bombast, a want of truth, of sentiment, and depth of thought. But his Italian poetry, to which he pretended to disclaim all merit, is entitled to high commendation for its melodiousness and beauty, and for contributing, in no small degree, to the perfection of the fine language in which it was written. His lyrical productions consisted of sonnets and canzoni; the first were borrowed from the Sicilians and the last from the Provencals or Troubadours.

The sonnet, called by an Italian, with great felicity of expression, the bed of Procrustes, from its being confined to fourteen lines, was composed of two quatrains and too tercets, and had never more than five rhymes. The great labor which Petrarch bestowed upon this species of poetry rendered it popular, and added much to the progress of the Italian language in refinement, and correctness. Every thing of vulgarity and barbarism was carefully rejected, and the most elaborate attention employed to render the poetry polished, elegant and melodious. Unlike his precursors in the same walks of the capitol of Rome; and caused his brow to be fancy, who were in an eminent degree indelicate decorated with the laurel wreath, at which his am- and licentious; Petrarch never breathes a sentibition had aimed. A finer perception of moral ment, or utters an expression offensive to purity, or

repugnant to the most fastidious delicacy. But the peculiar nature of the sonnet tended to preclude the development of strong feeling or powerful passion, and seems limited to the indulgence of sparkling conceits, brilliant ornaments, striking antithesis, and epigrammatic points. Petrarch's sonnets, therefore, though rich, fanciful and polished, are deficient in the expression of truth, nature and genuine feeling; and though sparkling and glowing, like the diamond, they are like the diamond, cold and lifeless. On the other form of his lyrical compositions, the canzoni, much praise has justly been bestowed. It embraces a greater range of thought and sentiment-is more susceptible of sublimity, pathos and enthusiasm, and assimilates more nearly to the fire and animation of the ancient ode. In most of Petrarch's canzoni, those qualities are strikingly exemplified. His thoughts are frequently grand—his sentiments elevated and his expressions majestic-he displays much brilliancy and a good deal of enthusiasm! while the ornaments of language he employs are such as to give splendor and beauty to the fine moral and political inspirations of his muse.

Such was Petrarch as a poet and a lover: but he stands perhaps equally prominent as a politician, and had the faculty to penetrate the intrigues of cabinets, and the designs of statesmen, as easily as he could embody in glowing and melodious numbers the elegant creations of his fancy. Although often, too, the companion of weak and worthless princes, he was nevertheless the eloquent and powerful advocate of the buried liberties of his country; and the friend and patron of the patriot Rienzi, who so nobly, but so unsuccessfully struggled to restore the ancient glories of Rome.

Vaucluse, the romantic and beautiful Vaucluse, still remains; but where is he, who by the splendor of his genius, has rendered it classical, and given it celebrity? Can his dust, once moulded into manly beauty, be distinguished from the common earth on which we tread? Can his bones, once the object of sacrilegious thest, be known from those which entered into the coarse and "iron frame" of his domestic fisherman! Near five hundred years have rolled away, and the veil still remains unchanged in its aspect, unshorn of its beauties; but he who gave it fame, and who has thrown over it a charm so holy and so resistless, has "withered from the world." The tombs of Arqua and La Croise are now tenantless and vacant; the bodies that once eccapied them, have long since dissolved into their original elements, mingled with their kindred dust, and, like every thing of perishable mortality, have passed away forever, from the eye of man. But, why do I indulge these melancholy reflectoes! Romantic Vaucluse, Tempe of France! farewell!

Washington City.

SONG.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Come, Dearest, and hanish thy sadness, I ask but a smile, My lip, Love, is beaming with gladness,

My lip, Love, is beaming with gladness, Thy griefs to beguile.

We'll laugh at the clouds that begin, Love, To shroud with their pall, While here is a sunshine within, Love, To brighten them all.

Can Sorrow's rude fingers, Love, harm thee,
With this hand in thine?
Can Fate's sternest clanges alarm thee.

Can Fate's sternest glances alarm thee, While these fondly shine?

That I loved thee in happiness well, Love, Oh, thou surely dost know!
But the future shall tenderly tell, Love, How much better in wo.

Then grieve not with joys light to part, Love,
When it brightened thy brow,
'Twas never so near to my heart, Love,
As one smile from thee now.

LORD BOLINGBROKE:

HIS POLITICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS.

[Continued.]

We must, however, in opposition to his Lordship, contend, that there is in the bosom of man an attachment to the place of his birth, antecedent and superior to reason. It may be encouraged by education, and fostered by prejudice; but still it is a part of our nature, and like all other parts of our nature may be blunted, but can seldom be destroyed. Suppose that a child is taken from its mother as soon as it is born, and is never allowed to see her until it has grown to maturity, why does that child, though now a man, feel joy and attachment to its parents the very instant he knows them? He has never received any good from those who brought him into the world, and of course no sense of gratitude nor feeling of selfishness can give rise to his affection. It is nothing but that sentiment, which, as it is implanted by the Deity, is common to all men, and is almost as intense as it is universal. These remarks apply with equal force to the love of country. It is not because we have received benefits or are under any obligations to our country, that we feel an attachment for it. Men frequently love their country, although they have been oppressed by its laws, and impoverished by its rulers; and there are few who do not prefer the land of their birth even to that of their choice, although one may be despotic and the other free. We cannot therefore but agree with the poet, from whom his Lordship quotes a passage, not however without a sneer:

Amor patrice ratione valentior omni.

Again; there is a difference which his Lordship

either does not perceive, or will not acknowledge, | moon-but he could have admired these wonders between the man who leaves his country from choice, and him who is compelled to do so from exile. It is true, that in large cities like London and Paris, you will see numbers from every part of the world; some in search of wealth, and others of fame; some in the pursuit of pleasure, and others in the employment of business. It may be true also, that there is no nation so barbarous, and no clime so inhospitable, where men do not settle and appear to be contented. But compulsion makes the great difference between him who goes of his own accord, and him who is obliged to do so on account of banishment. There are many evils which we can endure, and many hardships which we can bear, if they are brought upon us by our own misconduct and misfortune, but which are intolerable when inflicted by the whim or oppression There is something so insufferable in restraint, that we would not enjoy pleasure if we were forced to pursue it. So restless is the spirit of loco-motion, that with our present nature we could not be happy even in Paradise, if we were compelled to remain within fixed limits, and yet had a curiosity, or rather burning desire, to pass There are few men that do not feel themselves honored when sent as ministers to foreign courts, and yet we know that it is a very common punishment with Kings, to send subjects whom they dislike, apparently on a foreign embassy, but really into splendid exile. It is not the mere change of place, but the manner and the circumstance under which that change takes place, that grieves us; the one abstractedly may be pleasant; the other too irksome to be borne.

His Lordship, in holding that change of place is a matter of no moment, proves only that we can be reconciled to it. Examine the causes which have, since the creation of the world, produced the countless migrations from one country to another, that we read of in history, and you will find that by far the greater number arose from necessity and not from choice. Sometimes driven out by force, and sometimes by the over-population of a country, often for the sake of conquest and of gain, men have, from time to time, been induced to change their abode. An Englishman may spend the greater part of his life in the Indies, with the hope of making a fortune, and of returning and enjoying it But would he ever have consented to reside in Calcutta, if he could have met with equal success in London? Change of place is then an evil; but like all other evils can be borne by a philosophic mind, and even compensated by a greater good. Banishment does not of itself change the nature or destroy the virtue of a man; but he could have preserved both his nature and his virtue, and have been as happy with both at home as abroad.

of nature in his own, as well as in a foreign land. So that all other things being equal, change of place makes a great difference in the feelings and situation of a man.

It is quite easy to pick out from the annals of past ages, many illustrious examples of men who have borne exile with fortitude and honor. It is quite as easy also to point out numbers who have met death itself with heroic firmness. But we must not judge of a general rule by the exceptions which may be brought against it. To pass by thousands, it is necessary to speak only of Tully. This was so glaring an instance of the misery of exile, that his Lordship could not pass it by without notice. We will not dwell on the lamentable weakness of Cicero in banishment, but will merely ask if Lord Bolingbroke himself found exile that trifling evil, which, with so much eloquence and philosophy, he pronounces it to be? We will not say that his Lordship was miserable while abroad; but he certainly cast many a lingering look back to his native England; formed many a scheme to restore himself and his party to their former power, and returned many sincere thanks to King George, when his gracious majesty gave him permission to return. We are not so mean-spirited as to think that exile is too grievous to be borne by a man of virtue and philosophy; but at the same time we cannot go so far as his Lordship, in ascribing to virtue every thing that may spring from pride, and in trying to lessen that dread which a citizen ought to feel for any punishment of the State, however unjustly that punishment may sometimes be inflicted.

There is in every man some one passion that prevails over the rest, and gives a tincture to the character. The Stoics indeed contended, that a victory over one passion was a victory over all; but I think the truer doctrine is, that there must be a conquest over all, before there is a conquest over anv. While therefore a man has any passion in his bosom, which he has not the means to gratify. he cannot be happy in exile. Thus vanity was the cardinal vice of Cicero, and he could not therefore allow his brother to see him deprived of the energies of authority. Indeed, Lord Bolingbroke says this himself, and assures us that we must root up, not merely one, but every passion, before we can derive any consolation from exile. be philosophy-but of what avail are the most ingenious arguments, if brought against human nature? Change our nature, and you change our desires, and then we may admit that what all men now regard as a great evil, may prove a rich fountain of happiness.

But let us descend to particulars. man, some one may say, does lose his estate by Banishment does not of itself deprive him of the exile? The wants of nature are but few and easily pleasure of looking at the sun, the stars, and the supplied. There is scarcely any man that is not

able to get enough for animal subsistence; there is left, and forces us to live for ourselves, instead are many who not only live, but live contented of fixting us to live for others. with poverty; indeed the greatest men have prepared their homely repasts with the same hand that led armies and conducted nations to empire. This is all true; but habits are formed by practice, and not by reason or reflection. Our uneasiness under misfortune does not consist so much in the misery of our present condition, as in reminiscences of our past felicity. The man who has been reared in poverty and want, draws no melancholy contrast between his former and present situation. The scorn and contempt of men do not follow him in his obscurity; and although he might desire to fare better in the world, yet he is enabled to bear a life to which he has been so long accustomed. He meets with no ingratitude from those whom he has cherished, nor is his friendship returned with indifference and neglect. It is true that men, in seeking for happiness, often pursue misery-and when satiated with the gratifications of wealth, will sigh for the contentedness of poverty. But this is nothing more than that disposition so natural to men of running from one extreme to another. Exiles do not grieve, because they do not feed on tables as rich, or sleep on couches as soft as they have been accustomed to. It is the past and not the present which affects; it is the mind and not the body that is affected.

But the loss of estate is nothing to be compared with the loss of friends. Man is a social being, and as many philosophers assure us, cannot and dare not live alone. His most happy hours are spent with those to whom he is attached, and with whom he can sympathize. A virtuous friendship is the offspring of a virtuous heart, and its pleasures are among the most refined enjoyments of life. Without doubt, if all those who profess to be our friends, but who really are not so, were stricken from the catalogue, the number left would be small indeed. But still there is scarcely any man so high or so low, that has not some one closely allied to him by the ties of friendship, whose company he may indeed master philosophy enough to dispense with for a time, and even forever, but whose absence cannot fail to be a constant source of regret.

Aristotle, with whom Bolingbroke seems to agree, placed the summum bonum, in the joint pleasure of mind, body, and fortune. Whether this doctrine, or those of the Stoics and Epicurians be correct, it is foreign to our purpose to inquire. But supposing it to be so; if exile deprives us of the pleasures of fortune, and many of those of the mind and body, it evidently takes away from that height of happiness, which the philosophers hold up to us as the great object of our lives, and which mankind so eagerly and so universally pursue. Besides, it disables us from doing the same degree of good which we formerly had it in our power to

There are men who affect to be above the opinion of the world; and who, wrapping themselves up in pride or philosophy, feign an indifference to the praise or censure of mankind. I know that a man of virtue and moral courage, will not deviate from his course, or have a lower opinion of himself, because he is falsely accused and unjustly condemned. But is there any man of good sense that would rather be hated and despised, than loved or respected? Is there any one who does not regret, if he is not chagrined at, the senseless clamor and shameless ingratitude of men? Is there any one, who, while a citizen, was bold to defend his country, and is not sorry that he is unable to save it, now that he is an exile?

I suppose that Lord Bolingbroke meant to say, not that exile was to be sought after, but that it was to be borne by a wise and virtuous man. Certainly! Every one must regard with contempt, the man who is wretched in adversity because he was giddy in prosperity, and is not able to tear himself from past enjoyments or reconcile himself to his present condition. Misfortunes do indeed fall heaviest upon those who are the least prepared for them; but still they are misfortunes to whomsoever they happen. Many fine sayings are recorded by different writers, of great men going into exile. But in the first place, it is very doubtful whether they were ever said; and in the second place, if said, whether they came from the heart. ruling passion attends us to the grave, and of course accompanies us into exile; and a great statesman or philosopher would scarcely let slip such a fine opportunity of displaying his indifference to the reverses of fortune and the concerns of men.

In what I have said, I have taken it for granted that exile was unmerited; if, however, it is just, and if to the crime is added the punishment, no situation can be more deplorable than that of the banished man. The scorn and contempt of his countrymen whom he has injured or deceived, follow him in his retirement. He has little consolation in looking at the past, and less encouragement to look forward to the future. He has no opportunity to soothe resentment or soften anger, by intercourse and communication with his friends and fellow-citizens. He has not the smiles of an approving conscience; nor can he appeal from human tribunes to that which is reserved alike for judges and the judged. He meets with no respect from those among whom he is obliged to live, because they are aware of his character and his crimes, and see with their own eyes the condign punishment which justice has inflicted upon him; and thus, despised in one country, and neglected in another, he steals unnoticed, or rather marked with infamy, through a long, because disgraceful, life. 'although it is looked upon as a want of philosophy, to think any evil sufficient to depress a man of parts pedantic, and pedantic too in the display of spirit, yet he soon finds how much influence the opinion of the world, and the approval of his own conscience have upon his happiness; for as Sir James Mackintosh and many others both before and after him have said—there is no condition so high or so low-no innocence so spotless, nor depravity so consummate, that can place a man above the praise or censure of his fellowmen. It is a wise provision of Providence thus to have implanted this sentiment—this noble and not abject sentiment in the human heart. It does not destroy independence, and is one of the main safeguards of virtue. And whatever a false philosophy may teach us; however much pride may steel our bosoms against impressions from without, and with whatever injustice the world may sometimes pronounce its fickle decisions, there never was a truly noble spirit that did not feel regret, though not perhaps chagrin, at the loss of the good opinion of mankind.

As the various diseases to which flesh is heir to. affect different parts of the body, and are more dangerous and fatal when they come in a troop, than when they come singly; so events that affect the mind of man are more serious in their character, and more dreadful in their consequences when they rush upon us in torrents, than when they fall in gentle, and almost unperceived showers. ambitious man may lose his estate; but he does not feel the loss, because, by nature, and by education, he has a contempt for riches. A selfish man may lose his friends; but this is no evil to him, for his heart has ever been sealed to the noble sentiments of a virtuous friendship. And thus, as there are different passions in the breasts of different men, each man is affected and grieved only as his own particular passions are thwarted and deprived of the means of gratification. And, as all the evils of which I have spoken individually, fall collectively, and together upon the banished man, it is a perversion of terms to call exile and happiness the same, or even allies. Follow the great men of history into their forced retirement from the land of their birth. How many have plunged into all the projects which the most boundless ambition, and the most merciless avarice could suggest; an avarice and an ambition, which, as they have been unable to gratify in one country, they are resolved to glut in another. How small is the number of those who practise that specious philosophy which it is so easy to admire, and not more difficult to dwell upon!

Having said thus much of the arguments, it may not be out of place to make a few remarks on the style of the "Reflections on exile."

It ranks among the first of Lord Bolingbroke's writings, and on this account, and not merely because it is from the pen of that distinguished author, it may be admitted into the select and exclusive contracted notions of the vulgar; and by feeling circle of the English classics. Although in some above the narrow views of party, they seem to belong

learning that has no very great bearing upon the point in view, yet it is full of the fire and eloquence which were so characteristic of his mind. He borrows many fine sentences, and indeed whole passages from Seneca; but still, the reflections are essentially his own; and, in every page, is seen that flow of bright thoughts and burning words, which render him, in so eminent a degree, the favorite of those who admire the strength and force, quite as much as the beauty, of the English language. It does not belong to that class of his Lordship's productions which treat of philosophy and religion, which he wrote after his retirement from office, and which disappointed, as much as they had excited, public attention. There are but one or two sentences in the essay, which hint at those skeptical sentiments that Lord Bolingbroke is well known to have entertained; but which he did not support with an ability equal to the bold confidence with which he advanced them. If his practice had corresponded with his precepts, he would have established a reputation for philosophy far different from that which he has achieved by his elaborate treatise upon the subject. The mind of the reader would not have been continually distracted by the variance between his own conduct, and the principles which he enforces; and posterity would not be in doubt whether so far as exile is concerned, to place him nearer to Tully or Marcellus.

It would be difficult to find, in any production of the same length, juster views, more elegant diction, glowing eloquence, and noble spirit than in Lord Bolingbroke's short, but splendid essay on "The Spirit of Patriotism." This is a trite and familiar subject, upon which, in all ages, not only authors have written, but schoolboys have declaimed; and, on a theme so thread-bare, novelty, either of ideas or expression, is an agreeable sur-The noblest spirit of patriotism breathes through his Lordship's essay, and I am at a loss whether to admire more the lofty tone of his sentiment, or the glowing style in which they are couched. The flowing ease of Tully, and the burning energy of his Athenian rival are here combined, and the reader is hurried away by a beauty of language too charming to be resisted, and a strength of thought too powerful to be opposed. That there are, in every age, and every country, some men to whom the etherial spirit is communicated more freely than to the mass, and whose course is marked either by desolation, famine and war, or by peace, plenty and liberty, is a proposiion which all history sustains. They are the master-spirits of a country, who are ahead of the age i which they live. Actuated only by a sacred love of country, or, as my Lord Bacon calls it, the awful love of posterity; elevated by education, above the

to a different species, and to live with a race of beings who are unable to grasp their comprehensive views. Hence, with that malignant envy which is implanted in their hearts, men resolve to destroy what they are too debased to imitate, and the benefactors of the world are hunted down because their virtues are a living reproach upon the vices of mankind. It is quite natural, that in an age when he was an exile, and in a country where a Walpole was suffered to rule for twenty years, Bolingbroke should think that few men of this description had appeared, and should look with scorn upon the ignorance and folly of the herd, and say of the mass of his countrymen what was said of the courtiers of Alcinous, Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati.

What can be more graphic than the picture which he draws of Walpole; or more withering, than the scorn with which he speaks of the corruptions of the age! What can be more correct than the forcible manner, in which he urges that the service of our country is not a chimerical, but a real duty? What can be more persuasive than his appeals in favor of patriotism; or more touching than his descriptions of the pleasure which the statesman feels at a survey of the works which he has completed, and even the satisfaction which his conscience affords him when the malice of enemies, or the usurpation of courts have thwarted him in his designs? And what more affecting, than the carefulness and the hope with which he looks forward to the rising generation for the restoration of private morals, and the rooting out of public corruption? But the most beautiful and important part of this elegant essay, is that in which his Lordship enforces the necessity of application, industry, and perseverance in a public man, and shows, that without these indispensable qualities, neither great talents nor great virtues can command success. His views of the nature and power of eloquence are equally just; they concur with the liberal and expanded sentiments of Tully. Eloquence is indeed a powerful weapon, but it requires skill and strength to use it with effect. It is indeed a copious and a gushing stream, but its fountains must be continually supplied by learning and experience. Tully could never have expelled Catiline from Rome, if he had confined himself to speeches in the forum; nor could Demosthenes have roused the Thebians against Philip, if he had relied upon his eloquence alone. In the language of his Lordship, " Eloquence has charms to lead mankind, and gives a nobler superiority than power, that every dence may use, or fraud, that every knave may einploy. But eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth a little frothy water on some gaudy day, and remain dry the rest of the year. The famous orators of Greece and Rome were the statesmen and ministers of those commonwealths. The nature of their King, and will then read the history of those who

governments, and the humor of those ages, made elaborate orations necessary. They harangued oftener than they debated; and the artes dicendi required more study and more exercise of mind and of body too, among them, than are necessary among us. But as much pains as they took in learning how to conduct the stream of eloquence, they took more to enlarge the fountain from which it flowed."

Almost equal in elegance of style and splendor of diction, to the "Spirit of patriotism," "The idea of a patriot king," is far more elaborate, powerful, and instructive even, than that elegant essay. Less exception can be taken to the principles advanced, and the morality enforced in this admirable treatise, than to those contained in any of his Lordship's productions. Such has been the rapid progress of democracy within the last century, that sentiments which in Bolingbroke's age were regarded as liberal, and even radical, are now considered as essentially monarchical. While, therefore, Bolingbroke denies the divine right of kings, as that right was broadly claimed by the House of Stuart, yet he admits that it extends to good government and good kings. Even with this qualification, this doctrine has long been exploded. Although wrong upon this point, his Lordship is certainly correct in preferring a hereditary to an elective monarchy. Indeed, it remains to be tested by America, whether a republic can stand the severe shocks and ceaseless convulsions of an elective Chief Machiavel, in the "Prince," lays Magistracy. down the maxims and principles by which kings extend their dominions, increase their power, and conquet foreign nations. Such was their barenness and breathcy, that the author unjustly, and unwittingly acquired for his own name the infamy which he saw and described in others. His design was, by exposing to the public gaze and odium, the vices and crimes of kings, to make them distasteful to the people, and thereby contribute to the destruction of monarchy. The memory of the Florentine Secretary has been loaded with an obloquy from which the authority of many great men, from Bacon down, has not yet rescued him. Machiavel was a republican; but has benefitted mankind, at the expense of his own reputation with the mass of posterity. Bolingbroke, however, is a monarchist; and, in order to preserve kingly government, he describes the character, duties and obligations of a prince. The object of the idea of a patriot king seems to be to convince the people, that it is drawn from princes that have reigned; or at any rate, it is a picture which will probably be the cause of producing the very personage it describes, and therefore they ought not to be dissatisfied with their constitution and government.

They who will read this essay, and, with the noble author, sketch out the traits of a Patriot have actually swayed the British sceptre, will indeed look upon different pictures.

With great beauty and truth, Bolingbroke describes the character, defines the duties, and enforces the obligation of a patriot king; that he should regard his power as a trust, and that of the people as property; that he should know the true principles, and pursue the true ends of government; that his moral character must be formed, not as the statuary forms a statue, but as nature forms a flower; and that corruption should be expelled from the public councils, are principles of public morality and political conduct, which, although neither new nor original, are discussed by Bolingbroke with an eloquence and ability that almost invest them with the charm of novelty. In reading a didactic treatise of this description, our admiration for the author will be excited by the style, rather than the ideas. As to the abstract qualities which constitute a patriot king, the most of men have as clear an idea as Bolingbroke, and could, in their own way, lay down the necessary precepts. It is the praise of his lordship by his rapid style, and classic illustrations, by the warmth of his fancy and the fervor of his diction, to pour upon a dry and barren subject, a flood of instructive learning and charming eloquence.

THE HUMMING-BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

BY PAUL GRANALD.

A Humming-bird—the tale is old, The moral worth a mine of gold-A Humming-bird, a tiny thing, With jewell'd breast and ebon wing, Whose plumes had caught the tints-the light-Of all those glorious flowers, Through which, with never-ceasing flight, It wing'd a life of summer hours; Striking from out th' ambient air The notes that mark'd its pathway there! Or if, perchance, it lighted on Some plant more beauteous than the rest, Or rock'd it gently in the sun Upon some gorgeous wild-bird's breast, 'Twould take almost a magic power To tell the Bird, or paint the Flower! So like in hue, in beauty these, A winged blossom on the breeze The Bird might seem ;-a living gem, If gems could woo the airs of even, A truant Flower from its stem. All sportive on the breath of heaven! But to my tale;-

This glorious thing
Of gilded plume and tireless wing,
Went roaming through a Southern land,
—For beauty dwells 'neath Southern suns,
And there, profuse, a Maker's hand
Hath placed his bright, his beauteous ones—
And in its flight it chanc'd to greet
A Fly, whose wings were died with stains—

Born of the clouds when sunbeams meet Above the earth, the falling rains,-For fable tells-and fain would I-How won its hues, the Butterfly. 'Tis said-I will not vouch its truth, For earth was then but in its youth; 'Twas shortly after Noah landed-(On Ararat his ark was stranded,) A colony of dusky flies Dwelt near their ancient paradise; And these in conclave sat awhile. But soon resolv'd to make a king, Mighty reason ! *- man need not smile,-They choose him by his breadth of wing! A king he was-what then befel, The sequel of the tale must tell. Ambition seiz'd the little wretch. An Eagle pass'd him proudly by, Abroad this king his wings did stretch To follow to the upper sky. Away! away! though toss'd about By ev'ry breeze that swept along, He wings him in the monarch's rout, Far, far above the earth's base throng! He passes many a cloudy train, He hears around, the falling rain, But heeds them not; he only sees The Eagle borne upon the breeze, And he-that Fly-had often heard The Eagle was a kingly bird, And vainly strove to emulate The monarch in his "pride of state." But, sad mishap! he had not flown Beyond the ken of earthly things, When, through a mist by zephyrs blown, He damp'd, at once, his filmy wings. Now downward to the earth he sped, His dreams forgot, his kingdom too, Till sunbeams wak'd him from the dead, By kissing from those wings, the dew, 'Twas then he found-oh, glad surprise-He'd dip them in the rain-bow's dyes! And since that time, none, none deny, The King of Flies, the Butterfly! "The beautiful"-thus spoke the bird-"The beautiful of earth should be Companions in their destiny, And I, oh Fly! have never fear'd An earthly rival, save in thee. For I have watch'd thee, when profuse Each bud was gemm'd with morning dews-Have follow'd in thy wayward flight, And seen thee on those buds alight; And yet, so dainty was thy wing, So light thy touch, thy perch in air, Have never known thee downward fling A pearl that slept in beauty there, But left them to their blest repose, The dew-drop and its love, the rose. And though thy light and fragile form May never breast a summer's storm, And though the breeze that would not tear A wither'd flowret from its stem, And scarcely on its breath might bear A leaf from Flora's diadem ;-

*Some philosophers (so called) tell us, that the first king was chosen by an assemblage of the whole race of man, who, meeting in a broad plain, selected the tallest of their number to rule over them. See also the history of Saul.

Though these destruction bring to thee, Bear thou companionship with me."

- "There was a time," the Fly replied,
- " When thou these beauties didst deride.

The one on whom ye lavish now This fulsome praise; remember, when

On him abuse ye did bestow, Far greater and as vulgar then."

The bird was in a scornful mood-To tell it now is some relief-

And boasted of the plants he'd woo'd, And had not crush'd a single leaf!

Indeed, methinks he went so far As saying he had nestled in

A lily's cup, and did declare He'd left the golden dust within!

A tale the Fiy could not allow,

He could not do it, nor couldst thou!

"Yet this was but a trifling fault, Ye swore I was a creeping dolt,

A thing of earth"-

"By all my gods,

My roses, tulips, golden-rods, I never thought thy airy form"-

"Hush! hush!" the Fly was then a worm!

THE WRITERS OF ANTIQUITY.

(Translated from the French of J. Joubert.)

Homer has painted human life. Every village has its Nestor, its Agamemnon, its Ulysses; every parish, its Achilles, its Diomede, its Ajax; every age, its Priam, its Andromache, its Hector.

There will never be a tolerable translation of Homer, unless all the words of it be chosen with art, and be full of variety, novelty and charm. is also necessary that the expression should be as antique, as undisguised as the manners, the events and the personages brought upon the scene. With our modern style, every thing makes grimaces in Homer, and his heroes seem some grotesque figures which the grave and the proud represent.

All beautiful poetry resembles that of Homer, and all beautiful philosophy that of Plato.

Plato is the first of speculative theologians. The revelation of Nature has no organ more brilliant.

Plato found philosophy made of brick; he made n of gold.

I admire in Plato that eloquence which dispenses with all the passions, and has no need of them to triumph. This is the distinguishing trait of this great metaphysician.

There is in Plato, a light always ready to show itself, and which never shows itself. We perceive it in his veins, as in those of the flint; it is only necessary to hit his thoughts to make it spout out from them.

He beaps up clouds; but they conceal a celestial fire, and this fire awaits only the shock.

Naturally a spirit of flame, and not only full of

It is always with the splendor of his thought, that the language of Plato is colored. Brilliancy in him springs from the sublime.

Plato spoke to an extremely ingenious people, and ought to speak as he does.

There arises from his writings an indescribable intellectual vapor.

Seek in Plate only forms and ideas: it is what he sought himself. There is in him more light than objects, more form than substance.

It is proper to breathe him, and not to feed upon

Longinus blames, in Plato, the boldness which the rhetoric of the dialogue of the subject and of the time warranted.

The high philosophy has its licences, as the high poetry. By the same title, it has the same rights.

Plato shows nothing, but he shines; he puts light in our eyes, and places in us a brightness with which all objects then become illuminated. teaches us nothing, but he trains us; he fashions us and makes us fit to learn every thing. The perusal of him, increases in us, one knows not how, the susceptibility for distinguishing and admitting all the beautiful truths which can present themselves. Like the air of the mountains, it sharpens the organs, and gives the taste for wholesome food.

In Plato, the spirit of poetry animates the languors of logic.

Plato loses himself in the void; but we see the play of his wings; we hear their noise.

Digressions, when they are not necessary, and the explanation of that which is clear, are the defects of Plato. Like children, he troubles the limpid water to afford himself the pleasure of seeing it settle and grow clear. In fact, it is in order to establish better the character of his personage; but he thus sacrifices the piece to the actor, and the fable to the masquerader.

The Phedon is a beautiful picture, admirably composed; there are beautiful colors, but few good reasons.

Aristotle has ranked the dialogues of Plato in the class of epic poems.

He was right, and Marmontel, who opposes him, has misunderstood the nature and the character of these dialogues, and misunderstood Aristotle.

Plato should be translated in a style pure, but a little loose, a little languid. His ideas are fine; they have little body; and to clothe them, there suffices a drapery, a veil, a vapor, of something floating, I know not what. If we give them a tight dress, we render them all counterfeit.

Plato, Xenophon, and the other writers of the school of Socrates, have the evolutions of the bird's wing; they make long circuits; they embrace much space; they wheel a long time around the point where they wish to alight, and which they always have in view; then, at length, they fall there. light, but luminous, Plato burns with his own flame. 'In imagining the track traced in the air by the wing of these birds, which amuse themselves by rising and falling, in hovering and wheeling, one can have an idea of what I have called the evolutions of their mind and of their style.

They are of those who build labyrinths, but labyrinths in the air. Instead of figurative or colored words, they chose simple and common words, because the idea which they employed them to present, is itself a great and long figure.

Aristotle reformed all the rules, and added, in all the sciences, new truths to known truths. His book is an ocean of doctrines. It is the encyclopedia of antiquity.

If all books should disappear, and his writings should be preserved by chance, the human mind would suffer no irreparable loss, except that of Plato.

Xenophon wrote with the feather of a swan, Plato with a gold pen, and Thucydides with a stylus of brass.

The memorable things of Xenophon are a slender thread, out of which he has the art of making a magnificent lace; but with which one can see nothing.

Homer wrote to be sung, Sophocles to be declaimed, Herodotus to be recited, and Xenophon to be read. From these different objects of their works, a multitude of differences in their style must necessarily arise.

It seems that Ennius wrote slowly; Sallust seldom; Tacitus with difficulty; Pliny the younger, early and often; Thucydides late and seldom.

Terence was an African; nevertheless, he seems to have been nourished by the Athenian graces. The Attic honey is on his lips; one might easily believe that he was born on Mount Hymettus.

Cicero is in Philosophy, a kind of moon. His doctrine has a light very sweet but borrowed, a light altogether Grecian, which the Roman has soft-ened and enfeebled.

Cicero, in his learning, shows more taste and discernment than real criticism. No writer has more boldness in expression than Cicero. He is believed to have been circumspect and almost timid; no tongue, however, was less so than his.

His eloquence is clear, but it flows in great whirlpools and cascades, when it should do so.

There are a thousand ways of dressing and seasoning language; Cicero loved them all.

One finds in Catullus, two things whose union makes the worst thing in the world, delicacy and grossness.

In general, however, the principal idea of each of his little pieces is happily and simply turned; his airs are handsome, but his instrument is rude.

Horace satisfies the mind, but he does not make the taste contented.

Virgil satisfies the taste as well as the reflection. The remembrance of his verses is as delightful as their perusal. Deprive Juvenal of his bile and Virgil of his wisdom, and you will have too bad authors.

Plutarch, in his morals, is the Herodotus of philosophy.

I consider the lives of the Illustrious Men, as one of the most precious monuments which antiquity has bequeathed to us.

Whatever has seemed the greatest in the human race, is there presented to our eyes; and whatever the best men have done, therein serves us for an example. The wisdom of antiquity is therein entire

I do not feel for the writer, the esteem which I entertain for his compilation. Praiseworthy for a thousand virtues, he who never allowed to be sold either his old slaves or the animals which labor or accident had maimed in his service, he is of that cowardice which allows him to float between the opinions of the philosophers without having the courage to contradict or to support them, and which gives him, for all the celebrated men, the respect which is due only to those who were virtuous and just.

He makes a fine day shine even upon crimes.

With an excellent judgment, Plutarch has neverneless a singular frivolity of mind. Every thing

theless a singular frivolity of mind. Every thing that amuses him, attracts and engages him. He is a master-scholar in the energy of his studies.

I say nothing of his credulity. As to this, it is wrong to blame those who write the facts, of which philosophy should make use to compose history.

The idea of Plutarch, in his morals, is tinged with the purple of all the other books. He therein says what he knows, rather than what he thinks.

The style of Tacitus, although less beautiful, less rich in agreeable colors and in varied turns, is nevertheless perhaps more perfect than that of Cicero himself; for, all the words in it are chosen with care, and have their weight, their measure, their exact number; but supreme perfection resides in a combination and in perfect elements.

In the narrations of Tacitus, there is an interest in the recital which does not suffer us to read little, and a profundity, a grandeur of expression which does not suffer us to read much. The mind, as if divided between the curiosity which impels it, and the attention which keeps it back, experiences some fatigue.

The style of Tacitus was suitable for painting black souls and tempestuous times.

When Sir Walter Raleigh was brought to the scaffold, he asked to see the axe; as he pressed his finger lightly across the edge, he said, "'Tis a sharp remedy, but a sound cure for all diseases." He then laid his head upon the block, and being told to place himself so that his face might look towards the East—he said—"No matter how the head lie, so the heart be right."

WINTER IS THE SEASON OF CHARITY.

The wintry wind is howling through the land; Stern Frost hath grasp'd the mountain, stream and lea. The patient cattle weep, and cow'ring stand, Seeking cold shelter of the leafless tree. The gallant Cock forgets his chivalry; His dames have ceas'd to occupy his care, The humbled Turkey quells his bravery, And famish'd birds chirp for their simple fare From the good gifts of God, which you so largely share.

Let Charity, thy grateful bosom warm; Slight not their sorrows; for a God of Love Hath made you both: and the same potent arm Which wields the thunder, clothes the trembling dove That sues to you for food. And trifles prove The heart of man or woman; for the eye Which pities the poor bird, will surely move At griefs, which wring from man the bitter sigh-The widow's wasting tear, and pining infancy.

But the Storm comes-Hark! through the crackling wood The Giant comes, and clad in darkness, lends Horror to common danger. How the blood Leaps to the trav'iler's heart, as Mem'ry blends Thoughts of his home, bright hearth, and smiling friends. Happy, how happy he! O let him feel For those, to whom the Almighty sends Cold, sickness, poverty, the scanty meal, And all the nameless woes, which breaking hearts conceal-

LOVE SKETCHES.

NO. VI.

THE POET'S LOVE.

A blessed lot 'tis thine to bear Through trouble's tearful throng, A haunted heart and a charmed life, O! dreaming child of song!

A spirit whose bewildering thoughts In starry beauty beam, A soul to throw the living light Of glory round a dream.

And oh! through all things, still to love The holy and the high; Moving among the cares of earth, A pilgrim from the sky.

It needed not the glance of a prophet to read that Arthur Mordante would be a poet. The destiny was written on every line of that mournfully earnest face, and told in the impassioned tone of His health was infirm, and his eyes were lustrous his low voice. The quick-coming color to his cheek, usually fair and pale, and the deep gaze of those dark, dreamy eyes, all bespoke him one of that martyr-band, the children of song. Ah! theirs is a holy lot, with all its innumerable sorrows! It is a blessed thing, the power to idealize life, to steal from reality its harshness, from expectation its deception, from thought its evanescence; to paint, in immortal words, visions that but dawn and pass away, and to experience, for awhile at least, that inspiration hath its better world, and events which had happened to both since their partthat happiness is not wholly an illusion,

Arthur Mordante was in every respect what men call a genius. He was imaginative, susceptible, ardent in his adoration of the beautiful, and painfully, perhaps morbidly, sensitive regarding his own defects. His character was impulsive and passionate, full of that high and generous feeling, whose common fate it is to be thrown back, chilled, unappreciated, and misconstrued, on the warm heart whence it springs. He had grown up, surrounded by the loveliness of his own reflections, and shielded by the tenderest affection from whatever could wound or distress a disposition, whose sad tendencies circumstances had confirmed. Though he occasionally yielded to the dark moods, always the portion of such visionary intellects, the tenor of his usual existence was happy, with the calm, serene enjoyment, more lasting than wilder mirth.

It is a strange thing, how great a waste of feeling marks the experience of a temperament like his; how frequently enthusiasm is awakened by trifles, and strong emotions come forth at the bidding of events, undeserving such reception. That this is the case, the history of many a poet's life bears ample witness, in its wild anticipations, its premature realization of passionate sentiment, and last, and truest of all, its inevitable disappointments. With his traits of mind, his vague views and imaginings, his fervent, impetuous affections, Arthur had early knelt down before the beautiful illusion of love. How the lovers had met, or how their tenderness was first excited, matters not now; I would only tell here, that the dream was. What a varied chronicle of mingled hope and doubt and trouble may be traced in those two brief wordsthey loved!

It was the only happy moment Mr. Mordante had known for years, when Edith and his son met him once more. How he was changed! Edith scarcely recognized one familiar trait of her early friend, in the dark, stern man, from whom every token of his youthful enthusiasm had long departed. His appearance was calm and haughty, and his manner cold and reserved-tinged with that involuntary suspicion, which reveals so much of experienced deception and lingering regret, and that

" Sarcastic bitterness of tongue, The stinging of a heart the world had stung."

with that unnatural gleaming which is often the outward sign of the sorrow which worketh death. Well might tears rush to Arthur's eyes as he looked on his father's face, for that wan cheek was blanched by suffering; and it was easy to see, amid all his assumed tranquillity, that Mordante's was the proud heart, which "brokenly lives on."

The day following their meeting, Arthur, fatigued by his journey, was asleep on a couch, and Edith and Mordante were conversing on the trifling ing. Each instinctively avoided the slightest allusion to the painful occurrences of old times, as we | " I can look on my altered character, as on that of are apt to do, when the mind is too full of them, for language to tell all its thoughts. At length there was a pause, and Mordante's gaze rested on his son. Arthur's hair was tossed carelessly away from his forehead-his face was slightly flushed, and his lashes drooped on a cheek, fair and delicate as a girl's. His slumber was not profound, and his fancies seemed bright ones, for a smile hovered on his lips. Is it an idle belief, that the departed revisit us in our visions? Who knows but that angels are watching around us in our sleeping moments? And if the thought be but an illusion, dispel it not, but thank God that the deception may sometimes be so vivid! Perhaps there were voices whispering to that dreamer's spirit, for the smile brightened on his features, and he murmured " Mother !"

Mordante heard that word, and its magic charmed The habitual reserve and constraint, which custom had rendered almost natural, was forgotten for a moment: his frame shook with sudden agitation, and he trembled like a little child. What sorrowful spirits that single sound summoned from the past! What a long, long list of hopes disappointed, affections wasted, griefs unshared, and humiliation proudly and silently endured! Slowly his convulsive emotion went by; and when he addressed his companion, his voice was low and sad, but composed and unfaltering. All that both had suffered—all that each knew of the other's experience, appeared to rise again before them; and the confidence of their young friendship came back, strengthened and chastened by the troubles of many years. Nothing induces more complete and unquestioning trust, than the knowledge of a wrong in common, and the friends had alike been deceived by the one they had loved. With the remembrance of this, mingled mutual expectations withered pleasures which left no record but their blightties now painfully divided, and tenderness rejected and profaned. Mordante's habitual concealment gave way before the tide of thronging recollections, and he spoke of his afflictions with the tranquillity of one who had lost the ardor even of passionate regret.

It would take from transgression its bitterest part, could its punishment rest solely with ourselves; but error is doubly fearful, when its consequences fall on those who are dear to us-when one hour of weakness, one instant of folly, may cast a lasting shadow on the life of the innocent and beloved. It was a sad thing to Edith, to listen to the proud and haughty sorrows of that altered heart, and to mark how wholly the eager enthusiasm, the unsuspecting reliance, had forsaken her friend. They spoke long and earnestly, for Mordante seemed to find relief in this, his first moment of confidence.

a stranger, and moralize calmly on its traits. It is one of the signs of that perfect grief, which shuts us entirely from enjoyment, and which has no earthly hope, that the mind enters as if upon a new and separate existence, and we quietly recall the past, as we would remember another's youth. There was a time when it pained me to recollect my early ambition, my early expectations, and to see how both have vanished. Now, even that regret has gone; I have acquired something like resignation, and ask nothing in life but its endurances; for I feel, almost with a spirit of prophecy, that my remaining days will be few. You will always be to Arthur, the blessing you have been from his childhood; and I trust you will teach him to shun the passion I have proved so fatal. Ah! Edith, it is a fearful thing to love unwisely, and to confide in vain!"

Why was it that Edith's cheek grew very pale as Mordante's words met her ear; and her glance, as it encountered his, was almost reproachful in its sorrow? And why was it that tears not to be repressed, filled those eyes usually so calm and thoughtful? Her companion understood that voiceless appeal to his memory of the past; and his tone was very kind and gentle, as he said, "Forgive me, dear Edith, if in the selfishness of my harsher wrongs, I forgot your uncomplaining but mournful experience. We have both endured much, but my pilgrimage is nearly at an end. For you, dear Edith, your peace and reward are beyond this world."

Who that has dwelt with meditative gaze on the darker truths of common existence, can doubt the reality of broken hearts? Many are they, though they break in silence, with no poet to trace their trials, nor to tell their destiny. We attribute to disease the work often wrought by some hidden, unmurmuring trouble, which finds no chronicler,and many an one goes down to the grave, whose malady was nothing but grief!

Like every poetical disposition, Arthur's was keenly susceptible to whatever was beautiful in art, and to all that forcibly appealed to imaginative feeling. The meeting with his father had imparted to his spirits more than their usual buoyancy; and though Mordante's health was feeble enough to awaken anxiety, Arthur regarded it with the happy hopefulness of youth, and he now followed his favorite enjoyments with redoubled interest. Music was one of his enthusiastic loves, for Arthur's temperament knew no medium; his tastes were all ardent, and, what to others were only feelings, with him, deepened into intense and passionate emotions.

Edith, comme à l'ordinaire, was his inseparable companion, and they were one evening together at a concert. The hall was crowded, for the princi-"You find me greatly changed, Edith," he said; pal performer was an Italian singer, whose appear-

Night after night, Arthur had listened breathlessly to her melodies; and the young poet's ardent admiration might well be pardoned, for rarely had tones more exquisitely thrilling, fallen on mortal ear, than those now pouring forth so rich a tide of gushing harmony. There was an indefinable charm too around the songstress, whose dark and stately beauty spoke volumes of the proud intellect whose lustre it reflected. Hers was a face to look on dreamingly, and to linger long in the gazer's It was not regularly beautiful, but fraught with a nameless fascination, which aroused, even in a careless spectator, something of interest regarding the minstrel's experience in the past. Ah! her's was a painful history, with all its triumphs! It told of a childhood of lowliness and destitution, of a girlhood, when loveliness won praise, and adulation brought ambition. Then, in later years, came gradual but premature worldliness, the tutoring of thought and impulse, and finally, that settled policy of motive and action, which too often follows aspirations founded on vanity, ending a youth of discontented expectation in a maturity of idle artifice. There had been in her career, many sacrifices of feeling to bear; many suspicions to endure, and regrets which had seared the heart, now throbbing so rapturously with gratified anticipation. Arthur listened, absorbed and entranced; and when the singer ceased, and the voice of her song "died into an echo," he felt as if the deafening applause which resounded were profanation, and such common plaudits but mocked a being so rarely and radiantly gifted.

Arthur and Edith were among the last to leave the apartment, and as they approached the door, the lady came from an adjoining room, and passed before them. A gentleman accompanied her, and she leaned familiarly on his arm. As she moved, the drapery of her dress became entangled, and Arthur paused to assist her companion to extricate She turned to thank him with that enchanting smile, whose witchery so few could resist; and as they lingered, Edith's eyes encountered the gentleman's gaze. She read in it no sign of recognition. The time which had elapsed since they met, had erased her from his memory; and now, face to face as strangers, they stood, who had been lovers in other years. O! could he have traced the tearful agony of the pure heart, beating so near himcould the sweet hopes of his youth have been recalled by the glance, which once gave him rapture, how dark would have appeared the long tissue of falsehood, deception and folly, which made up the dishonorable record of his after life! But it was not thus to be. Lesbourne's experience had been too active and varied, for one such episode to be lastingly remembered. His look of kindness was now for another; and the lustrous eyes which "spake again," were those of Nina-the be- was low, and spoken painfully. "I had trusted,

ance in public was always rapturously greeted. | witching and mysterious idol of his romantic

One sentence from the lady, of graceful acknowledgment of Arthur's politeness, and then they separated, and Edith met Lesbourne no more. She turned for a moment, and saw his manner of rapt attention and his eloquent glance of tenderness at the fascinating face of his enchantress. There had been a period, when even thus that look had followed her and haunted her very dreams; and if, for an instant, she deemed this trial more than she could bear-if her heart grew faint with its own weariness, and her cheek wan with the presence of unutterable grief, blame her not! for the forgetful indifference of one we have held dear, is terrible to endure—and well we know, that human love dieth not at our bidding. But alas! " seulement les femmes n'oublient jamais!"

During the several following days, Mr. Mordante's illness rapidly increased; his strength declined almost visibly; and in the prime of manhood, he sunk beneath the premature old age of sorrowful humiliation. He spoke of his situation frequently and calmly-with the composure of one, who in leaving life, left no hopes.

It was a beautiful night, and the moon shone brilliantly through the open window of the invalid's apartment. The air was soft, though the autumn had nearly past; and the light wind murmured mournfully, as if sighing a farewell to the sweet days of sunshine and flowers.

Edith watched by Mordante; and for several hours he had seemed to sleep. "You are very kind, dear Edith," he said at last, faintly pressing the hand, which during his slumber had held his own; "but leave me now, for I shall need no attendance, and I would be alone for awhile. God bless you, dearest!"

Reluctantly his companion obeyed; and the sick one was left to the solitude of those gad thoughts, which were now drawing his career so speedily to its close. The light of the round moon, that light which looks on death so often and so coldly, shone full upon his face, lending even more than their own paleness to his changed and wasted features. Did he dream, or was there in truth a step beside him, and a familiar face bending over him? For an instant, he doubted his conviction; then the reality could be no longer questioned, and he turned with a shudder of agony from his unbidden and unwelcome visiter. Shocked at the impression her unexpected appearance had produced, the stranger knelt in passionate grief by the sufferer, and wildly pressed her lips to his thin white hand.

"Mordante! dearest, speak one word to me! I am not worthy of it; I have sinned beyond man's forgiveness; but you were ever kind and generous. Let me hear your voice once more, and die!"

She paused for a reply, and Mordante's answer

Evelyn, I should have been spared this ordeal; my hours on earth are but few, and the last moments of a dying man even you might have held sacred."

"I came but to implore your forgiveness," returned the intruder—"to look again upon your face, to ask your prayers, and then to go back to my wretchedness. Say one sentence of pardon and kindness, then I will cease to profane your thoughts, and we shall meet in this world no more!"

"May heaven forgive you, as I do, Evelyn! the death-bed is no place for human wrongs to be remembered, and all I have suffered is forgotten now in all I hope for. You bear with you my pardon, and my earnest entreaty that your future life may be spent in the repentance which will bring you peace. Go now, and tell Arthur and Edith to come to me, for I am faint and weary, and the light grows dim to my eyes!" and Mordante sank back sxhausted.

Evelyn! thine should have been the hand to press that throbbing brow—thine the words to whisper of comfort in that fearful hour! Truly, the cup thy folly had filled to overflowing, was bitter then! Heaven help the spirit, frail and erring like thine, when its time of inevitable punishment hath dawned!

On the few remaining days of Mordante's pilgrimage we will not dwell. There is a sanctity in the sufferings of one, on whom the world's worst trials had lain so heavily, and there seems something of profanation in even the most reverential withdrawing of the veil which covers life's final mystery. His grief had reached its ending, as it were a tale that is told, and we will not revive its memory, to hymn even the faintest

> "Soft, sad, miserere chant, For the soul about to go."

Turn we now, to the living history of another's heart.

J. T. Lomax.

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE:

Delivered by P. Spencer Whitman, at the recent commencement of Mercer University, Ga.

From yonder ocean, rolling wide,
To far Missouri's rushing tide;
From wild Superior's lofty strand,
To Mexico's more heated sand,
Survey each scene of beauty rare,
Select th' enchanted landscape where
Thy feet entranced would linger long—
Thy heart would lift its praise in song—
Turn off thine eyes—away—beware—
Rear not thy hopeful mansion there!
O'er this elysium first of all,
The storm—the blighting storm shall fall—
Thy beauty isle, though firm as rock,
Is first to feel the earthquake shock.

Thus wand'ring far in olden time Through Andalusia's wanton clime,

With orange-grove and citron crowned. Where warblers sweet fill every tree, And gentle gales sweep from the sea, And crystal fountains gushing bright, Refresh the weary traveller's sight; There, 'mid the leveliest hills that rise, Beneath those soft voluptuous skies, Behold, enchanting to the view, Our Udolph's cottage rise, More cheering than Aurora's huc, To Nature's weeping eyes. Serenely on the waters bright, That lie reposing near, The sunbeam sheds its softest light, Or mirrored skies appear. And near the wave upon the shore, Has true Love built the bower, Where young hearts wedded, love the more, Resigned to Hymen's power. But scarce has Udolph drawn his bride. In closer union to his side, To list that voice so dearly sweet, When other sounds unwelcome greet His happy, unsuspecting, ear:-Dismayed, his eye now wild with fear, Beholds the maiden's starting tear, And each in turn grows deadly pale-They feel the shake; they start and quail-Their tender dreams have passed away, And ere they've time to think or pray, The earth in one convulsive three Fills the whole scene with blackest woe, And all, that late was passing fair, Is now a desert rude and bare :

Beneath the ruin of that hour

Buried the lovers and their bower.

Twas such a spot one Udolph found,

Look to the sea-the restless sea; 'Tis night and tempest on the deep, And for their wrath, all hope shall flee-Wake, seaman! wake thee from thy sleep; Without a guide, without a star, With bending mast and swelling sail, On, on, the proud ship dashes far Before the madly raging gale. But ah, that dreadful lightning flash Reveals the fatal breakers nigh: All wait the last destructive crash, With terror mute, or rending cry. And closer to her tortured breast, The mother draws her slumbering child; How soon, alas! they both may rest Beneath that flood so black and wild. The lover clasps his throbbing bride And, watching still the threat'ning wave, Resolves that they two, side by side, Will slumber in their ocean grave. The dreams of life all quickly flown, The rocks leap forth, the surge rolls o'er-Soft woman's shriek, bold seaman's groan Now mingle with the ocean's roar. Still on his knees, the man of God Cries "thou canst save, Lord, thou canst save !" And, like the Hebrew Leader's rod, That prayer is potent o'er the wave. Through clouds dispersed, a friendly ray Now shines to point them to their haven; The skies their wonted orbs display, All cheering as the hopes of Heaven.

Like infant on the parent breast,

The ship lies tranquil on the waves; The seaman's heart is now at rest And grateful to the arm that saves, But as, before the expiring breath, The cheek shows oft a flattering hue, So, this is but the calm of death To that gay bark and hopeful crew. Brief, brief the rapture of their hearts-They see-but ne'er shall reach-the shore; Alas, the ship asunder parts-One scream—she sinks—and all is o'er !-Come, lift the veil, thou gentle youth, And here, with lustre all divine, Behold, another solemn truth Shines on thy wayward path and mine. Mark well-this life is but a sea Whereon thou sailest-oh beware! Lured by the siren melody. Thou'lt founder while the sea is fair. Shall man fear only in the gale? And only by the lightning's glare, Behold himself-how weak-how frail? Then only, seek his God in prayer ?-Ah no-when life's a gentle stream, Fate, like a dreadful thunder peal, Through skies all tranquil as a dream, Rolls o'er and ends all earthly weal.

Behold, unto the peaceful shade, By science more alluring made, Like this wherein we joyful meet To pay our court at Learning's feet, The pious Reed and Thomas* come, Leaving the fond delights of home, To cull the flowers of science here, Which bloom in age, and grace the bier. Tis not to grasp the laureled fame-A splendid bubble, but a name-That they have turned their eager eyes Where Wisdom, like a goddess, cries. Though constant and devout their zeal, Yet they no wild ambition feel; And thus they human learning seek, Conscious that she alone is weak To guide man's sinful wayward feet Aloft to Virtue's holy seat.

Upon the green a merry throng Resume their sports with laugh and song: Not there for Reed and Thomas look. Who have the jocund band forsook: Behold them in their blest retreat, Where green the boughs above them meet-The bower, where this youthful pair Are mingling warm their tears in prayer. These are the children of the Cross, Who deem earth's glittering joys but dross, Who o'er her moral deserts yearn-With all their morning ardor burn To sound the Gospel trump afar, Where never yet hath shone the star Of Bethlehem-that only light To cheer the universe of night, And time passed on. Fair youth is flown-And they, to blooming manhood grown,

With fervent zeal where'er they stray,

*These gentlemen, having devoted their youth to a preparation for benevolent labor, both died, as they first came in sight of their Missionary station, the one being drowned, and the other killed by the falling of a tree from the bank of the river, along which they were sailing. Plead India's cause—for her they pray.
And as the wondering audience hear
The warm appeal and mark the tear
O'er heathen woes in pity shed,
They seem on India's soil to tread,
There view the moral death that reigns
Through all her fair idol'trous plains.
Now by the blood on Calvary shed
For their own rescue from the dead,
No longer they their prayers withhold,
And freely too resign their gold.

'Tis morn-and o'er the waters blue Aurora sheds her blushing hue— Plays on the spire and hill-top green; When on the noiseless shore is seen A friendly throng slow gath'ring there To breathe once more a parting prayer-The mother with a tearful eye, The father with a stifled sigh, For idol son or daughter dear, With whom they part forever here. Soon, soon the sea and land along Far swells their plaintive farewell song-The fond embraces then ensue-The tender kiss, the last adieu. You ship now spreads her pinions white, Then glides away like eagle's flight. And trembling o'er the swelling tide, Each coupled with his tender bride; Still faintly there, we may discern Our Reed and Thomas as they turn To watch the dear retreating shore, Without a hope to see her more.

Farewell, now your native hearth, Farewell songs of love and mirth: Vast the oceans roll between These your smiling hills of green, And the far deluded land Where you sigh to wave the wand, That hath power divine to save India from her moral grave. Far beyond the ocean tide, Holy banners spread them wide; Pagans shall Messiah see-Darkness from their temples flee. Oh Providence, was it thy wrath That tore from Patriarchal hearth The youthful Joseph who was sold In bondage for Egyptian gold? Thy hand in darkness moveth still For good, though counter to our will; The seasons scarce have circled o'er, When skies once bright are bright no more: The sea brings back a sound of woe, And tolling bells peal sad and slow : A wail from Asia's distant strand-A wail from that dear Mission band Sweeps mournful o'er the dark abyss, Proclaiming India's deep distress. It bids thee, Zion, sorrowing weep O'er champions early sunk in sleep. Thy champions sleep :- fair Meinam's wave Flows mournful by their lonely grave; And India still is wrapt in gloom, Though honored with the Christian's tomb. Alas, the orbs that shone so bright, Have set and left the land in night. Mourn, India, for the stars are few That shine with saving light for you: Mourn, saints, the herald's voice is hushed, Weep for the hopes of India crushed.

Now rises on the dusky plain, Slow paced but firm a valiant train: Above the ranks and soaring far, Our own bold eagle screams for war. On, on they move with bristling steel, With sabre clash and musket peal: Amid the ranks and foremost there One patriot arm is raised and bare; And shriller than the battle roar. Cheering amid the strife and gore, One voice nerves every arm and breast-One soul breathes life into the rest. 'Tis done-and o'er the land and sea, Echoes the shout of victory. Warm in the country's bleeding cause, Each heart swells with unfeigned applause To the brave chief whose valor saves A nation from invading waves.

But humble is the warrior's home—
No marble walls, no princely dome—
A cabin rude in region wild
Receives the mighty warrior child.
Yes, hither he with laurels crowned,
Doth seek a balm for every wound,
Returning from the bloody strife
To scenes of calm domestic life.

Time passed. Once more around that chief, The people rally for relief: Like Cincinnatus at his plough, They bid him save his country now; Not from the Indian's ruthless dart, But from disorder at the heart. Thus from his calm Ohio home. They lead him to our Federal dome : And pomp and show attend his way-The old and young, the grave and gay, The aged man, the prattling child, The eager youth, the maiden mild, Come forth their country's chief to meet, And pay their homage at his feet. With proud huzzas they rend the air-They strew his path with flowrets fair: In every breeze bright banners float, And Music swells th' applauding note. "Twas not more gorgeous when of old, The Roman victor stern and bold, Returning home from Persian war, And mounting proud his triumph car, With suppliant kings in gilded chain Swelling his long procession train, Swept through th' Imperial City's throng, 'Mid deaf'ning shouts and festal song.

When for his goodness thus renowned, With civic laurels newly crowned, He lays his scheme of wise reform To lure the rainbow from the storm! Behold, the jarring discords cease And leave the land to hope and neace. Alas, vain hope !- scarce doth he stand On that proud summit of command, While round him thousands, great and wise, Turning to him their hopeful eyes, Wait there, obedient to his call-There watch the hallowed words that fall From reverend lips, when, lo! that flash Of lightning rends his sky; that crash, As of a mountain falling, shakes The earth; to view the ruin, wakes The slumbering nation ;-lo, God's arm, Filling the earth with dread alarm, Hath laid, with one mysterious blow,

In death the worshipped hero low!

Far off the fair Ohio's queenly wave
Sweeps mournful by the patriot warrior's grave;
In that dear soil he rescued from our foes,
His honored bones have sunk to their repose.
Alas, dear countrymen, ye put your trust
In trembling flesh now mould'ring back to dust.
Then pause—lo, from that hallowed burial ground
Issues a trembling but distinctive sound;
"Trust ye in man and still forget your God?
"Well may ye feel th' Almighty's chast'ning rod:
"In vain, ye honor man however wise and just,
"If Christ ye shun or trample in the dust."
Proud Statesman pause, and oh be wise,

Lift up, lift up thy slumbering eyes;
Above thee see in Congress Hall,
What once the proud Balshazzar saw,

God's finger writing on the wall, His own decree, his fearful law;

- "Man in his glory passeth like the dew,
- "Now swelled with pride soon coffined from the view;
- "If human glory all thy treasure be,
- "If this you love and worship more than me,
- "Then tremble, for Balshazzar's curse is yours.
- " Alas, like him, you've nought that Heaven ensures:
- "Be wise, like that good chief, though first in power,
- "Prepare for bliss beyond life's transient hour."

Oh Providence, thy stern decree
We mourn, and o'er the ruin sigh;
For through our tears, but clouds we see,
That hide thy goodness from the eye.

Yet Thee alone we mortals trust,
We kiss the rod that seems to smite,
And though it lay our hopes in dust,
Submissive Faith cries "all is right."

Through Faith alone we feel secure,
Till this same Providence we view,
Emerging from the night obscure,
All radiant with benignant hue.

When we our mortal course have run, Her loveliest form we then shall see; And all the work that she hath done, Bright with celestial purity.

THE WINTER NIGHTS' CLUB.

BY MARIA G. MILWARD.

If we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl.—Shakspeare.

Without preface or apology, we shall at once introduce the reader into the comfortable back parlor, where Captain Broadhorn, and his sister, Mrs. Mustin, were seated on either side of the hearth, enjoying the warmth of the ruddy fire, that glowed in the grate.

"Do you know that the 'Club' meets here for the first time?" inquired a voice, as the door briskly opened.

The speaker who entered was about seventeen years of age, diminutive in person, but exquisitely formed, with a face beaming beauty and goodnature.

"I hope you intend honoring us with your presence, aunt Mustin, and you too, father, though keeping your stations in the chimney corners."

"Why, Nancy," replied the captain, fixing an admiring gaze on the blooming cheeks and gay dress of his daughter, "your aunt and I feel more at home in these 'snug harbors,' talking over old stories, than in the drawing-room."

"I beg pardon, Capt. Broadhorn," said Mrs. Mustin, rather nettled, "I am not such a Goth as you would infer. The intense cold, my dear,"-she looked at Nancy,—" is my objection. To dress in such weather, would be quite an undertaking."

"You are well enough dressed, aunt, with the exception of your cap. Come, ring for your new one. You can put it on by the fire, whilst I give orders for lights in the drawing-room."

"And what is the object of these meetings?" asked her father.

"Oh, amusement and instruction combined! Each member is required to bring all his or her stock of talent, whether it be in reading, singing, dancing, recitation, or whatever will contribute to the entertainment of the night, and it will be hard if among such a mélange, we have not some diversion and a little instruction, too."

After this brief sketch of the "Winter Nights" Club," Nancy hurried away to ascertain whether all was arranged with suitable propriety, for the reception of the company. She did not forget to place on the centre-table a superb desk of East Indian workmanship, the gift of her father, who having once commanded a fine merchantman, which had traded to "the golden orient," and to other foreign lands, had found various trifles, curious and rare, to bestow upon "Lovely Nan," as he was often want to call his only and idelized child. cing age and the gout, besides the acquirement of a competence, had induced him, some years back, to quit the service of the sea, that he might spend the remainder of his days, tranquilly, in his native place, a small seaport town, the geography of which is left to the conjecture of the reader: for, though in this spot there remained few of the associates of his early days, there yet lingered about it a halo, dear to his honest heart.

Mrs. Mustin's head, freshly bedight with a new cap-Capt. Broadhorn's bandanna neckcloth displaced by a heavy glazed stock-the company, one and all, assembled—the scene changes to the handsomely furnished and well illuminated drawingroom.

The members of the proposed Club consisted of about twenty young persons, of both sexes. room was in a universal buzz, which rendered it difficult to comprehend more than the general drift of the conversation. Among the strife of tongues, the words "cordial," and "lemonade," were distinctly audible—the important items of refreshment, being at that moment on the tapis.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," cried Hortensia Hurst,

from your dishabille, I am fearful that you intend enveloping herself more closely in a costly cashmere shawl which depended from her shoulders-"defend us from lemonade in the winter: the bare mention of it chills me to the heart!" and she ran shivering to the fire. "And cake too, without even a sandwich! that will never do."

> "She has come with a determination to be on the opposition," whispered Letitia Ward to Nancy. This young lady and her sister Harriet, were the bosom friends of Miss Broadhorn. "She thinks to attract notice by being singular; I shall oppose sandwiches might and main."

> "I feel very much inclined to second Miss Hurst's motion," said a tall, pale-faced, young man-" I think the tonic influence of a sandwich highly requisite at our meetings."

> "But mercy, Dr. Enfield!" exclaimed Nancy, "it is not to be supposed, that through the preceding day, we have lived like hermits-the animal food taken at dinner, I think, will be sufficient, without running the risk of clouding our intellects with a heavy meat supper."

> "Nothing can be lighter or easier of digestion than a sandwich," answered Dr. Enfield-" and the action of the mustard-

> "Come, doctor, your internal application of a sinapism may be very good, but let us arrive at some definite understanding about the rules-let us begin in order."

"This Society shall be called the 'Winter Nights' Club' "-" What next !" The person acting as secretary, seated before the India desk, as he said this, held a pen full of ink, suspended over the blank sheet of paper placed upon it. "I really think," said Miss Ward, pursuing the subject, just interrupted by Mr. Braithwaite-"that as Nancy and I were the first projectors of the Club, we ought to be allowed some extra privilege of opinion."

"Oh! if you wish to take out a patent for its invention, you have my sanction," said Miss Hurst, laughing-" but such rigorous opposition to sandwiches, appears so supremely ridiculous-however. Mr. Braithwaite, do write down, sandwiches are as positively prohibited as the smoking of cigars in a Circus or Theatre."

Miss Ward reddened and bridled, while the words "bonnet" and "cloak" were audible, as she made a motion to retire.

"Stay, dearest Letitia," said Nancy, imploringly; "this is the silliest affair ever heard of. We will settle every thing as it ought to be, presently." Rather more order prevailing, Braithwaite proceeded to commit the rules to paper, as they were suggested and agreed upon.

"I think," began Capt. Broadhorn, who hitherto had been silent-Mrs. Mustin twitched him by the sleeve, "You have no right to think here, sir, or at any rate to give utterance to your thoughts."

"And pray, why not, madam?"

"Because you are not one of the Club, and it is the grossest infringement of etiquette."

"Nonsense," said the captain-" among a parcel of boys and girls, it can be no such harm to speak."

The Miss Wards looked approvingly at Mrs. Mustin, and furiously at the Captain, which Nancy perceiving, grew restless and uneasy. When the Article of Refreshments again came in course to be regulated, the debate next arose upon the merits of sponge-cake, and pound-cake.

"Sponge-cake!" cried Harriet Ward.

"Pound-cake, by all means!" said Miss Hurst; "there appears to be a direct stand against every kind of food but that of the driest nature. Do let us change the name of the 'Club'-let it be called the 'Abstinence Society!"

" I thought sponge-cake was the general understanding," observed Harriet, even more provoked than her sister had been. "Did you ever hear the like of her!" she said to Nancy. "This is a dead lady set at Letitia and myself."

Nancy remarked, "that Miss Hurst might not mean anything personal in differing from her in opinion;" but perceiving that it was in vain to convince her to the contrary, she was silent. Both sisters rose to retire; but, secretly unwilling to go, at the persuasion of Nancy, they at length reseated sessed the temper of a tiger. themselves, and began to insinuate something about "making a division of the 'Club.'" Some one observed, "it was to be hoped, that the society would not split upon the trivial question of whether spongecake or pound-cake was to be preferred. Braithwaite, the young attorney, raised his handsome face, and said, that " it would not surprise him if it did; for it should be recollected, that tea had caused the quarrel between the mother country and her colonies, and why should not butter, quite as important an article, and which, he believed, constituted the difference in the two kinds of cake, be the means of division in the present instance! Besides," added Braithwaite, "to give it a more dignified turn, we can say, that the 'Club' divided in consequence of a disunion of opinion on a question relating to-Greece."

"I was going to propose a dish," began the captain, "but Mrs. Mustin put me down so sharply, that I stopped. She seemed to think it a crime in me to open my mouth; but, as I said, among a set of boys and girls young enough to be my children, I could not see where the great harm was." Several declared, that they would be glad of any suggestion that would end the present difficulty.

"Then lobscouse," said the captain-" let lobscouse be one of the eatables!" A general laugh

"My dear sir," said Braithwaite, "it would require the digestive powers of an ostrich: with all against it."

Capt. Broadhorn looked displeased and mortified, and turning to Miss Hurst, who listened with an engaging smile, he enumerated the various ingredients that composed the dish, with as much precision, as if he had been dictating to Mrs. Glass or Dr. Kitchener: "Many a hearty mess have I had off this same thing, which seems to have given such umbrage," said he. "I remember once being in a terrible gale off Cape Horn, and my mind throughout the day had been so on the rack-for I thought every moment the ship would have gone to the bottom, that I did not taste a mouthful of food for twenty-four hours-when at last the wind lulled, and down below went I, and such another meal as I made on 'scouse. I remember, too, being once very sick on shore, and I could think of nothing that I fancied but lobscouse. Some one prepared it for me-Mrs. Mustin, I think-yes, it was Mrs. Mustin-

"Pardon me, Capt. Broadhorn," interrupted this

"Madam, I'll harpoon you!" cried the Captain, provoked into forgetfulness of all present, at this pointed impeachment of his veracity. Mrs. Mustin prudently restrained the retort ready at the tip of her tongue, well aware, that her brother, with all his good qualities, and very many he had, pos-

The business that had called the company together, was suspended for awhile, by the entrance of tea and cakes. As this meeting was unfettered by rules, Nancy was permitted to display the munificence of her disposition in the abundance which prevailed.

"Bless me," cried the captain, as the well-filled trays caught his eye, "what a variety! Where did all these good things come from?"

Nancy smiled and blushed at her father's plainness, and gracefully waved those that were standing to be seated. Braithwaite placed himself by her side, and said something in a low voice. It was thought by many that his attentions to Miss Broadhorn were of a warmer character than those of mere regard, and that taking into view the expectations of Nancy, both from her father and aunt, together with her beauty and amiability, he would do well in seeking an alliance with her; while others, on the contrary, thought, that the advantage would be on the side of Miss Broadhorn. Though poor, Braithwaite did not share the fate that usually attaches itself to young men in like circumstances-that of being overlooked and neglected by the worldly-minded. There were designing mothers who could perceive, that his talents, far above the ordinary cast, would one day raise him to wealth and eminence; and truly were these prophetic visions fulfilled: not many years after, saw the obscure attorney of an inconsiderable due deference, I must enter my decided caveat town, enchaining an audience by the magic of his eloquence, and pointed out even in the thronged the present, not the future.

As Braithwaite scated himself beside Nancy, the Wards exchanged glances with her and smiled. The slight blush, visible on the face of the former, seemed a tacit acknowledgment that there was something particular in his attentions. Between the Wards and Nancy, there had been an intimacy from childhood—such an intimacy as often occurs, without there being any real similarity of character between the parties. Over Nancy they had acquired an influence which the obtuse perception of Capt. Broadhorn prevented him discovering, and which might eventually be prejudicial to her interest. Haughty and invidious, but rich, gay, accomplished, and the acknowledged leaders of fashion, their influence extended to others besides Miss Broadhorn, though none but herself felt any real attachment towards them. After the exit of the trays, the business of the evening was resumed. The female part of the club was so particular about the Constitution, that was to regulate their future actions as members, and so numerous were the epiaioas on the most trivial points, and so protractedly was each debated, that the meeting "threatened," as Mr. Gunn observed, "to be as tedious an affair as the Long Parliament." The admission of persons, not members of the Club, was hotly contested. "I have but one voice," cried Braithwaite-" but with its utmost energy I must declare against any gratuitous partaker of our ' feast of reason and flow of soul."

"Let us know," said Dr. Enfield, "what you mean by the expression 'gratuitous!' You, surely, cannot intend levying a contribution on every stranger that is admitted!"

" Not on his purse but on his wits, I would; and as indiscriminate invitation may be the means of introducing some dolt or other, I am for making the thing exclusively our own. But we will put it to the vote."

The ballots being taken, it followed, that except the friends of the person, at whose house the Club met, none should be present but the members. The Wards were exasperated, and attributed the way in which the votes ran, to Miss Hurst, whom they imagined they had observed canvassing all about the room. Nancy, who, from a greater number, expected an increase of amusement, looked disappointed; which Braithwaite perceiving, regretted that he should have assisted in annoying her. Much mere time was consumed before the Rules were fully completed. One of the few subjects on which there existed unanimity, was-that the Club should consist of but thirty persons, and that whoever applied to fill the vacancies then existing, should be elected by a majority of the members. Miss Ward begged leave to remind the com-

city for riches and talent-but our business is with | was uncertain when he would arrive; he was not, in any event, to be brought before the fiery ordeal of the Club, being entitled to sit as a member without further ceremony.

> It was past midnight, and all were preparing to depart, when Dr. Enfield entreated to detain them until he made this proposition, that "The vacancies should be filled by married and elderly single la-Their presence," said the doctor, " will send a pulse of healthful feeling throughout the society."

> "He wishes," said Miss Ward, aside, "to thrust in his two blue-stocking relations." Then speaking out, she said, "Dr. Enfield, I positively object to any who might wish to assume a superiority and claim a deference, to which nothing but their age would entitle them. We will not sleep a night on the subject—it shall be decided instantly. If any present are for the admission of such ladies as Dr. Enfield proposes, let them hold up a hand." The only elevated hands were those of Miss Hurst and Dr. Enfield.

> "It is as I wish," said Letitia, exultingly. "Doctor, you and Miss Hurst must indulge your antiquarian propensities elsewhere."

> The rolling away of carriages, and the echo of retreating footsteps being no longer heard, silence and darkness reigned over the habitation of the fair Nancy, where all had been light and life.

CHAPTER II.

Souls, truly great, dart forward on the wing Of just ambition, to the grand result.— Young.

Braithwaite slept late the following morning, and arose with feelings of lassitude after the late hours of the preceding night. He had rooms on the second story of a large building; and emerging from his chamber, he entered an adjoining one, appropriated for an office. Letters and papers lay scattered over the table: he had some writing to finish at a stated time, and never was his mind less bent towards accomplishing the uninteresting task. As his hand mechanically traced the characters he was transcribing, the alternating expressions of light and shade, passing over his countenance, indicated the chain of ideas that his mind was rapidly linking together. At one moment his cheek flushed and his eye kindled-again, a softer and less elevating sentiment seemed to hold the ascendancy,-but it was probable that whatever visions of the future the young lawyer was sketching, they were drawn from the landscape of hope and sunlight, which youth, when tempered by discretion and a correct judgment, may not unreasonably indulge in. length the name of "Nancy" and the word "ambition," were insensibly half uttered. "Shall I rest satisfied with a despicable mediocrity!" he exclaimed aloud-"shall I mingle unnoticed and unpany, that her cousin Alfred's name was the first known among the common throng, without an effort that had been enrolled among them, and thought it to rise? No, I will learn the charm by which the

orator binds the senses of his audience, by which found insufficient to procure him little else than the he attunes, and touches, and sweeps the human passing tribute of admiration. lyre, with the resistless sway and master-hand of that subsistence in another country which he was a Timotheus." Braithwaite laughed out, when he unable to secure in his own, he had come where discovered that in the energy of his feelings he had his musical abilities, by encountering fewer rivals, risen, and was sawing the air with his arm. Seating himself he resumed his writing, and it was past noon before it was finished. Sensible of the need pieces, Mrs. Enfield stalked about with an inflated of exercise after so many hours of sedentary employment, he quitted the house, and leaving the din of the city behind him, again unconsciously sunk into the train of musing, which the business of the morning had necessarily interrupted. Braithwaite was no idle dreamer; and although in love, his brain was not distracted with the vagaries of His dawning attachment to Nancy Broadhorn, proved an urgent incentive to diligence in his profession-but it was not the strongest spur to exertion. Proud of intellectual superiority, he was ambitious to walk with those gifted ones of the earth, who, leaving the path of humble mediocrity to the dull and inert, arrive at the envied goal of distinction. Of a temperament naturally impetuous, his prudence was rarely lost amid the fire of his passions, which were regulated by the strength of his reasoning faculties. This self-discipline, and these ambitious aspirations had neither engendered selfishness nor coldness. With so much generosity and sensibility of character as he possessed, it was not probable that Braithwaite would ever degenerate into a mere man of the world-nor was there ever one endowed with as many personal attractions, freer from the foible of vanity.

On his return to his lodgings, he found a billet awaiting him. It was from Mrs. Enfield, inviting him to make one of a party of friends in the even-He had intended to devote the remainder of the day and the hours before retiring to rest, to study; "but," thought Braithwaite, "I will crown myself with roses to-night after the labor of the morning." As the note intimated, there was only a select number at Mrs. Enfield's. She had assembled them together to witness an exhibition of the skill of a musical professor, who had brought several recommendatory letters to her. In consequence, her rooms were filled with various instruments; and piles of music, selected from the works of the most celebrated composers, crowned the music stand. Mrs. Enfield, who affected to be quite a Leo X., in her patronage of the arts and sciences, wore, on the occasion, an air of support and protection towards the foreign stranger, whose dark complexion and darker eyes showed him to belong to Italy. The youthful Avelino, such was his name, had often by the melody of his art, awakened the sleeping echoes on the bright waters of lattice of many a bright-eyed girl of the sunny ral inheritance of the people, his rare talents were put my name down for at least twenty tickets."

might be made subservient in supplying his wants. During the performance of some remarkably fine look, occasionally pausing to beat time with her large foot, thrust into a white satin shoe, and accompanying the movement with her turbaned head. The doctor, who had been called to attend a patient some miles off, was not there to see his mother, of whom he was exceedingly proud, perform the graces of an amateur.

Mr. Avelino's voice was a feeble auxiliary to his instrumental powers, being hoarse and low, incapable of force or any graceful inflexions; but, besides having inimitable skill on the piano-forte and harp, he played well on most of the minor instruments. Braithwaite delighted in music, and it was the first time he had ever heard the harp struck with such power and brilliancy. Nancy too was there, and the Wards were not, and he always thought she appeared more attractive when their absence permitted her to display her natural manners and character.

"It must be some agreeable association," said he, turning towards her, "that has induced Mrs. Enfield to call for the tune that is now playing: for my ear, it possesses few charms!" But the magic touch of Avelino caused it to sound so sweetly, as to change the opinion of Braithwaite, who observed that "the performer brought to light every passage having the least claim to beauty;" adding, that "his playing might be compared to a volume of the selected beauties of an author, which was valuable to those who wanted discernment otherwise to discover them."

At this moment, the musician, as if inspired, broke forth into a rhapsody, so grand and sonorous, and again so softly plaintive, that all, by a corresponding feeling, were mute and motiouless. The chords of the harp that had assisted in producing the deeper sounds, yet vibrated under the forcible touch of the player, when a slow movement upon a higher key, succeeded, giving to the latter an indescribable melancholy richness.

"Some rigid critic," remarked Braithwaite to Nancy, when at length the silence which had prevailed, was broken by exclamations of delight, "might with his tasteless theories condemn that spontaneous burst of harmony: had it been restricted to rules, greater propriety might have resulted, but not the same effect."

"Oh! the delightful Italian!" cried Nancy, en-Como, and struck the tuneful chord beneath the thusiastically-"I shall tease papa, incessantly, until he promises to patronize him largely at the con-South; but in a land where music seems the natu-cert he intends giving; and, Mrs. Enfield, you may Nancy's impulses were always kind and generous. Braithwaite looked with eyes of love on her sparkling countenance, and the graceful animation of her gestures. He was so completely absorbed in dwelling on the tones of her musical voice, sweeter to him at that moment than the finest notes he had heard, as to be unconscious of any one's addressing him, until tapped upon the shoulder by Dr. Enfield's aunt, Miss Straddle, a lady whose charms had long "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf."

"I am afraid I am disturbing some agreeable revery, Mr. Braithwaite, but you sing, do you not?" she repeated for the third time. Braithwaite started, and smiling, replied in the negative.

"O! I am sure you do, you have a singing face." Braithwaite again assured her, that he never sang. Miss Straddle then made a general appeal to the gentlemen, none of whom unfortunately were singers. This was distressing, as her forte was a particular duet, in which she required an assistant. Difficulty inspiring her with courage, she determined to undertake it alone. Avelino, who was to accompany her on the piano-forte, struck a full prelude, and standing up, Miss Straddle burst into a manly, insinuating voice—

"Oh! cruel maid too soon retiring, Love's tender vows all fears remove!"

Then throwing aside her masculine demeanor, her tones sank into the softest cadence, with the reply—

"Oh! cruel youth too much requiring, I dare not say how much I love!"

Then followed in the song, words of earnest entreaty on one hand, and gentle repulse on the other; and, in illustrating by gesticulation the conflict of a parting scene between two lovers, Miss Straddle was so wrought up as to identify one leg with the "cruel maid," and the other with the "cruel youth." By the time the duet was concluded, the shooting out from right to left of these conspicuous appendants—the show of advance and retreat—had carried Miss Straddle to the opposite end of the room, leaving Avelino hanging over the instrument convalsed with insudible laughter. After this extraordinary effort, the songstress seated herself with a self-satisfied mien.

"I often tell her," said Mrs. Enfield, "that she was born for an actress, and in not fulfilling her destiny, the drama has suffered an incomparable less. I am convinced that no one person but herself could have given such effect to that duet—wonderful mobility of countenance, flexibility of voice, attitudes imposing—one might really imagine they saw two distinct persons."

Braithwaite, to whom this was addressed, replied with a smile of dubious import, "that he had expected to see what was not unfrequent in other bedies corporate—a complete disunion of members."

"You hear," cried Mrs. Enfield, "Braithwaite the wise and witty approves."

Music was still the order of the night-Nancy and the young lawyer lingered near the living harpstrings. At his request, she promised hereafter to take lessons on the delightful instrument. gifted Italian partook slightly of the refreshments that were served; his whole soul was devoted to his charming art, and even the brilliant eyes admiringly bent upon him were disregarded, while he continued to play, more for his own gratification than for the pride of exhibition. Mrs. Enfield was pleased that her tea and patronage were not thrown away on a tyro, and condescended to lavish on him the highest encomiums, couched in the choicest phraseology. The world, alike all over, of course was not different in Mrs. Enfield's drawing-room. While participating in her hospitality, the guests amused themselves, as is not uncommon, in ridiculing their hostess.

"What terrible long words she uses!" said one.

"She was always notorious for that," was the reply. "When her late husband was addressing her, she was popularly known under the title of 'Enfield's Dictionary.'"

"Could an audience of persons when music, heavenly maid was young, now be collected together," began the unconscious Mrs. Enfield, "what rapturous astonishment would be theirs at the wonderful march of the science through successive ages! How would the cow-horn of the Egyptians—the ram's-horn of the Hebrews, or the paltry sevenstringed lyre of the Greeks, sound in comparison with the exquisite and ingenious inventions of our day! Listen to that march!—what effect is given to its martial measure!—how inspiring! What do you think of it, Mrs. Macklewee?"

The person spoken to, was a thin, decrepit old woman, whose loss of hearing was aggravated by a medicated silk cap, worn under a muslin one, to keep out the cold.

"Think of what !" squeaked the old lady.

"The march, ma'am."

"Very windy, by far the nastiest month in the year!"

The rules of politeness suffered a general violation at this misunderstanding.

"I suspect," remarked Nancy to Braithwaite, "that Mrs. Enfield and Miss Straddle are showing off, preparatory to sending in their applications for admission to our Club."

He replied, "that if so, he should not oppose them, as variety of character was desirable to give greater zest to their meetings."

The party breaking up, Braithwaite accepted Nancy's offer of a seat in her carriage, which he left to pursue the rest of his way on foot, after having seen her safely deposited in her father's house.

"The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows, If 'twere not with friendship and love intertwin'd,"

sang Braithwaite, in a low voice, as he walked

briskly forward, when a severe blow on the head brought him prostrate to the ground. He was stunned for a mement, but recovering himself, he sprang to his feet and gazed eagerly around, prepared to struggle with the ruffian who had dealt it. By the flickering flame of a lamp, he discovered his imaginary assailant to be a piece of timber projecting from the scaffolding in front of a house, upon which some repairs were making, where a light had been hung as a hint to pedestrians, and which the abstraction of his thoughts had prevented his observing.

"Is this an omen?" mused he. "May not this prefigure the rough hand of the captain, checking the hopes of a poor attorney aspiring to gain his rich and lovely daughter! Could he read my heart though-could he see the hard struggle of pride and love-for, never will I incur the suspicion of wishing to enrich myself with the toils of anotherof being indebted to a wife for comforts and luxuries I had neither industry nor wit to acquire;even were I to gain the consent of her father, I would not unite myself to her, until it was in my power to offer her a support that none might blush to accept. I am no blind lover-I see her faults, but with all these faults I love her still, and with her I may promise myself as much happiness as falls to the chequered lot of man."

Thus Braithwaite pursued this train of reflection until he arrived at his own lodgings.

CHAPTER III.

Com'st thou with deep, premeditated lines, With written pamphlets, studiously devised? Shakepeare.

A press of business did not prevent Braithwaite calling the next day to inquire after Nancy's health. He found the gay little beauty as blooming and agreeable as ever. She was surrounded with feathers and flowers, being busily engaged in preparing for a ball that was to take place the ensuing week.

"I suppose you will be there?" she said to him.

"I doubt it—You know I never dance, and in a ball-room a gentleman loses much of his consequence with the ladies, by being a mere lounger among them."

"You do not think dancing interferes with your dignity, Mr. Braithwaite?"

"No, but so few excel in that accomplishment, that I have thought best not to attempt it. It is not uncommon to see an awkward fellow floundering and blundering through a cotillion—throwing the whole set into confusion and incurring the imminent risk of dislocating the arms of his fair partner, and so borne away by the excitement of animal spirits as to be quite unconscious of the ridicule he excites."

"And what of the ladies?" asked Nancy; "can-action.

"As it is one of the rights of woman to be always stiled fair," said he, smiling, "I suppose we must yield them the additional charm of being always graceful."

There was a bunch of flowers from which Nancy was selecting those she liked best.

"They are beautiful," remarked Braithwaite—
"how bright their colors—If I were to reply to the
question—'Who can paint like nature,' I should
say—the French. They will ever surpass other
nations in these elegant trifles."

"You shall choose for me," said Nancy-"I am bewildered with the variety."

A number of visiters entering at the moment, Braithwaite took his leave.

His visits now became regular and often repeated; and his attentions towards Nancy daily more ardent. Capt. Broadhorn liked the gentlemanly deportment, fine face, and agreeable conversation of the visiter, who, in return, admired the frank-hearted, honest simplicity of the captain's character. One, more presuming, or less high-minded than Braithwaite, would not have hesitated in declaring himself, as the behavior of both father and daughter was full of flattering encouragement. Riding and walking parties, with other schemes of amusement, were ever in agitation, and Braithwaite was always the first invited to join them; besides, Capt. Broadhorn had been heard to say-that "his only ambition in a husband for his daughter, was a sensible, honest fellow, who would be kind to her." The truth was, that Braithwaite had not made up his mind how to act, He could plainly perceive that there was a tincture of coquetry in Nancy's disposition, and whenever he thought of making a final disclosure of his feelings, the bare possibility of a rejection-which, to his pride, would have been intensely woundingalways restrained him. Nor was the consideration of self, the only one by which he was influen-He disapproved of those long engagements so uncertain in their result, and which subject the parties involved in them—particularly the lady—to much inquietude. Nancy, though she gathered enough from her high-souled lover to divine the cause of his scrupulous line of conduct, was still piqued that her beauty and fascinations should not have gained a victory over every motive.

"But he will not always be so circumspect," thought she, "and then I will have the pleasure of laughing at his romantic notions."

The Wards, those dear friends of Nancy, were still out of the way, so that Braithwaite for some time, was spared the mortification of having the foibles of his mistress, unwelcomely displayed before his eyes, in remarking, when in their company, how easily she was led into folly and rudeness, into error of opinion, and inconsistency of action.

"I have a letter from Letitia and Harriet," said

Nancy, with a face radiant with pleasure, and hold- hours which a young lady in the affluent circuming it up to Braithwaite, as he entered to pay one of his evening visits. "They will be here soon. I was sure they would not forget the Club. You know it meets at their house next Wednesday."

"What would you say, were I to tell you that I do not think much of your friends!" asked Braithwaite.

"That you were unkind to me, and unjust to them," and Nancy colored with pain and perhaps displeasure.

"If that be so," said he, "fancy what I have said, unsaid. The charge of injustice I might endure, but that of unkindness—and of unkindness to von too, I never can."

Some hours after when the Wards were again mentioned, and Nancy was dwelling on their imagined excellencies, he observed—" I am afraid that none will ever hold the place in your affections that they do."

"That I am sure of," replied she.

"Not one?" asked he, fixing his eyes on her

Nancy blushed, and Braithwaite thought, with pleasure, of the day, when, under his influence, she would learn to form a correcter judgment, and be able more readily to select the gold from the dross in her intercourse with the world.

There was no meeting of the Club at the time appointed. A note from one of the Wards, enclosing a general notice which Nancy was requested to circulate, conveyed intelligence of the illness of the relation at whose house herself and family were staying, "which would render it impossible for them, under such cruel circumstances"-so the words ran-" to open their doors to festivity." The fair writer further stated that, "the disappointment was increased by cousin Alfred's being with them, who, under the two-fold anticipation of an introduction to Nancy, and the entertainment awaiting him at the Club, was quite in despair at the unforeseen disappointment." Nancy, who had lately acquired a habit—flattering to the hopes of Braithwaite-of showing him all the confidential epistles of her friends, did not withhold this, notwithstanding it contained some idle speculations on the subject of matrimony, and the motto on the seal, "keep it a seezet." He was pleased to observe, that the protracted absence of the Wards was not as much regretted as it might have been, which with pardonable vanity, he ascribed to the now engressing pasm he had awakened in her. "Love makes the wisest men fools." Though this was not literally applicable to Braithwaite, yet he went through the routine of common-place attentions. He wrote complimentary verses in her Flora-overwhelmed her with new books, as fast as they issued not be back until the succeeding day. Never was from the press—culled poetry, music and flowers, there a duller or more insipid set assembled to-

stances of Miss Broadhorn had at her disposal. It was not very probable that Braithwaite, with all his circumspection, would forever be governed by the same prudential considerations in regard to forming an engagement with one to whom he appeared so entirely devoted; indeed, he had been more than once on the point of declaring his passion, when he was prevented by some momentary interruption. "She is the very being," thought he, dwelling with fond partiality on the thousand excellencies with which his fancy had invested her, "to smooth the asperities of one, whose nature, like mine, must grow rugged from the cares and labors of an arduous profession-Her gayety, by chasing away unpleasant retrospections, will gild the present hours. Were her character more sedateher temper gentler, the very tameness of these qualities might pall upon me." The uncle of the Miss Wards died, and they, of course, as he had assigned them large bequests, were inconsolable. They continued in the country, smothered in crape and bombazine. Nancy made frequent excursions to see them, and repaid the deceitful tears they wept, with drops of unfeigned sympathy. meeting of the Club was again postponed to an in-Dr. Enfield, who perhaps had definite period. something in reserve, which, like wine, he thought would be improved by keeping, was the only one who expressed pleasure at the delay. There was indeed, little doubt of his having a great production in preparation; as he was often overheard muttering to himself while walking the streets, and supplying the deficiencies of his memory from a roll of closely written foolscap.

At the expiration of a few weeks, the Miss Wards threw aside the semblance of woe, and burst forth upon the world in all the glare and glitter of brilliant colors and new jewels. Nancy was overjoyed-her element was excitement, and her powers of contriving new amusements being almost exhausted, she turned eagerly towards her friends for other sources of entertainment, and the principal one of these, was the meeting of the Club. There was now nothing existing to prevent the long anticipated event, and this was signified by a formal notice to the several members. The evening camethey met-at least all who were not prevented; for a distressing, though not dangerous epidemic prevailing at the time, numbers were suffering from its effects. Braithwaite was not there-a note of excuse enclosing the fine, which, agreeable to the penal code of the Club, was required for non-attendance, unless indisposition or some other calamity was the plea-threw a damp over the Wards. which was increased by the intelligence, that consin Alfred, who had gone on a shooting party, would with various other bagatelles to beguile the many idle gether. Many who had come with preconcerted

speeches and well-rehearsed songs, failed in their attempts, either from natural diffidence, or a too ardent desire to excel themselves. Miss Hurst was summoned from the room, shortly after her entrance, by tidings of the illness of her grand-The child of Dr. Enfield's brain, so mother. troublesome to him for weeks past, came forth in a long, set treatise, on the injurious effects of tight lacing, which produced much whispering and commotion among the ladies, who were outrageous. The doctor was too earnestly involved in his subject, to mark its impression. With hands forcibly pressed upon his chest, he gasped through the catalogue of evils he was describing. "Too frequent respiration, producing disturbance of lungs"-" impediment of the motion of the ribs"-here the doctor's hands descended to grasp the parts referred to-" blood imperfectly vitalized"-all which valuable information was disregarded by the indignant Dr. Enfield concluded his harangue-better suited to have been delivered before a medical society-with a pressing solicitation, that the forcible manner in which he had displayed the prevalent evil might be seriously considered, and that each within the sound of his voice would throw off the tyrannical fetters, in which a too imperious fashion held them enthralled. Letitia Ward, President of the Club, had risen from her seat more than once, with a face of severe displeasure, to call him to order; but on this first exercise of her office, the fear of exceeding the limits of her prerogative kept her silent. Very little more trans-pired during the evening, worthy of note. Mrs. Enfield's and Miss Straddle's names were handed in for the privilege of membership. There was not a sufficient number to form a majority; therefore, these applications were laid over until another meeting. "If they are admitted," said Letitia to Nancy, "I shall make my valedictory bow to the Club, and if there was such a thing as expelling a member, I would try all my influence against Dr. Enfield. Did you ever hear of any one so indelicate and impertinent! If he is permitted to go on at this rate, we may, with reason, apprehend a disclosure, even of the revolting scenes of a dissecting room."

CHAPTER IV.

"I loose the falcon of my hopes
Upon as proud a flight,
As their's who hawk'd at high renown,
In song—ennobled fight."—C. F. Hoffman.

Business had reluctantly compelled Braithwaite to be absent from the meeting; and the same cause, prompted his departure from town early the following day. He had called to bid Nancy adieu before he went, but not finding her in, had traced a few hurried lines on the back of a visiting card, expressive of his disappointment. This card was delivered to her on her return, and a smile of ex-

ultation lighted up her features, at the ascendancy she had gained over the thoughts of the handsome Braithwaite.

"Did he say where he was going, and how long he would be away?" she enquired.

The servant replied, "that he had only left the writing for her, and his compliments for the rest of the family-but," added the man, "he looked very much distressed at not seeing you." Nancy smiled yet more triumphantly, and tossed the card on the table. "It is impossible," thought she, surveying herself in a large mirror that hung in the room-" for me to trace all the circuitous windings of this Braithwaite's singular notions of love, but one thing I know-I am sure of him-so sure, that I have ceased to be beset with the apprehension I was once foolish enough to feel, of his not really loving me." The fair image that the glass reflected, was a further warrant for security, and arranging her tresses with infinite grace, Nancy again left the house with a light heart, and elastic step, to enjoy the society of her acquaintances abroad.

"Where are you going, Nancy?" asked Harriet Ward, looking from the window of her carriage.

"Visiting. I want to know what is the matter with the Arlingtons and others who were not with us last night—I hear Rosamond Willis is quite ill."

"O, never mind about them. I believe as Letitia says—that the principal reason, which prevented so many from attending, was a lack of wit, and Rosamona in particular, you know, is not very bright." This unfortunately was exactly Harriet Ward's own case. "I will go with you, however," she added, "if you will ride;" and the steps being let down, Nancy tripped lightly into the carriage with her friends.

"Was it really indispensable business, or only affectation that made Mr. Braithwaite stay away?"

"I believe he stated the true reason," said Nancy, "he left town early this morning."

"Not without seeing you, first, of course ?"

This question was evaded by Nancy replying, that "she had not seen him before he went."

Harriet's hopes revived; for, with all her pretended friendship, she was anxious to supplant her companion in the affections of one whom she considered by far the most loveable person she had ever seen. I have been thinking how cousin Alfred felt, on being detained in the country—I am sure it was against his inclination, for he is dying to be acquainted with you."

"I am sorry," said Nancy; "for, he will certainly he disappointed in me."

"Not at all—he has had so faithful picture of you."

"I hope then he will recollect that it is drawn by the partial hand of friendship, and make some allowance for heightening of coloring."

pressive of his disappointment. This card was "No, the portrait is true to nature, I assure you. delivered to her on her return, and a smile of ex- Do you think Letitia, or I, would stoop to flattery?"

Harriet proceeded in an artful strain to insinuate, that her cousin was even in a more desperate condition than that of one who has fallen in love at first sight, being positively smitten without ever having seen the object at all; and the complaisant smile with which Nancy listened, proved that the gilded bait was not unsuccessful.

A round of visits, and an hour spent among the enticing finery of a milliner's shop, made it late before Nancy reached home, where she found Mrs. Mustin, who was rather an epicure, in a fret at her encroachment upon the dinner hour.

While Nancy was participating in the lighter pleasures of society, Braithwaite, meanwhile, was deeply immersed in the duties of his profession, and even the object of his secret adoration was for awhile forgotten. He was engaged in a criminal process in which his feelings were unusually interested. The case was one, where crime had resalted less from inherent depravity, than from a chain of adverse and uncontrollable circumstances that had gradually led the way to it. When Braithwaite stood forth in defence of the criminal, the full powers of his mind, the whole tide of his sympathy were displayed, till the hearers seemed passively to catch the very color, momentum, and strength of the mind to whose operations they were The public prints were not silent on attending. the occasion of this effort of genius and sensibility. Captain Broadhorn read aloud to his family several extracts from the speech, followed by the highest commendation of the speaker, whose talents, it was predicted, would hereafter throw a lustre on his country. Such a man as that is worth talking about, remarked the Captain, laying down the paper and taking a puff at his cigar. "What do you think, little Nancy !"

Nancy smiled, but made no reply.

The Club met again under more favorable auspices,-but few were absent, and a synopsis of its preceedings, as given by Dr. Enfield, the next day, to his mother and aunt, presented a more flattering aspect than at first. These ladies were very much displeased at the reception their application had met with. It had been voted down, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of Dr. Enfield, seconded by Miss Hurst. In consideration of their mortifiextion, the doctor would have withdrawn from the Club, but this they would not allow, convinced that no private consideration could be a sufficient excase for concealing talents, such as his, under a bushel! Miss Straddle consoled herself with several severe squibs, levelled against some of the but it could not do otherwise with such a President leading members, and Mrs. Enfield gave a wider circulation, through the Ladies' Magazine, to those poetical effusions she had hoped to spout before the select company from which she was excluded. dle's malice, was a caricature head of the Presi- regards the requisites for the station she fills."

dent, Letitia, attached to a figure of Hercules, furiously wielding an enormous club, ingeniously stuck over with a variety of faces, bearing a resemblance to several members of the society. was anonymously handed in at a meeting, and it required all the self-possession, the stately President was mistress of, to conceal her anger and chagrin.

"You are not the first, whose high station has provoked envy, my dear," observed Mrs. Ward. "I am happy to see this malicious contrivance foiled by your excellent sense."

Dr. Enfield, who had instantly recognized in it, the cloven foot of his aunt Straddle, remained painfully agitated, fearing her detection, and that he might be suspected of having a finger in the affair.

Braithwaite did not return as soon as he had anticipated. In his absence much had occurred, though trivial in detail, to change, in the opinion of the public, the position Miss Broadhorn and himself had maintained towards each other, prior to his departure. The many favors recently received from fortune, had determined Braithwaite to propose himself to Nancy, when next they met. The unceasing encouragement given to his attentions, both by herself and father, would have made it pusillanimous in him to doubt the reception his addresses would meet with; but when on his return he heard, through numerous channels, of the probability of her bestowing her hand on the cousin of the Wards, instead of rushing forward like some impetuous lover, with a premature disclosure to relieve the tortures of suspense, he prudently resolved to relinquish the idea of which his heart was full, until well assured his proposals would share a better fate than that of being made the sport of a more successful rival. His anxiety to see Nancy had been so great, that, travel-soiled as he was, he would have flown to her; but, under existing circumstances, his motions were checked, and it was not until many hours after making his toilet with the utmost precision, that he presented himself in Captain Broadhorn's drawing room.

" Nancy-dear Nancy"-he had well nigh said, as he marked the unfeigned pleasure with which she welcomed him-"You are well, I know-I never saw you look better-and have been enjoying yourself, I hope," he added, leading her to a seat.

- "Very much, the season is uncommonly gaynothing but balls and parties-and we have had an excellent Thespian corps."
 - "And the Club?"
- "Oh, it has risen to high renown, I assure you: at its head as Letitia."
- "And such a Vice-President as Miss Broadhorn," said he, smilingly.
- "Don't be ironical, Mr. Braithwaite-I should One of the most successful missiles of Miss Strad- never presume to compare myself with Letitia, as

"She guides well, then, the wheels of the mighty machine, you think?"

"Yes, admirably—and her cousin Alfred, too, is a great acquisition. So much life and vivacityhe is the liveliest young man I ever met with."

"This rara avis has arrived, then," said Braithwaite, having banished from his mind the idle reports he had heard. "I am glad you like him, for guitar"—"give us another such delightful song" since he meets with your approbation, he is sure of mine."

The conversation was growing graver and more interesting, when a loud rap announced visitors, and in glided the Miss Wards. Braithwaite was provoked at the interruption, but arose, with his usual good breeding, to return their graceful courtesies. Nancy blushed a little, and Harriet Ward looked, languishingly, at Braithwaite, who either did not or would not observe it. General topics were discussed; but the persevering young lady seemed resolved to direct every word she uttered to Braithwaite, trying to engage him in an exclusive tète a tète. Few men can long withstand such a battery, and though he was neither so vain as to penetrate her motive, nor so silly as to be cajoled by it, had he understood it, yet he, at last, naturally turned his principal attention to her.

"I suppose you have not remained passive, while so much pleasure has been abroad?" he said, to

"I have mingled with the throng, but have participated little in its enjoyment. Indeed, I have often felt very lonely."

A sigh and a glance followed this confession.

"That is a feeling, I thought young ladies never experienced," said Braithwaite, taking his hat to

"You will be with us to-morrow night, I hope," said Letitia. "We have not yet had the light of your countenance, among us."

"I will not fail," said he, as he bowed his exit.

CHAPTER V.

"Methinks your looks are sad, your cheeks appalled."

It was not with the solemn state that marked its first meeting, at Miss Wards, that the Club now assembled there. Braithwaite's thoughts were seldom occupied by self, or he might have observed the pleasure his entrance gave to a few, who rightly estimating his talents, anticipated entertainment from them, whether displayed in his colloquial powers, or in any other way, the spur of the mo-We say—a few—for the ment might direct. greater part of the company were gathered round a young man who was standing in a studied attitude in the centre of the room, playing upon a guitar, which was fastened by a black ribbon over his The person thus employed was evishoulders. dently no common thrummer. His performance

was that of one who had perfected himself on the instrument, in the land to which it owed its origin.

After a full display of his powers in a difficult sonata, a pause followed—and then began a song, sung in a soft harmonious voice. When it was over, the ladies were unbounded in their plaudits.

" Pray, Mr. Timberlake, do not put down the "how can you be so cruel"-" just one more"-"the dear little Spanish song, Mr. Timberlake"a dozen voices were speaking at once.

"Indeed," replied the person, thus importuned, shaking his ambrosial curls, "I think I have done my part towards the entertainment of the evening."

" Even more," said Nancy, who was one of the loudest among the loud-" but then you would not be so selfish as to deny us the gratification of hearing you again."

"One more song from you first," cried Timberlake, skipping to the piano-forte where she stood.

Nancy excelled herself. Braithwaite had always liked her voice, but he never, until now, was conscious of its fullness and extent. "There," said she, when she had ceased—" I demand my recompense."

"Then it must not be music; for, really, I feel it physically impossible."

"Now, Mr. Timberlake," cried Nancy, reproachfully, and "now, Mr. Timberlake," ran round the bright circle.

"No song, no supper, cousin Alfred," said Harriet Ward.

"If I ever believe another word you say," rejoined Nancy.

"Well, to redeem my word, I shall play one more, ladies; but let it be distinctly understood, that this is my finale, for this evening at any rate."

Having finished his song, and the guitar being laid aside, Timberlake whistled, and enapping his fingers, a large grey hound entered the room. "Count," he said-"poor fellow-go to Miss Broadhorn." The dog immediately advanced towards Nancy.

"What a sagacious animal it is," and a dozen hands, besides her own, were stretched forth to pat it.

"Mr. Timberlake appears to be quite the lion of the night," remarked Braithwaite.

"Yes, he creates a great sensation," said Dr. Enfield—"the heads of the ladies are quite turned with him and his guitar. I came prepared with a short dissertation, but-"

"Dr. Enfield," interrupted Miss Hurst, "spare us, I beg, that is, if your subject be technical, let us not have those ills which flesh is heir to, brought in, like so many spectres, to mar our joy."

"I was going to treat of Materia Medica," said the doctor, "therefore, if I touched upon a bane of life, I had an antidote ready to apply to it."

To be jealous, and at trifles, too, was not in the

nature of Braithwaite: but he experienced an indescribable sensation of disappointment, at seeing how much Nancy appeared to think of one, who, in his opinion, was a combination of folly, foppery, and insignificance. But it was the vanity of Nancy, which was touched, not her heart; and as Braithwaite could only judge of this, through her actions, he felt like one, who, though not absolutely expelled from the affections of a mistress, was, at least, far from occupying the same distinguished place in them, as formerly. "Is she light and vain !" he asked, mentally-"then I renounce her." The next moment, he accused himself of undue asperity, and of having formed too hasty an opinion of Timberlake. The mortifying predicament of finding his place unexpectedly usurped by another, gave an unconscious check to his spirits, and, for some time, prevented him contributing to the entertainment of the night.

"We must all get guitars and greyhounds," said a voung man, very disconsolately, after several unsuccessful attempts to introduce silence, while he recited some original lines that had caused him infinite labor.

"You are too ambitious, Mr. Gunn," said Hortensia. "Do not wait for the impossible occurrence of a dead pause, but begin your verses, and if they are worth applauding, rest assured that I shall make as much noise as possible."

Mr. Gunn, greatly agitated, began in a feeble, quavering voice, and not one word was heard. Mr. Timberlake had just made an excellent pun, so at least affirmed his cousins, and the room was in an uproar.

"Alas!" cried Miss Hurst, "poor Mr. Gunn has gone off, and no one has heard him."

"I shall go off, in good earnest," said he, "if this foolish conduct is continued."

"This devotion of the ladies to one person, is not in good taste," observed Dr. Enfield-" As for my little affair, I purposed entertaining the company with, I have rolled it up and put it in my pocket, where it shall stay."

The decided indifference Miss Hurst showed to cousin Alfred and his accomplishments, was not unobserved by the Wards, and in consequence, their natural dislike to her was increased. syle of Timberlake's guitar playing was uncommon in the circle where it was exhibited. Though many of the ladies could accompany themselves on the instrument in a song, there were none who understood it sufficiently to produce the fine tones brought forth by his superior skill. The piece of music in which he particularly excelled, was "The Retreat," which well represented the hurried march of an army, from before a besieged city. Hortensia Hurst, whom nobody suspected of having any ing the strings, as if merely to call forth their vi- ing had not been a temperance one. bration. She was dressed with taste, in a rose-

colored silk, and pearl ornaments. Miss Hurst, though not rich, was always expensively attired, which gave Letitia Ward occasion, ill-naturedly, to remark, that, like a turtle, she carried every thing on her back."

"Do you play?" inquired Harriet, smiling, at what she conceived her awkward attempts.

No reply was made, except striking up the very piece Mr. Timberlake excelled in, which she played with even greater spirit, and the gentlemen. who had no ears for the merit of one of their own sex, turned to the fair performer, with marked delight and loud encomiums. Miss Hurst, when she had finished, put down the instrument, with a mischievous glance at the disconcerted consins, and a look full of mirth at Mr. Gunn and Dr. Enfield, who seemed to think their wfongs amply

" How cruel you are," said Braithwaite, speaking to her almost for the first time. "You have deprived one poor creature of his consequence."

Miss Hurst laughed, but resolutely declined his request to play again. The Wards and Timberlake, meanwhile, attempted to disguise their amazement and mortification under forced mirth and pretended ignorance of what was going forward. Braithwaite now became conscious that his faculties were lying torpid under dejection, and determining to rally himself, he approached a group, who were debating a humorous question, with a spirit and animation that immediately enlisted him among them. He grew gay, and though his gayety was more exuberant than usual, it had in it nothing overpowering or unnatural. He indulged in a vein of wit, which all seemed conscious of, except her, whose approbation would have been the most acceptable. Nancy heeded him not-the eternal Mr. Timberlake was at her elbow, pouring into her ear, a thousand absurd flatteries. The noisy clamor of the debate over, Braithwaite rose and recited "The Prisoner of Chillon." The clear, full, distinct enunciation—the finely modulated voice, were worthy the beautiful lines of the noble poet. There was a profound silence, flattering because rare. Braithwaite felt that he had acquitted himself well, and was gratified that this little effort was appreciated. But where was Nancy!-she had been silent, too-but silent from example; her thoughts appeared entirely engrossed by Timberlake's still whispered conversation. Captain Broadhorn was announced-it need scarcely be added, unexpectedly-for his appearance was in direct opposition to etiquette. Mrs. Ward advanced to meet him, with frigid dignity, meant to overawe. "This is quite an unlooked for pleasure, Captain Broadhorn," she said. The Captain had been enjoying a convivial dinner, on board of the ship of an old knowledge of the guitar, took it up, and began pull- friend, and his rolling motion proved that the meet-

"Fine place, this," said he, looking around the

spacious apartment—" plenty of sea room. my lovely Nan," taking his daughter by the chin, "what smart things have you been saying?"

Nancy smiled, but showed uneasiness at the lowering brows of her friends. The Miss Wards rose at the moment to waltz to the music of a flute played by one of the gentlemen.

"Don't like that," said the Captain, "too much turning and twisting-just like two young roosters fighting."

"Dear father," whispered Nancy, "don't speak so loud; you will offend the girls, they dance most exquisitely."

Braithwaite, remarking her increased annoyance, when the dance was over, in order to keep him silent, rose and recited Bryon's "Address to the Ocean." Captain Broadhorn knew and cared little about poetry, but the lines on this subject, spoken as they were, arrested his attention.

- "Calm or convulsed-in breeze, or gale, or storm,
- " leing the pole or in the torrid clime,
- "Dark heaving."

When these words were uttered, the Captain broke in with this exclamation-" Yes, by George, I've seen it in all these situations." And at these concluding lines-

- "For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
- "And trusted to thy billows far and near,
- "And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."
- "I have done it a hundred times," again chimed in the Captain. "Laid my hand, indeed-why I have sprawled out at full length upon it-glorious sport, I tell you."
- "The old hippopotamus," whispered Letitia Ward, to her sister.
- "Come," continued the Captain, "I'll give you something, myself. Braithwaite is the only one that has done anything worth hearing."

The President now stepped forward, thinking it high time to put a stop to this contemplated infringement of the rules, which she guarded with an iron hand, but the Captain was so boisterous. and Nancy so distressed, that she restrained the exercise of her authority. Captain Broadhorn sung the "Bay of Biscay," in a voice which made the windows rattle, and the glasses jingle on the waiters.

- "What do you think of that?" he asked, when he had ceased. "Did you not fancy you heard the wind whistling through the shrouds? What effect had it upon you, Miss?" he inquired of Hortensia.
 - "Oh, it has made me quite sea-sick, Captain."
- "That proves you a good judge of singing, but a fresh water sailor. You are a neat little craft, though"-looking at her rose-colored dress-"light and graceful as the pink-sailed pirate boats, I have seen scudding among the Grecian Islands-and make as many captives too, I dare say."

Well, compliment, she had ever had paid her, and that she would certainly treasure it in the safest place in her memory."

> "Flattery is acceptable to her from any source," said Letitia to Dr. Enfield. "Ever since that silly painter wanted her to sit for a portrait of St. Cecilia, her vanity has been unbounded."

"She's lovely-she's divine," cried the doctor.

"Oh, I forgot that I was addressing one of her adorers," replied Letitia, scornfully turning away.

The silence, and subdued air of Timberlake plainly indicated that he had not recovered from the shock of Miss Hurst's playing. To prove that his resources were not exhausted, he whispered to Harriet, who seated herself at the piano forte, and played a fandango, which he commenced dancing with much grace. In place of castanets, he held pieces of silver coin between his fingers, with which he kept up an incessant jingling.

"That was well done-very well done, Mr. Timberlake. I should like to learn that dance," said Nancy.

"I was just going to propose," said Letitia, "that you, Harriet, and I, should begin to-morrow morning to receive instructions in it, from cousin Alfred."

Nancy declared a ready assent to the proposition, which reminded Braithwaite of her having promised him to take lessons on the harp, and approaching, he inquired, "what proficiency she had made !"

"Not any-she had, not even thought of it, her time had been so exclusively engaged."

A flush of mortification and displeasure mounted to the forehead of Braithwaite, who withdrew from her side and sat down by Hortensia.

- "I have been speaking of 'Don Juan,' " said the latter, and naming a particular passage, requested him to recite it.
- "Don Juan," repeated Mrs. Ward, elevating her eyes and hands, and speaking almost audibly. "Good Heaven! I think that is pretty well for a young lady of sixteen."
- "Don Juan," responded Harriet, catching her mother's horror; "she ought to be ashamed to acknowledge, that she has read it."

Miss Hurst did not hear this, but it reached the ear of Braithwaite, who, turning to Harriet, remarked, that "she betrayed by her censure, her own knowledge of the contents of the book. Come, confess you have read it."

- "Some parts, I have," answered she, deeply blushing, "but not all-when I read it, I skipped."
- "For joy?" asked Braithwaite, with emphasis, but at the same time smiling.

Braithwaite's smile always gave his countenance so agreeable an expression, that when it accompanied words of severity, it softened their effect. Harriet Ward, looking in his face, forgot the cut-Miss Hurst declared this was "the handsomest ting sarcasm he had just uttered, and also smiled.

Braithwaite would have resumed his seat by Miss Harst, but Dr. Enfield had availed himself of the opportunity of taking possession of it. She was listening to the doctor, with a comic smile, and a slight curl of disdain, visible on her beautiful lip. This was an expression that, unhappily, too often found place there, and though it might interfere with her amiability, it detracted nothing from her beauty, being rather in character with the general east of her features. Miss Hurst, in childhood, had been left with an aged grandmother, whose infirmity and imbecility rendered her the charge, instead of the guardian of her granddaughter. This, perhaps, might account for the marked decision of Miss Hurst's manner, both in speech and action—for her independance in demeanor—and a too great readiness to declare her sentiments on all occasions,-but, withal, she was elegant and The President held up her watch-it well-bred. was eleven o'clock. Dr. Enfield, as a member, claimed the privilege of the next meeting, being held at his house. Though it had been generally understood that the Club was to meet only at the houses of the ladies, yet there had been nothing distinctly specified on the subject, which prevented any reasonable objection being made to this proposition. Letitia bit her lips with vexation, and her adicus to the retiring guests were haughty and dignified, so much was her mind preoccupied with displeasure, at the adroit contrivance of Mrs. Enfield and Miss Straddle, to frustrate her wish of entirely excluding them from the Club.

CHAPTER VI.

"What sudden anger 's this? How have I reaped it."

Henry VIII.

"The last link is broken that bound me to thee."—Bailey.

It was not until after the lapse of several days that Braithwaite again visited Nancy. He had been dwelling with fond recollection on the first dawn of his passion, and the many visionary fabrics of happiness, his fancy had reared in connection with her image. The probable overthrow of these, and his partial estrangement from her, induced a feeling of melancholy which was increased by believing that the fickleness of her conduct towards him was owing rather to the instigation of others, than to the bias of her own, uncontrolled inclinations. It was with a heart softened by such reflections, that he entered a house where he had passed so many hours of unalloyed felicity. Nancy was seated at a table, writing, and Braithwaite found it difficult to interpret the blush with which she rose to receive him.

"I am afraid," said he, "that I have broken in spon some agreeable employment."

"The interruption is full as agreeable as the employment," said she. "I am copying the words of a song for Mr. Timberlake."

This speech, if intended for a compliment, was certainly not taken in that light by Braithwaite, who made no reply.

"He sings delightfully, and is most excellent company," continued Nancy—"don't you think so!"

"Without hesitation, I can give an affirmative to your first question," answered Braithwaite; "but unless you wish me to sin against the laws of gallantry by differing from you, I beg that you will not insist upon the second."

"Is he jealous," thought Nancy—" can neither his good looks, nor his uncommon sense shield him

from that tormenting passion!"

She smiled, as these thoughts passed quickly through her mind, which Braithwaite perceived, and thinking she was ungenerously sporting with an attachment which should have been held sacred, his face assumed an air of coldness and displea-Whether or not this was noticed by Nancy, sure. her manners suddenly changed from gay indifference to an assiduous effort to please, which confirmed him in the opinion of her studiously intending to trifle with his feelings, and the blood deeply dyed his face, as he reflected that it was below the dignity of his manhood to be made the puppet of a woman: or, even allowing that her design was to force him at once to an open avowal of his love, he disapproved yet more of her behavior, deeming that the pride and delicacy of every lady should forbid her, when matrimony was in the question, resorting to measures bordering, in the remotest degree, upon coercion. Nancy was, however, too pretty and agreeable for him long to resist her attractions. Each angry emotion insensibly subsided in the bosom of Braithwaite, who betrayed towards her all his former partiality. A servant entered with a message from the Wards, to say that they were waiting for her to take a lesson in dancing the fandango. Forgetful of politeness, Nancy instantly sprung up, and Braithwaite also arose from his seat.

"Pray, sit down," said she, "there is no need of my being in haste;" but the impatient look accompanying these words, was not lost upon her lover.

"No," he said, hastily, "I would not detain you for the world, from those who seem to have engaged your whole senses and affections."

"You always take particular pleasure, Mr. Braithwaite, in interfering with my friendships." Nancy colored and spoke angrily.

"You take me, too seriously," said he, aware that his feelings had betrayed him into petulancy. "I have not erred past forgiveness, I hope?"

He held out his hand; but Nancy, resolving not to forfeit her dignity by being too easily appeased, turned away.

Braithwaite laughed, in order to give a lighter color to the affair; but when she added, "I, moreover, sir, consider your interference officious," he, in his turn, grew warm, and bowing, with an air of constrained politeness, left the house.

"She loves me still," muttered he between his elutched teeth. "Yes, loves me far above the eoxcomb she pretends to prefer;" but this opinion received more support from his pride than from his reason, and the freshly revived feelings of love, with which he had sought the presence of Nancy, were doomed by her fickleness once more to expire within him.

Braithwaite did not forget, when the next Wednesday arrived, that the "Club" met at Dr. Enfield's. Accordingly, when the hour of seven arrived, he repaired thither. Several gentlemen had already assembled. Mrs. Enfield came forward to receive him, arrayed in the dress of a Russian lady of rank, furred up to the eyes. Advancing further into the long apartment, he suddenly paused, as he remarked two frames at the extreme end of it. One contained Dr. Enfield and Miss Hursthe, as the victor of a tournament, was receiving his reward of valor from the hands of Hortensia, who was dressed in the rich costume of a high born dame of yore. The figures were strikingly ele-The lean limbs of the doctor-encased in pasteboard armor, much too large for them-received, in consequence, a fulness denied by nature, and the beauty of Miss Hurst, which admitted of a great deal of decoration, was enhanced by the splendor of her garments. Braithwaite gazed long and intensely at the immovable figures, till slapped on the back by Mr. Gunn.

"Look," he whispered, "look for pity's sake, at the other picture;" and obeying the direction, Braithwaite saw that the next frame contained Miss Straddle, as Rebecca in Ivanhoe, in a headlong attitude, ready to take the fatal leap from the battlements, to avoid the persecution of Brian de Bois Guilbert. This ruffianly knight was represented, however, only in part, by a helmet stuck in one corner of the picture frame.

"Deuce take me," said Gunn, bursting with laughter, "if she does not look like an old chamois pitching head-foremost from a glacier."

"Do you observe Almira," said Mrs. Enfield to Braithwaite-who could scarcely restrain his risibility within bounds-"How wonderfully she maintained the painful medium between falling and standing erect ?-most extraordinary exhibition of thew and sinew!"

This caught the ear of Miss Hurst, who, breaking into a laugh, and springing to the floor, exclaimed, "Come, Dr. Enfield, do not let us confine our talents any longer within such narrow limits," and the enraptured champion followed her example.

"I am going to pay you a compliment," said Braithwaite, inspired with gallantry at the extreme have burst upon him.

"Pray, do not; it will have no effect-- forewarned, forearmed,' you remember."

All the gentlemen had assembled except Mr. Timberlake, before the interruption of the tableaux vivans; for Miss Straddle, tired of the stretch she was making to please, had also descended from her gilded frame. Mrs. Enfield expressed surprise at the detention of the female members; but it was evident from the fines that showered in, that they were determined not to honor the doctor's meeting with their presence.

"The treasury will be enriched to-night," said Mrs. Enfield, "and I will venture to affirm that the heads of those silver pieces, in many cases, contain as much as the real ones that might have been here in their stead."

Miss Straddle looked scornfully, and rightly attributed the whole to the influence of Letitia Ward.

"She moulds them to her will," she said.

"What a responsible situation I am placed in," said Hortensia, "being the only lady of the Club, present. Mrs. Enfield and Miss Elmira, as we are beyond the cognizance of the higher powers, I suppose I may venture to call in your assistance, as members pro-tem. But first, let me exhibit some of my qualifications;" and placing herself at the piano-forte, she began playing in a manner, few had ever heard surpassed. She sung tooand what a heavenly voice!—it thrilled through Braithwaite's heart—such a voice, if exerted in a public capacity, would have insured its possessor, wealth. It seemed a struggle between Dr. Enfield and Mr. Gunn, who should turn over the leaves of her music book, as they hung over the back of her chair, in breathless delight. The evening passed off delightfully. Braithwaite scarcely thought of Nancy, or if he did, it was only to condemn her for having united with others, in being malicious and disagreeable. All were surprised at discovering that it was midnight, and long past the hour for breaking up. As the rules had thus far been encroached on, Mrs. Enfield added something more substantial to the light refreshments of the night.

Miss Hurst remained a few moments after the departure of the company, waiting for a conveyance to take her home, which not arriving, Braithwaite offered to be her escort. In the early part of the evening, Dr. Enfield had unfolded, in confidence, to Braithwaite his attachment to Miss Hurst, which he was afraid to make known to that young lady, himself, not being sufficiently assured of the reception his proposals might meet with.

"There is an amicable rivalship," the doctor said, "between Mr. Gunn and myself. I believe, however, he has relinquished the idea of addressing her, as she has never given him encouragement to do so."

Dr. Enfield desired Braithwaite to sound Horloveliness of Hortensia, which seemed suddenly to tensia on the subject, and had purposely arranged that she should walk home, in order that an opportunity might be afforded, for carrying this project into execution.

"I enter, reluctantly, into the business," said Braithwaite, replying to some whispered injunction of the doctor, just as he was about to depart-"but to oblige you, I will do violence to my own inclinations."

Having carefully wrapped Hortensia in her cloak, he placed her arm within his, and they bade, "good bye." The night was bright, but intensely cold-the frosty ground crackled beneath their tread. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, Braithwaite, as well on his own account, as on that of the doctor-without intending treachery to his friendship, would have lingered on the way, but his fair companion urged him onward. He saw there was no time for delay, and without much circumlocution, declared the mission with which he was intrusted.

"You jest," said Miss Hurst, looking quickly wp at him.

He assured her he did not.

"Then I am sorry," said she; "for this would seem to involve me in the vanity of having trifled with Dr. Enfield's feelings, though I can hardly think he would thus accuse me. No, Mr. Braithwaite: I have too great a regard for the doctor and all his family, ever to have encouraged a hope, I never meant to fulfil-but be assured," she added, laughing, "that he is too great an admirer of the sex, in general, to break his heart for one."

"I pity his failure," said Braithwaite, "though I should have envied his success."

"You had better have reserved that fine speech for a Club night-You are positively, too prodigal, Mr. Braithwaite—and here I am at home—it is too late to ask you in, and far too cold for a téte-a-tète by moonlight-Good night, may you be more fortunate when you make love for yourself;" and smiling and modding, she hastily withdrew the hand he had eaught, and would have carried to his lips, and closed the door after her.

"Shining, and refinely polished, as the blade of a stiletto," pondered Braithwaite, "and as sharp too."

As he left his lodgings, the next morning, the first person that presented herself was Nancy. Her aspect was widely different from what it was when they last parted, being full of smiles. They were advancing from opposite directions, and the ready bow with which she returned his salutation, proved that their recent quarrel was either forgotten or forgiven.

"You are abroad early this morning," he said, rather drvlv.

"Yes, this is papa's birthday, and I wish to surprise him with a present."

As she spoke, she unclasped a small morocco her own sunny hair.

- "The Captain will value this as he ought," said Braithwaite, pleased with this mark of her filial attention, and feeling the emotions of forgiveness and love, melting away the sterner ones, with which he had met her.
- "I hope he will be pleased. He has a few friends dining with him to-day, and our meeting is quite opportune, as he intends asking you, and if you will accept the invitation through me, it will spare him further trouble."
- "I could not do otherwise, if it were for the sole reason of your being the bearer of it. At what hour does he dine?"
- "At three--You must make up your mind to hear nothing, but sea adventures, for the company will all be sons of Neptune."
 - " You will appear ?"
 - "Yes, aunt Mustin and I will be the only belles."

This conversation brought them to Nancy's residence, where Baaithwaite wished her "good morning," and continued his walk.

"Strange, incomprehensible, but beautiful being," thought he,-" Yes, beautiful!"

Here he began to contrast her with Hortensia, and as a proof that his love was not the same as it had been, he could see and acknowledge that the advantage was on the side of the latter. Miss Broadhorn was too small; Miss Hurst, though not tall, had a dignity of bearing, which made her really appear so. Nancy's hair and eyes were undoubtedly beautiful, but he had just discovered that he prefered both of a darker hue.

> " All that's best of dark and bright, Meet in her aspect and her eyes,"

thought he, continuing to dwell upon Hortensiabut Nancy, "with all thy faults I love thee still;" but Braithwaite also discovered that this was the formal reiteration of words, without the heartfelt participation in what they implied. At the appointed hour, he was again in the presence of Nancy, at her father's hospitable board. were principally old men who were there. party was prevented from being entirely an antiquated one, by the presence of himself and two young naval officers, who appeared very much taken with the captain's fair daughter. Braithwaite, who was now completely on the alert to descry the foibles of his mistress, was not unobservant of the coquettish glances that were levelled at these marine productions, and he prized little, those that ofttimes fell upon himself. As usual, Mrs. Mustin and her brother came to points, and Braithwaite was not sorry when a signal from that decorous dame, left the gentlemen to the free indulgence of Many interesting narratives the circling glass. were given of whaling voyages, and descriptions of those monsters which frequent the seas of either pole, and as the wine began to circulate through case and displayed a brooch, enclosing a lock of the veins of the elder part of the convivial set, these recitals grew more wonderful, and their merriment increased. Braithwaite and the young men were the first to quit the table for the drawing-room, where they found Mrs. Mustin presiding over the tea-urn, and Nancy weaving a watch-guard for Mr. Timberlake, which was in reality severing the last link that bound her handsome lover to her. There are few, so mean-spirited, as to love on through every slight, and Braithwaite, with one sigh over his expiring passion for Nancy, and another for the fate he fancied she was weaving for herself, resigned her at once—and forever.

CHAPTER VII.

The Club continued to meet, preserving still its usual characteristic traits—some sense, more nonsense, and an abundant sprinkling of wrangling and cutting sarcasm. The haughty President did not forget at the meeting subsequent to that at Dr. Enfield's, to impose fines on all who had been present at the latter, for violating the rules by late hours and indulging in unconstitutional refreshments. Her right to the exercise of this power had been entirely overlooked by the offenders, and few at the time were prepared to discharge the penalty.

"It is just," said Miss Hurst; "but as I had forgotten my liability, I have neglected to come provided as I ought."

"I suppose I must consider it a compliment in Miss Hurst's acknowledging that I act correctly, as her meed of praise is always so scantily bestowed," observed Letitia, ironically.

"I certainly have to regret," answered Hortensia, "that those in high stations are generally more deserving of censure than commendation."

On this occasion, essays on the subject of "Thought," were to be given in by the several The authors were to remain anonymembers. mous; and, to prevent tediousness, the pieces were not to exceed a certain number of lines. Among these, as may be imagined, there were some good, but the generality were indifferent. One, however, claimed a decided superiority above the rest. In some passages it was deep, and even metaphysical; in others, full of light and playful humor. It was instantly attributed to Braithwaite, who, struck with its merit, was too generous to appropriate it. Though in direct opposition to one of the rules of the Club-" neither to acknowledge nor deny the authorship of a piece," he seriously disclaimed having written it, and paid the forfeit. It was evident to him, that it was from the pen of Hortensia. He marked the changeful expression of her face as he praised it, and soon after, finding an opportunity to steal it from the basket where it lay with the rest, bore it away as a precious relic of the genius of the young writer. Mr. Gunn was more fortunate than heretofore,-he went off, and

well, and gained, what he was dying for—the approbation of Miss Hurst. Braithwaite gave some fine extracts from the poems of Mrs. Hemans, and being solicited, he more than once spoke from the same celebrated source.

"Lord Bacon remarks", said Letitia, "that, some books ought to be tasted, others swallowed;" now for the vast quantity Mr. Braithwaite has given us from Mrs. Hemans, I think he must have obeyed the latter part of the injunction."

This was addressed to Nancy in a voice sufficiently loud to be overheard by him, and watching to see how it was received, he perceived her smile, though it seemed rather an effort to gratify Letitia than a voluntary tribute to this ill-natured sally. Braithwaite had, latterly, lost much of the favor of the Wards by his steadfast repulse of Harriet's attentions, and from appearing too frequently by the side of Hortensia; but as he valued not their regard, he paid little heed to its diminution. That object of their malice and secret envy was decked with even more than her usual taste and profusion, for Miss Hurst, by the judicious arrangement of her ornaments proved that the latter could be indulged in, not inconsistently with the former. The full sleeves of the crimson velvet dress, looped to the shoulder with gold and gems, served as a contrast to the white arms, the wrists of which were encircled with similar ornaments. One of the bracelets fell, unobserved to the floor, which Braithwaite raising, placed in his pocket with the design of making it a plea for a visit to Hortensia the following day. Accordingly, when the time arrived, this stratagem was not forgotten; and with an agitation of which he was ashamed, he found himself for the first time, a visitor at the house of Miss Hurst. The room into which he was ushered was small, but fitted up with elegance. The bright rays of a meridian sun, streaming through the large windows in front, were mellowed by the heavy folds of the purple drapery that hung from them. beguile the moments he was alone, Braithwaite opened the leaves of a volume that lay near, beside which was one of the embroidered gloves of the lady; but he was not like the devoted Petrarch, so romantically enamored as to make it his prize.

"To what must I attribute the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Braithwaite?" said Hortensia, entering.

Braithwaite started at the sound of her peculiar voice, and without either returning her graceful bow, or obeying her signal to resume his seat, remained still gazing at her, until an undisguised laugh recalled him to recollection; and knowing that it had been indulged in, at his expense for having made himself ridiculous, he colored and took a seat.

more fortunate than heretofore,—he went off, and every body heard him, except Nancy and Timber-lake. He recited several humorous verses really brought to a clearer inspection, she only showed to

greater advantage. Her beauty was not of the blonde description, but her skin was finely transparent, and the glow of health deepened her cheeks and lips.

"I live so much to myself," said Braithwaite, attempting to apologise, that I am quite unpolished—and," continued he, "this morning, I have been indulging in ideal dreams among the fine paintings and statues of Italy,—so that when you entered—"

"You are framing an apology of more ingenuity than sincerity," she said, interrupting him, and again laughing.

"Do not be so unmerciful," said Braithwaite, at the same time drawing from his pocket the bracelet, and presenting it to her.

"Thank you, I sent this morning to Miss Willis to inquire for it, and I lost something besides this ornament—not of so much value, I allow. I suspect Miss Ward of having committed the theft, and I am unwilling she should retain what she has taken."

"Do you mean your essay!" he asked, smiling. If so, you charge her unjustly. It was I who purloined it."

"You?" said Miss Hurst, slightly coloring.

"Yes, and I hope from my candor to be allowed to keep what I have stolen."

"You do it more honor than it deserves," said Hortensia, and instantly changed the subject.

In conversation Miss Hurst was eminently gifted. Braithwaite found it difficult to tear himself away after a prolonged visit. "Who knows," thought he-reflecting as he returned home on the pleasure he had experienced in her society-" but this is the Aspasia at whose feet I shall improve in eloquence." Braithwaite might now be said to experience what Göethe happily describes-" That, it is a most agreeable sensation when a new attachment begins to rise within us, before the old has entirely subsided-even, as it is an agreeable sight to behold the moon rising on the opposite side of the horizon to the setting sun, and we rejoice at the double illumination afforded by the two luminaries of heaven." But how to propitiate this last bright planet? that was the question; for he had grown diffident from the reception his attentions had met with from Nancy. To find a way to the heart of Hortensia Hurst would be difficult, and this way, even when found, might be like the bridge which is said to conduct to Mahomet's paradise-" sharp as a two edged sword and narrow as a hair.' Braithwaite, however, was mistaken. Miss Hurst perceived the impression her beauty and talents had made, and was not insensible to it. Thus the infatuated Nancy, lulled into security, by believing her power over Braithwaite could never be diminished, suffered another to usurp her place in the heart where she thought to have been enshrined for life.

CHAPTER VIII.

" Madam, he 's married to Octavia."-Shakspeare.

The term of its limitation having drawn to a close, "The Winter Night's Club" ceased to exist. Without strictly adhering to the nominal division of the year, it had been continued through the first months of the succeeding season, and the last meeting, held at Miss Broadhorn's, went off with an eclat that shed a radiance over its last moments. Dr. Enfield, early apprised of the rejection of his suit, had been absent from many of the preceding ones, having sought in solitude a balm for his wounded spirit, but a new beauty appearing on the hemisphere of fashion, whom the doctor caught a glimpse of, from behind the green curtain of his shop window, he had again resumed his station and smiles in society, finding it impossible to exist without the exciting stimulus of a love affairand, on the occasion of "The Last Night," as it was emphatically called, descanted with his usual learning on a professional theme. The President, on the cessation of her power, addressed the audience in a valedictory, combining much wit and elegance. Mr. Braithwaite's genius flashed like a sky-rocket, and Miss Hurst, as Letitia remarked, "came down, as usual, like the Edinburgh Reviewers, hot and heavy upon them." The levity and coquetry of Nancy were more than ever apparent, and Mr. Timberlake, the happy Mr. Timberlake, arrived at the summit of his hopes in having gained, as he imagined, the affections of that young lady, was led by the blissful anticipations that glowed at his heart, into the most exuberant liveliness. Though the Club had been an ample field for the exercise of envy and malice, yet it had drawn many together in a social compact, which, however marred by such baneful feelings, was still one, in which many pleasurable moments had winged their way, and there were few who did not regret its close.

"Do let us get up something of the kind, to amuse us during the tedious summer," said Nancy, as, not many days after, she was sitting with her friends, the Wards.

"Agreed," answered they.

"I suppose," said Harriet, "we can get the same gentlemen to attend?"

"Yes, I think we may safely depend upon Mr. Braithwaite," said Nancy.

At this moment, an acquaintance was announced.

"I have news," she began, "that will surprise you all."

"Then do let us hear it," they exclaimed, in a breath.

"Why, a death and a wedding at the same time— Miss Hurst has lost her grandmother and found a husband."

"I always thought she would manœuvre herself into a match," said Letitia—" pray tell us, who is the happy man,"

- "Mr. Braithwaite."
- "Mr. Braithwaite?" repeated the Wards. "Mr. Braithwaite?" alas! faintly, very faintly, articulated Nancy.

"Yes,—they are not exactly married, but they will soon be, I am told—She is now without a protector, or at least without any one to protect, so that as soon as every thing is ready for the departure of Mr. Braithwaite, who intends trying his talents in a wider sphere, they are to be united."

The head of Nancy Broadhorn pressed a sleepless pillow that night. The treasure with which she had wantonly sported, now rose to her mind in all its intrinsic value. She left the Wards in a state own solitary reflections, she looked back upon her past conduct, with shame and regret. "But it may not be too late," thought she, rising distractedly from her restless couch—"he loved me, fondly, faithfully-My wealth, which to one more sordid, would have been my chief attraction, alone deterred him from declaring himself. It may not be too late-the report may be false," and buoying herself up with this frail hope, she hastened to the glass to arrange her dress, and while thus employed, regarded for the first time, with indifference, the lovely, but mournful face the mirror reflected. Descending to the breakfast room, and hastily despatching, or rather pretending to despatch, the unwelcome meal, she retired to concert measures to recall her wandering lover. But Timberlake! how should she act towards him! She had given him every reason to believe, he would be an accepted suitor. There was no time, however, amid such agitation, to dwell upon the thought-Besides, she cared not what would be his feelings, or what might become of him-his very name had become abhorrent to her; for the delusion, created by her vanity, being at once, and entirely dispelled, urged her, regardless of every consideration, to seek to be reinstated in the affections she had too lightly estimated. To obtain an interview with Braithwaite, that she might win him back with her smiles, as she had often done before, was the point she aimed at; for strange as it may appear, it was only now that she became sensible that his visits to her had ceased. Remembering that he sometimes borrowed newspapers, and as one was just then thrown in, she determined to make it the ostensible reason of penning him a note. As she raised it from the floor, a paragraph caught her eye-she read-it was the marriage of Reginald Braithwaite and Hortensia Hurst! The paper fell from her hand.

The Wards and Nancy Broadhorn, from the closest friends, became the most inveterate enemies. She never forgot the arts they had used to detach her from Braithwaite, and they never forgave her coquetry with their cousin Alfred; for, true to her

first feelings of disgust, she had banished him from her presence, and that interesting youth left the place, chagrined and disappointed.

In process of time, Letitia Ward, whose ambition for luxury and show swallowed up every more worthy feeling, became the darling of an old man, whose solitary attraction was his wealth; and Harriet, much to the displeasure of her mother, united herself to a young naval officer, without fortune.

The head of Nancy Broadhorn pressed a sleep-less pillow that night. The treasure with which she had wantonly sported, now rose to her mind in all its intrinsic value. She left the Wards in a state of agitation, which she could ill disguise from her friends, and when alone, in the bitterness of her own solitary reflections, she looked back upon her past conduct, with shame and regret. "But it may not be too late," thought she, rising distractedly from her restless couch—"he loved me, fondly, faithfully—My wealth, which to one more sordid, would have been my chief attraction, alone deter-

"How has Nancy decided among her beaux?" asked the old lady, drawing a pinch of snuff furiously up her nose—" Every one says, the handsome young parson will get her, and I sincerely hope it may be so, for he is a rousing preacher, ma'am, and may do the captain a great deal of good."

"I do not know," answered Mrs. Mustin, taking a seat nearer her friend,—" but I will tell you what my opinion is—I once thought Nancy was quite struck with him, but—"

Here the dinner bell sounded, and this being too important a summons to be lightly treated by the two old ladies arrived at that time of life, when the breakfast, dinner, and supper hours, form the three grand eras in the daily monotony of their existence, they abruptly arose and rustled off in their snuff-colored silks, to partake of the cheer of the Captain's well-plenished board, leaving the conversation in this mutilated condition.

Florence, Georgia.

THE WHITE AND THE RED MAN.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

The white man toils from day to day, And sweats his weary life away, To leave his children great estates, Or pamper wants that wealth creates, Which, when supplied, engender more, Just as one leech begets a score.

The Red man roves the forest wide, Where all his wants are cheap suppli'd, And in cool shades, sunshine, or breeze, Dozes away a life of ease, Unburthen'd by dull care or sorrow, And reckless of the coming morrow.

Which is the sage—the slave that toils, Forever amid feuds and broils, Or the free man with wants so few, They leave him scarcely ought to do? One wears both soul and body out, For what the other does without. Tell, ye adepts in wisdom's school, Which is the sage, and which the fool?

THE MIDNIGHT FESTIVAL.

BY R. B. HALE.

Tis a fearful thing, when the failing breath, Comes gaspingly and slow; When the body lies in feebleness, And the springs of life are low.

When the heart is faintly quivering, And the hour of death is nigh; And the film is slowly gathering, Over the rolling eye.

Tis a fearful thing—that pallid face— Where joy and love have play'd; Furrow'd with lines of suffering, That foul disease has made.

A solemn awe comes o'er the soul— A feeling sense of fear, As we gaze upon the lifeless corse, Or stand beside the bier.

But then to see the very dead
Stand breathless here and there,
Some gazing at the naked walls—
The pictures of despair,
Some down upon their bended knees
In attitude of pray'r.

And some upon the marble floor,
Just where they chanc'd to be
When Death on airy wing look'd in,
——"Tis horrible to see.

There's a fearful tale of the olden time, Of suffering, pain and woe; And it had its birth in the sunny clime, Of Italy I trow.

Where the sunbeams play forever and aye, And the skies are veil'd in blue; And the lovely moon with her silvery ray, And the shining stars look thro';

Where the breezes blow with softest breath,
And Zephyrs, the sweetest, sing;
And the soul forgets pestiferous death,
As it soars on joyous wing—

Tis said that there, on a summer's day, In an old and grey grown pile; At the evening hour, there came to pray, A congregation vile.

The man of years with his hoary head, In wickedness grown old;
That never a christian pray'r had said,
Or a Paternoster told;
With feeble step—and sunken eye—
In sged haste, went tottering by.

The old and young, they both were there;
And both on bended knee;
And all were hush'd, as the voice of prayer,
Went up most fervently.

The pray'r went up, and the pealing song, And the sounding arches rung; As the echoing notes were borne along, The high old vaults among.

'Twas a pealing song—and a song of glee— But the prayer was hush'd and low— And ah! 'twas a piteous sight to see That scene of torturing woe!

For there, within the hallow'd pile,
E'en where the altar stood;
Far down the reach of the lengthen'd aisle,
Was a hideous god of wood.
Nor tongue can tell—nor words express—
The half of all its hideousness.

'Twas more like Death, and yet the more Resembling some incarnate fiend— A ghastly smile, its visage wore, As dim and blear'd the tapers gleam'd.

Before its eyeballs' spectral glare,
A human being lay;
His sinking soul was all despair,
And his lips refused to pray.

His straiten'd limbs were stiff and cold, And the life-blood curdled fast, For the tighten'd strain of a coiling fold, Around his limbs was cast.

His face was pale as the drifted snow—
And his tongue was parch'd and dry,
And he writh'd his body to and fro—
With a faint and smother'd cry.

And then there came a transient gleam,
The flash of a glittering knife,
And the bursting forth of a purple stream,
With a piteous pray'r for life.

The victim lay with an upturn'd eye, But the eye was dull and dead; For the gushing springs of life were dry, And the viewless spirit fled.

They caught the blood of the murder'd man, As it flow'd full fast and free;
And pour'd it out from a silver can,
To their hideous Deity.

Then round and round, in a threefold ring, With incantation low; Their breathing prayers scarce whispering, With solemn tread they go.

And round and round—'tis the noon of night,
And the tapers' sickly glare,
Grows dim and pale with a blu'ish light,
Yet nought do they forbear.

But who is he with ghastly smile, Floating on airy wing; Around the dimly lighted pile, Where midnight Orgies ring?

Who sweeps the murky atmosphere;
With dark malicious eye;
Sitting upon a charnel bed,
Where mouldering relics lie?

Softly he steals with stealthy step,
The worshipers to greet,
And mingles in the boist'rous dance,
With silent fleshless feet.

His lidless eyes are coals of fire— His garment, black as night— Cover'd with mouldy mildew'd hair,— An awful—awful sight!

And now he leads the tireless dance:—
Louder and louder grows the din;
Fainter the flickering tapers glow,
And ghastlier is his grin.

Louder and louder pat the foot—
Quicker and quicker draw the breath—
Rec! it round with a merrier step.—
'Tis the honey-moon of Death.

The screeching owlet flaps her wings—
The cloister'd bat deserts its cell—
And phantomy forms, in airy rings,
The gibbering jargon swell.

The sisters weird in riotous mood,
With eyes of flame, and snaky hair;
Tripp'd lightly where the Demon stood,
And told their witcheries there.

And high they flung their waving arms, Pale Death and the furies three; And clapp'd their bony fleshless palms, With songs of boist'rous glee.

Then up the sisle—and down the reach— Hither and thither, and round the ring; With serpent hiss—and owlet screech— The infernal sisters sing.

The midnight air grew cold and dank,
And deeper grew the gloom;
Till the cehoing sounds of the tumult sank,
To the stillness of the tomb.

The morning dawn'd—and its beaming ray— Lit up the grey old pile, But lifeless forms in thick array, Stood up and down the aisle.

And round about the image there,
Were some on bended knee;
And they gazed with a fixed and glassy glare,
And smiled most horribly!

And some there were beside the bier,
Whereon the victim lay;
But their limbs were stiff with palsied fear,
And their souls had pass'd away.

There stood an old and grey grown one,
A man of hoary head;
Leaning against the chancel stone,
Where lay the gory dead.

His eyeballs glow'd a ghastly glare, Their sunken sockets in; And long and lank his silver hair, Hung scattering and thin.

One hand upon his stricken heart,—
One shrunken hand had he—
As if some spirit's fiery dart,
Had quench'd vitality,

E'en when the life-blood danced along, In pleasure's maddening glow; And the festive foot, and the pealing song, Were echoing to and fro.

There stood the young; but the gushing tide
Of youth's young dream was o'er;
And the cheek that glow'd with manly pride,
A deathly pallor wore.

The heart that beat with rapturous glee, Where hope's unpinion'd wing; Soar'd fearless thro' futurity, Whence glorious visions spring—

In its wildest mood, had ceas'd to beat;
And the throbbing pulse stood still—
While vacancy sat in the self same seat,
Where sat the imperial will.

And thus they were—all motionless— Nor sound of living thing; Came o'er the murky atmosphere, With slightest quivering.

'Twas like a dark and dismal grave,
That old and time-worn pile—
Fill'd up with many a loathsome corse,
Throughout its lengthy aisle.

A gloomy dim-lit sepulchre;
A part of Death's domain;
The ghastly forms that stood around,
The subjects of his reign.

But Time has sped—and ages pass'd— The world has older grown— And darkness with her ebon wings, Its brooding curse has flown.

And science in her nobleness,
Religion with her rod;
Is turning man from waywardness,
To duty and to God.

And there where stood the old grey pile, Is a Christian Temple now; And the song goes up as it did of yore, And solemnly they bow.

But they bow them not to an earthly god.
They kneel to a loftier King,
And the songs that flow in unison there,
Are the songs that Christians sing.

Notices of New Works.

"AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.
BY CHARLES DICKENS."

As an earnest of our disposition to do Mr. Dickens justice; and to let him have fair play—we give two notices of his Notes—one from the North, the other from the South, by which he may perceive that they do not pass current in either section.—Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.

When we heard that Mr. Dickens intended visiting the United States, we were not among those who fancied that, because he possessed a vivid and excursive imagination, capable of presenting to us scenes of thrilling or humorous interest in all the force of reality, he necessarily was endowed with all the qualities essential to a traveller of close, correct, and comprehensive view; that he must be a connoiseur in art, science and literature, and at the same time imbued with the reflecting and instructive philosophy, to draw our manners from our institutions; or, that he possessed the true conventional standard by which those manners are to he measured. Because he had written some charming works of fiction, which had given great and universal satisfaction, and in return for which we paid to his genius the homage we are learning to withhold from title

hospitality he was bound to go through the country, eulogizing and bepraising every thing he saw; we should have regarded him as offering an insult to our self-respect had he done so. We can allow for those of another country and familiar with other institutions, if they find it difficult to violate the instinct of human nature, the force of education and the promptings of that happy prejudice which inclines us to prefer the defects of home to the perfections of other places, and cannot at once exalt the unaccustomed manners of our country, once the familiar ones of their own. know that men, accustomed to the use of bad wine, learn to prefer its flavor to the most delicate bouquet of good, and beace we can, very good naturedly allow Mr. Dickens, to pity us because New York does not afford idle population and vagabonds enough to encourage a "Punch and Judy." Harlequin and "hand organ" in every thoroughfare, according to the established usage of the good city of London. Finally, we are not one of those who care what Dickens, or any other foreigner "thinks of us;" nor do we suppose that his opinion will have aught to do with our national destinies. With such feelings, and from having had some observation in England ourselves, we enter upon a consideration of his American notes: premising, that upon this subject of slavery. we shall say nothing; because, upon this question, we should both draw the sword and throw away the scabbard, without any beneficial result. It is a subject respecting which, he knows nothing, and we cannot receive his fancies for facts; moreover, he is not, individually, responsible for his sentiments, they belong to every Englishman, from the chained naked wretches of the coal mines, and work-worn, white factory slaves, to the sovereign, who, not personally, but whose pageantry, crushes down the whole nation.

In this work, we see a young and ardent Englishman. with a sensitive and benevolent heart, and a fancy, which, with balloon-like expansibility, inflates itself by vaporizing the smallest fact, and gives itself to the wildest and most rapid wanderings. We see him with honest intentions, endeavoring to discover all the good he possibly can, through a thirk obscuration of national prejudice, to write with the decorum due to his new friends; to condemn his own country no farther than it condemns itself, and by some harmless and caricature exaggerations of minor points, to mingle mirth and humor with his shreds of truth, sentiment and philosophy, and thus produce as honest a book as would be consistent with marketable qualities. Dickens' great talent consisted in his powers of individual description, -of emotions-persons or localities, and its charm arises from the many harmonious and consistent circumstances, or judiclously contracted incongruities by which he surrounds and developes the smallest nucleus of truth, and forces it upon our interests and sympathics. In the proof of this, we refer to his descriptions in the present work; they are precisely similar to those of his previous fictions and possess all their interest. His description of the ship and of the borrors of sea-sickness, in the second chapter, almost made the chair reel under us, and quite made remembered miseries a present reality. See also his description of the reactions and sensations of a prisoner in solitary confinement in chapter seventh; but to make it really true, you most suppose Charles Dickens, with all his sensibility and talents, the prisoner.

It is impossible that such a writer can be really truthful, however great his determination to be so; truth may be his purpose, but imagination involuntarily touches the point of his pen.

In common with all other English travellers, he discovers sa`iva and tobacco to be the great abominations of our land. We have no disposition to deny or to defend these peculiarities, but we are inclined to think that the feathery shower of saliva flowing from the car-windows, was merely a "Box"

and rank, we have not thought, that in compensation for our hospitality he was bound to go through the country, eulogizing and hepraising every thing he saw; we should have regarded him as offering an insult to our self-respect had he done so. We can allow for those of another country and familiar with other institutions, if they find it difficult to violate the instinct of human nature, the force of education and the promptings of that happy prejudice, which inclines us to prefer the defects of home to the perfections of other places, and cannot at once exalt the unaccustomed manners able politeness and urbanity pervades our republic, render-foour country, once the familiar ones of their own. We

We will now attempt to show what Mr. Dickens does not appear to have discovered: that this general courtesy is one of the prominent and necessary results of our political organization.

In England, where men, by fixed institutions, are paled into distinct classes, one class is foreign, if not hostile to the other, and they have no sympathies in common. When, by any chance they come to be promiscuously thrown together, any one who belongs to the elevated, privileged orders, so far from feeling it a duty to render himself agreeable to his fellows, dreads the contamination of familiarity with those, who, perchance, may be beneath him, and wraps himself in haughty, if not surly reserve. Coldness and even brusquerie of manner may thus mark the intercourse of equals brought into accidental association, one being ignorant of the claims of the other. Those who are conscious of inferiority, when they feel their position to be unknown, attempt to assert a temporary importance by a disgusting affectation, and overacting of arrogance and impertinence. The claims of the female sex have no soothing influence upon this social state of porcupine irritation, as we think it may justly be termed; for whatever the gentleman by birth may yield to the lady known as such, he does not acknowledge as the general right of woman. From these powerful influences, the promiscuous association of men in English conveyances, is marked by any thing else than the courtesy which is every where to be found in our republican omnibus cars, and dirty, ricketty stage coaches. We will now endeavor to assign the reasons for our greater national polite-

The highest rank known in our social relations, being that of gentlemen, and this being defined by no law, nor limited to any occupation, every individual in the republic feels that he has some claim to the character, and aspires, in some degree, to the manners by which it is distinguished. His circumstances and position may prevent him from acquiring all the arbitrary rules of conventional etiquette, but that courtesy which all know to be essential to the character of the gentleman, spontaneously prompts a corresponding manner; and hence, an American mechanic or laborer, astonishes the English gentleman, by relinquishing a choice seat in a stage coach to any casual female passenger. The American citizen does not fear a descent from his station by social converse with his casual fellow-passenger, and none have reason to conceal their true position by an assumption of arrogant and sude superiority. A polite and courteous manner, not one of forms and ceremonies, thus becomes a national characteristic; it is one of the glorious results of our republican institutions, and should teach us to regard the instructions of those institutions, rather than the lessons of every foreigner who assumes to correct and improve our manners.

Mr. Dickens reiterates the ridicule of preceding English writers respecting our disposition to inquire concerning the business, dwelling place, and destination of our fellow travellers, and to be equally communicative respecting our own affairs. Although it be sometimes annoying, it may be well before we determine upon correcting this characteristic, to inquire, whether the national peculiarities in which it originates, can be advantageously changed for those

which dictate an opposite course among the way-farers of England? At the risk of laying ourselves amenable to the charge of defending a national weakness, we will endeavor to expose the spirit of our inquisitiveness, and to show, that when it is changed for manners better suited to his taste, we shall have lost much of our national virtue. The circumstances which we have enumerated as leading to that courtesy among us, which is wanting on the other side of the water, it will readily be perceived, have a close relation to the present subject; but, the chief source of this trait is found in, and is the proof of the want of, that general distrust with which he so hastily and erroneously charges us; and the habitual dwelling of this distrust in an Englishman's bosom, renders our inquisitiveness peculiarly annoying to him. A home-bred American citizen has not habituated himself to question, whether the man beside him in a stage coach, or at the dinner table of a steam-boat. is a haughty lordling above his communion, or a finished swindler of London graduation, interested in concealing his own movements, and dangerous to trust with ours. He feels that all around him, are, like himself, plain, unpretending people, upon honest business; each has nothing to conceal, and does not fear to trust his neighbor; the common sympathy which pervades our people, leads to an interchange of information upon each other's business, home, and destination. This feeling and practice has greater extent as we get remote from the sea-board, and from foreign influence. We allude to the American people, and not to those travelled exceptions, who have learned to despise the honesty of home manners, and to cloak themselves in the envelopes of imported corruption. There are yet other, popular relations, which sustain and nourish this inquisitive propensity and render it an essential part of our national character. Our citizens with a vast continent before them, fulfil the purposes of their destiny, and do not sit down, generation after generation, in one place and to one pursuit; we scatter from one end of the union to the other and members of the same family dwell in various and distant points; hence when a promiscuous company is gathered together in a travelling conveyance, each one may have come from the neighborhood of some acquaintance. friend or relative of the other, and by free inquiry and communication, a very pleasant association may be formed between strangers by the bond of a distant mutual friend. We have in much travel throughout our whole country, scarcely ever failed to experience or to witness such discoveries; these impulses foreigners cannot, of course, appreciate.

Seeing then, that this trait is the result of a wide spread sympathy; is the best evidence of freedom from distrust, and of mutual confidence, and marks the absence of corruption of character sufficient to destroy this confidence, we trust that this peculiarity may long continue to call forth the ridicule of those travellers whose previous associations and education unfit them to discover the salutary principles and humanizing institutions from which it emanates.

One other charge, that of devotion to money, has been brought against us, is stereotyped for insertion into every British author and is conveyed by the expression, "the universal dollar;" Mr. Dickens passes it qu. We should scarge allude to this but for the absurd inconsistency of such a charge emanating from an English writer. It is true, that we have no classes in our country with their wealth secured by law beyond the consequences of their extravagance, who are ramoved from the necessity of useful exertion, and need never talk or think of dollars in the abundance of that wealth poured into their coffers by a hard worked population to which the idea of dollars for themselves, is beyond the farthest flight of hope. It is true, that none of us are placed above a care for the means of existence, and it is equally

not over-taxed labor; hence social relations and enjoyments, relaxation and a disposition to spend money perhaps too carelessly, mingle with our useful and profitable pursuits; and hence there is never seen in the United States that condensation of thought and effort in the pursuit of gain, which is a prominent characteristic of those classes which in England are thrown upon their exertions for a livelihood, and which the crowded competition for life renders necessary to all such, whether authors, professional men or trades-people, as they are called. Nothing is given gratuitously: literature, advice and minutes are measured by money; courtesy and common civility are limited to the prospect of reward, and the chance of winning a customer from a competitor; garbage and cinders have a commercial value; national institutions only open for pay; and the Tower, St. Pauls, and Westminster Abbey are the recipients of shillings; "The tricks of trade" is a necessary phrase in the vocabulary, and are an essential part of the business for which every apprentice pays a premium to learn.

As before stated, we have not been led to these remarks by any supposition that Mr. Dickens' opinions are important to us. Our object has been to show that our peculiarities are the result of the good in our institutions; that our republican organization is productive of social, as well as political advantages; and that neither Mr. Dickens nor any other foreigner is fitted-by his national education, to become the rule for us. We have no disposition to quarrel with him for his peculiar views, and we think he has been, considering national prejudice, generous. He has discovered food where more illiberal writers have overlooked it. It is but natural that he should quarrel with our tobacco-spitting, and inquisitiveness, and that he should not like the rough roads of our new continent as well as the macadamised ones of old England. We cheerfully take all the scolding for these, for his testimony in relation to the Lowell factory girls, and his remark, that, contrasted with his own country, it would be between Good and Evil, the living light and deepest shadow." We should be angry with his strictures upon our congress if we did not know that his sentiments might have been copied from our own papers, and it is fully compensated for by his admission, that among our representatives are men "striking to look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crichtons in varied accomplishment, Indians in fire of eye and gesture, Americans in strong and generous impulse.'

As a literary production the work will not add to his fame; fortunately, it is not necessary to it. His descriptions of places, pigs, negro drivers and travelling companions are true to " Boz" if not to reality, and had the entire work been of this character it would have possessed an interest in which it is now deficient.

"AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

BY CHARLES DICKENS."

The anxiously expected work of Dickens on the U.S., is out at last, and its arreival has created a much greater sensation, than its perusal will sustain; for in spite of its taking title, we much doubt, whether these "Notes" will be taken into "general circulation," after the present "run" has been supplied, and the first issue exhausted; being a very depreciated currency, as regards value, to all the other issues from the same quarter; but proving that Dickens has learnt by his trip to America, that secret of Banking, by which, waste paper is converted into good current coin : although, like many of our Bankers, he has lost credit while making cash. By this time, we suppose the work has been swallowed by the whole reading public, and to his enemies. it must have afforded the most intense gratification; for it true that those means are within the reach of healthful and is one of the most suicidal productions, ever deliberately

published by an author, who had the least reputation to lose. Not that the whole work exhibits the impress of wilful malignity and deliberate injustice towards a nation, from which, both as an author and a man, he has received the highest favors; but because, it is utterly weak, frivolous, and inconclusive throughout, adding another to the many proofs of the fact, that he who attempts to perform a task, for which both his frame of mind, and previous opportunities have rendered him unfit, can only succeed in making himself ridiculous, and detracting from the real merit which he may possess. As a writer of a peculiar class of fictions and master of the comic, "Boz" has had no rival; but when after a four months' run over a country like ours, he presumes to pass judgment on our national character and institutions, amazement at his audacity is only merged into pity for his folly, and the reader is irresistibly reminded of a similar undertaking, which he himself has graphically described on the part of a certain "Pickwick Club," to perform the same service for the "unexplored Parishes" of England; with a similar result since the Hero of the "Notes for general circulation," is a fac simile of Mr. Pickwick in every particular, but the "gaiters" and the benevolence, which that indivividual is made to possess.

We regret also to add, that we cannot acquit Mr. Dickens of a wilful plagiarism from an American Author, both in the plan and execution of his work; or he has never read our great national work "Salmagundi," since the "Notes" both in matter and style, bear a most striking similarity to the "Stranger in New-Jersey" by Jeremy Cockloft, Esq., contained in that useful and instructive publication, as any one can perceive, by comparing the two together. Mr. Dickens arrived at Boston about the end of January, and sailed for Europe about the first of June; he therefore spent but four months in the United States; the greater part of which time must have been consumed in travelling from one place to another; since, during that short period he visited all the Northern and Middle states, and several of the Western, taking a flying glance at each, and jumping at his conclusions, from information, picked up from any idler met by the way-side; much of his time too, consumed in eating dinners, listening to complimentary speeches, and replying to the same; and yet he pretends to enlighten his countrymen upon the manners, customs and mental peculiarities of the American Savages, who almost drown him in " to bacco spit," and answer "Yes Sir" to every possible query that can be propounded to them, (see "Notes" passim.) Having in person made the same tour through the Northern States, we feel bound to say, that the descriptions of Mr. Dickens. are fancy-sketches throughout; the inconveniences of travel grossly exagerated; and no justice done either to the natural advantages or acquired excellencies of that section of our union. We do not mean to charge him with having intentionally done this, but think that it arises from his having measured every thing that met his eye, according to his own preconceived notion; all that corresponded with British taste was good; all that differed from things "at home" was necessarily bad; and the eye of the Londoner accustomed to the perpetual eclipse of the sun, quarrels with the fresh, bright appearance of the lovely villages of New-England, because they "look exactly like scenes in a Pantomine?" But some may say in vindication; that his short stay in this country did not admit of his writing a work of a more substantial character? but this is the very thing complained of; if such were the case, why publish at all, unless the bard dollars of his publishers were of more value to him then the permanence of his own reputation? and there is an old adage, which Mr. Dickens may with profit reflect on, relating to persons whose rise in the public favor, like his own, has been sudden "That he who rises like

readable, since nothing written by him is ever totally destitute of interest; the very blunders and extravagances in it render it amusing; and, in his description of the miseries of a sea-voyage and in several other places, we recognize the "Boz" of our early love, although any one, whose "soul," has ever, "sickened o'er the heaving wave," must sensibly feel, that sea-sickness is the last thing in the world to make a jest of; and that he who can be guilty of such conduct, could not be serious about any thing whatever. As it is our wish to be temperate in our strictures, we would only say, that as soon as Dickens touches the soil of America, his good humor deserts him, and he becomes as crusty and crotchical a John Bull as possible; in comparison with whom Captain Marryatt is a courteous gentleman, and the Amazonian Trollope a paragon of meekness. One would naturally imagine that the chief objects of curiosity with an intelligent stranger, would be, the frame-work of our Institutions, and the distinctive traits of our National and Individual character, and that to acquire a knowledge of these, the Traveller would frequent places of public resort, the Halls of Justice, and of Legislation; and seek information from conversations with intelligent and enlightened men, who could throw light upon much puzzling to a stranger; does he pursue this plan? On the contrary, the peculiar bent of his mind drives him into Jails and Work-houses, Lunatic Asylums, negro dances, and those haunts of poverty and vice, which lurk in the narrow lanes and by-ways of large cities. Thither, the author of "Oliver Twist" instinctively directs his steps, the morbid anatomy of the human mind is his appropriate study, of his healthy action he knows nothing; and we do not despair of yet seeing some useful result arise, from his researches here, long after this impotent attack upon things which he does not understand, has been laughed at and forgotten. As a proof of our assertion, let any one turn to the Book, and he will find, that in his account of his visit to Boston (the first city he visited) seven eighths of the space is occupied, with an account of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum? while Cambridge and its University claim but a passing notice. Worcester and Hartford are despatched in two paragraphs; while a long chapter is devoted to his conversation with patients in the Insane Asylum at the latter place. To the city of New-York he devotes but one chapter, and during his short stay, the time he could steal from his "Committee," was spent, not in surveying the magnificent Public Works of that great city; but in the " Egyptian Tombs" to the account of which, and the particulars of a negro ball at the Five Points, which he relates with infinite gusto, three-fourths of this chapter is given; these and the peculiar habits of the New-York Pigs struck Boz as the things most worthy of note and record in the great metropolis of the United States. Such too is the case in his travels through the whole country, the chapter on Philadelphia is headed "Philadelphia and its solitary Prison" and Mr. De Tocqueville whose visit to this country, was for the express purpose of visiting our Jails and Penitentiaries, saw less of them, and more of the country, than this "Traveller for amusement" during his short stay among us. And perhaps one reason of his blind and rooted prejudice against the Southern States, which he did not even visit, may have been the want of Penitentiaries to visit in them; for unfair and exagerated as is his account of the Northern states, it is kind and flattering in comparison with his strictures on the Southern, which, as we before stated, he did not even visit, having gone no farther South than Richmond; candidly confessing, that his prejudices were insurmountable, and that it was therefore useless to come; thus acting about as wisely as a man, who should bandage both his eyes, and then boast of his clearness of vision. His very humor fails him upon Southern ground, a Rocket is apt to come down like the stick." Of course as witness his miserable failure at an attempt to be facetious the Book contains some interesting passages, and is very in describing the ride from Potomac Creek; and his whole account of Washington and Richmond is as flippant and feeble in execution, as it is bitter and hostile in design. As a specimen of the good taste displayed in it, we will cite an extract from his account of the President's Levee.

"The greater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy, than doing any thing else that any body knew of; a few were closely eying the moveables, as if to make quite sure that the President (who was far from popular) had not made away with any of the furniture, or sold the fixtures for his private benefit."

Space will not allow any further comments here; suffice it to say, that faults of taste and temper might be pardoned in a hasty work, and many allowances should be made for one, who probably never in his life before, was "out of the sound of Bow-bells," whose head was also turned, by the gross flattery and servility of a set of Literary Jackalls, whose fawning has been repaid by the dedication of a Book, which is a libel upon their country and themselves. But there is one thing, for the commission of which, these pleas will not avail him; and it is, that he has permitted himself to be made a tool of by the Abolitionists, has endorsed their stale slanders, heedless of their falsity or truth; has inserted in his work passages from Southern Papers, which were actually the coinage of lying Abolitionists; and has basely pandered to the prejudices of his countrymen, by asserting as facts, things obviously false; for which he had no shadow of proof. Therefore it is, that although the greater part of this Book should only call forth a pitying smile at the vanity and folly of its author; his bitter assaults and foul calumnies in relation to an institution which he has not troubled himself to understand in any of its bearings, deserve the indignant scorn of an insulted and slandered People. LAON.

Columbia, S. C.

THULIA. A tale of the Antartic, by J. C. Palmer, U. S. N., New-York, published by Samuel Colburn, 1843.

This is a poem commemorative of the Southern cruise in 1839, of the Flying Fish-one of the tenders of the Exploring Expedition. It is neatly got up, and embellished. The Flying Fish was built, and ran for some time, as a New-York pilot boat. She was taken into the Expedition at the last moment, and sent from the North River, to cruise among the icebergs of the Antartic, just as she stood, without having one nail driven to add to her strength. In this frail thing, Lt. Walker, with a dozen choice spirits, set out from Terra del Fuego in Feb. 1839, to search for an icy continent in a frozen sea. And though they did not make the land, they outstripped their more lusty and substantial comrades, and penetrated further south by several degrees than any other vessel of the Expedition. The highest point gained by the Commander of the Expedition on that occasion, being about 65° or there-away-whereas, Lt. Walker, in his cockle-shell, went beyond 70°. In the next attempt, at the Antartic, none of the vessels of the Expedition approached nearer than three degrees to the parallel passing through the Ultima Thule of Lt. Walker. To him therefore belongs the honor of having reached, in the smallest, and by far the most frail vessel of the Expedition, the highest latitude gained by the American voyagers. Of this fact, there is not only no acknowledgment, but no allusion in the published "Synopsis" of the cruise. As a tribute to the modest worth of this young officer, and to secure to him the credit which he deserves, this little volume was written, and dedicated to him, by Dr. Palmer, himself an "explorer." There are some fine passages in it. Here is one on the departure of the vessel, under the name of "Thulia" from Cape Horn, for the inhospitable South.

> "Fleet as the tern that wakeful springs, From stunted beech, or blighted willow,

Our little Thulia spreads her wings, And off she skims across the billow.

"A fairer morning, o'er the face
Of wintry region, never smiled;
And 'mid the ripples at its base,
The stormy Cape itself look'd mild.

"With hopes clate, and hearts that spurn All thought of fearing wind or waves, The eager rovers southward turn, To seek new space for human graves.

A storm comes on, and the daring little cock-boat is thus described:

"Deep in the hollow of a wave
The sea-bird stoops to find a lee;
And where the maddened waters rave,
What refuge, puny bark for thee?

"The leaden skies above her, frown,
Through frozen drifts of cutting sleet;
And combing billows tumbling down,
Infold her like a winding sheet.

"The very creatures of the brine
Appear to know her hapless plight,
And snorting herds of fishy swine,
Come plunging round to mock her flight.

"While from the vortex in her wake, High spouts the whale, his flood of spray Lashing the waters till they quake, Beneath his fluke's tremendous play."

The approach of a wintry night at sea, described in these three stanzas, makes cold chills run through our veins as we read:

"With oval disk and feeble blaze,
Now shrinks away the pallid sun;
And night comes groping through the haze,
Like guilty ghost in cerements dun.

"The dark cold fog, slow settling down, Hangs o'er the waste a murky pall; And round the narrow misty zone, The seas heave up a wavy wall.

"The storm, out-spent, has ceased to howl,
The winds have mouned themselves to sleep;
And darkness broods, with sullen scowl,
O'er the stranger and the deep."

In the morning a narrow opening through the icy barrier is discovered. The North River pilot-boat, alone and far in advance of the other vessels, steers for it. As she approaches it with frozen sails and stiffened sheets, the crew break forth in gladsome song:—

"Yonder, see! the icy portal Opens for us to the pole; And where never entered mortal, Thither speed we to the goal. Hope's before, and doubt's behind, On we fly before the wind. Steady, so—now let it blow, Glory guides and South we go."

The author then takes up the narrative and goes into a glowing description:

"Between two ice-bergs gaunt and pale Like giant sentinels on post. Without a welcome or a hail Intrude they on the realms of frost.

- "Cold, cold as death-the sky so bleak That even day-light seems to shiver; And, starting back from icy peak, The blinking sunbeams quail and quiver.
- "They smile, those lonely, patient men Though gladness mocks that scene so drear; They speak-yet words are spent in vain Which seem to freeze upon the ear.
- "And, when at eve, with downy flake, The snow-storm drops its veil around, The weary sleep, the watchful wake, But both alike in dreams are bound. .
- "Here Thulia lies a bank of snow, Each sail hung round with gilded frill, Festooned with frost, her graceful prow, And every rope an icicle.
- "Amid the fearful stillness round, Scarce broken by the wind's faint breezing, Hist! heard ye not that crackling sound-That death watch-click ?- the sea is freezing?"

Being now surrounded by ice, and unable to proceed further, Lt. Walker thanks his frosted little crew for their zealous co-operation, and resolves to return. The vessel is extricated, as by a miracle from the freezing sea and surrounding ice, and safely conducted back into Orange Harbor, where his command is taken away from him.

The course of this frail vessel, among the ice and frozen seas of the South, equals-nay-taking her size and structare into consideration, surpasses any thing of the kind we have ever read. They had no medical officer on board, and one of the crew, got his ribs broken-they woolded him around with tarred canvas and saved his life. They lost all their thermometers-Lt. Walker then dipped up out of the sea, a tin-pot of water, and hung it in the rigging-determined to keep on South until that should freeze. They did keep on, until they could hear the ice make around them-and before they could extricate themselves, the sea was frozen over. To prevent the ice from cutting a hole in the vessel, as they forced her through it, they had to rip the planks upon which they slept, and hold them over the bows m the place of sheathing. Such were some of the extremites to which Lt. Walker and his crew were reduced on this remarkable voyage, not an inkling of which has before been given to the public.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF EBENEZER PORTER MAson, Interspersed with Hints to Parents and Instructors on the training and education of a Child of Genius. By Dennison Olmsted, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College, 1 vol. 12mo. Dayton & Newman, New York, 1842.

We have always reprobated the idea of publishing to the world the lives of nameless men, whom the blind partiality elsome friend or kinsman, has elevated into a hero or man of genius; and, when our eye first fell upon the title of this book, we must confess that we ranked it among this class z publications, and commenced its perusal with a feeling what akin to that which would be indicated by a sneer. Bet in the progress of what we commenced as a task, we men found that our disposition to sneer, was exceedingly mphilosophical, and, in this case, entirely uncalled for. Tes is the Life of a Young Man of real and undoubted pairs, edited by Professor Olmsted, of Yale College, TER great good taste and judgment. The author has avoidthe fault of most Biographers, by obtruding upon the the consistently with a due performance of his task, and called into requisition by the Federal Government; on this,

by permitting the subject of his memoir, wherever practicable, to speak for himself. Mason was uncommonly precocious, and of a mind highly poetical and imaginative; he owed his mastery and control of it, and its direction into proper channels, to the wise and judicious system of management pursued by his Aunt, Mrs. Turner, of Roseneath, near Richmond, Va., with whom he spent his years of childhood. The book would be valuable, could we learn nothing from it save this system. Mason entered at Yale as early as practicable; and though he sought with avidity, all kinds of knowledge, he early evinced a preference for the exact sciences. He attained an intimate knowledge of the higher branches of mathematics; and, in the noble science of Astronomy, he found food for a mind naturally lofty and high reaching. But every where the mode of education that had been pursued with him, showed itself a powerful auxiliary in his struggle for a high place among his fellow men. Attention to minutia, great assiduity, untiring perseverance, all backing a quick mind, and an unyielding will-nothing but the will of God expressed, in this instance, by the hand of death, could have prevented him from being a distinguished man. He died of consumption at the age of 21. Mason's style of composition was remarkably spirited and attractive, and considering his youth and little familiarity with lore purely literary, almost wonderfully pure and polished. We have seldom read letters the perusal of which has afforded us more gratification than those of Mason. One exhibits so strongly his kindness of heart and rectitude of feeling, that we cannot forbear quoting an extract. It is taken from a long letter to his father, on the occasion (we believe,) of his third marriage,-" In the first place, I must congratulate you, dear father, on that happy change in your prospects by which the comforts and happiness of domestic life are again secured to you, and that the care and attention which scarce any but a wife can afford, are once more yours, whether in sickness or in health. I rejoiced when I heard of it; for the picture of my father, sick, in pain, despondent, lonely and dependent on the indeed assiduous, but yet inexperienced attentions of a single daughter, pained me. I have now no fear but that, with occasional hours of sadness for the memory of one to whom both of us owe a deep debt of gratitude and love, you will resume your former cheerfulness, and hope in the future. As to my own feelings, I shall not be ashamed, but rather proud to call any one mother, or any sisters, whom my father chooses as wife and daughters; and I assure you I long not a little to reach home, and welcome by these names, my new friends." Mason's temper and disposition appear to have been perfect, and he must have been a source of great pride and pleasure to his relatives and friends. We have fallen quite in love with his character. We thank Professor Olmsted for his book; and we shall consider that if by our praise of it, we can obtain its general perusal, we shall have cast a pebble upon the great pile raised to human benefit and plea-

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. Being & familiar introduction to the study of that science, for the use of Schools and Academies. By James Renwick, L. L. D., Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Chamistry in Columbia College. New-York.: Harper & Brothers-82 Cliff street-1842.

This is an enlargement and improvement upon a former work of the kind. Its author is favorably known to the government and the public for his profound and practical and scientific attainments. He was employed as one of the commissioners for running the North-Eastern boundary mater, his own observations and reflections as little as pos- line; and his services have, on several other occasions, been

himself with credit. He has produced in the instance before us, a very useful book for schools and colleges. The extension of science, like the multiplication of our wants, and increase of business, has created the necessity for a division of study, as well as of labor. A single generation back, and it was common to see the same individual following as one branch of business, occupations which are now divided among two or more, and are rightly considered as so many distinct and separate trades or callings. So it is with school books and college education-instead now of attempting to make students proficients in all, or any one branch of science, the most their teachers aspire to, is to clear away the rubbish from their young minds, and to lay, on a good basis, the foundation of science, so that the pupil may be prepared, when he leaves Alma Mater, to take up this or that branch of science, and study it with profit; it is then, that any thing like proficiency is attained. In this view, Renwick's Natural Philosophy is a good foundation book for students, and as such we commend it. It is for sale at the book-store of Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY, by Jeremy Belknap, D.D. with additions and Notes by F. M. Hubbard. In three volumes—New-York: Harper and Brothers 1842.

The Messrs. Harper have done well to add this work to their valuable series of American Biography. As the work appeared from the hands of Dr. Belknap, though well written and popular, it was susceptible of improvement. The recent discoveries of important papers, has thrown a better light upon the history of many names mentioned in it; and it has been improved upon, and corrected of many errors, by Mr. Hubbard; -is now put forth in a new dress, and a more attractive form than ever. These sketches commence with Byron, Medoc, Zeno and Columbus, and end with the Winthrops, the Calverts, and Penn. Among the number, is an interesting sketch of Raleigh-that rare spirit whose bravery was first tried at the battle of Rimenant, where his men, "being more sensible of a little heat of the sun than any cold-fears of death" threw off their armor and clothes, and gained a victory in their shirts. 'Twas said of him-"he lived like a star, and like a star which troubleth the firmament, he fell."

In 1531, one Martinez, a Spaniard was turned adrift in South America, for some offence—he was taken by the natives, and carried many days blind-folded to their "golden city of Manoa." He travelled in it, a day and a half, hefore he reached the palace of the Inca. The houses were roofed with gold, and the city was watered by a lake that washed a bed of golden sands-and he called it "El Dorado"-the gilded place. The marvellous stories which this vagabond told on his return, and repeated on his deathbed, dazzled the civilized world with golden dreams, and called out many expeditions to the Banks of the Oronoco in search of "El Dorado." Sir Walter the leader of several, thus advertises for followers. "The American soldier shall fight for gold, and pay himself, instead of pence, with plates of halfe a foote broade, whereas, he breaketh his bones in other warres for provunt and penury. Those commanders and chieftains that shoote at honor and abundance, shall find them more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with golden images, more sepulchres filled with treasure, than either Cortez found in Mexico, or Pizarro in Peru." But instead of gold, he brought back stories of headless men; and reported that the "Ampagotos had images of gold of incredible bignesse." Having almost reached the "gilded city," he was encouraged by what he did see, or thought he saw, and went back again "to teach envy a new way to forgetfulness." These and other like stories,

as well as on these occasions, the Professor has acquitted himself with credit. He has produced in the instance before us, a very useful book for schools and colleges. The extension of science, like the multiplication of our wants,

SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. 111, 1842.

The publication of this work, our readers will recollect, was commenced in New-Orleans. It has been removed to Charleston, S. C., whence the number before was issued. A work of the kind is needed for the South—and we should be glad to see it well sustained. It is in a fair way to establish a reputation—go on and prosper, say we.

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Richard January 1st, 1843.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

This is a monthly Magazine, devoted chiefly to LITERATURE, but occasionally finding room also for articles that fall within the scope of SCIENCE; and professing no disdain of tasteful selections, though its matter has been, as it will continue to be, in the main, original.

Party Politics and controversial Theology, as far as possible, are jealously excluded. They are sometimes so blended with discussions in literature or in moral science, otherwise unobjectionable, a to gain admittance for the sake of the more valuable matter to which they adhere: but whenever the happens, they are incidental, only; not primary. They are dross, tolerated only because it cannot we

be severed from the sterling ore wherewith it is incorporated.

REVIEWS, and CRITICAL NOTICES, occupy their due space in the work: and it is the Editor's air that they should have a threefold tendency—to convey, in a condensed form, such valuable truths interesting incidents as are embodied in the works reviewed,—to direct the reader's attention to bool that deserve to be read,-and to warn him against wasting time and money upon that large number which merit only to be burned. In this age of publications, that by their variety and multitude distra and overwhelm every undiscriminating student, IMPARTIAL CRITICISM, governed by the views just me tioned, is one of the most inestimable and indispensable of auxiliaries, to him who does wish to di criminate.

Essays, and Tales, having in view utility or amusement, or both—Historical Sketches—a REMINISCENCES of events too minute for History, yet elucidating it, and heightening its interest,-ma be regarded as forming the staple of the work. And of indigenous Poetray, enough is publishedsometimes of no mean strain—to manifest and to cultivate the growing poetical taste and talents of or

The times appear, for several reasons, to demand such a work—and not one alone, but many. public mind is feverish and irritated still, from recent political strifes:—The soft, assuasive influence of Literature is needed, to allay that fever, and soothe that irritation. Vice and folly are rioting abroad:—They should be driven by indignant rebuke, or lashed by ridicule, into their fitting haunt Ignorance lords it over an immense proportion of our people: - Every spring should be set in motion to arouse the enlightened, and to increase their number; so that the great enemy of popular governme may no longer brood, like a portentous cloud, over the destinies of our country. And to accompli all these ends, what more powerful agent can be employed, than a periodical, on the plan of the Me senger; if that plan be but carried out in practice?

The South peculiarly requires such an agent. In all the Union, south of Washington, there a but two Literary periodicals! Northward of that city, there are probably at least twenty-five or thirt Is this contrast justified by the wealth, the leisure, the native talent, or the actual literary taste, of the Southern people, compared with those of the Northern? No: for in wealth, talents, and taste, we may justly claim at least an equality with our brethren; and a domestic institution exclusively our own, be youd all doubt affords us if we choose, twice the leisure for reading and writing, which they enjoy.

It was from a deep sense of this local want, that the word Southern was engrafted on the nam of this periodical: and not with any design to nourish local prejudices, or to advocate supposed local interests. Far from any such thought, it is the Editor's fervent wish, to see the North and South boun endearingly together forever, in the silken bands of mutual kindness and affection. Far from medita ting hostility to the north, he has already drawn, and he hopes hereafter to draw, much of his choices matter thence: and happy indeed will he deem himself, should his pages, by making each region known the other better, contribute in any essential degree to dispel forever the lowering clouds that so latel threatened the peace of both, and to brighten and strengthen the sacred ties of fraternal love.

The Southern Literary Messenger has now commenced its ninth volume, and mint. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to say. He believe YEAR. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to say. however, that it falls not further short of them, than human weakness usually makes Practice fall sho

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PAGE	PAGE
Death of Thomas W. White, late Editor and Proprietor of the Southern Literary Messenger	10. The Greek Dramatists, by Charles Minnigerode. Euripides; His Ion; The Bacchæ; Old Œdipus; The Cyclops; Old Grecian comedy; Aristophanes; His comedies; The contest between Euripides and Æschylus; Sophocles; A strool over Athens; To the Theatre, etc
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8. A Sunday in South America. How part of it is spent at mass: A part at bull-fights; At cockfights; How the Padres carry their fowls; How they gamble; And how the Sunday Theatre is arranged	22. Collins' Miscellanies 126 23. The Lily of the Valley 126 24. La Fontaines' Fables 126 25. Familiar Dialogues, etc 126 26. Life of George Washington, by Jared Sparks 126 27. An Encyclopedia of Science, Literature and Art. 126

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Athenaeum, vy J Zamesvine, Omo-1) I D-	"
Athenaeum, CWJ. Zanesville, Ohio	vo]	8
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Adams, Peter W. RH Jr. tpRichmond, Virginia. Adams, Robert S. Stantonsburg, N. C., paid to April Alton Institute		۵
Alton instituteAlton (189, illinois	VU	0
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Bolling Thomas 1 ! Rolling Virginia V	ol 7	R.
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Brown & Coleman 1 1. Animerst C. II., Va	. VOI	•
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Cook, James CColumbus, Georgia	-70	9
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Cameron, Duncan Raleigh, N. Carolina	. VO	19
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Cameron, Duncan Raleigh, N. Carolina Covert, Mrs. S. Bradleyville, S. Carolina Covert, Mrs. S. Bradleyville, S. Carolina Cunningham, John W. Cunningham's Store N. C. Cane, Anderson Perry C. H., Alabama Cook, A. J. Wetumka, Alabama Cooper, W. B. Wetumka, Alabama Dabney, William H. Decatur, Georgia Dodson, F. F. Henry co., Georgia Dowbré, Samuel Hampton, Virginia Dixon, R. L. Jackson, Mississippi Downman, John B. Millview, Virginia Dooley, John Richmond, Virginia Estill, J. R. Richmond, Kentucky Eve, Dr. Edward WTP Augusta, Georgia Eston, John H. Murfresborough, Tennesce Fannin, William Lagrange, Georgia Franin, A. B. Lagrange, Georgia Frazier, William T. B. Louisa C. H., Virginia Foster, James P. Greenborough, Georgia Fleming, William Louisville, Georgia Foster, H. A. TLJ Vernon, Mississippi Force, Peter 1EJ Washington, D. C. Gholson, Mrs. M. A. Aberdeen, Mississippi Garland, P. Lynchburg, Virginia Mississippi Golon, Lieut S. C. 1EJ Philadelphia, Pa. Greeschie, Julius P. Fort McHenry, Md. Gooch Albert G. Tuscalogas, Alalasma		1 9 9 8 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9
Cameron, Duncan Raleigh, N. Carolina Covert, Mrs. S. Bradleyville, S. Carolina Covert, Mrs. S. Bradleyville, S. Carolina Cunningham, John W. Cunningham's Store N. C. Cane, Anderson Perry C. H., Alabama Cook, A. J. Wetumka, Alabama Cooper, W. B. Wetumka, Alabama Dabney, William H. Decatur, Georgia Dodson, F. F. Henry co., Georgia Dowbré, Samuel Hampton, Virginia Dixon, R. L. Jackson, Mississippi Downman, John B. Millview, Virginia Dooley, John Richmond, Virginia Estill, J. R. Richmond, Kentucky Eve, Dr. Edward WTP Augusta, Georgia Eston, John H. Murfresborough, Tennesce Fannin, William Lagrange, Georgia Franin, A. B. Lagrange, Georgia Frazier, William T. B. Louisa C. H., Virginia Foster, James P. Greenborough, Georgia Fleming, William Louisville, Georgia Foster, H. A. TLJ Vernon, Mississippi Force, Peter 1EJ Washington, D. C. Gholson, Mrs. M. A. Aberdeen, Mississippi Garland, P. Lynchburg, Virginia Mississippi Golon, Lieut S. C. 1EJ Philadelphia, Pa. Greeschie, Julius P. Fort McHenry, Md. Gooch Albert G. Tuscalogas, Alalasma		1 9 9 8 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9
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ĺ	Janny, Jr., Joseph. TLL. Occoquan, Virginiavol 7-	8
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ı	Jones, T. P. Penfield, Georgiavol 7-	ğ
1	Jeffries, Nathaniel TLJ Port Gibson, Miss vol 6-7-	8
l	Jones, Gen. Walter. IEJ. Washington, D. Cvol 8-	9
1	Kincaid, Miss M. J. Lewisburg, Virginiavol	9
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)	Pulliam, Samuel T. RH Jr. tp. Richmond, Vavol	8
•	Post Treasurer Fort Fairfield, Mainevol	9
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3	Patterson, Mrs. L. M. IEJ. Baltimore, Maryland vol	9
9	Rawlings, Miss M. G. TLL. Spotsylvania co., Va.vol	8
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8	Summers, George WKanawha C. H. Virginiavol	1 8
8	Starbuck, CCWJCincinnati, Obiovo	1 7
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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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NO. 2.

DEATH OF THOMAS W. WHITE.

. The readers of the Messenger will learn, we doubt not, with sincere regret, that its late Editor and proprietor, THOMAS W. WHITE, is no more!-He died on the 19th of January, in the 55th year of his age, and is now, we fervently hope, reaping the reward of a virtuous and well-spent life in a better world. On a visit to New-York in September last, he was suddenly, at the supper table of the Astor-House, whilst conversing familiarly with a friend, struck with paralysis, and from that time until the day of his death, hopes were entertained, in the midst of fears, that he might possibly be restored to health and usefulness. These hopes were delusive!-The destroyer came in a most unexpected moment, and summoned our amiable and excellent friend, to another and more enduring state of being. The writer of this brief obituary notice, knew Mr. WHITE long and well. He was in truth, all circumstances considered, a remarkable man. From his childhood he had to struggle with adversity; and, like Franklin, with no other but a self-taught education, he was thrown into the same calling, that of a printer's apprentice, with that illustrious sage. With no pretensions to literature, as a classical or critical profession, he nevertheless possessed a singular tact and discernment which enabled him to distinguish the true and beautiful from what was false or deformed in taste, or vicious and defective in morals. With a strange disinclination to write for his own popular Magazine-he curiously combined a happy facility and nervous energy in epistolary correspondence. The writer has seen and received many of his letters, which abounded in vigorous thoughts, clothed in eloquent language; resembling the unsophisticated strains in which woman—even uneducated woman, will often express her emotions without regard to the mere formularies of style. He wrote from the abundance of a sound heart and gencross feelings,-and not having the fear of critical inspection before his eyes,-he was of course less the compositor of art, than the interpreter of mature. But Mr. WHITE's great forte perhaps, consisted in an indomitable energy and perseverance of character, which overcame all obstaelce, in the pursuit of an object, recommended to him by the dictates of the understanding, and the impulses of the heart. Such an object was the establishment of the Southern Literary Messenger under circumstances peculiarly unpropitious, and which, to most persons, would have seemed almost insurmountable. The North and East had long pre-occupied the ground of periodical literature, and the South was already strown with the wrecks of ill-fated adventure in that unprofitable enterprise. Virginia, with all her power, population and resources-and with all her reputation for statesmanship, forensic ability and unsurpassed oratory, had never been able to sustain a paper exclusively scientific or literary. These weighty considerations would have deterred the majority of men, but had no influence in damping the courage or ardor of our deceased friend. With scanty funds-and with no family or other influence to aid him,on the contrary, with a host of private advisers to discourage the effort,-he, nevertheless, with the countenance and agency of one or two chosen friends, resolved on the experiment. He made it and was successful !- From small and modest beginnings, the Messenger has gradually planted itself over a wide surface of our country-and without boasting,-if we regard the extent of its patronage or the opinions of the contemporary press, it may be justly ranked in the very first class of similar publications in our country.

In the private relations of life, Mr. White was as free from censure as falls to the lot of ordinary mortals. If he was at times irritable, it was more the imperfection of the physical than the moral man. His heart was kind, his friendship ever true and faithful-and his hand "open as day to melting charity." The Reverend Dr. Plumer, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Richmond, who preached his funeral sermon (and an eloquent sermon it was,) said most truly of him, that he scarcely ever knew a man so devoid of malignity of heart. In the knowledge of the writer of this poor tribute,charity, benevolence and philanthrophy, were among the beautiful characteristics of the de-He was perfectly forgiving even to those whom he had just grounds to suppose had injured him,—and if those who so truly forgive, are entitled by Divine Promise to forgiveness themselves, may we not hope every thing of our departed friend in that dread eternity to which he has been called.

In the circle of domestic love, Mr. White's affections were ardent and powerful. He had been a widower for some years, but left several daughters, married and single, who will long bemoan the loss of a kind and affectionate father and friend.

CASES OF MUTINY AT SEA.

The Bounty presents a case of successful mutiny with intent to make way with the ship. Biron's beautiful poem of the "Island" is founded on the incidents of that tragedy-and they are too well known to bear repetition here.

The public mind of late, has been much engrossed with the "Somers' Tragedy," as it is called, and we have been at some pains to collect the facts and incidents connected with the history of the best authenticated cases of mutiny, in order that our readers may the better be enabled to form some idea of the very trying circumstances under which the officers of a mutinous vessel are placed. With this view, we commence with the famous mutiny of 1797, in the English fleets.

When the Channel fleet, commanded by Lord Bridport in 1797, was lying at Spit-head, and signal was made to get under way, the Queen Charlotte, and after her, all the ships, answered with three cheers. The men refused to lift their anchors, unless the enemy should put to sea. The officers remonstrated, and tried to persuade the men to return to duty. This was not a time for persuasion; and, in answer to such entreaties, the men rove whips to the fore-yard arms of all the ships, threatening to hang up all who should betray or oppose them. They then proceeded to turn some of the officers ashore, and to put others in confinement on board. The proper flags were next hauled down, and the bloody flag, in signal of defiance, was then run up throughout the fleet; which had thus, without resistance, been taken away from the officers, and quietly passed into the power of the crew. The mutineers now proceeded to organise: they appointed Delegates-shotted the guns, kept regular sea-watch, and gave three cheers from the rigging every night and morning. This was done by way of mutual encouragement, and to prove and show fealty. The Delegates assembled in council every day, in the Captain's cabin, of the Queen Charlotte, which was the Admiral's flag ship.

Admiral Gardener, an officer much beloved of the men, used his influence to persuade them to return to duty; he went on the forecastle, and placing one of the rove-halters round his neck, implored the crew to bring no further disgrace to themselves and their country-but to hang him and return to duty. The mutineers, on this occasion, did not thirst for blood, nor lust for crime; they were aggrieved, and demanded redress.

Their rations, which had not been improved since the reign of Charles II., had become very insufficient-and this formed one of the chief causes of the mutiny. Before resorting to extremities, the men, fearing the consequences of open, but re-

These letters forth their grounds of complaint. were unheeded, because they were anonymous. Round robins were then poured in; but these too were treated with silence. Finding these means to fail, the crew of the Admiral's ship-the Queen Charlotte-set the example, and led off in mutiny. This ship was a notorious mutineer; and her lawless character is ascribed, by her officers, to the influence which the conduct of her Captain, Sir Andrew Douglass, had with the men. To this day, they express it as their opinion, that the mutiny arose from over-leniency on his part to the crew. "I had been serving on board this ship, not long before," says Captain Brenton, in his excellent Naval History, "where the want of punishment of the men, was felt by the officers as a great evil."

After the men had been in possession of the fleet a week, the Delegates wrote to Lord Bridport, stating they meant no personal offence in hauling down his flag, and hoisting the red in its place. His Lordship then returned on board, and informed the men that he brought with him a general pardon, and authority for compliance with all their demands. The men were satisfied and returned to duty.

It is worthy of remark, that in this mutinymore properly speaking, a sea riot-no serious violence was offered to the officers. Some who, from their cruelty to the men, made themselves obnoxious, were sent on shore. But generally speaking they were kept on board, and attended to the duties of the ship in the usual manner, except that the orders came to them from the forecastle instead of the cabin. And so far from having the ulterior and criminal designs usual among mutineers at sea, it appears that the seamen had resolved to extort by force, the redress which they had peaceably sought in vain.

Every thing appeared to go on quietly and in order for several weeks, when signal to get under way was again made, and the men again answered in mutiny, alleging that the provisions already extorted from the government, were not to be kept. Their Delegates now repaired on board the London, 98, where a feeble opposition was made to them. A scuffle ensued, in which a Lieutenant of marines, and several mutineers were killed. They carried the 1st Lieutenant forward, who had shot one of their number, and put the rope around his neck for hanging, when, through the exertions of one of the Delegates-an old ship mate-he was par-The Admiral and his officers were at first confined on board, and the forward guns trained aft; but after a few days, the officers were requested to go on shore.

In the mean time, Lord Howe arrived with a royal proclamation of a general pardon to all who would return to duty. The Delegates waited on his Lordspectful remonstrance, had written anonymous ship at the government house the next day, and inletters to their officers and the Admiral, setting vited him to visit the fleet. He did so. And in the evening the ring leaders dined with him and scribe the irritation of the seamen at this time-Lady Howe at their lodgings. They then returned, each one to his ship, went cheerfully to duty again, and the fleet sailed the next day.

By this time though, the infection had gone upon the winds; the North Sea fleet and the blockading fleet before Cadiz, under Lord St. Vincent, were both ripe for mutiny. The former consisting of 15 sail of the line under Admiral Duncan, was at anchor in Yarmouth roads, on the 25th May, when signal was made to get under way. It was followed by three cheers from the crew of the Venerable-flag ship. On this occasion, the officers were bold and prompt: and the ringleaders—six in number—were arrested and confined. "Their speedy and exemplary punishment," observes a distinguished British officer, "would have been both mild and merciful."

On the next day, the fleet sailed for the Texel; but the mutineers had not been punished, and two of the 64s of the fleet, in the hands of the crew, led the way back into Yarmouth, to "redress their grievances," and the next day, all of the fleet but two, followed their example.

After the crew had taken possession of the Agamemoon, the master-at-arms said to the officer of the deck-" you have given the ship away, sir; all the marines and two-thirds of the crew are with you." When this representation was made to the Captain, he said, "If we call out the marines, some of the men will be shot; and I could not bear to see them lying in convulsions on the deck." This sickly sensibility afterwards caused many men to be hung, whom the example of a little timely severity at first, would have restrained.

The ships in mutiny all wore a red flag at the fore, called by the Delegates, "the flag of defisace." But the officers continued to have charge of the deck, and to carry on the duties apparently with order and regularity—the men readily obeying them in whatever related to the proper navigation or safety of the ship. In one instance, they even requested leave to flog one of their number who had offended against good morals.

From Yarmouth, a number of the vessels went to the Nore. Here Admiral Pasley went on board to argue with the men, and persuade them back to duty. They treated him insolently. He asked to know what they had to complain of. One of the men replied, "we are not allowed to keep holy the Sabbath day, and the fiddler has been ordered to play for the men on Sundays." This Delegate was afterwards hung for this speech. When the Agamemnon arrived at the Nore, the other mutinyships already there were firing into the Peravis, who was deserting the mutineers and making for the inner harbor.

Their forces were now increased by the arrival self a Lieutenant on board one of them, "to de- put them in confinement. The mutiny was quickly

and it was intimated by some of the Delegates, that violence would be offered to the officers and their adherents. Under these melancholy circumstances into which we had been betrayed by the want of resolution and firmness in the Captainsthe officers prepared for the worst. A seaman was placed (by the mutineers) as sentinel at the ward room door, with three loaded pistols. At daylight I heard guns and the discharge of musketry, and saw what I supposed to be officers and men run up to the yard-arms of some of the ships. We expected soon to share the same fate."

These men, who were thus hung, turned out to be effigies of "Billy Pitt," as the sailors in their hatred, called that statesman.

The mutineers placed themselves under the command of Richard Parker-a daring sailor, who had hauled down Admiral Buckner's flag on board the Sandwich 1798—and hoisted what he called his own-a bloody flag at the fore. This fellow visited the ships with a band of music playing "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia.

A committee of Delegates were constantly in session in the cabin of Parker's ship. The table was covered with a union Jack-with a pot of beer sitting on it. The members sat with their hats on, but required the Captain and all officers who were brought before them, to be uncovered.

"Up to this time," says Captain Brenton, "the marines were true-and had they been supported by the officers, would infallibly have quelled the mutiny in the North Sea fleet."

On the 20th May, the Delegates submitted to the Admiralty, a statement of their demands, accompanied with a declaration that they would not give up the ships, until some of the Lords should personally appear to guaranty the concessions.

The chief demands were—that there should be a more equitable division of prise-money-pardon and indemnification to all deserters, and certain alterations as to severity in the articles of war. The demands were refused; and the mutineers proceeded to blockade the Thames. The mutiny had now grown into a rebellion; the utmost consternation seized the realm, and consols fell down

After a few days, the spirit of mutiny began to cool—some of the ships first began to drop off from their confederates—others were retaken by their officers, and order once more restored. was tried by a court-martial, and in two hours sentence of death was passed upon him. But it was a long time, adds an eminent historian, before the fleet entirely recovered from the evil effects of the mutiny of 1797.

The squadron at the cape of Good Hope, caught of four other ships with flouting red banners. "It this infection. While lying in port there, the crew is impossible," says Capt. Brenton, who was him- of the Tremendous 74, rose upon their officers and suppressed, and a free pardon granted. "This and restore order in his fleet. And while the dead act of elemency," says the historian, "like that bodies of these two mutineers were still hanging shown to the North Sea fleet, was attended by far more fatal effects, than if it had been visited with becoming and wholesome severity."

One of the men was afterwards confined for drunkenness; this offended the crew, and they rose again in open mutiny. One hundred pieces of cannon were pointed from the shore on the Tremendous, and the mutineers gave in only ten minutes before the expiration of the time allowed them for deliberation. "The ringleaders were then hanged and perfect good order was speedily restored."

By July, the blockading fleet off Cadiz, under Lord St. Vincent, had been infected with the spirit of the Nore. Two men of the St. George, being under sentence of death-the crew wrote to the Admiral demanding their release. But that tough old sailor and rigid disciplinarian knew his duty, and dared to perform it. He refused to par-The men then formed a plot to rise on the officers the night before the execution was to take place. The Captain, observing them in groups about the deck, ordered them to disperse. They did not obey readily. He seized one of the ringleaders, and the first Lieutenant another-and confined them. This decisive measure restored orderthe two men already condemned, were hung the next morning-and a court ordered upon the two mutineers. It was late Saturday evening, when sentence of death was pronounced upon them, and the president of the court informed the prisoners that they should have all day Sunday to prepare. Lord St. Vincent, on hearing of this, rebuked that officer, and said, "it was your duty to pass sentence, it is mine to carry it into execution."

As there is no case of emergency more trying than one of mutiny at sea, so there is none in which the safety of the ship and crew so much depends upon the coolness of officers; -if they waver for a moment, all is lost. At such times, the utmost presence of mind, and the most prompt and energetic measures, alone can save the ship. though the St. George was surrounded by men-ofwar that were true to their flag, this distinguished Admiral felt and acknowledged the force of this necessity; and, that the two ideas of crime and punishment might go together, he ordered the prisoners to be executed early the next morning. daylight his fleet was attacked by the Spanish forces;-still there had been the great crime of mutiny in one of his ships; and it is a maxim of martial law, that immediate punishment for great crimes is extremely just, useful and exemplary.† While, therefore, he was engaged with the assailants in one direction, he did not forget that condign punishment in another was required to satisfy example

to the yard-arms, and the inshore squadron engaged in battle, signal was made for the fleet to perform divine service. Then and there, brave men hastened to return thanks for their happy deliverance from a danger, more dreadful than the violence of enemies, more terrible than the raging of the storm.

It was owing alone to the promptness with which the officers acted in this affair, that the spirit of mutiny was arrested in this fleet. It was composed of the same materials which created the disturbances, in the North Sea and the Channel, and experience had shown them how mischievous and dangerous it is to temporize with men in mutiny. By this time, too, the Admiralty had become fully aware of this fact. They were now convinced that gentle measures would not do in cases of mutiny at sea: and the 1st Lieutenant of the St. George was promoted for his timely arrest of the ringleader.

On other stations, and in other ships of the English Navy, the spirit of mutiny was still rife, and many executions took place. "On board some of our ships," writes Captain Brenton, to whom we are indebted for many facts relating to this subject-"the men used to meet at night, and give as a toast-'A dark night, a sharp knife, and a bloody blanket.' A vast number of our best seamen fell a sacrifice to the offended laws of their country:" All owing to the circumstance of officers failing in the first instance, to act up to emergencies, and to punish as necessity required. Not that we would recommend the infliction of "wild justice" on every occasion whatsoever. On the contrary, we are the advocates of order and the law, and would abide by them, appeal to them, and be governed by them, whenever we were within the hail of the ministers of the law. But there are cases and emergencies-as the Somers-that are beyond the reach of the ordinary forms of law. In such cases, necessity is superior to the law, and to necessity we bow.

Let us not be misunderstood: we neither wish nor intend to argue the case of the Somers. That is before a competent tribunal. We only wish to show that there are cases made and provided, in which "wild justice," as Lord Bacon calls it, may be administered according to form, if not by the legal rules of justice. We quote from Lord Ellenborough, in the well-known case of Governor Wall:

"It will be most important for the prisoner to establish, that there existed, in point of fact, a mutiny; when he has established, in point of fact. that there existed a mutiny, if he can go further, and show that the ordinary modes of trial could not be resorted to, and that upon conference with the officers, that which, on the emergency, was thought best to be done, was done, and that there was no wanton abuse of power in the inflic-

[•] Brenton, vol. 1. p. 362.

[†] McArthur's Courts-Martial, vol. 1, p. 69.

tion of punishment, the prisoner will be entitled to ablest judges in courts of justice, after days of rego quit of the charge made upon him by this indictment."

See also the charge of Lord Macdonald:

"When a well-intentioned officer is at a great distance from his native country, having charge of a number of men of that country, and it shall so happen that circumstances arise, which may alarm and disturb the strongest mind, it were not proper that strictness and rigor, in forms and in matters of that sort, should be required; when you find a real, true and genuine intention, of acting for the best for the sake of the public. You see they are in a situation distant from assistance and advice; in these circumstances, if a man should be so much thrown off the balance of his understanding, as not to conduct himself with the same care and attention, that any one in the county of Middlesex would be required to do, and does not greatly exceed the proper line of his duty; allowance for such circumstances ought unquestionably to be given to him."

Away opon the blue water, therefore, and in the distant camp, there are times and occasions, when necessity is too urgent to wait on the measured and stately gait of the law-High-handed measures must first be taken, despite all human laws, and in obedience to "the great first clause of the constitution of man himself, written upon his heart by the hand of Omnipotence—'PRESERVE YOURSELF.'" In such cases, justice tries with her balance both the animus which prompted, and the necessity which governed. If these prove unbending and true, the plea for noble justification, is trumpettongued, and the ministers of the law, merciful.

In many of the overruling and pressing emergencies of military life, there is no time either for consultation or reflection. When the common weal is thus argent upon the public servant for prompt action, we should judge him less severely, than we would, had he had time and opportunity for consalting precepts of the law, and for taking the advice of lawyers and judges. "I agree," said Governor Floyd, in his eloquent speech on the Seminole war. "I agree, sir, most cordially with the committee, in the sentiment, that no officer, however great or distinguished his services, ought to be suffered to escape merited punishment. At the same time, it ought to be remembered, that no officer, however subordinate or obscure his station, ought to be censured without ample cause; and not a difference of opinion as to the "absolute necessity" between the committee and the General. They had peace and a quiet room to deliberate in, a thousend miles from the scene of action, and the liwary of the nation to consult about the necessity. He was in a wilderness, upon the scene of action, these circumstances, he erred in judgment, it ought to be some excuse, when it is remembered that the 1819. See debate, p. 560.

flection, decisions to consult, and able lawyers to advise, sometimes determine wrong.*

But to look a little more at the spirit of the law with regard to high-handed military proceedings, when demanded by circumstances; we quote from Simes' able work on military law:

"There are some offences in an army, which, if "not instantly punished, it will be found, perhaps, "within a few hours, impossible to punish them "(at) all-Of this kind is mutiny. Hence it is, "that a commander of an army is not only permitted "to do that which the civil judge may not do, but "is liable to censure if he does not, in certain cases "of mutiny, put the mutineers to death, if they "cannot be quelled otherwise, in order to deter "others from prosecuting their seditious purposes. "In Queen Elizabeth's reign, the Earl of Essex, "being at sea upon an expedition against the Span-"iards, threw a mutinous soldier into the sea with "his own hands. The Marquis of Ghent ordered "certain mutineers to be put in sacks and thrown "into the sea for dissuading their fellow soldiers "from following the Emperor Charles V., then "leading his army into Africa, in the year 1613. "A brigadier General, who commanded the British "forces in Flanders, caused five private soldiers "to be shot without process, for demanding, in a "mutinous manner, an account of stoppages which "their officers had made for tents, tent-poles, and "other necessaries for the campaign."

" If the nature and dreadful consequences which "generally attend crime, are not sufficient to give " mankind the utmost aversion to it, they ought to "detest and abhor it, merely for its author's sake, "the devil, who raised the first sedition we read of, " amongst the heavenly legions against his Almighty "Creator and Sovereign, the Lord of Hosts."

In conformity with the principles above quoted, military annals afford us many strong cases, in which the law has been set aside, and its forms dispensed with, on the plea of overruling necessity, or eminent good to the state. Indeed, it is assumed, as sound doctrine by writers on military law, that it is sometimes highly expedient and necessary to "annex, without delay, the ultimum supplicium to offences which have, in themselves, a tendency to subvert the laws and discipline of the public service."

The following is a case in point:

"Colonel Kelley, commanding a detachment in the East Indies, on the discovery of a mutiny in one of his battalions fomented by the native officers, ordered the troops immediately under arms, and assembling a field or drum-head court-martial, seized at the head of his battalion the person of the native commandant, and led him to instant trial; and, on conviction of the accused by the surrounded with enemies and war; and if, under court which followed, ordered the offender, without

* Floyd's speech, Seminole war, House Representatives,

any time for preparation for so awful an end, to be ordered Lieutenant Peterson of the Perdrix to row blown away from a gun. This timely execution struck such a terror through the ranks that no punishment was necessary to break the confederacy, the body of the mutineers being affrighted from their purpose, by the fate of their head."

It should be borne in mind, that the jurisdiction of a regimental or drum-head court-martial, is limited to minor offences, and that in no case can it extend to the loss of life or limb. There was, therefore, no law for this procedure; but strong, overwhelming necessity here, as in many other cases, was successfully pleaded.

The celebrated case of Arbuthnot and Ambrister is familiar to most of our readers. make an extract from the finding of the court in the case of the latter. The court, finding him guilty, &c., "therefore, sentence him to death by being shot. The members requesting a reconsideration of the vote on this sentence, and it being had, they sentence the prisoner to receive fifty stripes on his bare back, and be confined with a ball and chain to hard labor for twelve calender months.

"The commanding General approves the finding and sentence of the court in the case of A. Arbuthnot, and approves the finding and first sentence of the court, in the case of Robert C. Ambristerand disapproves the reconsideration of the sentence of the honorable court in this case. It appears from the evidence and pleading of the prisoner, that he did lead and command within the territory of Spain (being a subject of Great Britain,) the Indians in war against the United States-those nations being at peace. It is an established principle of the laws of nations, that any individual of a nation making war against the citizens of another nation-they being at peace-forfeits his allegiance and becomes an outlaw and pirate. This is the case of Robert C. Ambrister-clearly shown by the evidence adduced.

"The Commanding General orders that Brevet (Major) A. C. W. Fanning of the corps of artillery will have-between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, A. M.—A. Arbuthnot suspended by the neck with a rope until he is dead; and Robert C. Ambrister, to be shot to death agreeably to the sentence of the court.

"John James Arbuthnot will be furnished with a passage to Pensacola by the first vessel.

"The special court of which Brevet Major General E. P. Gaines is president is dissolved.

By order of Major General Jackson.

(Signed) ROBERT BUTLER, Adjt. Genl."

Here, let it be observed, the sentence of a courtmartial was set aside, and the ultimum supplicium substituted under the plea of an eminent public good, which plea has been triumphantly sustained by a whole nation.

Lord Camelsford, of the Favorite sloop of war,

guard in English Harbor. The Lieutenant refused and was shot dead on the spot. His Lordship was tried by a court-martial; and, "the court being fully sensible of the necessity of prompt measures in cases of mutiny," unanimously declared him to be honorably acquitted.

But to come nearer home.

In 1836, Colonel Parish ordered Lieutenant Ward, of the volunteers in Florida, to be arrested. Lieutenant threatened to shoot any one who should attempt to arrest him, and no one would attempt it. He was then himself shot down by Colonel Parish. We make an extract from the finding of the court of enquiry ordered on the occasion:

"The court is of the unanimous opinion, that Lieutenant William Ward was killed by Colonel R. C. Parish; the said Colonel Parish being in the legal execution of his office, and that he is fully justified, from the circumstances of the case, in doing so.

"It would be impossible to conceive a case which would more entirely justify an officer in command, in taking the law into his own hands. His legal and necessary authority as commanding officer, was defied and resisted; he took the usual and legal military means to repress resistance by ordering the arrest and confinement of Lieutenant Ward, his seizure and disarming, repeatedly; no one would obey his order. He was obliged therefore to execute the order himself, and in doing so his conduct is fully justified in the opinion of the court.

(Signed) C. M. Thruston, President."

It was the opinion of General Howe, that in military bodies "there is no medium between dignity and security, but coercion," and coercion to the last extremity was inflicted here. Not because there was mutiny in the camp-nor insurgency in the army, nor because Lieutenant Ward was acting offensively. He was killed, not to keep him from killing, but that the dignity of command should be asserted. The public service required it; and with such necessity, the law was set aside, and a man was rightfully killed by his fellow man.

In the debates of 1820 on the Seminole war, Colonel Reed of Maryland, stated from his place in Congress,* that when he was a Lieutenant commanding an out-post, he apprehended a deserter, and caused him to be executed on the spot; that he then cut off his head, and sent it to head-quarters. where it was hung up in terrorem, and thereby restrained desertion.

We give it in his own words:

"It was under these distressing and alarming circumstances, that General Washington gave orders "that examples should be instantly made upon the spot, of all deserters who might be apprehended in the act of going to the enemy." I had my orders in my pocket. I was instructed to place myself at

* Congressional Doc., 3d May 1820, No. 119.

the enemy's pickets or out-posts by the dawn of day of the ensuing morning, so to arrange my command, as to cut off the possibility of escape of any deserters from our army.

"Three deserters from our army presented themselves.

"The confession of guilt being full and complete, they were informed of their mistake, disarmed, and told to prepare for death, for that in an hour, I would, in persuance of my orders, which I then read in presence of the detachment, execute them all as deserters.

"Mr. Chairman, the summary execution of these men, though indispensable, was a duty, not to be desired. Reflecting, therefore, on the subject, and knowing that it was intended only as an example, I determined to take upon myself the high and dengerous responsibility of executing one only.

"To this end I proposed to them to draw lots. This they firmly resisted, declaring to the last, that, as they were all alike guilty, so they were willing to shide the same fate.

"Finding them thus determined, I referred the case to my three non-commissioned officers. Two of the deserters were Irishmen, and one an American. Two of the non-commissioned officers were Americans and one an Irishman, each voting for his countryman to suffer; the lot fell on the Americana most just decision. He was accordingly ordered for instant execution. He was shot. After which, conformably to orders, his head was stricken off and sent to the head-quarters of the army, (the surviving deserters, went under guard, to the same place) where it was publicly exposed, and thus a stop was put to desertion, which had before prevailed to an extent unknown in the annals of the war, and which, according to the language of the Commander-in-Chief "threatened a dissolution of the army."*

The cases in military annals are numerous, in which the good of the state will not brooke the delay for the forms of the law. Example, oftentimes, in military communities, to be effective, mest be prompt; and there are cases in which example loses all its force, unless it be summary and more speedy than the forms of the law will allow.

We have in the history of General Washington a striking instance in illustration of this.

During the revolutionary war the soldiers of the

· Extracts from the speech of Mr. Reed of Maryland, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United ses in 1819. See "debate in the House of Representatrees of the United States on the Seminole war in January and Pehruary, 1819," pp. 482, 483, 484.

the head of a detachment, and to march at such | Pennsylvania line had demanded certain conditions, hour of the following night as to enable me to reach and revolted. It was judged proper peaceably to yield and pacify them. But there was left the evil of such an example, which was not long in producing mischief. The New-Jersey brigade became disaffected, and proposed to do what the Pennsylvanians had done. But the public weal was placed in jeopardy by this procedure-the example was pernicious, and unless overtaken by summary measures, was calculated to extend still further. The case was one of urgent necessity; and General Washington felt himself called on to issue an order, of which, the following is a copy.

"To Major General Howe.

Sir,-You are to take command of the detachment which has been ordered to march from this post against the mutineers of the Jersey line. You will rendezvous the whole of your command at Ringwood or Pempton, as you find best from circumstances. The object of your detachment is to compel the mutineers to unconditional submission, and I am to desire you will grant no terms while they are with arms in their hands, in a state of resistance. The manner of executing this, I leave to your discretion according to circumstances. If you succeed in compelling the revolted troops to a surrender, you will instantly execute a few of the most active and most incendiary leaders.

You will endeavor to collect such of the Jersey troops to your standard as have not followed the pernicious example of their associates, and you will also try to avail yourself of the services of the militia, representing to them how dangerous to civil liberty, the precedent is of armed soldiers dictating terms to their country.

You will open a correspondence with Colonels Dayton and Shreve of the Jersey line, and Colonel Frelinghausen of the militia, or any others.

Given at Head-Quarters, January 22, 1781.

G. WASHINGTON."

This is an exceedingly interesting case, possessing an important bearing upon the necessity of inflicting "wild justice" on account of military offences in certain cases. That it may be the better understood, we annex at some length, extracts from original documents relating to the case.

GEN. WASHINGTON TO PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS.

New-Windsor, January 23, 1781.

Sir,-I have been successively honored with your Excellency's despatches of the 12th, 13th and 16th, and shall duly attend to the contents.

Your Excellency probably by this time, has heard of the revolt of the Jersey troops, in imitation of the Pennsylvania line. Advice that this had been the case with a part of them, with an expectation of its becoming general, reached us the night before last; their complaints and demands being of the same complexion with those of the Pennsylvanians. I

possibly be spared to be marched from West-Point, and put it under the command of Major General Howe, with orders to bring the mutineers to unconditional submission and their principal leaders to instant and condign punishment. I have also taken measures to induce the Jersey militia to act in conjunction with him.

It is difficult to say, what part the troops sent to quell the revolt will act, but I thought it indispensable to bring the matter to an issue, and risk all extremities; unless the dangerous spirit can be suppressed by force, there is an end to all subordination in the army, and indeed to the army itself. The infection will no doubt shortly pervade the whole mass.

On receiving the news of this disagreeable event, I immediately dispatched a letter to the committee of Congress at Trenton, recommending that no conciliatory measures might be attempted. I am entirely of opinion with your Excellency, that more certain and permanent funds must be found for the support of the war, than have hitherto existed. Without them our opposition must soon cease. The events that have recently taken place, are an alarming comment upon the insufficiency of past systems.

We continue under the most distressing embarrassments in the articles of provision and forage.

I have the honor to be, with perfect respect, your Excellency's most obedient and humble servant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To Col. Israel Shreve 2nd, New-Jersey, Pompton, (Private.) RINGWOOD, JANUARY 28, 1781.

" Sir,-Your having notice of the intended movements against the Jersey troops (under your command) yesterday, and not appearing on the ground until the business was finished, at or about noon, seems so extraordinary in my eye, that I request an explanation of it to avoid unfavorable impressions which may not be well founded.

I am sir, &c.,

G. WASHINGTON."

To the Hon. John Laurens, Esq., Boston. New-Windsor, January 30, 1781.

"DEAR SIR, -Before this letter reaches Boston, you will no doubt have heard of the revolt of Park, of the Jersey line. I did not hesitate a moment upon the report of it, in determining to bring matters to a speedy issue, by adopting the most vigorous exertions; accordingly a detachment marched from the posts below, and on the morning of the 27th surrounded their quarters, and brought them, without opposition, to unconditional submission. of the principal leaders were immediately executed on the spot, and the remainder, exhibiting genuine signs of contrition, were forgiven.

Much praise is due to the detachment which marches to quell the insurgents, &c.,

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

immediately ordered as large a detachment as could | GEN. WASHINGTON TO THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS. New-Windsor, January 31, 1781.

> Sir,-I have the honor to enclose your Excellency the report of Major General Howe, of his proceedings in suppressing the mutiny of the Jersey line, in which all his measures were taken with decision and propriety.

Enclosed are also two other reports, of Major General Parsons and Lieutenant Colonel Hale, of an enterprise against Delancy's corps, at Westchester, in which, with small loss on our side, the barracks of the corps, and a large quantity of forage were destroyed: fifty-two prisoners and a considerable number of horses and cattle brought off, and a bridge across Harlem, under the protection of our enemy's redoubts, burnt. General Parsons' arrangements were judicious, and the conduct of the officers and men employed upon the occasion entitled to the highest praise. The position of the corps two or three miles within some of the enemy's redoubt, required address and courage in the execution of the enterprise.

I have the honor to be with perfect respect, your Excellency's most obedient and humble servant, GEORGE WASHINGTON.

RINGWOOD, JAN. 27, 1781.

Sir: In obedience to your Excellency's commands, I arrived at this place yesterday evening, and found that the mutineers were returning to their huts. Col. Dayton had offered them pardon for their offences, provided they immediately would put themselves under the command of their officers, and would behave in future consistent with that subordination so essential to military discipline. this, they seemingly acceded; but soon demonstrated by their conduct that they were actuated by motives exceedingly distinct from those they had professed-for though, in some respects, they would suffer a few particular officers to have influence over them-yet it was by no means the case in general, and what they did do, appeared rather like following advice than obeying command. rived at their huts, they condescended once to parade when ordered, but were no sooner dismissed than several officers were insulted,—one had a bayonet put to his breast, and upon the man's being knocked down for his insolence, a musket was fired, which, being their alarm signal, most of them paraded in arms. In short, their whole behavior was such as cried aloud for chastisement, and made it evident they had only returned to their huts as a place more convenient for themselves.

Having long been convinced, that in cases of insurgency no medium lay either for civil or military bodies between dignity and security, but coercion. and that no other method could be fallen upon without the deepest wound to the service, I instantly determined to adopt it.

(To be Concluded in the next No.)

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS IMPROVEMENT OF OUR NAVY. To T. W. WHITE, Esq.

Dear Sir,-Some months have passed since you requested me to write an article for the "Messenger," on the Moral and Religious Improvement of our Navy; a request with which, at the time, I promised a compliance. I have delayed, because I wished to look at the Navy more particularly with reference to this subject, and because I wished, first, to see the operation of the new ration law, and to form some opinion of its probable ultimate effects. new law, you are perhaps aware, reduces the quantity of grog served out, one half; and is therefore an important item in recent changes in the Navy.

This branch of our service has recently been placed before the public, in a way to startle its friends, and often, doubtless, to grieve them. I refer to the frequency of courts-martial, a subject which has lately been frequently remarked upon, in papers of the day. I think, however, the friends of the Navy have no cause for either alarm or shame. Perhaps, if the subject is looked into, the contrary will be found to be the case. Any one who will examine the charges brought before these courts, will see that a large portion of them,-I think half of them or more,—are for offences against morals, which until recently, were regarded with a leniency that generally succeeded in screening the offender. I refer to intemperance in its various degrees, and to such offences as grow out of it. The inference then is, that the moral sense in the Navy is beginning to be decidedly higher than it was. A revolution has commenced; and those who will not keep pace with it, are dropped from the ranks of their companions. This, as it seems to me, is the conclasion to be drawn from these courts; a conclusion not of shame, but the contrary; not of discouragement, but of hope. In all revolutions there will be upheavings and ferment; and that is what we have at the present time in our Navy.

There can be no doubt, to any one familiar with the Navy, and particularly to one who mixes with officers and men in our sea-going ships, that there has been a great change during the last eight or ten years, which change is decidedly for the better. I have often found it, especially in the last two years, the subject of remark among officers and men themselves. It is too obvious and striking to escape notice; unless it may be particular cases, where exceptions remain. Profaneness is much less common than it used to be; and this is the case, not only on the quarter-deck, but, (though the change is there less striking,) on the Forecastle

sult if offered to himself, and would resent, a sailor might pay back, in the silent depths of his heart, with rage or with answering execration. I have been where oaths were common things; and I have been, where an oath was never heard from the quarter-deck; and I know, that in the latter case, the ship's duty was done, not only with as much readiness as in the former, but with far more cheerfulness. And, while on this subject, I may remark that among the changes in the Navy, is a much greater regard for the feelings of seamen than was formerly the case. The discipline is not less strict than it was; duties are required as strenuously and as rigidly; but, throughout, a sailor is more recognized as a man, with the feelings of a man; and the consequence is, a gradual but sensible raising of them up in their own self-respect, and an improvement in their general character. These changes that I speak of, are however but just beginning among the seamen. I doubt not that gratifying advances will be seen, before many years are past.

The cutting down of the grog-ration, was looked upon by the friends of temperance in the Navy, as a somewhat hazardous experiment; and its immediate action, I do not think, has been a happy one. Its final result, however, may be, and I trust will be, different from this. In effecting such changes, care should be taken, not to go ahead of the moral sentiment; also a reaction may take place, as was the case a few years since in Massachusetts: and mischief may ensue. The cause of temperance was advancing in the Navy; but, it is questionable whether it was yet prepared for such a sudden and violent change as this. At all events, the old seamen who had entered the service under the former grog-law, felt as if a species of injustice had been dealt to them in being put upon such a ration as they had not agreed for; and there was, and still is, considerable discontent with the change. But the feeling has never, as far as my knowledge extends, gone further than this. There is some grumbling and soreness; but they have submitted to the change; and some of the old sailors think that it would be better to abolish the ration entirely, than to be tantalizing them with only a sip. One consequence, however, which doubtless was not expected by the makers of that law, has, I believe, universally ensued. A much larger number of men drink their grog now, than was formerly the case. Under the old law, six and a quarter cents per day was allowed to every person who chose to give up his allowance of spirits, which was then half a pint: this, amounting to about \$1 90 a month, was an important addition to the pay of many of them; and, also. I can well remember the time when officers as this money was paid to them quarterly, it kept maintained, that deck-duty could not go on without their pockets in change, and furnished them with a velley of oaths now and then. They forgot that many additional comforts for their messes when in sailors were still men like themselves—with the port, or with trifles from shore, as presents for sensibilities, and generally too, with the pride of men; friends at home. Where temperance efforts were and that what an officer would consider as an in- made by the officers, these subsidiary motives were

always found to be of the most important conse-The quantity served out, is now, only a gill per day; and the allowance to those who commute, is only two cents, or fourteen cents a week. It is so trifling in amount as to be thought not worth the effort; and the immediate effect of the introduction of this new ration-law, was to send back to the grog-tub a great many who had previously withdrawn. It is true, that for the gill abstracted, tea and sugar are now allowed, which they are in this manner saved the necessity of purchasing; but, although this may add to the amount of their pay, when discharged, at the end of their three years, it only goes, then, to swell the gains of their sailor landlords; contributing nothing to their present comfort; and making them only the more desirable objects for shore villainy, when their cruise is done. Indeed, I think that, generally, a great deal would be gained by allowing sailors money more freely during their cruising; instead of reserving it for a grand blow out at the end; or, what is generally its fate, a ready transfer to the till of the sailor landlord.

To return to the grog-ration,—could the old allowance of six and a quarter cents have been still continued, I think the operation of the new law would have been a good one: this would have been more expensive to government, but the offset, both in quiet and good order on board ship, and in the popularity of the service, would have been a most ample compensation.

You wish me to speak of the religious improvement in the Navy; a topic that, to persons unacquainted with the service, may seem a sufficiently barren one. The fact however is different from Some years ago, it is true, religion was looked upon as quite out of place in a man-of-war: a religious officer was a rare individual; and when any person gave serious and practical attention to these important matters, he was considered as, in a measure, disqualifying himself for the service; and by dropping the high and chivalrous parts of an officer's character, as no longer fitted to do the Navy credit. The pioneers in this change, had sometimes to bear with jibes, until their patience was sufficiently tried. But there has been a change. The number of religious officers is now considerable; and embraces persons distinguished for chivalrous sentiment, gentlemanly bearing, skill in seamanship, and general efficiency of character; in not one of which particulars, has either the individual himself, or the service, been discovered to be a sufferer. The case has been found to be so far from this. that I believe the impression is getting to be general, that the person's character as an officer is improved by it: at all events, the former prejudice is very rapidly giving way. I do not know any particular cause for this change in character; further

ences of the Spirit of Grace. The change has been quiet, seizing on individuals widely separate and often of habits of feeling or thinking adverse to such influences; but it has become so great, in the Navy now, as to be a subject of general remark. And the change in the general tone of sentiment on this subject is not less remarkable, though perhaps not so often noticed. Formerly, when an officer became religious, he was looked upon somewhat in the light of an insane person, with a kind of feeling towards him of avoidance: now, he is considered as doing just that which good sense and reason point out to all of us; and as laying, by an extension of his views of things, a broad foundation of character, against which the ills of life beat with less power to overwhelm or to shake. I may add, I think, that among no set of men, does religion take a more beautiful form. As I have seen it in the Navy, it is, almost always, deep yet calm, free from cant, and ingenuous, marked by consistency and modesty, and with a whole-heartedness that is especially attractive. The peculiar exposures of their life, and the numerous circumstances, of a nature to make sea-faring men feel their dependance on a Superior Power, may account for all this.

Nor is the change above spoken of, confined to officers only; it is taking hold upon the seamen, although among them it is more recent, and marked by greater fluctuations. The last will have to be expected, among this class of men. A. seaman cannot step on shore without being thrown among men, who make it their business to place all sorts of enticements in his way; and, among such men, and not knowing where to look for a home or for companionship but among them, good resolutions often yield, and for a time, are lost. But still there is an improvement, a general elevating of the moral and religious sentiment, a. greater accessibility to them on religious topics; and a feeling, beginning to prevail that the impassable gulf, thought formerly to exist between a seaman and religion, does not exist in nature or reason; but that they were designed for each other by the all-wise Creator; and that only he consults his highest happiness, who seeks this union for himself. I have never seen such readers of religious tracts, as in some men-of-war with which I have been acquainted; and in one recently lying in North River, off New York, I venture to say that there was more religious reading, and perhaps less profaneness, on Sunday, than could be found, among the same number of men, taken together, in any part of the adjoining city.

that I believe the impression is getting to be general, that the person's character as an officer is improved by it: at all events, the former prejudice is very rapidly giving way. I do not know any particular cause for this change in character; further than that great cause, which must always be foremost in operating such changes, namely, the influ-

the crew; that, in such vessels, they very seldom can have capable teachers, even where the best efforts are used; and that very often, very little care of any kind will be taken of them; and lastly, that, after government has had the trouble and expense of bringing them up, still, as soon as they can do it, they will leave the Navy, and carry their superior acquirements to a better market in the merchant service, where many of them will readily find employment as mates or captains. All these are serious objections; and I know, they have strong hold upon the minds of many persons of sound and discriminating judgment. That the system is best as it is now, I do not assert: indeed, I have never met with an officer who approved of it fully in its present form. The last objection, however, seems to apply to all forms; and I will notice this the first. The question, whether the Navy will receive the benefit of this somewhat expensive mode of getting sailors, will depend for its solution, altogether, or at all events chiefly, upon the bringing up which they receive. The Navy will, certainly, have the advantage of first, or earliest impressions. There is no doubt that a sailor, long accustomed to a manof-war, does not readily accustom himself to the duties of a merchant vessel, where the labor is much greater, the provisions generally are not so good, and where in case of sickness, the attention and comforts are greatly inferior. A regular manof-war's-man likes, now and then, to try a merchant ship; but he, generally, returns again, very soon, to swing his hammock and spread his mess-cloth in the good old place. The habits, the duties, the tone of feeling in a merchant vessel, are all alien to him. This will give the Navy a great advantage with regard to apprentice sailors. Some will find employment elsewhere; but nearly all, if early care is taken to attach them to the Navy, will abide by it through life. But in order to form this attachment, some changes might perhaps be found desirable. Regular sailors all dislike receiving ships, and such vessels are not, I think, adapted for forming early and favorable prepossessions. Thev are necessarily places of idleness; and idleness is ever the parent of vice: sailors, coming home from a cruise, and having, as is often the case, a few months still to serve, when their ship is discharged, have quite a horror of a receiving ship. They say, that the good stock of clothes which they bring back, and their little nick-nacks from foreign countries, all slip away from them, in such a place, they know not how; leaving only the consciousness that they are stripped and destitute. I

bad places for boys as well as men; that, on board | contrary, I think that the idleness, in a receivsea-going vessels, these boys are much in the way, | ing ship, necessarily produces such evils; and (about 50 are allowed to a frigate, and so to other still more particularly, at present, when these ships, in proportion) and impair the efficiency of ships are full of landsmen and others not brought up regularly in the service. Apprentice lads have good literary instruction in such vessels; but still, it must be obvious that they are not places to create attachment to a man-of-war. On board of sea-going ships, my observation of the system has not been very extensive. I have seen apprentice boys in them very well treated, and forming attachments to the Navy, which no time can break; but, I can well conceive too, that they may be greatly neglected, and left to get along as well as they may. It is certain, that as no especial provision is made for instructors for them; and as their number makes them often in the way; and as being rated as part of the ship's complement, impairs the efficiency of the crew, there is frequently a prejudice against them, that is not adapted to procure for them kind treatment, or to secure kind feelings in return. a few small vessels, say light brigs, be manned entirely with them, with six or eight old sailors to give them instruction in splicing rope, &c .-- and these vessels be put under the command of suitable persons, a very happy result would be obtained. They would be well taken care of, well instructed, well exercised in seamanship; and most of all, would be effectually and inalienably attached to the service. It would be difficult to find just the right sort of commanders for such vessels; but we have such in the Navy; and, with them, a happier place or a more useful one than such an apprentice-ship, could not readily be found.

It is to be hoped that congress, before long, will give us an institution, in some shape or other, for a more enlarged education of our midshipmen. One is very greatly needed. Of the effect of such a school in opening to officers resources within themselves, and in refining and elevating their general character, and in giving them a higher standing in society on shore, there cannot be a doubt. And not only this; but the necessities of the service are beginning absolutely to demand such advantages of education. The sciences of the age are all in rapid progression. Works, which constitute the stopping point of science of one generation, are the primmers of the next. These sciences are penetrating into every thing, and affecting transformations; and any set of men that will not keep pace with them, must be the sufferers. We have, now, Paixhan guns in nearly all ships recently fitted out. How many of our officers could trust themselves to prepare their shot? In case of war, we should need suddenly a great many steamers. How many of our officers would be competent to take charge of them? I could pursue this subject much further; bave no particular allusions in these remarks; but this is not the place for it; and it is perhaps unnor do I in the least reflect, in them, on the necessary, inasmuch as during the last session of conduct of commanders of such ships. On the congress, a near approach was made towards giving

us a college; and officers friendly to the subject, were | What changes may come ere I greet thee again! thrown into fear that congress was going to legislate about it too fast. It was proposed to establish it near fort Monroe. Had this been done, it may be queried whether the latent jealousies between the two services, might not, sooner or later, have disturbed the peace of both; and have led to mischief. We have already, in the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia, a building sufficiently large, and very well adapted to an institution, such, at all events, as it might be proper to commence with. But this is a subject not proper for me to discuss at length; and, I mention it, only because the friends of a Naval College were alarmed by this choice of place, lest it should eventually be entirely fatal to their hopes.

I have, in writing these remarks, been careful to choose my words with soberness, so as not to allow myself, by the strong interest of the topics, to be carried into any false views of facts, or into any illusions of hope. I might, I think, have drawn a far more vivid picture, without departing from the truth; but I preferred to write guardedly, so as not to give offence to those who may be less sanguine on these subjects than myself.

Meetings have been held in New-York, during the last year, by gentlemen of the army and Navy, interested in the religious improvement of these branches of our service. I trust they will be continued. The proceedings at their last meeting, were highly interesting, and their various resolutions, if carried into effect, will doubtless result in important good.

U. S. Frigate, Constitution, 1842.

A FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY PAYNE KENYON KILBOURN.

And again I must leave thee, dear land of my fathers !--Dim shapes in the distance are beck'ning to me: When dark o'er my pathway, the tempest-cloud gathers, How fondly my spirit will fly back to thee! I leave thee, loved land, toil and danger despising, Yet the honds that unite us no distance can sever; One star in thy skies, from the dawn of its rising,

Hath guided my steps, and will guide them forever!

There our dreams, in the mist of enchantment arrayed, Told the noise we would make when we grew to be men! And there are the fields where in boyhood we played,-And there is the dwelling that sheltered us then; No more shall its ancient walls echo our tread; No more, at its altars, in prayer shall we bow: The friends it enfolded are scattered or dead, And the faces are strange that are gathered there now. 111.

Sweet vale of my childhood !-- in sadness I turn From scenes that have been and must ever be dear; And, long as the fires of affection shall burn, Thoughts of thee shall awaken the smile and the tear!

The child may have grown to a sophist or sage-The bright locks of youth may be hoary and thin, And the cheek of the maiden be wrinkled with age.

I go-but thy scenes will be none the less bright; Of thy romance and beauty the bard will still dream ;-Other eyes will behold, with a glow of delight, The lake and the landscape, the mountain and stream. As gaily, as sweetly, the wild flowers will blossom,

As erst, when they yielded their perfumes for me; Oh! when life shall be pass'd, I would rest on thy bosom, And the dust which thou gave'st, I would give back to thee!

How many, alas! from our presence have gone, Whose love gathered brightness as life neared its close ! Sleep on, we loved ones! till the morning shall dawn. And the songs of eternity break your repose!

Ye shall pass—ye shall pass through the grave's gloomy portal,

On the wings of a seraph your spirits shall rise, And clad in the garments of glory immortal, Ye shall dwell with the ransomed of God in the skies.

VI A grave yard !- where, wrapped in undreaming repose,

Friends, kindred and neighbors are laid side by side; How it softens the wrath of the bitterest foes! How it hushes and humbles the vauntings of pride! "Writ in marble" are names once familiar to me, Of the wisest, the gayest, the fairest of all! How startling the thought !-- can it be--can it be-That the forms we have cherish'd, are hid 'neath the pall !

Farewell to the past! Like an unwritten story, The future is teeming with pleasure or woe ;-Ye angels of love, and ye phantoms of glory, Lead on! I will follow wherever ye go! Yet long through the lapse of fast-coming years, Tho' I bask in life's sunshine, or bow to its gale, I will cherish alike, in rejoicing and tears,

The friends and the home that once gladdened the vale ! Litchfield, Ct., May, 1842.

THE FRENCH DRAMATISTS. RACINE.

"Du théatre Français l'honneur et la merveille, Il sut ressusciter Sophocle en ses écrits;

Et dans l'art d'enchanter les cœurs et les esprits, surpasser Euripide et balancer Corneille."-Boileau.

The parallels which have been drawn between Racine and Corneille, are innumerable, yet several points in their literary and personal character, are so decidedly opposite, as to become contrasts, rather than demand comparisons. They were both the idols of a nation, whose enthusiasm is loud and boundless in admiration of its favorites, and they alike closed their successful careers, amid the delirious tumult and excitement of a people's unrestrained applause. They equally strove to purify the literature of their country, to elevate its tendencies, to erase the stains with which time and false taste had obscured much that might have been

brilliant, and to overcome opposition, not gradually, nor timidly, as those who doubted the truth of their mission, but valorously and firmly, with the boldness of men, who acknowledged their responsibility, and were prepared to meet it, of souls strong in the faculty of exertion, and not to be borne down by persecution, nor turned aside by difficulties. Theirs were the brave, stout, martyr-hearts, not lightly to be governed or swerved; the hearts which, variously directed, have wielded the world's destinies, from the beginning, and made by their very existence, a memorable era in life's history.

Yet, though their purpose was the same, the Dramatists differed in many respects, and most of the French writers who have compared them, give the preference to Racine. His superiority in manner and conversational grace, was calculated to render him more popular with his contemporaries, than one whose personal awkwardness singularly contrasted with the polished beauty of his intellect, and Racine was fortunate in the formation and continuance of several devoted friendships. La Harpe, in his beautiful "Eloge," awards him that fervent and eloquent praise, which only one genius, can bestow on another: "Le dirai-je?" he says, "Corneille me parait ressembler à ces Titans audacieux, qui tombent sous les montagnes qu'ils ont entassées; Racine me parait le véritable Prométhée qui a ravi le feu des cieux."

The former stood for awhile, in solitary greatness, the first brilliant mind, after centuries of literary gloom, and his light seemed brighter, for the long ages of darkness it "made visible." He came forth undannted by obstacles, and swayed with a masterspirit, the powerful delusions of the stage. He towered with irresistible self-confidence, far above opposition, and dazzled and startled, till from very astonishment, he wrought upon men's judgment, and almost defied their censure. He advanced without formidable rivalry, and possessed the advantage of being the originator of a new style, which his successor strengthened and perfected. Racine's tone was more persuasive and he charmed by the melodious correctness of his poetry, and the polish of compositions which were most admired when closest criticised. He won approval because none could deny that he deserved its best and highest rewards, and verily France bestowed them!

Men of genius! how many hearts have thrilled beneath your mental influence, how many voices have rapturously proclaimed your power, and rung the triumph-peal of your praise! Even for us in these after-times, there lingers a magic in your names; the age which you hallowed and adorned, has passed away, and posterity still reverently enshrines the memory of minds which have written for themselves, an undying history. You have left on the crased: you have spoken burning words, that make 'upon, by the deepest of human passions.

immortal music, though the bewildering vision of your lives, long ago bath vanished! The perplexities of your onward course, the annoyances you encountered, the intellectual loneliness, which the greatly gifted must inevitably endure, who would shrink, even from troubles like these, could they gain your recompense? Yours was the might to mould men's thoughts with language, and to write your records on their hearts. Yours was the holy and haunted lot of the children of song, and you made our common world radiant with the fair imaginings, the mysterious illusions of the shadowland of dreams. Ah! were these things perishable, could the recorded inspiration of intellect fade from us, as the beautiful fades from the material creation, then indeed, the pilgrimage of life were very sad, and the glorious workings of human thought, but wild and mournful vanity!

Racine's early and friendly intercourse with Boileau was of infinite advantage to his literary labors, and his companion's kind, yet impartial criticism, corrected many of those errors and inaccuracies of style which mar the youthful efforts, even of genius. Boileau's taste was proverbially correct and unerring, and he never denied its perfecting influence to one, whose very arder and impetuosity of inspiration rendered his first productions defective. It is singular how little the spirit of prophecy rested on Corneille, in his judgment of Racine's early attempts at dramatic composition, and that such a direction of the young writer's genius, should have been disapproved and restrained by a mind and temperament so nearly akin to his own, and so preëminently successful in tragic delineations. The lofty and undisputed station of "Le grand Corneille," as his French biographers delight to name him, his total freedom from all fear of rivalry, and his habitual encouragement of aspiring followers, in a pathway he had rendered distinguished forbade the assignment of any selfish or unworthy motive in his opinion of a poet, whose later career so brilliantly refuted these depressing auguries, and he afterwards, with characteristic magnanimity, wondered at his own blindness of judgment. He gladly acknowledged the complete disappointment of his former predictions, and amid the excitement of Racine's future applause, there was no accent of truer and more cordial congratulation than that of him, "qui dut avoir pour lui lavoix de son siècle, dont il était le créateur."

The comedy of Les Plaideurs, written in a fit of pique occasioned by his failure in a law-suit, evinces great comic talent, and proves that Racine possessed an appreciation of the ludicrous scarcely inferior to Molière, but his taste directed him differently. He loved to portray the more solemn and gorgeous scenes of existence, to depict the strong conflicting workings of hearts touched by "sands of Time," footsteps which shall not be sorrow, and the stirrings of spirits, wildly wrought

favorite themes of the loftiest order of intellect, and it appears as if genius, in its restless struggles and yearnings, claims affinity with those overwhelming emotions, which make actual occurrences the saddest of tragedies, and truth more full of grief than the most vivid of fictions.

If the assertion be correct, that variableness of conception is a characteristic of the highest minds, Racine was wholy deserving of that name of "genius," so frequently taken in vain, and his faculty of presenting events and individuals so totally dissimilar, is among his most prominent traits, and one which developed its strength even in youth, when the imagination of an author is prone to be exclusive in its delineations. The young composer draws his favorite ideal, rather than reality, and it is ordinarily, when time, and wordly experience have left their imprints, that he acquires the power of many sidedness and learns to paint the changing hues in the prism of life.

Racine's disposition was strangely susceptible, and easily acted on by external impressions. His thoughts and purposes were constantly liable to alteration by the influence of the various circles with whom he mingled. The greatest proof of this was afforded by his singular desire to forsake society, with all its dazzling and generously-proffered allurements, for the permanent seclusion of a monastic destiny. The religious intercourse, in which he was plunged for awhile, gave rise to this sudden inclination, and in his zeal he looked on his former pursuits as idle and reprehensible, and endeavored with fanatical fervor to banish every throb of imaginative impulse, to stay the rapid tide of inspiration, and finally, to shroud with the cowl, the brow where the laurel was already twining. Potent indeed must have been the faculty of self-sacrifice. that could have rendered such a determination for an instant endurable to a heart which had beat quickly at the sound of popular approbation, and grown proud with the speedy gratification of a writer's noblest aspirations. For him there could have been no contentment in an existence of strict retirement; the settled religious conviction of its utility, the confirmed distaste for active enjoyments, or the enduring presence of some severe disappointment, motives which often prompt the votaries of pious retreat, were all wanting in his experience. Truly they must have been singular, the poet's dreams of a lonely cell and its quiet meditations, of a sojourn afar from the voice of mortal vanities, of days interrupted in their monotony only by prayer, and of nights, silent and solitary; when around him, were the stirring realities of the brightest age of France, the glittering pageantry of Europe's most brilliant court, days of bewildering variety, nights all too

The sad circumstances of life seem usually the tions; the calm, unbroken routine of sacred duties, would scarcely have satisfied a temperament of ardent poetic enthusiasm, and a fancy filled with the gorgeous deceptions and impassioned romances of a theatrical employment. Not for him, with his exacting nature, his yearning expectations, were the mysterious noiselessness of the desert, the unwitnessed penance of the monastery; his lot was cast in the busy toil of the moving world, amid the ceaseless hum of many voices, and in the presence of ambition's radiant hopes. The transient, though sincere desire for an ecclesiastical profession was at length dissipated by the influence of gayer anticipations, and Racine sought in domestic life, the happiness he never could have found in that loneliness which for aspiring minds like his, mocks with the promise of peace, but giveth none.

One of the most beautiful of Racine's brief productions, is his éloge of Corneille, composed soon after that Dramatist's death. His thorough appreciation of the poet's endowments, heightened his eloquence, which was made more impressive by the blending of warm personal admiration and affection for one, who though long his rival, had never ceased to be his friend. Racine attached less value to the honors awarded him, than is usually felt by those who mingle industrious exertion with the impulses of genius; but his religious convictions were opposed to public distinctions, and tended to restrain that pining for celebrity, frequently so difficult to control. Never, even in his most gratifying and rapturous moments, did the author act in opposition to the dictates of his conscience, nor forfeit his self-approval, to obtain popular applause. His piety was a sentiment, a faith of the feelings, rather than a reflection of the intellect. "La raison," remarks Boileau of his associate, "la raison conduit ordinairement les autres à la foi; c'est la foi qui a conduit Racine à la raison."

Racine's Essays in historical composition, were favorably regarded by his contemporaries, and considered sufficiently graphic and correct to entitle him to rank among the ablest French historians, and the Abbe D'Olivet, a critic not easily satisfied; deemed them calculated to win for their writer the same enviable position on the list of prose authors, which he had gained among Dramatists. Racine's own judgment of these compositions, appears to have been less flattering, and he evidently preferred to exercise his powers in a style more imaginative. He soon grew weary of tracking the perplexing mazes of human motive along the by-ways of political intrigue, and he loved better to ramble with the silent companionship of his pleasant fancies, amid the sweet haunts of the flowery land of song.

The tragedy of La Thebaïde, for which the combrief, for his exciting triumphs. The tempting poser solicits the reader's leniency, and pleads his stillness of Chartreuse would have strikingly con- youth when it was written, though certainly not trasted with the tumult of his accustomed occupa-lacking censurable points, abounds in melancholy

mind far from having attained the maturity of its thy, we all dream of in our youth, but none of us perceptions. barmonized well with a fancy, fraught with poetic sadness, and delighting to throw its own rich coloring, on scenes so full of passionate resistance, of eloquent utterance, and the proud heart's worst despair. He avoids in this drama, Corneille's usual defect, for love is only vaguely and incidentally depicted, and there is no sentimental weakness to mar the mysterious horror of one of the deepest tragedies recorded in history. This frightful picture of fraternal hatred, was a singular selection for one afterwards named 'Le Peintre de l'amour,' to make the foundation of his early effort; and the play is doubly interesting to the critic, as it displays the current of the writer's youthful genius, and shadows forth that promise of greater excellence, which the Poet's subsequent labors, so nobly and faithfully redeemed. Perrault in his lives of illustrious men, compared Racine's drama of Andromaque, composed at a later period, to the most highly finished works of his predecessor, and declared it fully equal to Lecid. Its first reception, however, was far from favorable, and the author on its publication, was obliged to contend with that ridicule, which is the most unendurable of criticisms. A parody in the form of a comedy was composed and performed, which rendered completely ludicrous, many of the Dramatist's finest sentiments and imaginings, and it was long before the various original beauties of the piece were properly appreciated, and the author awarded the approbation he justly merited. cise appears to have borne with philosophic equanimity, the ordeal inflicted by popular caprice, and it was probably beneficial in its results; for, he afterwards wrote more guardedly, and in some respects, more correctly.

Racine's domestic life was tranquil, but could scarcely have been happy, for his wife was wholly destitute of sympathy with his favorite occupations, and felt so little interest in his success that she was often ignorant even of the titles of tragedies, which were winning loudest approval, and crowning their composer with fame's unwithering garland. a sad detail of private sorrow, does that single circumstance hold forth, and how frequently and painfully must the dreamer have turned disappointed from a soul, thus at variance with his own, and yearned, mournfully and vainly, for that better love, the fair visions of his spirit had painted! It were a pleasant thing, could we separate the double exintence of those who have carried the cross of intellect and won the martyrdom of celebrity, could we take from their worldly pilgrimage, the shadowing memory of its ordinary trials, and view their mental endowments apart from the darkening clouds of humanity. The moral attributes and mental pecaliarities of a single character, were the study of years; for, we believe there never yet has been an

beauty, and is remarkable, as the production of a | instance of that perfect comprehension and sympa-The sorrowful tone of the subject find in our experience. We look on others through the deceiving medium of our own different tastes and personal prejudices and these, sometimes unconsciously veil our judgment.

Who has not known the pain of being misconstrued! who has not felt the heart shrink dejected within itself, before the dread of misinterpretation, or depart chilled and saddened, from those who may love, but cannot sympathise? There are few whose daily existence has not been fraught with these griefs, and such miscomprehension is especially the portion of minds above the common level, whose conceptions and anticipations are not of the earth, earthly. It must have been one of the severest trials which the poet's genius was heir to, this conviction of indifference where he should have obtained fondest congeniality; this depressing, irremediable isolation of spirit. The man of transcendant intellect must often endure in silence, for his regrets are sometimes too visionary to be understood even by watchful friendship. Only love, the pure and perfect love whose angel-light shines but once on the human heart, can penetrate these mysteries of our being, and when that blessing is denied is life, the poet has one hope the more, added to his dreams of heaven.

JANE TAYLOR LOMAX.

Washington City.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

" Mother ! dear Mother ! the feelings nurst, As I hung at thy bosom, clung round thee first: 'Twas the earliest link in love's warm chain, 'Tis the only one that will long remain; And, as year by year, and day by day, Some friend still trusted, drops away, Mother! dear Mother! Oh! dost thou see How the shortened chain brings me nearer thee!" MOTHER! they say to me, that thou

Beginnest to grow old; That time, in furrows on thy brow Hath placed his impress cold :-'Tis so !- yet still dost thou appear As young and fair to me, As when an infant, Mother dear, I played upon thy knee!

They tell me, Mother! that thy cheek Hath lost its ruddy glow, Of which so oft I've heard those speak Who knew thee long ago: It may be so !- yet will I press That cheek with love as strong, As when in childhood's fond embrace, Upon thy neck I hung.

They tell me many a charm, once fair, Beginneth to decay,-That thy once glossy, raven hair, Is turning fast to gray;

Yet I each hoary tress revero— Each charm by thee possess'd, Doth still to me as fair appear, As first my sight it bless'd!

80

And yet I know, 'tis even so,
For Time is hurrying on;
And those who live to bless us now,
Alas! will soon be gone:
And, Mother dear, it grieves my soul
To think that, day by day,
Thour't reaching nearer to thy goal,
And soon must pass away!

Mother! in sooth it filleth me
With sorrow, sharp and keen,
When I look back and think, to thee
How wayward I have been.
Oh! could I but live o'er again
My life from infancy,
I think, how much of care and pain,
Mother! I'd spare to thee!

Ah! vain the wish!—for Time, once gone,
Can never more return;
And, as it still is hurrying on,
Still onward are we borne;
And deeds once done, are done for aye,
Whate'er they may betoken;
And we may utter words to-day,
Can never be unspoken!

But, Mother! though I cannot now
Call back the years are past,—
Remove the shadows from thy brow,
That Time hath on it cast;—
Yet may it be my sweetest care
Each care of thine t'assuage;
And soothe thine every future year
Of earthly pilgrimage!

JEWISH ANECDOTES.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

[The following anecdotes are translated from an interesting work published this year at Paris, entitled *Les Matitinées du Samedi* (The Saturday Mornings,) written by G. Ben Levi, for the use of the Israelitish youth of France.]

ABRAHAM AND THE IDOLS.

At the period, when the first of our holy patriarchs lived, worship was offered to the images of men, of animals, of plants, and fantastical beings, carved of wood, sculptured of stone, or cast in metal, to which divine power was ascribed by ignorance and superstition.

Terah, the father of Abraham, was himself a maker of Idols, and nevertheless adored them, which was repugnant to the good sense of his son. One day, when Abraham was at home alone, an old man presented himself in the idol-warehouse of Terah, to buy one of them. "How old are you?" asked Abraham, of the old man. "Eighty years." "How! what! you, who are so old, do you wish to worship an image that my father's workmen made yesterday?" The old man understood him, and retired ashamed.

A young woman succeeded him. She came to bring a dish of victuals as an offering to the idols of Terah. "They do not eat alone, (said Abraham to her,) try to make them take this food from your hands," and the young woman, having made the attempt without success, went away undeceived.

Then Abraham broke all his father's idols, except one only, the largest, in whose hand he placed a hammer. When Terah, on returning, saw this havock, he flew into a violent rage; but his son said to him, "It is the large idol that has done this; a good woman having come to bring your divinities something to eat, they fell greedily upon this offering, without asking leave of the largest, and oldest of them. He was angry and has avenged himself by treating them in this manner."

"You wish to deceive your father," replied Terah, full of wrath, "do you not know that these images can neither, speak nor eat, nor move in the least?"

"If it be so," cried Abraham, "why do you consider them as gods, and why do you compel me to worship them?"

DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS.

A LEGEND.

When King David was flying across the desert of Ziph, pursued by Saul, he grew impatient at the quantity of spiders' webs which he had to break, and one day, when he was pricked by a worm, he cried out in his passion, "Great God! why hast thou created flies and spiders which are of no use, and only serve to hurt men?" "I will make you understand," answered a prophetic voice.

Some time afterwards, he descended Mount Achild, and ventured, by night, into the camp of Saul, to deprive him, whilst asleep, of his arms and his cap. After having succeeded in this project, he was about to retire, when his foot became entangled in the legs of the faithful Abner, who slept beside Saul. Great was the embarrassment of David, how he should disengage his foot from the hold of Abner, without awakening this valiant servant, and to find himself surprised thus alone in the camp of the enemy! David's anxiety was at its height, when a fly bit Abner on the leg, and the pain which the warrior felt, made him make a movement of which David availed himself, to withdraw his foot; he then fled quickly, thanking God for having created flies.

Saul, however, pursued him into the desert, and to escape him, David had slipped into a cavern, when God sent a spider which wove its webbacross the narrow entrance of this rock. Saul and Abner were quickly in the footsteps of the fugitive, and Abner having said "He is doubtless concealed in the hollow of this rock; let us go seek him there."

"It is useless," answered Saul, "do you not see that the entrance of this cavern is covered

with a spider's web, and that no one could have entered without breaking this delicate tissue !"

"You are right," answered Abner, and they retired to continue their search in another part of the desert.

Then David cast himself on the ground, and cried "Lord! pardon me for having doubted thy wisdom; henceforth, my feeble understanding shall not cease to humble itself before the sublime harmonies of thy creations. Lord! the smallest of thy creatures is of use to man; the spiders and the flies themselves, have a part to perform in nature. Lord! what thou sayest is well; what thou doest is just."

THE ALTAR.

A Pagan came one day to seek the sage Nathaniel, and said to him, "The God of Israel, who is thine, is a powerful God. I wish to worship him, and to offer him a sacrifice; but tell me, where should I raise him an altar" !-- " In thy heart," answered the sage.

THE DEPOSITORY.

When the ordinance of the year 1311 appeared, by which King Philip, the Handsome, expelled from France, all the Jews, without exception, no time was allowed these unfortunate exiles for realixing their possessions. One of them, a merchant of the quarter of the city, fearing to expose the gold and jewels of which he was possessed, to the dangers and accidents of a long voyage, went to seek one of his neighbors—a citizen of Paris, a good Christian, living in the court of Notre Dame, and enjoying a great reputation for honesty. "I have a deposite to entrust to you," said he to him, " give me your word to restore it to me faithfully." The merchant gave his word, and the Jew entrusted to him his gold and his jewels, and then departed for the South, where the laws against the children of Israel were less severe.

Four years afterwards, Louis having permitted the Israelites to reënter France, our Jew returned to Paris, and his first visit was to the court of Notre Dame; but what were his feelings, when he learnt that the merchant to whom he had entrusted his fortune, had been ruined by unfortunate speculations, and that he had fallen into the deepest distress. The Jew, in despair, did not doubt that his fortune had been swallowed up in the shipwreck of the merchant; however, he could not resist the desire to heap on him deserved reproaches : he discovered his address, and in a miserable garret, without furniture, he found his man shivering with cold, starving with hunger, and devoured with chagrin, sitting on a chest, before a fireplace, without fre. At this sight, reproaches died away on the ing the sweet inflections of his voice with the harmo-Jew's lips; but the merchant had scarcely recog- ny of his instrument, the shouts of health and wasnised him, before he rose, opened his chest, and sail, the caronsal of the banquet, and the busy

have entrusted to me." "How," exclaimed the Jew, "in spite of your misery, have you kept it for me untouched !"

"This money was not mine," answered the old merchant, calmly." God be praised, you have come back! I have been so unhappy, that thoughts of suicide have beset me a hundred times, but I have been preserved by the idea that I have given you my word, and I was afraid that I could find no person who would be willing to take charge of this deposite, under the obligation of keeping my promise." "You have done well not to kill yourself," answered the delighted Jew, " for your troubles are ended, the half of my fortune belongs to you." From that day, the Jew and the Christian lived together as brothers.

A MERCHANT'S BANQUET.

A Jew of Anvers, giving a dinner one day to Charles the Fifth, had, served up for him at the desert, pies cooked upon a bond for two millions, which the Emperor had given him for that sum which he owed him; and as the Company were in extacies at so rich a hospitality, Daniels said that he did not pay too dearly at the price of two millions for the honer which the Emperor had done him, a simple merchant, in dining with him. "You esteem yourself too little," interrupted Charles the Fifth; "for, whilst the nobility ruin me, the men of learning instruct me, and the merchants enrich me."

THE FAIR MAID OF FLANDERS.

BY ROBERT L. WADE.

"Oh who can measure woman's love, Or probe its depth and length? With all the meekness of a dove. It hath a lion's strength."

'Twas a night of festivity in Flanders. The ancestral old country seat of the puissant and farfamed Count Baldwin, ruler of the province, was illumed with thousands of brilliant lights and tapers, displayed at every loop, and window, and outlet of the time-worn pile. The strains of rich, joyous music, that filled the air with melody most sweet, told in language too impressive to be mistaken, that naught but gayety for the moment reigned within. Over turret, battlement and tower, bright banners, and gay festoons, waved their silken folds to the light evening breeze; within the spacious halls, resounded the rapturous strains of soul-inspiring music—the light, gay laughter of merry-hearted damsels, the measured tread of the dancers' steps, the lay of the welcomed troubadour blendsaid to him, "Hold, here is the deposite which you hum of human voices, mingling their many tones, and sending heavenward, a strange and confusing, | ing required for use, a small dirk in a curiously carnoise, din and riot.

Without, 'twas a scene of splendor and sereni-Down upon one of the richest garden spots of nature that earth can boast of, poured the soft light of the bright moon in the full flood of glory and magnificence; and as the trees and shrubbery waved their young limbs and branches with the influence of the breeze, the luxuriant glades and spreading lawns, were chequered with changing spots of light and shade, most beautiful to look upon. And there were those there, who deemed that nature was gifted with attractions quite equal to those displayed within; for, as the hours moved on, and higher, yet higher, rode the sovereign of the night, one by one, and in couples, aye, and even in parties of three and four, had members of that vast company there assembled, stolen from the hot dissipation and excitement of the ball-room, to the battlements and tower-walls; until there had now collected upon the outworks and platforms of the castle, at least a third of those who had there met for the occasion, to receive entertainment, and enjoy the hospitality of the mighty Lord of Flanders.

But there was one couple upon the platform leading to the tower-gate, that kept aloof, and seemed to have no communion with the rest.-When the chivalric and courteous Count Baldwin had been informed that a portion of his company had left the dance, to enjoy the coolness of the night in the open, unpolluted air, with that kindness and urbanity which he ever evinced for the comfort and gratification of his guests, he had ordered a display of fire-balloons, and the attendance of a band of music upon the lawn, to the right of the eastern wing of the house; and now, when those for whose pleasure these matters had been arranged, had flocked toward that side from whence they could most readily witness the performance. and listen to the music, this solitary couple moved not from the spot which they had, from the first, occupied, but remained gazing in silence over the massy parapet, toward the far-off precipitous heights of the rocky Jura, which were visible from where they stood, marking the boundary of fair France.

The elder of the two, was a young man, in the prime and flower of youth, a graceful, and apparently gentle chevalier, of stately mein, and pleasing countenance, and arrayed in rich robes of fur and cloth, adorned with jewels. He wore a small velvet cap, from which rose a single long heron's feather; a baldrick of satin, worked with golden flowers, crossed his silken tunic from his shoulder to his side, where hung a long, narrow, Italian blade, in a golden scabbard, with its hilt of mother-of-pearl, garnished with many costly jewels, and in the girdle that circled his waist, was thrust, more for ornament, than any fears of the necessity of its be-'youth, who, immediately accepting it, pressed it

yet far from unpleasing, medley of sound and ved and ornamented sheath. Close unto his companion, a damsel-aye, and young and lovely too-He had stationed himself, with one hand closely clasping hers, and pouring into her ear, if impassion'd gestures, and an earnest eloquent expression of his countenance, may be construed into such a meaning, a tale of ardent, uncontrolable, and enthusiastical love, of deep and pure devotion, unwavering and sincere. And, well, indeed, might he find room in his warm and youthful heart, to enshrine the image of that sweet being, for never, since the day, when for a misdemeanor—to call it by no harsher name-mother Eve was expelled from celestial Eden, had there dawned upon the earth a brighter creature, or one better modelled by nature's hands, to turn the hearts of all the world, and set them quarrelling for love of her rich beauty. Twenty summers had not flushed upon her rosy cheeks; but, although thus young, the fame of her unmatched and peerless presence, had resounded through all the courts of christendom, and kings had not disdained to enter the field in competition for her hand and heart. But as yet, that stubborn thing, the latter, had not felt the influence of love. All went as they had come, unsuccessful in their suits, and even he who was now suffered to whisper unchecked of his fond hopes of winning, where many had failed, was listened to with apathy and coldness, and more out of respect and friendship for the speaker, than for any sympathy that might be lurking in her bosom with the burden of his words. Thus tarried they upon that spot, while time flew by with wonderful rapidity, until the moon had attained that height in the heavens, which betokened midnight; yet, neither had manifested any disposition to retire, until, in reply to a passionate exclamation, and a torrent of burning protestations, which burst from the lips of the youthfal suiter, for the hundreth time within the hour, the maiden answered irrevocably, but with such winning grace and loveliness, that it but caused him to love her yet more madly than before:

> "Urge me no more, I pray you. I grieve much, and have often heretofore, that you and I, my brave cousin, can never be to each other, more than we are now. Ask me not why. I cannot tell you. Desist, therefore, I beseech you, in thus pressing me on, for it will but serve to raise greater obstacles. My respect, esteem, friendship, nay, more, my love, is yours; but your wife, I can never be. Seek out some one more worthy to be your bride, and in her caresses, forget one who is not worthy of your passing thoughts. Come, let us in-the night grows chilly, and see, the platform is deserted, and we are left alone. Perchance we may be missed, and scandal will then be in circulation. Come."

> She extended her hand toward the statue-like

did, a tear trickeled from his glistening eyes, and fell upon it. Hastily brushing away the signs of his weakness, he then led her gently down the steps, and shortly after re-appeared in the ballroom, divested of every trace of his late emotion, and apparently the gayest of the gay. Loud and riotous were the bacchanalian chorusses that shook the fretted ceiling of the banqueting room, for the Lord of the mansion, and of the province, was there, with the flower of his court, doing the honors and courtesies of hospitality to the envoy then newly arrived from England's shore. The board was spread in the centre of the apartment. capable of entertaining at least a score of knights and retainers upon each side, but those that were now engaged in the carousal, were limited to two or three and thirty, picked from the noblest families of the land. Upon a raised platform or dais, at the upper end of the hall, was seated Baldwin the Fifth, surnamed the gentle Earl of Flanders, a man who had attained the middle age of life, possessed of a singularly mild, benign and amiable disposition, united to a pleasing countenance, and graceful form, now arrayed in garments of costliest velvet, silk and satin, adorned with nimever and down, and lace from the looms of his own country, the richest in the world, and sparkling with golden ornaments and jewels, scattered in rich profusion about his person. On his right hand was seated the ambassador of England's Edward the Confessor, the far famed and oft sung Brihtric Snaw, (the son of Algar, the Lord of Gloucester,) who, contemporary chroniclers inform us, was the andsomest and most courteous gentleman of his time, a perfect model of grace and manly beauty, of kind and gentle bearing. Besides those who were quaffing the sparkling liquids at the board, ever and anon breaking forth into roars of boistereus merriment, the hall was filled with men-atarms, seneschals, pages, cupbearers, and last, though far from being held in the lowest estimation, a gentle troubadour from the suany South, who chauted the loves of noble lords and ladies, in a manner that elicited the heartiest commendations from those who chanced to catch his magic strains, and drew down from them thunders of applause, and the more substantial remuneration of showers of golden coin. Lights also gleamed in every nich and corner of the room, and the air, agitated by the full, deep tones of the many human voices, rustled the various flags, and banners, and silken trophies, festooned upon the walls, and from the eeiling, shaking from them clouds of choaking dust, that probably had there accumulated undisturbed, for years.

sion, springing to his feet, and waving aloft a massy found themselves in the midst of a crowd of lords

first to his heart, and then to his lips, and as he goblet of virgin gold, filled to the brim with the juice of the fruits of the vines of France.

"Weal and wassail to the Saxon King!" repeated, with vociferous shouts, every knight and noble at the table. And up rose their cups and goblets, as their holders started to their feet to drink the health of the Island monarch, amidst the lengthened and reiterated applause of the assembled soldiery and retainers. "Thanks, thanks kind and many, for your courtesy and friendly feeling, most noble lords," replied the youthful envoy, with becoming grace and modesty, as soon as he could make the rich tones of his voice audible. "Doubt not, but that for this kindly reception of his representative, my honored master will feel deeply grateful to the mighty lords of Flanders. Permit me, ere I resume my seat, to pledge you, in this bright wine, the health of one infinitely dear to you-to meto all who know him; the brave, the virtuous, chivalric and beloved upholder of your country's rights and dignities. Weal, then, and wassail, -and shake the walls and roofs, the towers, battlements, and turrets to their centre—aye, shake the building to its very deepest foundation,-to the long life and health, glory, honor and prosperity, of one of the first and mightiest of the rulers of the earththe good and gentle Baldwin, Earl of Flanders." And indeed, the shouts and cries, and exclamations that followed his brief speech, did shake the palace to its centre, and joining in the roar, the whole body of the assembled followers, swelled the tumult and confusion with the utmost power of their lungs, evincing how strong a hold the love of their noble ruler had upon their hearts.

"You will think, I trow," whispered the Earl to Brihtric Snaw, as soon as this momentary confusion had, in a measure subsided, as the parties paused for breath, "You will think that we are but a boorish set, and can decide far better about the qualities of the contents of our wine-cups, than upon matters of a loftier and more manly nature."

" Nay, indeed, my Lord," rejoined the other, with happy elocution, "'twas not in relaxation of convivial hours, that those actions were wrought which ranked your people among the wisest and bravest of the earth. None may expect that the loosened bow will speed the quarrel."

Bowing in return for the compliment evidently intended to be conveyed in this reply, Count Baldwin rose from his seat, and proposed leaving the banquet to their companions, and adjourning to the dance. The fair young envoy, with a smile of acquiescence, immediately adjusted his garments, which had become somewhat displaced in the revelry of the hour, and followed his steps through the long halls and corridors, until they reached a "Weal and wassail to the Saxon King, Edward large oaken door, quaintly carved upon the outside, of England," suddenly exclaimed the Count of into Scripture scenes, which the Count threw open, Flanders, during the temporary lull of the confu- and motioning for his companion to enter, they

and ladies, whirling along in the mazes of the cinating woman, and an agreeable companion with dance, to the time of rich and joyous music.

It was, indeed, a gay scene to look upon. ners and ensigns were drooping from the walls and ceiling; wreaths and flowers, woodbine and eglantine circled the massive pillars that supported the gallery, wherein the musicians of the court were rolling out their strains of melody; beauty, bright, young beauty, and manly grace, and all the charms of kind and courteous intercourse, lent their aid to render the passing moments festive and free from sorrow. But among the many glistening eyes that rested in admiration upon the faultless countenance of the youthful Saxon, there was one pair gleaming forth from beneath the snewy brow of the loveliest maiden in the hall, which told of ardent, instantaneous affection, of love not to be rebuked nor stifled with impunity. Yes, the fair daughter of the ruler of the realm, the beautiful Matilda, she whom we have seen upon the battlements of her father's towers, listening with cold and chilling apathy, to the fierce and impassioned words that burned upon the lips of her youthful suitor, who little dreamed then, of the future life that destiny had marked out for him, had at last been made to feel that tumult in her own heart, which she had caused in those of others. By her side still tarried the hopeless lover, and he marked, that suddenly, instead of the passionless, yet friendly words that she bestowed upon him, no answers were returned to his reiterated questions. Silent she sat, gazing fixedly at some object in the room, and following with his eyes, the direction of her glance, they encountered the smiling face of Brihtric Snaw. His heart instantly recoiled, for, with that single look, he comprehended all, and was convinced that all his efforts were worse than useless. With a deep drawn sigh, he turned away, unnoticed by the idol of his affections, and sought, by plunging deeply into the pleasures of the hour, to drive from his mind the remembrance of the thorn that rankled there. Vain hope!

One, two, three weeks-a month, passed away, while the young envoy was detained at the court of Flanders, and most assiduously did the fair Matilda endcavor to attach him to herself, during the hours that he could spare from the business of his mission, and draw him into an acknowledgment that the passion which she but too keenly felt within her own bosom, was reciprocated by him. But without avail! Most true, he seemed to linger around her as much as possible, to anticipate all her wishes, serve her with the most devoted fidelity, and become, in fact, her only companion. But no fire of love kindled in his heart, or shot its flickering flame through his sparkling eyes; no lisp of fond or tender affection, had he suffered to escape

whom to while away the passing hours.

Thus did matters progress with the two-she loving with all the concentrated fierceness and emotion of ardent love; he, unconscious that he had excited any feelings but those which absence, now speedily approaching, could easily efface. Thus, as I have said, did matters progress, until the day before the one assigned for his departure, when Brihtric Snaw received a message that the Princess would be pleased to see him. The summons was immediately obeyed, and following the page, he was soon in the presence of the Lady Matilda. She was alone, in her apartment, and as the page retired, after having ushered in the envoy, she rose from her couch, upon which she had been reclining, and offered her hand to him. Raising it to his lips with accustomed gallantry, he pressed thereon a tender kiss, when he was startled by a warm tear-drop, that fell upon his uncovered neck. Looking up, he found with much surprise, that the pearly liquid was welling up to the eyes of the lovely maiden, and that her cheeks were wet with its overflow.

"In the name of the holy Virgin, I exhort thee, lady, to tell me what secret grief has moved you thus ?"

For an instant, she gazed into his eyes, as if she would have read, with the aid of only her own passion, the thoughts that were flitting through his mind, and then, as her entire frame was agitated with some inward convulsive effort, she threw herself upon his bosom, encircled his neck with her soft arms, and in a low voice, broken with sobs and sighs, exclaimed-

"Cast me not off, I beseech you. I am mad-My brain is turned, and I care not what I You leave me to-morrow, and despair has driven me to this. Hear me-Oh! hear me-cast me not off. Let me lay my aching head upon this place-keep me to your bosom-Oh! would that you might forever,-for I love you, dearly, madly, rashly, body and soul forever!"

Astonishment-utter, petrifying astonishment, for a time, held the young man dumb at these words. He knew not what to say-how to answer this sudden and unexpected declaration.

"Consider, dear lady,"—he at length found tongue to say-but ere he could get any further, she interrupted him with,

"Not a word-urge no obstacles. I will not, cannot listen to them. I have not come to this rashly, nor without consideration. I have thought, meditated, pondered and dreamed upon it for weeks, and now, that you know all, my heart is relieved, and nothing will swerve me from my fixed, unalterable determination. Yours I am, and yours only; and with you will I go. I am prepared for sudden his lips, and neither word nor action evinced that action—for immediate, instantaneous flight. With he regarded her any more than as a lovely and fas- 'you, I am happy-mistress or wife, I care not, so that I but possess your love, and gladly will I follow you to the ends of the earth, happy to be the object of your affections, and wishing for naught else."

"It may not—cannot be, lady," answered Brihtric Snaw, in an anxious tone. "Reflect awhile, and this folly"——

"Ha! folly, said you?" said the maiden, loosing her arms from the tight hold which they had maintained around his neck, and drawing back a few feet, "folly, is it?"

"Even so," answered Brihtric Snaw, perceiving that the circumstance required firmness and decision. "But a few weeks from now, when I shall be in mine own country, you will rail against this weak outburst of yours, and find another, whom you will love better."

" Never!" she answered.

"Then, but one thing more remains for me to say," continued he, slowly, and perhaps sadly, "lady, my affections I can never give to you, for they are—"

"Another's ?" she interrupted with startling emphasis.

"Another's. In mine own land, there dwells a maiden, unto whom my heart is plighted, and not crowns and kingdoms will tempt me to break that pledge."

"Then, may God curse you both. You shall one day find cause to think of this moment," said she, with imprecating look and gesture, sweeping from the room, leaving him to meditate and sorrow over the occurrences of the hour.

Years, long years passed away. The young and beautiful Matilda had become the bride of the suitor whom she had scorned on the evening of her first meeting with Brihtric Snaw, and that suitor had swelled the roar of arms around the land of Britain, and now wore the Saxon crown, under the name and title of William the Conqueror. the lapse of time had not cooled in the least, the resentment that rankled in the heart of the lovely Queen, against the object of her first affections. Long did she meditate upon certain and sweet revenge, and when her lord and husband had brought his countrymen to the yoke of bondage, and the opportunity presented itself, even before she had set her foot upon the green sward of her newly conquered kingdom, by her orders, her emissaries had seized upon the person of her formerly beloved Saxon, and having stripped him of every thing that he possessed, wife, children, friends, property and all, threw him into a deep dungeon of a subterranean prison, there to linger out the remainder of his days in misery and torment.*

By consulting "Thierry's Norman Conquest," and that deeply interesting and well written work of Agnes Strickland, the "Queens of England," the reader will find that this imperfect and hasty sketch, possesses the merit of truth.

LINES.

To the Mother of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson. Oh! lady! greatly favored! greatly tried! Was ever glory, ever grief like thine, Since hers, the mother of the man divine The perfect one-the crowned-the crucified? Wonder and joy, high hopes and chastened pride Thrilled thee; intently watching, hour by hour, The fast unfolding of each human flower, In hues of more than earthly brilliance dved-And then-the blight-the fading-the first fear The sickening hope—the doom—the end of all; Heart withering, if indeed all ended here,-But from the dust, the coffin, and the pall, Mother bereaved ! thy tearful eyes upraise-Mother of angels! join their songs of praise .-CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

Greta Hall, Keswick, Cumberland, April 10th, 1842.

LONGINGS FOR THE WEST.

By L. P. Davidson, (Brother of Margaret and Lucretia,) late Lieut. of Dragoons-U. S. A., during his last illness. The pen of this promising young soldier, has often entertained and instructed the readers of the Messenger. We have now the melancholy satisfaction of giving to them the last sad notes of the interesting youth.-Ed. S. Lit. Miss. Oh! that the Poet's mystic power were mine, Harmonious words in thrilling verse to join; What sweeter music than to strike the chords, To paint the beauties of the West in words, And sing in praise, that sweetest spot of Earth, Home of the wild and free; dear Leavenworth! Be still, my heart! let mem'ry's task divine, Bring back past joys, to glad this soul of mine; And spread the kindly veil o'er doubt and pain. I would not call back grief's, but pleasure's form again; How oft I've sat in melancholy mood, Where mad Missouri rolls his reckless flood, To watch the mighty stream with wondering eye, Born of a mountain spring, to swell the sea, And to man's life compare the aspiring wave, "Is born, is great," then thunders to the grave. I turn my eyes, the sun's departing beam Gilds yonder hill with more than earthly gleam; It glows like Sinai's Mount, then fades to gloom. Ambition's soaring child, it typifies thy doom-Oft when the morn smiled bright o'er frosty ground, And startling born had waked the slumb'ring bound, Iv'e sprung to horse, and with the shouting train, Chased fox and wolf o'er hill, and dale, and plain, 'Till tired with sport, I've checked my headlong steed, Where some bright stream winds through the flow'ry mead, And thrown me down, where sunbeams never come, To rest, to sleep, perchance to dream of home, Or watch my horse with eager ear and eye, Start at the hound's deep bay, and hunter's distant cry. Days, weeks and months, I've coursed the prairie's plain, Garden of God! the red man's rich domain-Oft chilled by cold, or scorched by Southern sun, From morn 'till night, 'till many a march was done, Then laid me down in some wild Indian's camp, The earth my resting-place, cold, drear and damp, To watch the stars-to mark the sullen owl, To catch the cadence of the wolf's sad howl, Or list the tales of scout and fairy War, Of sculking Pawnee bands, or murderous Delaware-Oh! could I catch that martial strain again, The band's wild music, thrilling thro' cach vein, While deep-mouthed trumpets rich alarums pour;

'Twere worth a life, to hear those sounds once more. Oh! could I see one moment, scan again, The bright parade, the soldier's glittering train, Watch every movement, mark with raptured eye, Each marshalled squadron, as its ranks pass by, And if, at speed, the mimic field they scour, To gain the rushing ranks, and shout the charge once more! Spirit of mem'ry! gentler pictures bring. And teach my muse, of social joys to sing, Of winter evenings, long from close of day, With comrade passed in converse, grave and gay, While tales of daring, wear the lengthened night, Of border warfare, or of Indian fight, Teach me to sing the glad, and social dance, Where waltzers whirl, and bright eyes witching glance, While friends in cities mourn our hapless lot, As banished exiles here, sad, desolate, forgot.

HISTORY OF THE KNIBHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA

PART XI.

The Turkish General, supposing, after the reduction of St. Elmo, that the Order would propose some terms of capitulation, sent an officer, and au old Spanish slave, with a flag of truce to the gates of St. Angelo, that La Valette might make known his stipulations for the surrender of his Convent. Although the Janizary was ordered to keep himself without gun-shot range, or he would be fired upon, yet his companion was admitted within the fortress; and, having been shown all its defences, was at last taken to the ditch of the "counterscarp," and addressed by the Grand-Master, as follows:

"Go now, and tell the Basha, that this is the only spot we design to yield to him, and which we purposely reserve as a burying-place for him, and his followers."

This answer gave Mustapha no hopes of obtaining possession of the Island, by means of a negotiation, and he immediately ordered his engineers to open their trenches before St. Angelo, the Borough, and fort St. Michael, now called the city of La Sangle.

While, for fourteen days, the Turkish officers were engaged in this work, their army was idle. Neither for this long period, was a shot fired from the Christian batteries, to interrupt them in their purpose. The only sound heard within the Convent, was the note of preparation; and the only noise without, was that of their enemies in the erection of their works.

Two Maltese commanders, Messena and Baroli, who were at Palermo, with their gallies, sought an audience of the Viceroy, and asked permission to leave for Malta, well knowing that La Valette was in want of their assistance, and daily expecting their arrival. Garzias, granting their request, or-

pany them on their voyage, and not to allow any one to land from his squadron, should he discover that St. Elmo had fallen. This Spanish Commander, after beating about ten days against a strong Southerly gale, succeeded in nearing the Island, and lowering a boat, sent two of his "friends" on shore, to inquire into the state of the fortress, and bring back their report to him. These "gentlemen," more anxious for the safety of the Convent, than scrupulous as to the truth of their statement, told Cordona that St. Elmo was still held by the Monks, and with his assistance, there could be no fears for its safety. And he, not doubting the truth of their report, carried his ships into the "bay of the black rock," where, before morning, he had landed some six hundred men, with fortyseven English, Italian, German, and Spanish Knights to command them. When this reinforcement entered the city of La Sangle, La Valette is reported to have fallen on his knees, and uttered the following prayer: "I thank thee, O heavenly Father, which hearest my invocations, and forsakest not this, thy little flock, beset round with most ravening wolves. These are the works of thine everlasting goodness, mercy, and providence." These new troops, anxious to distinguish themselves, were sent to guard the outposts, at their own request. And when, shortly after a desperate assault was made by the Turkish General, they met the first shock of battle, and behaved themselves most gallantly.

On the first of July, at early dawn, a Mussulman officer was observed standing on the beach opposite to the fort of St. Michael, waving his cap, as if desirous that a boat should be sent to receive him. An Albanian, who was stationed among the rocks, observing his signals, hastened with a guard to arrest him. The fugitive, to avoid his capture, and escape an ignominious death, took to the sea, as the only chance for saving his life. But, buoyed up, and retarded by his flowing robes, he remained for a long time exposed to the shot and arrows of his enemies, which were thickly falling around him. Escaping unhurt, he reached the middle of the harbor, where he would have perished, had not a German Commander sent four Maltese swimmers, to aid him in his perilous situation.* His narrow escape, which had been wit-

* In all our travels in the Mediterranean, whether on the shores of Spain or France, Italy, Greece or Turkey, we have never met with a people more fond of bathing, or famed for their aquatic feats, than the hardy natives of this tufa rock. Often times, during the past summer, while living in a country house at Pieta, have we seen the halfclad fishermen leave the shore, and wading out until they get beyond their depth, there remain for two or three hours, diving to the bottom for shell-fish. All this time, their heads were uncovered, and exposed to the burning heat of a noon-day sun. So expert are the Maltese in this fishery, that they seldom fail of finding something, while groping dered one of his officers, named Cordona, to accom- among the rocks which will not repay them for the trouble

nessed by the Order, created a general interest in derived from Lascaris, was of so much importance, his favor. And, though insensible when drawn on the rocks, yet such attentions were paid him by the Knights, and remedies applied, that he quickly recovered from his fright and fatigue, and addressed the Grand-Master as follows: He told La Valette that he was a Christian by birth, and of the noble Greek family of Lascaris—that having been taken a prisoner by the Turks, at the siege of Paytrass, when quite a child, and receiving many kindnesses at their hands, he had entered their service, and while in it, risen to the highest distinction. But wishing to return to the faith of his fathers, and well persuaded that he had it in his power to be of great service to the Convent, from having been one of Mustapha's chief councillors, and acquainted with all his designs, he had deserted from him at the risk of his life, to enlist under the standard of St. John, and to fight in a sacred cause, and against a common enemy. The information

of their descent. Frequently do they come to the surface with a beautiful shell, which they can readily sell for a sixpence; and, once we remember to have seen a sun-burnt bey bring up with him a silver coin worth eighty cents, as the fruit of his labor. When these fishermen are fatigued, they lay on their backs, and with a gentle motion of the heads, remain in this position, until they are sufficiently rested, to return to their labors again. Never do these men rest themselves in any other way, as they think it a disgrace to leave the fishing-ground before their task is done. As soon as these poor fellows have found shell-fish enough to bring them a shilling, their daily work is finished, and their daily wants supplied. Fortunate it is for them, that with so small a sum, they can be so well content.

While on this subject, we must not neglect to say a word of the naked boys, who go alongside of the steamers as they arrive, or depart, and casting an imploring look on the pessengers, cry out the only English words they know, "heave, air, heave." No sooner is a sixpence thrown in the water, than they are out of their boat to find it. Sometimes they get hold of their prize when it is only a little below the surface, but oftener it is otherwise, and then they go down for a depth of fifteen feet, to search for it among the weeds and stones at the bottom. Never have we known an instance where these little urchins have failed in finding a sixpence, did they but see the money when it struck the water, and went down knowing they were not deceived. For, often it is, that travellers send them to seek for the argents, which they have secretly replaced in their pockets.

There is another class of Maltese divers, which we must mention, though fortunate it is, that their services are not often required. We refer to those who dive for the dead. Within the last twelve months, a party of officers were upset in the great harbor, and one young man, the Adjutant of the 88th Regiment, was lost. Singular it is, that though this accident occurred in the day-time, and within fifty yards of the spot where an English line of battle-ship, with six hundred men on board was lying at anchor, still, we have never heard that any attempt was made by the crew of this ponderous hulk, to save him. After dragging in vain for the corse, it was brought up on the first trial, by one of these Maltese divers. But it was too late. All the remedies applied for its resuscitation, were useless; and Lt. Fowler's remains now lie interred, in the ground allotted noted Barbarossa, with whose name the reader has been for the protestant dead.

that the Grand-Master settled a handsome pension upon him, and gave him a command, which, by his conduct, he did not disgrace.

On the seventh of July, three gallies left Messina for Malta, having on board thirty Knights, and one thousand men. It was not until their appearance off the great harbor, that the Admiral who commanded them, was made aware of the loss of St. Elmo, and given to understand, by a signal from the Borough, that it would be impossible for him to enter the port, guarded as it was, by so many Turkish vessels. The Admiral, greatly to his displeasure, was obliged to return to Sicily; and the Monks, much to their sorrow, were compelled to witness his departure.

While Mustapha was employed in erecting his batteries, and planting on them eighty pieces of cannon,* Hassan, King of Algiers, arrived, bringing with him, seven gallies, ten galliots, and twentytwo hundred men, to join the Ottoman army. Hassan, though only five-and-twenty years old, was one of the most distinguished officers whom the Sultan could call in his service. And so much confidence did the Sublime Porte have in his judgment and courage, that Phiali was instructed (as we have stated in a previous chapter,) not to engage in any battle with the Knights, or plan any operations against them, unless it was in his presence, and met with his cordial support. Landing with such power, Mustapha made him his chief adviser, and informing him of his plans, asked as a favor, that he would command the force which he had appointed for the attack on St. Michael. It was sufficient that the service was a dangerous one for Hassan to give his ready assent. And at noon-day on the fifteenth of July, and under a burning sun, the young Algerine King left the Turkish lines, to advance towards the fortress he was charged to assault. Nothing daunted by the heavy fire from the Maltese batteries, which were mowing down at every discharge a hundred of his followers, he bravely pushed forward to effect a lodgment on the outworks of St. Michael. san's gallantry did not insure his success. He was fighting with an enemy as courageous as himself, and with one who, from the strength of his position, even but with a modorate defence, could not be easily conquered. For five hours, the Algerines held their ground most manfully. But they struggled in vain; and, at night, their Commander, worn down with fatigue, and dispirited by his loss, retired from the conflict, and returned to the Mussulman camp. Mustapha, wishing to prevent the Maltese from repairing their walls, which had been greatly injured in this assault, and with a pre-

* Hassan was the son-in-law of Dragut, who perished before the walls of St. Elmo, and the oldest born of the made familiar in previous chapters.

the place which Hassan had left. No sooner ken place within the short space of twelve hours, was La Valette made aware of the near approach it is said that only fifteen hundred escaped with of his enemies, by the sound of their voices, and the light of their torches, than he ordered a commander to sally out with three hundred men to at-This order was readily obeyed, and a short and desperate fight ensued. The Janizaries presented an unyielding front, and were in the end, victorious, though suffering in common with their assailants, a grievous loss. When the Christians fled to the gates of St. Michael, the Infidels followed so closely, that they would have entered the fortress together, but for the "vollies of stones, and fiery hoops," which were thrown upon them from the walls, and brought destruction in their ranks. Notwithstanding the Basha was opposed to a retreat, and cut down two or three men who were the first to turn, still his followers would not obey him, and sought their safety in flight.

Candelissa, a noted Grecian renegado, who was instructed to make a diversion in Hassan's favor, by attacking the peninsula of La Sangle, from its leeward side, overcoming every obstacle, boldly carried his gallies up to the shore, landed his troops, and led them on to the assault. But at this point, the Infidels met with no better success. Guimerane, who commanded a battery of six guns, so grievously afflicted the Mussulmen, that they would at once have retreated to their ships, had not Candelissa ordered them to be moored at a distance from the landing, and shown to his men that there was no alternative but either to fight, or die.

In situations of great danger, no people conduct themselves better than the Turks. Taught by their religion, to believe, that, when they perish in a conflict with a Christian foe, their souls take flight to an eternal paradise, they rather court, than shun death, and prove most fearful enemies. Throughout the siege of Malta, they did not disgrace their character, and in this attack on La Sangle, their daring was signally distinguished. Rallying under their standards, though at every step, their path was covered with the blood of their comrades, they courageously continued to advance, and did not halt until they had passed the outer lines of the fortress, and come hand to hand in single and deadly fight with their helmeted opponents. Had the Algerines held their post but a short time longer, the Greek would have been victorious. But, when they retired, the whole body of Monks fell upon him, and he was compelled to retreat. Candelissa conducted himself at this time, with so much bravery as to claim the praise of all. Even when he commanded his troops to fall back, and while exposed to the fire of several batteries, and hotly pursued by his enemies, he obstinately contested every inch of ground, up to the very moment of his embarkation. Of eight thousand Turks, who left the Ottoman camp, to engage in the three different assaults object.

vious bombardment, sent a large force to occupy which we have described, and all of which had tatheir lives. The Convent also, was clad in mournning, as La Valette had lost six hundred soldiers, and one hundred and five of his Order. The most distinguished of those who fell on this occasion, were the Chevalier Toledo, the son of the Sicilian Viceroy; Gadius, a Frenchman, and two Spaniards, an uncle and nephew, of the name of Sonoghera.

For the next five days, little of interest occurred, as Mustapha had his army encamped, and only troubled the Order by an incessant bombardment which he kept up at all hours, both by night and day, on the fortress of St. Michael. On the twentieth of July, a practicable breach was made, and Hassan ordered a bridge to be thrown over the "Castle ditch," which might serve as a passage for his soldiers, when he should make his next assault. La Valette, well knowing how necessary it was, that this platform should be destroyed, made two, or three attempts to burn it. But failing, in every instance, to effect his object, he ordered his nephew, Parisot, and another young and gallant Knight, to make a sortie with fifty Spaniards, and blow up the bridge with a keg of powder, which they should carry for the purpose. Readily did this little band engage in this perilous service. Hardly, however, had they advanced beyond the gates of the Castle, before their object was discovered, and they became exposed to a terrible fire of grape and cannister, from all the guns which their enemies could bring to bear upon them. Parisot, with his companion, Agleria, and a number of men, were almost instantly killed. Those who escaped unhurt, fearing they might fall by the next discharge, fled from their exposed position, and sought shelter among the rocks. Justice to these Spaniards prompts us to say, that they did not return to the gates of St. Michael, and that their flight was not caused by their cowardice, but from the fact of their being left without a commander to conduct their operations.

From the foundation of the Ottoman Empire, to the present day, it has been customary for Turkish leaders to decapitate those of their enemies who might fall in battle, or be taken as prisoners, and send their heads, either when dried in the sun, or pickeled in brine, as trophies to the Sultan. 'Tis true, that sometimes they have been disposed of in a more summary way, when policy prompted a different course. But as a general rule, our statement is correct. Mustapha, desirous of getting the heads of Parisot and Agleria, that he might send them to Constantinople, offered a large reward to any of his soldiers who would go out and secure them. nizaries were not wanting to make the attempt, though, as it resulted, they failed in effecting their

fired a deadly volley on their enemies as they ad- obstinacy of the Knights prevented their entrance, vanced, and driving them back, carried the bodies and after a long fight, they were compelled to reof their commanders in safety to the castle. When treat, leaving the ditch of the castle choked with La Valette was made acquainted with the decease their dead. For the six days which followed this of his nephew, he did not suffer himself to be in defeat, though an incessant cannonading was conthe least cast down, saying to those who came to con- tinued against the Christian towers, which not even dole with him, that he looked upon "all the members the darkness of night prevented, the Turkish solof his convent as his sons," and as such, all were diers were not permitted to expose themselves equally dear. He also impressed on their minds without the lines of their own entrenchments. On the necessity of being prepared for death, as their the eighth of August, the overthrown walls of the duty might call them at any moment to die.

On the first of August, the bridge was effectually destroyed, and without loss to the besieged, by means of a gun which was so planted as to bear directly upon it, and by which it was swept away on the second discharge. During the whole period that Mustapha was employed in besieging the castle of St. Michael, his engineers were actively at much assisted by the softness of the Malta stone. they had succeeded in pushing their mines well under the walls of the fortress before their work was discovered. This impending danger, however, was overcome, by making a countermine, and driving the Turks out by means of gunpowder, and pots of wild-fire, which were thrown among the laborers. Nothing could be more horrible than this meeting of the combatants in their underground fights. It was like confining them in tembs, and lighting the same with torches, that they might see each other, and make the work of destruction more perfect. A Maltese, who greatly signalized himself on this occasion, received the thanks of La Valette, "and a chain of gold of five pounds weight." The daring of this man was beyond all praise. By his foresight the mine was discovered; and by his exertions, the object of the Turks was frustrated.

The Basha, mortified at his continued reverses, and anxious to relieve himself of a portion of his responsibility to the Sultan, should be be unsuccessful, called a council of war, and requested each member to give his opinion, as to the best course to be pursued for their ultimate success. After a long and excited debate, it was unanimously resolved that the operations against St. Michael should be contioned in the same manner as they had been com-But the more to divert the Maltese, and menced. weary them by different and continued attacks, the admiral Phiali was ordered with his marines to commence the siege of St. Angelo, while Candelissa, with eighty gallies, was to cruise at sea, to prevent any communication between the islands of Sicily and Malta, and afford protection to any Turkish transports which might be on their way with supplies for the Ottoman army.

On the second of August, after a furious bom-The Janizaries, as was their wont, advanced to the mains a foul stain on their history, which nothing

The Spaniards, who were still lying in ambush, breaches which their cannon had made: but the different forts holding out some prospect of success, should a general assault be made, the Basha called all his troops together, and dividing them in three bodies, ordered a simultaneous storming of La Sangle, the Borough, and St. Angelo. Turks, wholly regardless of danger, advanced under a constant fire, and mounting the breaches, fought for four hours with the most determined resolution. With a good deal of perseverance, and In this murderous contest, the Maltese women were much distinguished. Aware of the sufferings they must undergo, should the place be reduced, they seized the arms of their deceased husbands, children and brothers, and placed themselves foremost in the fight. Such perfect viragoes did they prove, that the Infidels for their own safety, were obliged to cut down all who came in their way. This dismal scene of contest and bloodshed on the ramparts of St. Michael, was rendered far more horrible by this mingling of women among the ferocious combatants. And, as on neither side, quarter was asked or granted, when a woman fell, she could give but a groan before she expired. Hundreds of these poor creatures thus perished, who, had they not been urged on to revenge the loss of their relations, and also to preserve their honor, might have saved their lives, though they should only have lived to mourn.

In this assault, the fortress of St. Michael would have fallen, had not Mosquita, the governor of Citta Vecchia, sent a detachment of cavalry under the command of two valiant Knights to the relief of his friends, who, he had been informed, were slowly retiring before their invincible foes. In a secluded spot, well adapted for its purpose, the Ottoman general had erected a hospital for his sick and wounded soldiers. Its only guard consisted of a few half educated surgeons, whom this party fell upon, and murdered. Setting fire to the building, many of the suffering inmates were left to perish in the flames, while those who came out, were barbarously butchered, as they, in the greatest agony, crawled on the ground, and drew their lacerated limbs behind them. It is remarkable, that the members of a convent (that owed its existence as a body, to the erection of a hospital in the Holy Land,) should so far have forgotten this circumstance, and their own duty as Christian men, as to have bardment, the bugles sounded for another assault. committed so dark and heathenish a deed. It re-

can ever efface. By the piercing shrieks of these entirely destroyed. This declaration being conperishing Turks, Mustapha became aware that an firmed by some Turkish deserters, orders were imenemy was in his rear, and fearing that it might be mediately given to get the gallies in readiness for the advanced guard of a force which was expected the embarkation of the troops, who were to be sent from Sicily, he ordered his trumpeters to sound a for the relief of the convent. retreat. La Valette, wholly ignorant of this sorloss to discover why his enemies should retire, when, at every moment, he expected the garrison would perish and his fortress be taken. It was only when his friends appeared before the gates of the Borough, that he learnt how much he was indebted to Mosquita for the safety of St. Michael. But for this timely sortie, the crescent would have waved over its tottering walls. Mustapha, on discovering by what an insignificant band his operations had been interrupted, hastened to correct his error by returning to the conflict again. It was too late; the opportunity for conquest had been irretrievably lost. The quick approach of darkness prevented any hostile movement, and during the night, the Moslems returned to their camp, while the Grand-Master sent a fresh body of monks to the castle to relieve the few who had survived the bloody struggles of the day. For this unexpected victory, La Valette ordered a day to be observed, as one of general fasting and prayer.

Garzias, the viceroy of Sicily, having heard from Calabria, that some Mussulman transports were on their way from Constantinople to Malta, sent two of his commanders, Altimera, and Gildandrada, on a cruise with five gallies, to intercept them. These officers, during the time they remained at sea, only fell in with two Turkish vessels. The larger was taken after an obstinate engagement, the other escaped.

An exploit was performed at this time, by Salazar, a Spanish captain of infantry, which, for its daring, and for the service it rendered the Knights, is worthy a full narration. This young officer, wishing to get some authentic information for the viceroy, as to the number of their enemies at Malta, and what chance there might be for them to conquer the Island, put off in an open boat from Pozzalo, in Sicily, and after a dangerous passage, got to Melita in safety. Taking with him a Maltese who understood the Turkish language, he boldly went to the Mussulman lines, and though challenged several times by their sentries, got, without discovery, into the midst of their camp. Salazar, having procured all the intelligence he sought, returned before day light to the creek where his boat was at anchor, and making sail with a favorable wind, safely arrived at Messina, where Garzias was living. Introduced to the viceroy, he remarked

While these things had been going on in Sicily, tie from the old city, was, for a length of time, at a little had been done in Malta. From the eighth to the eighteenth of August, the Turks had remained perfectly quiet behind their own entrenchments, with the exception of now and then opening their batteries on St. Angelo, and springing some mines, which from their not having been pushed far enough under the fortifications, caused but little damage. Robles, the commander of St. Michael, who was much esteemed by his brethren for the courage he had so often displayed, while out reconnoitering, was unfortunately struck in the head by some small shot, and instantaneously killed. His body was brought within the castle, and there interred.

At midday, on the eighteenth of August, Mustapha and Phiali determined to make another attack, and to continue the same, day and night, until they should reduce the forts held by the Knights, or perish under their ruins. In pursuance of this determination, the Turkish general placed bimself at the head of his Janizaries, and marched to the breach of St. Michael. Here he was met by the Monks, and a horrible conflict ensued. The Basha held his ground until sunset, with the most obstinate courage; and, even when at last he discovered that reinforcements had been thrown in the garrison, and that the fight must turn to his disadvantage, it was with the utmost reluctance he withdrew his troops from the conflict, and steadily returned to his trenches. So quickly did the Christians pursue, that no time was allowed the Turks to assist their wounded soldiers, who, as they passed, piteously cried to their comrades for help, or to put them out of their misery. In the midst of this assault on St. Michael, Phiali advanced to attack the bastion of Castille. Springing a mine, of the existence of which the besieged were ignorant, the admiral, followed by his soldiers, rushed over the ruins, and planted several standards at the foot of the parapet, even before the Monks had recovered from their surprise. La Valette, informed by the chaplain of the order, that the Janizaries were getting a foot-hold in the fortress, hastily " put a morion on his head," and seizing a pike, advanced with a few friends, and so furiously charged his enemies, that they quickly left their vantage-ground and retired in much confusion through the breach they had entered. It was with great regret that the Knights beheld their prince exposing himself to so much danger, and often did they beseech him to that from what he had seen, he was satisfied that seek a place of safety, and leave the struggle with the Turks were weary of the struggle in which them. He however would not listen to their adthey were engaged; and, should their army, encum- vice, but asking "how it was possible for him, at bered as it was with diseased and wounded sol- the age of seventy-one, to die more gloriously than diers, be attacked by ten thousand men, it must be amidst his brothers and friends, in the service of God, and in defence of their holy religion," continued at his post, until the last Turk had disappeared, and the last Ottoman standard was torn from its place on the outworks. At midnight, by the light of the moon, the Basha ordered his men to make another attack. But the soldiers, weary from their recent contest, would not leave their position; and striking "their shields together," as if engaged in battle, they imposed upon their general, who thought his order was obeyed, when in fact, the Mussulmen were only smiling at the success of their cunning contrivance.

Mustapha did not remain long in ignorance of this conduct of his troops, and though mortified and enraged at their behavior, still he permitted them to rest quietly in their quarters until noon of the following day. When, at this time, the bugles sounded for another assault on St. Michael, the Janizaries advanced with the utmost confidence, supposing that the fortress would be reduced by means of a destructive machine which one of their engineers had invented. It however so chanced, that this instrument, which was constructed in the form of a barrel, though somewhat larger, and filled with gunpowder, pieces of iron, copper, glass, and grape-shot, was in the end turned against themselves, and caused their own defeat. This machine, having been thrown among the Knights, was, while the fuseé was still smoking, rolled back on the Turks. On the moment of its explosion, it caused a dreadful loss of life. The heads, arms and bodies of all who were in its immediate vicinity, were blown in every direction, while those who were behind, hastily fled from such a scene of confusion, havock, and horror.

But to return to the assault on the bastion of Castille. Phiali, having succeeded after a desperate struggle in getting possession of a platform when all the Christians who had defended it were slain, quickly threw up a breastwork; and, notwithstanding all the attempts made to dislodge him, maintained his ground most gallantly. So much were the Monks annoyed by the admiral in his new position, that they feared for the safety of the place, and strongly recommended the blowing up of the fortification, and retiring within the fortress of St. An-Though La Valette was faint from a wound which he had received in the fight, yet he observed that to so disgraceful a proposition, his consent should never be given. As, by leaving the place, they would be making the first move for the loss of the Island, the Maltese would be discouraged, and they all confined in a limited space, where in a few days, they must surrender, if for no other reason, than for the want of water, with which to supply its inbabitants.

"No," said the Grand-Master, "this is the spot, walls lined with people to defend them, for, the my dear brethren, where we must all die, or bravely governor Mosquita had even armed "the women repel the enemy;" and to show that his opinion was cap-a-pie," he returned in despair to his camp, sot to be changed, he recalled from the Borough without firing a shot, satisfied that the city could

all the soldiers whose services were not absolutely required for the manning of its artillery, and sent them to defend this dangerous post. Some Spanish Knights, aware of the necessity of dislodging the Turks from their station, made a sortic upon them at sunset; and, after meeting a heavy loss, succeeded in effecting their object. The commanders, Fragus, Piatus, Loderinus, Bomportus, Fagianus, and Ruffinus, were left among the slain. All gallant men, "and worthy of a longer life," says Knolles, whose statements we credit, and whose work, while we are penning our account of this siege, is always lying open before us.

On Friday, the twenty fourth of August, the assault on St. Michael was renewed by a body of eight thousand Janizaries under the command of a noted chief, called the Sangiac of Bosnia. brave old warrior had sworn to conquer the place, and was in a fair way to fulfil his promise, when he was killed by a musket-shot fired at him by one of the Grand-Master's attendants. The courage displayed by this man, was of so marked a character, as to merit the highest encomiums from all who witnessed it. He died in the attitude of advancing, "having the Turkish standard in one hand, and his drawn sabre in the other." The Janizaries, left without a leader, retired from the conflict, and returned to their camp. Two Knights only fell at this time, and one of these was Lacerda. monk, anxious to blot out the stigma on his character, caused by his conduct at St. Elmo, was on all occasions among the first in fight, and the last to leave his post, however dangerous the position. His fall was regretted by his comrades; and his corse, removed from the breach, was honorably interred in the Convent.

Mustapha, having intercepted a letter, writen by the viceroy of Sicily, and intended for the Grand-Master, in which Garzias had stated that he was to leave Messina, for Malta, on the twentieth of August, stopping only at Syracuse, to take under his command twelve gallies which were lying there under the orders of Cordona, immediately withdrew his forces from their different assaults, and called a council of war. The Turks, being unanimous in their opinion, that to cope with so large a fleet in their weak and weary state, or to get possession of the fortresses of St. Michael and St. Angelo, before its arrival, would be equally impossible, resolved on raising the siege, and attacking the old city, which, from its limited fortifications, and small garrison, they might hope soon to subdue. In pursuance of this determination, the Basha marched on the first of September, at the head of four thousand men to Citta Vecchia. But on coming in sight of the place, and finding the walls lined with people to defend them, for, the governor Mosquita had even armed "the women never be taken without undergoing a regular put into St. Paul's bay, and land seven-thousand siege. On the seventh of September, the Christian fleet,

consisting in all of seventy-two gallies, and com-

manded by Garzias in person, arrived in the channel of Gozo. Shortly after the viceroy left Syracuse; on his first departure, he experienced a heavy gale of wind, and had his ships scattered by the storm. A part of his squadron was driven as far as Aegusa, an island lying two-hundred, and twenty miles to the westward of the port whither it was bound. On his second passage, Gazias, was more fortunate. Putting into the harbor of Melecha, which had been recommended by La Valette, as the most convenient place for the landing of his troops, he brought his ships to anchor, and sent on shore six thousand men, including two-hundred Knights of the order of St. John, and forty of St. Stephen, whom Cosmo de Medicis, the founder of this institution, had sent to improve themselves in the arts and science of war. The viceroy having instructed Oscanius Cornia, to give all his orders in the name of the king of Spain, until he should join his forces with those of the convent, when he should only obey the Grand-Master, left his army, and set sail for Messina, to take on board some Spanish companies, with which to return to Malta. It so chanced that the services of these troops were never required. Before their arrival, the Turks were away, and the same vessels which brought them to Malta, carried them on to Spain. Mustapha, hearing that the Sicilian fleet was at sea, and supposing that Garzias would immediately attack his own, had passed a chain across the mouth of the harbor, to prevent the Viceroy's entrance, and put his gallies in readiness for a desperate engagement. When, however, he heard from his scouts that the Christians were landed, and in full march on his camp, he was so much surprised at the movement, that without making himself acquainted with their numbers, he withdrew his garrison from St. Elmo, and retired on board of his vessels; going in such precipitation as to leave all his heavy ordnance behind him. Hardly were the Infidels embarked, before the Basha was informed by a deserter, that the army from which he had retreated, consisted of only a few thousand men, who were in want of provisions, suffering from the effects of their voyage, and badly commanded. Mustapha, mortified at his hasty retreat, would, had it been possible, have returned again to his quarters. But this, La Valette had prevented, by sending a strong detachment to St. Angelo, and by destroying all the lines and entrenchments, which he had with so much difficulty, and such a loss of life, time and treasure, succeeded in erecting. The Moslem general, fearing the Sultan's resentment, should he return to Constantinople without attacking the Sicilian troops, supposed to have perished in the different sorties, determined, with the advice and consent of Phiali, to assaults, and engagements, which we have thus

men. This being done, he marched into the interior of the island, leaving Hassan, the king of Algiers, with fifteen hundred soldiers, concealed among the rocks on the beach, to protect his comrades in case of a reverse, and enable them to embark in safety on board of their ships. After a short march, the hostile armies met. The Christians, under Cornia, were entrenched on a hill, and would have remained there, had they listened to the advice of their commander. But Alvares de Sands, an officer of much distinction, on beholding the enemy, proposed that they should not await their approach, but go down and join battle in the open plain. This bold proposition was received with shouts of applause, and Cornia, who was not wanting in courage, while leading his men forward to fight, could only protest at their decision. At the first onset, the Turks gave way, not from cowardice, but to be revenged on their officers for compelling them to land against their wishes, and enter again into new and desperate struggles. Very nearly were their wishes gratified. For in the general flight, the horse which the Basha rode twice fell, and he would have been made a prisoner but for the bravery of one of his suite, who, to save his commander's life, sacrificed his own. Every wretched Mussulman who lagged in his retreat, overcome, either by fatigue, or from the oppressive heat, was sure to be transfixed by the spears of those who pursued him. Hundreds thus perished, who could make no resistance, and who, with their last breath, cried in vain for quarter. The Maltese monks, who were foremost in the pursuit, and who were ever following the Infidels in the water as they waded out to their boats, would have been destroyed by Hassan, who furiously attacked them in the rear, had not de Sands come to their timely aid, and turned the tide of battle in their favor. The Algerine Viceroy, finding the Turks did not rally, and unable to check the advance of his enemies, fought his way bravely down to the beach, and embarked on board of his gallies. Mustapha. did not land again, and with this retreat, the siege of Malta was raised.

Knolles, whose name we have so often mentioned, and to whose history we have had such continued reference, quaintly observes, "that if a man do well consider the difficulties and dangers the beseiged passed through in this five months' siege. the manifold labors, and perils they endured in so many and so terrible assaults, the small relief to them sent in so great distress, with the desperate obstinacy of so puissant an enemy, he shall hardly find any place these many years more mightily impugned, or with greater valor and resolution defended." Thirty-thousand Turks, and with them three hundred Knights, and ten thousand men, are

briefly, and we fear so imperfectly sketched. The was engaged to call for me at noon, and having the Turkish admiral, after remaining twenty-four hours morning on my hands, I thought I could not spend at anchor in St. Paul's bay, made sail for Con- it better, even with reference to the object I had in stantinople, where, on his arrival after a pleasant passage, he met with such a reception from Solyman, as for a time, made him fear for his head. The Sultan, burning with rage, remarked that no expedition in which he was engaged, ever succeeded, unless he was present to conduct the operations, and should his life be spared he would go in the ensuing spring, and bury the Knights under the ruins of those fortifications, before which so many of the faithful had fallen. For his distinguished defence of Malta, the Grand-Master received congratulations from all the crowned heads in Europe. Philip II. of Spain addressed him a letter, in which he termed him the most distinguished officer of the day, and sent him a magnificent sword, the handle being of solid gold, and studded with diamonds, which he hoped he would long live to use against all the enemies of the Christian cross. Pope Pius IV. also made known to his subjects the victory of the Maltese by a general discharge of artillery, and offered to La Valette a cardinal's hat, which he with many thanks most modestly declined. But in the midst of all his honors, the Grand-Master had sufficient reason to mourn. Besides grieving for his friends whom he had lost, his fortifications in ruins, his towns destroyed, and his empty treasury, he was continually harassed by the news which he received from Constantinople, to the effect that Solyman was getting his gallies in readiness, and a large army embodied on the banks of the Bosphorus, to make another attack on his convent.

A SUNDAY IN SOUTH-AMERICA. BY A SUBALTERN, UNITED STATES ARMY.

So many accounts have been given to the public, of the manner in which Sunday is passed in most Catholic countries, that it appears almost a work of supererogation for any one to attempt further description. I find, however, in looking over my Journals so many curious occupations set down as occurring on one particular Sunday, (ex uno disce omnes, in this particular place,) that I am induced to describe them. To go at once "in medias res:" I found myself in the year 1836, in Montevideo, and having read in many books of travels of the exceedingly loose state of morals prevailing in the several states of South-America, and particularly of the manner in which the Lord's day was desecrated, I determined to see for myself, if all were all the places of amusement open on that day. He than was there assembled, I never saw in Monte-

view, than in observing the same people at their devotions whom I was about to see engaged in their amusements. I accordingly proceeded to the principal cathedral, where I was gratified by the sight of the many lovely faces which surrounded me. There were to be seen, in little groups, the female portions of a family, kneeling on small carpets, spread upon the stone pavement of the cathedral-pews or seats there were none-with their heads inclined, and their arms clasped over their breasts; they wore an appearance of great devotion, and had it not been for the frequent glances which shot from beneath the dark eye-lashes of the lovely Señoritas, one would not have suspected that their thoughts were fixed on aught below. Such was however the fact, and the frequent repetition of what I had at first hoped was casual, convinced me that what I saw was but "the outward and visible sign," and I much fear there was but little of "the inward and spiritual grace." I soon tired of my occupation-particularly as the services were in Latinand returned to my hotel to await the arrival of my Cicerone.

While speaking of hotels, let me advise the traveller in South-America never to put up at any of the hotels in the towns he visits—he will fare badly-both at bed and board-and will have to pay high prices. Wherever there is a boarding house to be found, that is the place for him, both as regards economy and comfort; from the above, however, I except "Beech's" hotel in Buenos Ayres, which is a pattern for public houses, and the charges moderate.

To resume: a little after mid-day, myself and friend bent our steps to the most fashionable (!) cockpit, which was open on Sundays and Thursdays only at 1 P. M. A crowd had already assembled, among whom, to my surprise, I saw many of the clergy, who had not long before been officiating in their proper places, in the Cathedral. No attempt at concealment was there-nothing to indicate that they felt, or thought they had wandered very widely from their legitimate occupation. No-there they were, in the distinguishing garb of their orderthe broad-brimmed black hats and long black coats were not to be mistaken; and to make the matter worse (if possible) many of them had their own game-cocks ready for a contest. Every one seemed much excited by the amusement (!) (which I do not propose describing)-bets to a large amount were made, and the good padres pocketed their winnings with the greatest "sang froid." Well, really as bad as it was said to be, recollecting the thought I, as I returned home to dinner, what would proverb of the Devil not being as black as he is they think of this at home? After dinner we started Painted. I accordingly made an engagement with a immediately for the bull-fight, in order that we might young Spaniard to accompany me in my visits to secure good places. A more brilliant assemblage

were there. The buildings appropriated to this amusement, and the amusement itself, the Picadores, Baleadores and Matador, have been described so often, that I should scarcely succeed in adding any thing of interest to what has already been said on the subject-suffice it to say, that the bulls fought well-that seven of them were killed-two horses killed and a Picador badly wounded, all of which seemed to gratify exceedingly the fair portion of the audience.

A little before sunset we returned to town. After tea, we proceeded to the Theatre, and procured very comfortable seats in the pit. The seats here are all numbered, and in purchasing your ticket, you are certain of securing a place, as any one you find in the seat which bears the number on your ticket is obliged to vacate in your favor. We found an Italian singer of some celebrity singing when we entered; and right well "the Picciantini" sang. She had shone for some years in Rio de Janeiro under the auspices of Don Pedro I.; and, after his abdication, had removed to Montevideo where she was a great favorite. I was much struck with a ring on her hand, the stone of which was one large diamond of most unusual size. I was told afterwards, that it had been a present from her imperial lover, and was valued at near 10,000 milreis or about 7,000 dollars. I was much amused at a piece they were performing, the plot of which seemed based upon some incident in our Revolution, (though I could not discover what it was,) and in which "Washington," Johnson and Smith figured largely as the heroes.

After the Theatre, we adjourned to a tertullia, where we whiled away several hours most agreeably in the society of the dark-eyed daughters of the place, and, after dancing several Spanish dances, minuets and waltzes, I left the party fully satisfied with my Sunday's amusements, and declining the invitation of my companion, who proposed finishing the night at a monte table.

I forbear all comment upon this plain and true statement of facts, leaving it to my readers to judge how high a standard of morals exists in a community, where the same amusements are indulged in every Sunday.

Fort Leavenworth, Mo., Nov. 24, 1842.

L. M. DAVIDSON.

Oh she was great in mind, though young in years.—Rogers. Notwithstanding the repeated attempts of the English critics to undervalue the American mind, we are building up a literature which, mellowed by the hand of Time, may rival that of any other land. In the department of poetry, to which our remarks call Americans. The names of Bryant, Halleck.

video. All the beauty, rank and fashion of the place | Sprague and Percival, are inseparably connected with our existence as a nation, and are familiar as far as the English language is spoken. Their fame is as lasting as the hills of their own native land. Mrs. Sigourney has long and justly received the title of the "Hemans of America." The publication of "Zophiël" immediately won for its talented authoress, a high station among the gifted of the age, an enviable reputation, and laurels which were not withheld her, even by "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." There are others who stand deservedly high as poets-but these are sufficient to vindicate our claims, to prove that our climate is not one,

"Where genius sickens, and where fancy dies."

But if it has been the glory of America to have reared to manhood those who added to the splendor of her name, it has also been her misfortune to be robbed of others in the bloom of life, who bade fair, like Orestes of old,

"To shine eternal in the sphere of fame."

At the mention of James Rodman Drake, every admirer of true poetry-every lover of the "American Flag," cannot but feel the great loss he sustained, when the voice of the associate "Croaker" was suddenly hushed by death, and will at once, repeating to himself those sad yet beautiful lines of Halleck, lament his early doom. But over the name of Lucretia M. Davidson, we linger with no ordinary feelings. The history of this young lady is replete with the deepest interest. Here those speculative theorists, who maintain an unnatural equality of mental endowments, may find their false philosophy fail them, and the advocates of genius rear their watch-tower.

Born to no heritage but poverty, and possessed of but little or no education, we find her at the early age of nine, like

> "Fancy's child, Warbling her native wood-notes wild."

In the December number of the New-England Magazine, for 1831, the editor, speaking of our poetess, thus beautifully remarks: "Like Nack, she received no early education, and had also pined in the shade of poverty, and under the grinding hand of adversity. Disease was moreover so constantly the inmate of her frame, that it seemed to make a part of it. But nothing could blight the spring of her genius. The blossoms would blow, and the fruit, rich and beautiful, cluster on the stem, though the heavens lowered on the tender plant, and the cold winds and sleety showers combined to chill its branches and scatter its leaves. Under circumstances thus painful, disheartening and distracting, did this inspired being breathe in song; at times so exquisitely, we had almost said divinely, that her lays, scarcely partaking of earth, might are limited, we have those whom with pride we have been fitly chanted by a voice from the skies."

She appears to us, in the early development of

her mental powers, to have been equally as wonderful as H. K. White; whose precocious genius, Southey pronounced more remarkable than Chatterton's, after having carefully examined the manuscripts of both. The descriptive and imaginative faculties were happily blended in the organization of her mind. Her extremely fastidious taste never allowed her to venture beyond the bounds of reason, even in her boldest flights. While reading her poetry, we are not borne along on the whirlwind of passion,-our imaginations are not bewildered by euphonious combinations of senseless words,we listen not to the songs of heroes-we bow before no unknown altars,-nor are we awed by the mysterious sounds that echo through the "halls of Chivalry." Her muse performed a nobler task; she painted nature as she is, robed in no fictitious garb; her poetry appeals to the holier feelings of the soul, and turns our thoughts to the contemplation of the inward man-her's, in fine, is the poetry of the heart,

"The still, sad music of humanity."

To some, it seems almost incredible, that individuals moving in the common class of society; struggling against all the disadvantages attendant upon poverty; should merely by an extraordinary gift of mind or genius, be enabled to overleap the limits that custom has assigned as their proper "sphere of action," and maintain their superiority over the general mass of men, by exhibitions of almost supernatural talent in the various departments of learning. But the history of the past is fruitful in such examples. The "Father of Epic poetry," an outcast from society and a wanderer over his native soil, left his name

> -" engraved On fame's unmouldering pillar."

Dante, Tasso, Alfiëri, and Camoens, although -" homeless, near a thousand homes they stood, And near a thousand tables pined and wanted bread,"

reared for themselves monuments of true greatness, as lasting as the lands that gave them birth. Milton, often without the means of satisfying a craving appetite, yet "pregnant with celestial fire," cansed all England to bow and lend an enraptured ear to the angelic tones that flowed from the trembling chords of his harp. Examples of a similar nature crowd upon the mind. We merely instance these, however, to show that genius, although surrounded by a thousand obstacles, will finally surmount them all, and, proving victorious, command that admiration from the world due to the "divinity within." Thus it was with Miss Davidson. Every thing combined to smother her talents, and darken her literary prospects. But she had that "within" which defied obscurity-yes, her genius was the secret of her success.

Comparisons have often been made by our periodi-

of her younger sister; but of her, it becomes us not to speak, since the pen of an Irving has sketched her character. Suffice it to say, both were " prodigies of precocious talent," and their histories painfully remind us of the sentiment breathed by Herodotus in the olden time,

"Whom the gods love, die young."

We, at first, designed quoting freely from Miss Davidson's poetry. But as we have been betrayed into a longer prelude than we had intended, we will content ourselves with briefly noticing, and making a few extracts from her principal poems. And although objections may be urged against many of her poems, the result of "youth and inexperience," yet the most careless reader cannot fail to observe, that among their many faults, nearly all her productions are marked by some one redeeming quality—nearly all breathe the true spirit of

The longest, and among the best of her poems, are "Amir Khan" and "Chicomico." Both are remarkable for their beauty of thought and apparently natural rythm,-scarcely a line can be found throughout either of these poems, that seems in the least degree labored.

If our poetess had not the advantage of a classical education, she still seems to have been mindful of the maxim of Horace.

" Non satis est pulcra esse poemata; dulcia sunto, Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto."

From the time we are first introduced to Amir Khan

> "Beneath the lofty plane-tree's shade Before that cold Circassian maid,"

our interest in the several characters of the poem is increased by every page. We willingly follow the love-sick Subahdar, as he hastens with trembling step to "Al Shinar's high prophetic form," who, like the celebrated Ibrahim Ebn Abu Ayub, never at a loss for a remedy, plucks a " pale blue flower,"

> "Then slowly turned towards Amir Khan And placed the treasure in his hand."

The charm proves successful—and we rejoice with Amir Khan in his triumph over the affections of the hitherto cold-hearted but fair Amreta; whom our poetess describes as gliding through his bower with a step

> - so quick, so light, That the gentle flower which weeps at night, Would raise again its drooping head To greet the footstep which had fled."

With equal pleasure and satisfaction, we read her "Chicomico." Indeed we scarcely know to which of the two to yield our preference-both abound in passages of high poetic excellence. One extract from this, and we hasten on to her miscellaneous pieces. We quote at random; the lines to cals, between the writings of our poetess and those which we have turned, represent Rathmond, prisoner to Hillis-ha-ad-joe, condemned to death; the life to a "green old age," we think the presumpfatal moment draws near and no possibility of escape presents itself. Under such circumstances our poetess thus beautifully describes the faint glimmerings of hope amidst the agonies of despair:

"But undistinguished hope still lit his breast, And aimless still, drew scenes of future rest! Caught at each distant light which dimly gleamed, Though sinking 'mid the abyss o'er which it beamed! Like the poor mariner, who tossed around, Strains his dim eye to ocean's farthest bound, Paints, in each snowy wave, assistance near, And as it rolls away, gives up to fear."

Among her miscellaneous poems, we mention the "Last Flower of the Garden," "To my Sister," "Woman's Love," "To a Star," and "The Coquette," as being far superior to the poems we generally find on similar subjects. Coleridge wrote some beautiful lines on the "Æolian Harp"-although we are not so far beside ourselves as to attempt to place Miss Davidson on an equality with that distinguished and deservedly popular bard, yet, taking all things into consideration, her verses, composed while listening to that "sweet mourner of the air," will not suffer by a comparison with those of Mr. Coleridge. We would willingly quote from both, but our limited space forbids.

We stated above, that she excelled in both imaginative and descriptive poetry—as an instance where the happy union of those two faculties may be observed, we extract a few lines from her address to "Morning:"

"I come in the breath of the wakened breeze, I kiss the flowers, and I bend the trees; And I shake the dew, which hath fallen by night, From its throne, on the lily's pure bosom of white. Awake thee, when bright from my couch in the sky, I beam o'er the mountains, and come from on high.

Thou may'st slumber when all the wide arches of heaven Glitter bright with the beautiful fires of even; When the Moon walks in glory, and looks from on high, O'er the clouds floating far through the clear azure sky, Drifting on, like the beautiful vessels of heaven. To their far away harbor all silently driven."

Much of her poetry, especially her earlier productions, it is true, cannot stand the test of a critical examination. But when we consider the circumstances under which these, the first warblings of her infant muse, were penned—the many disadvantages against which she labored, both in point of education and a weak and feeble constitutionthe extent of her writings, and the time employed in their composition—'tis enough to stay the shafts of criticism, and force us almost unconsciously to drop a tear of regret, that one so young, so lovely, who was so devoted and successful a worshipper of the Muses, should thus have been cut off in the spring of life, ere she gained that summit to which she was hastening with such rapid flight. Had Pro-

tion not altogether unwarranted, that the Columbian. muse would have crowned her with her choicest garlands, and dying, she had left more lasting

"Footsteps on the sands of time."

Irwington, Alabama, 1842.

S.

THE GREEK DRAMATISTS.

By CHARLES MINNIGERODE,

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A few remarks now upon some of the dramas of Euripides. Several of them have many more of the characteristics of modern plays, than of ancient tragedies,—for instance, Ion. The marriage of Xuthus was not blessed with children. He goes to the oracle of Delphi to implore the assistance of the god. His wife, Creusa, who accompanied him, had, before her marriage with Xuthus, borne a son by Apollo, and had exposed the infant in the woods, that her shame might not be detected. When she returned to the place, where she had left the babe, it was gone. Now, after a long lapse of years, she also appears in Delphi, to ask of the god an account of this child. Xuthus to his prayer receives this answer, "that the first, whom he should meet, after leaving the temple, should be his son." He meets Ion, an orphan of unknown parents, brought up in the temple of Apollo. Creusa, on hearing what had happened, conceives the deepest hate against this supposititious child, who is now to become the inheritor of her paternal throne, whilst the god, the father of her own child, had left her request ungranted. She conspires to put young Ion to death, but, discovering the plot, Ion pursues her to the stage, to see her sentenced to deaththere they at last recognize each other as mother and son-now all turns to joy, and they go home triumphantly, poor Xuthus with them, glorying in his son, whom he fondly believes to be "the offspring of his wayward youth."

Ion has really great beauties. The sweet, lovely character of the youth himself-the struggle of Creusa between fear and revenge, and the magnificent chorusses, all combine to make it a very extraordinary production, but not a tragedy after the ancient style. In some of his productions he deviates yet more from this style, and Alrestis is almost a comedy.* His Hippolytus may rank with the better dramas of the ancient school, and as regards the development and delineation of passion, Medea is perhaps the first. Aristotle blames our poet that he makes her shed tears at the recollection of her murdered children, at the very mo-

* Or rather a Tragi-Comedia; for the first part is highly vidence decreed otherwise, and lengthened out her tragical, and the latter turns out almost like a farce.

ment she prepares death for her husband, as being | Cadmus, and his lamentations bring her back to inconsistent with her character. Aristotle certainly knew more of the human understanding and of the reasoning powers of the mind, than Euripides; but infinitely less of the workings of the human heart. These tears rescue her whole character from the charge of being unnatural, and too horrid. So Shakspeare threw a shade of remaining humanity over his Lady Macbeth, when she says, that she, herself, would have killed Duncan "had he not resembled

My father as he slept."*

A very singular production is his Bacchæ, which exhibits a glowing imagination. The description of the Bacche, whilst in their camp on the Citheron, is a master-piece and of brilliant imagery.

Now to the mountain summits had Lled, (so relates a shep-My herds, as on the earth, the orient sun Shot his refreshing beams; when I beheld Three bands of females, to Autonoë one Obedient, to Agave one, thy mother, The third to Ino: all were laid asleep: Beneath them, some had spread the boughs of pines, Some with the leaves of oaks form'd on the ground Their casual bed, all decently composed. Thou would'st not say, that goblets, full of wine, Inflamed their sense, or that the wanton pipe Had led them to the lovely shades, to court The rites of Venus with their paramours. Thy mother, when the lowings of the herds Had reached her ears, arose, and 'midst her band Shouted aloud, to rouse them from their sleep : They from their balmy slumbers op'd their eyes, And started up, but with modesty. Twas wonderful to see, the young, the old, And the unmarried virgins. O'er their necks Their loose devolving hair they spread, refix Their vestments, such whose cinctures were unloased, And o'er them bind the spotted skins of fawns, With serpents wreathing round their shaded cheeks. Some holding in their arms a kid, and some The wolves wild whelps, taught them to drain their breasts Swelling with milk, their new born infants left At home, then on their heads their garlands place Of oak, of ivy and the silvery bloom Of smilax: one her thyrsus took, and amote The rock, out gushed the pure translucent stream; Another cast her light wand on the ground, instant—so willed the god—a fount of wine Sprung forth: if any wished a softer draught, These with their fingers ope'd the ground, and milk

Pentheus, Agave's son, endeavors to prohibit the rites of Bacchus, and reviles his deity. offended god induces him to go to mount Cithæron himself, to stop the orgies of the Maenades. And there he deranges their senses. Agave, herself, chases her son, as though he was a young lion, and appears on the stage, his head in her hands, exulting at her trinmph. The sight of her old father,

Issued in copious streams: and from their spears

With ivy wreathed, the dulcet honey flowed.

reason, and she now perceives what she has done. The dreadful truth breaks in upon her frenzied dream, and the passionate grief of the mother, who has torn to pieces her own son, is a uitable subject for the pen of our poet. Unfortunately, the original text of this poem is here not only corrupted, but even defective. I, at least, am fully persuaded of it; the words of the Rhetor Apsines lead us to suppose, that the other Bacche came also, with all the limbs of the unfortunate Pentheus on the stage, and that Agave lamented over each separate limb.* This exaggeration of the pathos and theatrical effect is met with also in other tragedies of Euripides. So in the Phænician virgins, perhaps his best piece, Œdipus old and blind, is led by his daughter to the corpses of Jocaste and his two sons, which are exposed to excite the commiseration of the public-the blind man touches each of them.

Oed. Lead me then nearer, let me touch thy mother.

Ant. There, with thy hand touch her most dear remains. Oed. O wretched mother! O most wretched wife!

In this sad state, crushed with her ills, she lies.

Oed. Where lies Eteocles? Polynices, where?

Ant. In death together stretched they lie before thee.

Oed. Guide my blind hand to their unhappy faces.

Ant. There, as I guide thy hand, touch thy dead sons.

Oed. Ye wretched ruins of a wretched father!

Ant. O Polynices, name most dear to me !†

Among the dramas of Euripides we possess also a night-piece, Rhesus. Its subject is the wellknown expedition of Ulysses and Diomedes in the night to the tents of the Trojans, where they find Rhesus, of Thracia, just arrived. They kill him in his sleep, and drive away his beautiful horses. The learned have almost unanimously decided, that this piece was not written by Euripides,-but they differ much about the merit of the piece and the time, to which they believe it belongs. If I

* · · έκαστον γαρ αθτου των μελων ή μητηρ ένταις χερσι κρατουσα, καθ' έκαστον αθτον οίκτιζεται" Apsines Rhet. πες thtov, p. 23. This is so Euripidean, that I wonder how Elmsley can doubt the authority of this testimony. Even the 8pfilos of Cadmus, v. 1303-1327 (ed. Tauchu.) must lead to the suspicion that also Agave bewailed her son on the stage. That there is a lacuna, is evident also from the appearance of the god without the introductory anapaests of the Chorus. But the whole passage seems to be confused. The copyists, to make up for the lacuna, arranged it in a different order. If I am not mistaken v. 1302.

Πενθει δέ τί μέρος αφροσύνης προσήκ' εμής

follows v. 1298, after which v. 1303-1329, including the two lines of the Chorus. Then v. 1299-1301, after which the lacung follows, containing the θρήνος of Agave, the usual anapaests of the Chorus to announce the god, and the beginning of his speech-v. 1330 is a verse out of the oppies of Agave, and so very likely two verses ap. Paeudogregor, v. 1309-29;

was kee per h doornoos eddabonnera πρός στέρνα θώμαι ; πώς δέ θρηνήσώ τρόπου. † Eurip. Phoniss. v. 1707-1710.

[·] Act II, Scene II. † Euripid. Bacch. v. 677-711.

may be allowed to state an opinion of my own | sionate sway of his speeches, the lovely pictures against the high authorities, who have disclaimed this piece as the production of Euripides, I confess, that I would vindicate his title to the authorship of it, and should consider it as written by him in his early days. I think so, for several reasons: first, from the whole manner of writing, it appears, that it has come from a pen, whose style was not yet fixed, but wavering between different models, especially between Homer and Æschylus;—and secondly, the composition, in its arrangement and development, is very similar to the other Euripidean tragedies-alike in its merits and in its defects. The character of Hector is very well depicted; but that of the hero of the piece is not drawn with such vividness as to raise our sympathy, and therefore the catastrophe does not have the proper effect. The appearance of the muse, Rhesus' mother, and her wailings are altogether in the style of Euripides; -thirdly, these internal proofs indicating Euripides as the author of the piece, I do not see why we should doubt the testimony of the Didascalia, which were written by the most learned men, among whom we find even Aristotle.

We have, finally, a Satyric play of Euripidesthe Cyclops. Much has been written, but to little purpose, with regard to the Satyric plays; the Cyclops has, however, but little interest. known, that the tragic poets brought out three tragedies, which were always succeeded by one Satyric drama; it seems to have been the clown of the ancient tragedy, but we have not the means of speaking with any certainty about it.

Nineteen tragedies of Euripides are left to ushe was the favorite of the grammarians. He seems to have become so in consequence of their bad taste-for, they could not prefer him to Sophocles or Æschylus for his grammatical or metrical correctness. Although there is much of exquisite language in his works, yet we find also a careless and negligent style-and along with his most beautiful verses, we meet with irregularities, which are scarcely equalled by Byron in his Don Juan.

I have made these remarks upon Euripides not without deep study and reflection, for I was aware. that it has been said frequently, he had been attacked unjustly, merely because his tragedies had descended from the height of the Æschylean, as to their contents; whilst their poetical worth had not been paid regard to. No, this is not the case. On the contrary, Euripides, as I have already said, was, at all times, the favorite of classical scholars,-and these, at all times, on account of some excellent moral sentences, some highly poetical passages in his tragedies-were not aware, how lamely and awkwardly the whole went on, or else did not regard it. Of the beauties of Euripides it would be useless to speak. They are too well The richness of his Choruses, the pas-

he presents to us in Iphigenia, Polyxena, etc., etc., have become too much the property of the reader to be discussed here; I point out that which is less known, but which is founded on a repeated and critical perusal of our poet. I have yet to read that tragedy of Euripides, which, regarded as a whole, could be considered a perfect piece of art. I have yet to read that play of Euripides, in which the exposition and the catastrophe are in just proportion-most of his pieces begin with a splendid exposition; the eagle of the poet's genius spreads his wings high in the other of his imagination, and takes his flight towards the sun-but soon his strength vanishes, he drops his wings and sinks powerless to the earth. I have yet to read that tragedy of Euripides, in which he does not spoil even his finest, his most brilliant ideas, by introducing them through the medium of Dialogues, which, useless and inappropriate in illustrating the subject, tire the ear of the hearer with their wearisome monotony. I have yet to read the tragedy of Euripides, in which the Choruses appear as a truly integrant and indispensable part of the whole, instead of being, as in spite of all their beauty they are, a heavy clog upon the dramatic effect of the tragedy. I have yet to read the tragedy of Euripides, in which he preserves throughout chasteness of metre, and of language; the Euripidean Senarius has seldom the grandeur-seldom the sweetness of the Æschylean and Sophoclean—seldom the graceful motion of that of Aristophanes, but very often it is heavy and laborious to read, much as Porson has endeavored to erase these defects. The chaste movement of the Chorus, which appears in the metres of Æschylus and Sophocles, gives way here to a soft, effeminate Ionian music, which has been remarked already by the critics of his own times.

The same degrees of difference we discover in the writings of the three great Greek tragedies, we find in the literature of that nation, which, at the courts of Louis XIV and XV, aped the Greeks and Romans; the French. We find the same noble, but not yet finished dramatic genius in Corneille, and the similar perfection and loveliness of contents and form in Racine; whilst Voltaire, with all the brilliancy of his versatile genius, remains everywhere a self-conceited sophist. Among the other nations, which established their realms on the ruins of the Roman Empire, dramatic art rose under too different circumstances to be able to serve as illustrations of the Greek drama. The best illustration may be found in the Greek historians. would be easy to show the Æschylean character of the pious and epic Herodotus, in whose works we still see the truly republican spirit, moving in the practical element of liberty and enthusiasca. The polished mind of Thucydides stands already above its age, and it is only his own excellence, tening to its final downfall. We also perceive this ters with the words: in Xenophen, the superficial panegyrist of Sparta, whose mind was not free enough, to appreciate the advantages and the grandeur of Athenian liberty, though in its degraded state, in comparison with the wretched state of Sparta, which fed on her old glory in the days of her degeneration with hypocrisy and insolence. This I should be afraid of confessing openly, well aware as I am of the fact, that Xenophon has been so long, and to such an extent, the favorite of all students, if I could not back my opinion concerning his writings and character with such great names as Schlosser and Niebahr.

Extremes create extremes. In the times of corruption the chastiser arises. The great antagonist of Euripides, his contrast in every thing was Aristophanes, the comic poet.

The dithyrambic included two elements—a grave and a gay one. The first was represented by the Episodia, the other by the joyous Chorus, who, on this festival of Bacchus, delighted in indulging in all wildness and licentiousness. We find this last gay element repeated in comedy, whilst the Episodian was the foundation of tragedy. "We form perhaps, the best idea of the old Grecian comedy," says Schlegel, "by considering it as a complete contrast to the ideal tragedy." I find this contrast particularly in this, that the tragic poet idealizes and refines the present in a most elevated style-the comic poet takes the lofty actions of the present or the glorious recollections of the past, and drags them down to the frivolity of daily life. Epicharmas of Sicily, the founder of comedy, took mythical subjects. We see from a piece of Plautus, the Amphitruo—an imitation of a comedy of Epicharmus—in what style it was done. they ceased to look for objects so remote. Satire was soon the principal object of comedy, and what is a satire of the past? The present was represented in fanciful fictions; the haughty, the humble, the warrior, the peasant-every one was represented in it. I might call it a satirical farce, mimicing and ridiculing any thing, which from its interest would afford merriment. In outward appearance, comedy was an imitation of its halfsister tragedy, with Choruses, scenery, &c; but all that in an inferior and highly exaggerated style, and ever laughing at its own imperfect appearance.

To give only two examples; In the piece, Trygrees ascends heaven on a large beetle. Having raised himself on his back by the machine, he comes afterwards, by the road of the strangers, back spon the stage, (v. 173,) which, however, has undergone no change of scenery, and informs us, that this is the heaven where the gods live. At

that can compensate us for the bitter feeling of the door he knocks, and Mercury comes out, whom mortification and regret we indulge, that the state he appears with a morsel of meat. So he returns has already reached its height, and is rapidly has- afterwards to the same stage as the earth, and en-

> How difficult it was, to travel to the gods! Indeed, I feal quite tired in my legs. You seemed to be so little to me above, Perfectly wretched you looked to me in heaven, But here, I see you look yet much more wretched.*

Or in the Frogs, where a dead man is a dramatis persona, whom Bacchus begs to take a bundle with him over the Styx, but who professes "he would rather live, than do it for less than two drachmas." Bacchus, who had with his servant travelled on the stage, and arrived at the house of Hercules, comes to the Orchestra, over the Dromos, (names which afterwards will be explained) which here represents the lake, and crosses with Charon. Xanthias, his servant, is not permitted by Charon to enter the boat, but must run round the pretended In this comic style, the parody goes on through the whole piece. The comic element is carried so far, that the Chorus, as well as the players, speak not only in their characters, but, pulling their mask aside, they address the audience as if they were entire strangers to the play, and destroyed willingly all illusion. A remarkable peculiarity of the comic Chorus is therefore the "Parabasis," an address by the Chorus to the spectators in the name and under the authority of the poet, which has no immediate concern with the He expatiates herein on subject of the piece. his own merits-ridicules his rivals,-or he takes up the news of the day, and criticises it mercilessly;—he even becomes serious, and gives warnings, and weighty hints to the people, or he moralizes in the most biting manner on any general subject, illustrating it with living examples. Nothing escaped the tongue of the comic poet, and crime and vice were bodly attacked; and the more boldly, and more violently, the higher the station of the victim was.

Aristophanes was, according to the judgment of all his contemporaries, the greatest comic poet Athens ever had,—a portion of his works have come down to our time, and we, from our hearts, unite in the admiration of his age.

We behold with astonishment, this lofty genius, who scaled the highest summits, and trod the lowest valleys in the dominion of poetry, we gaze with rapture on this versatile wizzard, who now walks with us through heavenly spheres, and the next moment throws himself into the lowest, deepest mire of earth; who appears in all shapes, and in every position; who, a second Proteus, slips through our hands as quick as thought, whenever we think to have grasped him; who-constant only in his inconstancy-constructs in his wondrous fantasy, combinations of the wildest and softest; of the moblest and meanest; of the remotest and nearest objects: a poet possessed of an inexhaustible imagination, at once tragic and comic, panegyrist and satirist, modest and forward, priest and skeptic—one who raises the boldest structures, and destroys them himself with wilful hand; who joins life and death, union and discord, love and hate, generosity and pusillanimity in the rosy chains of the graces, whose "naughty favorite" he is.*

weak points of human character; he brings to light its hidden vices, and mercilessly stripping them of all disguise, exposes all our foibles to the severest scorn; he shows them only in blacker and stronger colors, as we try to deceive ourselves by whitening them with pretexts and self deceptions; yet it is not a satanic joy which rules him, but the deepest grief, which works so strongly in him, that he is even at war with himself, and no sooner has he created a bright idea, and exalted his fancy, or

To illustrate his character and art sufficiently, would require more time, than the narrow limits of these articles permit; nay, would fill the pages of a proper essay. Reluctantly I confine myself to a few remarks particularly on his great ethical importance.

The times which followed the death of Pericles, a gloomy sketch of which we have given above,† necessarily occasioned comedy, which at first was merely farcical and fantastical, to assume under the mask of laughter and fun a higher and graver character, a public and political one. It was Aristophanes, who raised comedy to this height. He is the Æschylus of his art. Whilst Æschylus endeavors to illustrate the present in the brilliant light of the heroic tales of old, to rouse in his contemporaries heroic feelings and emulation of the great deeds he celebrates; Aristophanes pursues the same end, but in another way. What the tragic poet attempts in exciting a noble enthusiasm, he seeks to achieve by operating upon their sense of shame. He sees and marks all that is bad and ridiculous, and represents it in the strongest light. In true portraits, and in caricatures, he shows the deep corruption of his age, which is sinking daily more and more into vice; grief for the downfall of his country sharpens the tooth of his satire, until it exhibits an implacable hatred against every one and every thing, contributing to weaken the moral strength of the people, and endanger the welfare of the state. He is in perpetual war with the spirit of his age, although himself a child of it, and the bitterest foe of its representative—his rival in the favor of the Athenians-Euripides. This appears to me to be the true character of Aristophanes; he is possessed of a highly moral and noble soul—a mind filled with virtue and lofty sentiments, but he is led by his peculiar talent to the dangerous weapon of licentious comedy to correct the prurient vices of his age. The principal feature in his genius was negative. Those of my readers who are acquainted with German literature, and have not only read, but understood the often misunderstood Faustus of Goethe, will understand me, when I call him a moral Mephistopheles, if I may use so contradictory an expression. He views like him all the

* "Aristophanes—der ungezogene Liebling der Musen." Goethe Epil. to die Vögel.

† Son. Lit. Mess., Dec. 1842, pg.

light its hidden vices, and mercilessly stripping them of all disguise, exposes all our foibles to the severest scorn; he shows them only in blacker and stronger colors, as we try to deceive ourselves by whitening them with pretexts and self deceptions; yet it is not a satanic joy which rules him, but the deepest grief, which works so strongly in him, that he is even at war with himself, and no sooner has he created a bright idea, and exalted his fancy, or endowed man with every perfection, or originated a fact in his poetry, than this self same poetry turns all to ridicule—He tramples with his feet on his own creations, and his friend and client is no less exposed to the lash of his scourge, than his adversary and foe. But this negative tendency of his genius is not realized in a gloomy, morbid manner. So wonderful are the contrasts of his soul, that he exhibits it in the most ingenious jocularity. He decorates his satire with roses, as a victim is adorned that is to be offered to the gods. His elegance and plaisantry are so unrivalled, that Plato in an epigram says, that the graces would have selected his mind for their dwelling place. These words of Plato, the chaste philosopher and pupil of Socrates, may convince those who take too much offence at passages of his works, which to modern taste appear disgusting and monstrous, that they must look a little farther and study a little deeper to understand and to do justice to him.

It would be too difficult a task, to give here a sketch of some of his comedies.† Their very plan consists in the want of a plot, and in the free flight of the imagination, and their beauty could not at all be exhibited, for it is revealed in each single line. Yet I must notice in a few words his Clouds and his Frogs.

I will not plead the cause of Aristophanes against the ridiculous charge of some good-natured grammarians, that, suborned by Anytus and Melitus, said he had composed it, to prepare the mind of the Athe-

*We meet nowhere out of Greece with an Aristophanea, for nowhere else in the history of the world, has a poet been bred amidst such an exciting public life—among such an ingenious and richly gifted people, based upon so great and popular a literature. Molière's great comical talent was in the chains of the court, a tamed lion; and yet he is the nearest to Aristophanes of all modern writers of plays, with the exception of the Coryphœus of dramatic art, who unites all the excellences with all the faults of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes within himself alone—Shakspeare. The count of Platen Hallermände has too little genius; his Aristophanic comedies, "die verhängnigsvolle Gabel" and "der romantische Œdipus," resemble the productions of our poet in nothing but the form.

†They are: The Acharnenses, the Peace, the Ecclesiasuses, Lysistrata against the war; the Knights against Cleon; the Clouds against the sophists; the Wasps against the law-yers (imitated by Racine in "les plaideurs;") the Thesmophoriazuses against Euripides; the Frogs on Æschylus and Euripides; the Birds, a fancy piece, and the Photos a comedy sensidered as belonging to the middle comedy,

Clouds and that accusation. This question, therefore, is easily settled ;-my own opinion as to the design of the Clouds is this: Aristophanes here attacks the greatest evil of his age-the daily increase of that sophistical activity and display which was naturally followed by the fall of the ancient religion, and by social demoralization—and it is therefore one of his gravest and severest productions. He embodied the whole sect in the form of Socrates, as the chief and most celebrated of them all; and the comic strength of the piece consists in this, that he chose a person of such high repute as Socrates, to suffer for the whole class. We certainly do not confound the noble, disinterested spirit of Socrates with the contemptible sophists of his day; but we cannot deny, nay, it is very likely, that the great multitude in Athens took him for a sophist, and could not but do so, for he was daily engaged with them in quarrels and controversies. When he, by his simple manners and clear thoughts, left them, according to the reports we have only from his pupils and adorers, always as victor-was it not natural, that he appeared to the people of Athens as the first, the best of all sophists! He, the object of every one's esteem, whose disinterestedness and voluntary poverty every one knew is here represented as covetous, and the victorious rebuker of all cunning subtility, appears here just the reverse. Can we believe that Aristophanes had intended so gross a deception upon his so very delicate audience ! The virtaous suffers here on the stage, as he mostly does in life, and this truly, though painfully comic choice of his victim has scarcely been appreciated by say of his interpreters. But Aristophanes had by far, better spectators than interpreters.

Besides, it cannot be doubted, that notwithstanding all the great qualities of Socrates, there may have been also less flattering shades resting upon his character; for, his memory comes to us only through the records of his prejudiced and devoted The foibles of Socrates seem to have shown themselves in his exterior appearance particularly, which fitted him so much the better for the here of a comedy."

The Frogs have a particular interest for us, through the near connection they have to the subject we have been discussing in these articles. The great tragic poets were dead,—and Bacchus, finding none among the living to supply their place, descends to Tartarus, to bring one of them up to the earth again. He finds Hades in uproar-Euripides disputing the presidency of the tragic poets is the lower world with Æschylus. A contest follows between them, in which Aristophanes shows all the faults of the two tragedians. It is wonder-

* Similar ideas may be seen in the preface of Prof. Felto his edition of the Clouds. Cambridge, 1841.

mins for an accusation against Socrates. Twenty-|ful to observe, in how few words, with how few two years elapsed between the last exhibition of the strokes he delineates the character of either; how mercilessly he scourges them with the very praises, they bestow upon themselves. Even his protégé, Æschylus, feels his satire fully; yet to the disadvantage of the sophistical and "tongue-whirling" [sit venia verbo.] Euripides; for all the faults of Æschylus are those of a mind so lofty, that the language of common men is not sufficient to express them :

> " Elevated thoughts and noble sentiments, Of course produce a correspondent diction, And heroes may with much propriety Well use a language raised above the vulgar, Just as they wear a more superb attire, *"

as he answers to Euripides.

A few examples would illustrate it, but every line would want a commentary. The allusions in every word constitute their principal beauty. Æschylus talks so mightily and angrily, that Bacchus advises Euripides-

> " If thou art wise, Move at a distance from this storm of hail, Lest, in his passion, he with some huge word Cracking thy skull let out a Telephus,"+

which last line is again a blow on Euripides.

When the contest begins, Æschylus prays first to Ceres, the deity sacred to the initiate of the Eleusinian mysteries. But Euripides worships gods " of another kind."

Bacch. Gods of thy own, new coinage? Eurip. Even so. So offer then thy vows to their own gods. Bacch. Eurip. O, air! on which I feed, thou whirling tongue. Intelligence, and sagacious snuffling-power."

They examine now the whole character of their different pieces; then their prologues, and Euripides charges Æschylus very self-conceitedly, with obscurity, and how often he had introduced Characters, who did not speak for the greater part of the piece, while his rule it was

> That he who first appeared on the stage Explained the general history of the piece.

Æschylus had, in one of his pieces, Niobe, introduced the first person N. as a mourning statue veiled and silent, during the greater part of the . drama; till at last she rose, striking the earth with her hands and calling on the dead. After this they ridicule each other with cantos from their Choruses, and at last go to the scales to weigh verse for verse.

Bacch. Approach the scales and speak.

Eurip. "Ah! would to heaven, the Argo never had flown." Æsch. "Ye fertile meads laved by Spercheios' stream !"

- * Aristoph. Ran. v. 1058-1061. (after Dunster's transl.)
- † Aristoph. Ran., v. 852-5.
- ‡ Aristoph. v. 890-4; I was obliged to give my translation; the other was too free.

H Ibid. 946-59.

Bacch. Cuckoo—there, let them go. Æschylus' scale
Outweighs the other much.

Eurip. How happens that?

Bacch. 'Tis owing to his pulling in a river,* etc. etc.

In this manner the contest goes on. Euripides cannot compete successfully with his adversary; the grandeur of Æschylus gains the victory over his talkative rival. It must, however, be observed, that in all the comical excess the trial brings on the stage, and which must have set the audience in a roar of laughter, Aristophanes remains teacher of Morals; all the praises heaped upon Euripides are bitter satire on the times he lived in; and all the blame or praise which falls on Æschylus, serves yet as a greater scourge for the Athenians, as he shows in them, how little they have obeyed the doctrines of their great poet.

The noble-minded and modest Sophocles does not partake in the contest; he had willingly yielded to Æschylus, and is only as third person present at the contest, resolved to take up the cause against Euripides, if Æschylus should be defeated. It may not be an improper place here, to observe, that the lovely character of Sophocles, on whom Aristophanes scarcely ever dared to throw his sarcasm, was also in life blessed with unshaken happiness. Having occupied the highest offices in the service of the state, he lived peacefully in his native land, to a great age, so that he even outlived his younger rival, Euripides. On the news of his death, he honored himself by doing public homage to the great genius of the deceased, and proved himself worthy of the love and admiration of his fellowcitizens unto his death, which was brought about by an excess of joy, that his Antigone gained the prize in a dramatic contest. Æschylus and Euripides died in foreign countries. The time of the birth and death of Aristophanes, who was a native of Ægina and only an adopted citizen of Athens, is unknown.

Thus we have finished our hasty survey of the Greek dramas. Let me, in conclusion, invite my readers to follow me on the wings of their imagination to Athens itself, and present themselves there at a dramatic performance.

Spring has covered the earth with her emerald carpet, and filled the hearts of men with joy. The great festival of the Dionysia has crowded the city with embassies from the dependent states, who bring their tribute; foreigners of all kinds have been drawn there by the occasion. Take me as your Cicerone, while we descend now from the Parthenon through the Propylsea—turn then South to the Odeion, then to the East, till we come to the Aipvat, where the theatre of Bacchus stands. I conduct you through the entrance, et occasion, over the

*Arist. Ran. v. 1382-6. The verse of Eurip. is Med. v. I.; that of Æsch. a frag. of his Philocetes.

lobbies αιαζώματα, to take your seats behind the magistrate, the prytanes, whose chairs are in front, just in the middle of the theatre. An eager multitude rushes in and fills the xipxides (cunei, the surrogate for the boxes,) soon to the top of the house; but we are not troubled with an oppressive atmosphere, for the blue expanse of heaven is over us, and the higher seats, hewn in the form of a horse-shoe in the rocks, always recede. Above them frowns the Acropolis, crowned with the Parthenon, and looking forward over the stage, our eye rests on the Saronic gulf, and the promontory of Sunium. Just before us is the Orchestra, the pit of our theatres-not intended for spectators, but for the Chorus. In the midst of it, and near the stage is an altar, called Thymele, which reminds us of the religious origin and signification of this pleasant diversion. Whilst the first Prytanus, the Apyoir tribrepor offers the sacrifice upon it, let us take a look at the stage. The output or stage is separated from the biarpor, which comprises the seats of the spectators and the orchestra, by a road called opopos, from which a staircase leads on the right and left to the scene, which is of equal height with the seats of the Prytanes. The entrance of the dromos to the right is reserved for those who come from the place, where the action is going on-on the left is the entrance for strangers. The staircase leads to the loyelor, the pulpitum of the Romans, the place where the actors mostly stood, and the dialogues were conducted. The walls of the scene on either side are ornamented with fresh green,* but the common ornaments were statues. The decoration of the back ground, the proper scenery, is now fully discovered, as the curtain over the hoyelor, has risen, or rather fallen. It is an architectural building, and imitates Nature herself as much as possible. The usual scenery is not very splendid, representing the dwelling-house of a king in the old style, with a principal gate in the middle, and two side gates; the first for the king himself, the others for his children and servants. Greeks were very particular in this point; they liked to know the character of the players, even from the side and way, by which they entered the stage; and as to the dress—that was altogether fixed for king, queen, married and unmarried women, royal children, elder and younger, &c., &c., so that from the first appearance they generally knew what character was before their eyes. That the players moreover had masks, and walked on the Cothurnus, is known to all.

We return to our place in the theatre. The scene represents the grove of the Furies in Colonos, for the performance of Sophocles' Œdipus Coloneus is going on. The grove consists of living trees, alive with birds. Behind them black cloths are hung, which assist to effect a gloomy

* Compare to this, and what follows Hans Genelli, das Theater in Athen. entrance to the holy grove of the awful goddesses. to left and left to right dance towards one another, Edipus, blind, old, and in rags, appears, led by Antigone, whom we by her dress know to be a daughter of royal blood, but in distress. They ascend the staircase, and Edipus sits down to rest; concluded when Creon appears from Thebes, and but the place is sacred, it is the $\chi a \lambda \kappa \sigma \pi \sigma v \delta \delta \sigma s \chi \delta \sigma \sigma \sigma s$ strives first by flattery, then by violence to prevail the forbidden entrance to the grove of the Eumenides. They have scarcely strives first by flattery, then by violence to prevail on Edipus to follow him to Thebes. He cruelly nides.

Upon the admonition of a passer by, and the command of the Chorus, he leaves the place, comes down, always supported by the young Antigone, and sits down on the Thymele, usually the place of the leader of the Chorus. The Chorus has come in, called by the man who had passed and observed a stranger sitting on the sacred and forbidden soil. They made their entrance hastily, consisting of fifteen aged inhabitants of Colonos. Having soon discovered Œdipus, they range themselves around their leader on both sides of the Thymele. They compel him now, when he has been seated by his daughter on the stone they assigned for his rest, to tell his name and wants. The name of Œdipus, the murderer of his father, the husband of his mother, an object of horror to the very sun, of whose light he has deprived himself-frightens them so much, that they hardly allow him to stay, only upon his assurance, that an oracle had now found its fulfilment, which he would discover to Theseus, the king of Athens, how his presence would become the blessing of the country. Meanwhile, on a neighing steed, a young girl, a Thessalian hat on her head, hastens in, springs from the horse into the arms of her unhappy father and sister. They form a lovely group, both embracing their blind father, who sits motionless on his stone. Ismene, that is the young girl's name, brings sad news from Thebes of the discord of her brothers, who are making preparation for war. Induced by an oracle, each party tries to get possession of the person of Œdipus. But he curses both of them, who always loved themselves better than their unfortunate father; whose selfish souls were not melted by his misery into brotherly friendship, and who left the care of him to their tender sisters. He determines not to heave the place, which the god had pointed out as his place of rest; and obtains from Theseus, who appears—a dignified and noble king—the assurance of his protection.

This forms the first part of the drama—not act; for the ancient dramas were not divided into acts—and now we see the Chorus move, and in decent and graceful gestures, the two divisions from right

• It is here supposed to be the λογεΐον.. The stage itself wearins, therefore, after Œdipus has again left it untouched in this play; what—together with the scenery, which brought before the eyes of the Athenians the holiest objects of awe and reverence—must have contributed immensely to the effect produced by this wonderful piece.

and with the accompaniment of the flute begin their hymn in honor of Athens and Colonos, in Strophes and Antistrophes. They have scarcely concluded when Creon appears from Thebes, and strives first by flattery, then by violence to prevail on Œdipus to follow him to Thebes. He cruelly deprives him of his daughter, who, before the eyes of the weak Chorus, which consisting of old men, is not able to resist, is torn away from her father, till Theseus appears, who avenges the offence of Creon against his guest in a battle. A second dance and song of the Chorus follows, whilst the battle is going on, the end of which leads to the catastrophe of the play. Theseus returns triumphantly, and brings the children back to their blind father. This meeting after their short separation is touching; though our compassion is somewhat checked at the stern manners of Œdipus towards his son, Polynices, who now appears with the intention of winning him to his cause. However just the reproaches of the old father, we dwell with more partiality upon the character of Antigone, that beautiful conception of our poet, who displays now her noble soul, standing between father and son, loving both, pitying both, sacrificing herself for both.

Polynices, having left his father in despair, old Œdipus feels his last hour drawing near. He sends for Theseus and explains to him, that the voice of the gods called him into the grove of the Eumenides; that his tomb is to be there, and remain there, a bulwark of Athens against Thebes. Fate is reconciled, and the poor sufferer freed from his pains. He does not want the aid of his daughters; he walks without assistance, and shows them the way they dread to go, in spite of his blindness; for it becomes light within him; he moves on, as if led by the gods themselves.

During the whole piece, the stage, upon which in other pieces the action takes places, was—as I have remarked above in a note—not touched after Œdipus had left it. Now the dying man directs his steps there, and disappears soon with Theseus and his daughter in the awful grove of the furies. The Chorus sends its prayers after him for an easy death, which is soon after reported by a messenger. He had not died like other men; but Earth opened her lap, and received the sufferer to an everlasting resting-place. After the messenger, appear the daughters, now Orphans. They confirm his death and bewail it.

Chorus. Is he then dead?

Antig. He is—his death was strange
And wonderful. For not in war he fell,
Nor did the sea o'erwhelm him, but the earth
Hath hid him from us. Deadly night has closed
Our eyes in sadness. Whether o'er the seas-

* The manner in which the Chorus performed his chants and dances is very uncertain, and the learned differ much about it. We roam, or exiles in a foreign land Lead our sad days, we must be still unhappy. Alas! I only wish I might have died With my poor father. Wherefore should I ask For longer life?

Charus. Ye good and pious daughters,
Remember what the will of Heaven decrees
With patience we must bear. Indulge not then
Excess of grief. Your fate has not deserved it.

Antig. O, I was fond of misery with him!

Even what was most unlovely grew beloved

When he was with me. O, my dearest father!

Beneath the earth, now in deep darkness hid,

Worn as thou wert with age, to me thou still

Wert dear, and shalt be ever.*

They then return to Thebes, that so they might prevent the impending fate of their dear brothers.†

The curtain rises.

This is the most celebrated drama of Sophocles, and I have selected it, to close these articles with, because it has a more harmonious character, than any of the ancient dramas. Yet full harmony and peaceful terminations was not the lot of their age. The Greek drama is one of the most magnificent appearances in the history of art, and as long as taste reigns, it will be admired; but it is not yet the perfection of art. Full harmony exists in full reconciliation. For the religion of the reconciliation was it reserved, to develope perfection as well in the department of art, as in that of sciences and morals.

* Soph. Oed. Col. v. 1679-1687; 1693-1703. † Ibid, 1771 sg.

HOW TO PLANT AND COOK POTATOES.

Choose a loamy soil that's sandy,
Throw manure broadcast and thick—
Stercoracis should be handy,
That the work may go on quick.

It is best to plough in winter—
Deep ploughing is the only thing.
Use your labor without stint, or
'Twill be double in the Spring.

When you find the ground is drying
Let the kidneys then be freed
From the hole where they've been lying,
And select the best for seed.

Then in April, fall to planting
From the large potato heap;
Let no little hands be wanting,
They're good as men, and twice as cheap.

Do not cut the root to pieces,
Nor let it into plaster roll—
A kidney usually increases,
Two-fold, if you plant it whole.

Hills are best, for you can tend them All around with plough or hoe— Not too close or you will rend them, And the offsets will not grow. Keep down weeds and dress the hills up,
Let them have both rain and sun,—
Then the plant grows well and fills up,
And your summer work is done.

Now before the ground is frozen, Look out for a sloping spot, Which if dry, and rightly chosen, Keeps the roots from growth and rot.

Six foot deep, the French have found out, Roots will never germinate; So, take the hint and dig the ground out, When you want your planting late.

Having told you how to plant them,
Also how to lay them by,
Now for cooking, when you want them
For the table in July.

On the day you want to use them, Take the kidneys from the ground, Of a size, 'tis best to choose them, Throwing out what are unsound.

Wash them clean and scrape the skin off, One water never is enough; Take the eyes and nubbins thin off, And every little speck that's rough.

Do not let them lie in water,
(So the nice observers say)—
Not a minute—not a quarter,
That will take their taste away.

When the fire is hurning brightly,
And the water's boiling hot,
Sprinkle table-salt in lightly,
Then put the kidneys in the pot.

Eighteen minutes—sometimes twenty, Cooks them nicely to a turn; Some say more, but that is plenty, Every one must live and learn.

Pour the water off, and set them On hot coals that they may dry; 'But, mercy on me! do not let them Burn, or into pieces fly.

Some prefer them whole at table, Others mush them in the pot, With butter! that is execrable, And truly, you had better not.

How scandalous it is to bake them, How barbarous to fry them brown, How Vandal-like in balls to make them, And with the hand to pat them down.

The only way if you will mash them, Is with milk that's new and sweet— Then with a ladle quick slap dash them, If you want them fit to eat.

After mashing, do not smear them
On the top and all around,
For in that way but few can bear them,
Let the mass be one rough mound.

One thing more—don't cook too many, Just boil enough for each to taste: Remember two will cost a penny, Better it is to want than waste.

When potatoes roll in plenty,
And hard times the poor distress,
Knowing that their food is scanty,
Give them now and then a mess.

DESCRIPTION OF NAPLES.

Naples, Oct. 5, 1842.

This is the land of my boyish dreams. imagination of youth had not sketched a picture more vivid than the reality. It burst upon my view, as bright and as enchanting as the poets had pourtrayed it. I had believed, that something was to be allowed for the hyperboles of poets, and the enthusiasm of tourists. In this, I was in error. Nature, in this lovely region, assumes "a grace beyond the reach of art." Poetry and painting have not, in truth, done justice to it; enamored pilgrims have not described its charms in all the richness of their native loveliness. One cannot put scenery on paper. The pencil and the pen cannot rise to the height of nature's fairest works. The air and the exquisite tints, the extended and varied prospects, yield not to the easel. The best effort is but an imperfect copy.

It is indeed a land worthy of being the mother of those immortal men, who have given it a moral lustre, rivalling the lovely features which Heaven has here impressed. Twice has it distributed to Europe the benefits of civilization. First, when it transmitted the sciences and the arts of the countrymen of Lycurgus and Solon, diffusing with their conquering arms, the lights of knowledge: and again, when after the downfall of the Eastern Empire, the fugitives from Constantinople illumined anew those torches which the Goths and Vandals had extinguished .- Twice the ruler of Europe: once by the people-king, and then by another still more powerful, swaying the consciences of men, and claiming the sacred right as given of Heaven.

In Rome, we see the cradle and the grave of this people-king, the dilapidated monuments of his triumphs and his glories. Here are also the proud memories of that powerful hierarchy, whose breath was the law of nations. Its temples and its palaces crown the seven hills. When you descend the peninsula and approach Naples, you find an air more soft, a heaven more brilliant. The soil is more fertile, and exhibits the appearance of a garden: the country is more beautiful; the antiquities more varied and better preserved. You see Vesuvius and Pompeii, the Phlegrean fields, and that bay which is renowned throughout the earth.

The city of Naples is the fourth in Europe in size and population. It is believed to contain four hundred thousand inhabitants within its walls, and one hundred thousand in its suburbs. Its origin reaches far beyond the period of authentic history. Its foundation is by some attributed to one of the Argonauts, 1300 years before the Christian era; by others, to Parthenope, one of the Syrens, who is celebrated by Homer, and whose name it bore. The claims of Hercules are also urged, but it is not probable that he would have built two cities so

by the contiguous city of Cuma, then a great and powerful metropolis: now vineyards occupy its site, and a poor peasant is its sole inhabitant. When The it was rebuilt, it assumed the name of Neapolis, or new city, which it has ever since retained. Its origin is Greek, its name Greek, and the Greek language was that of its inhabitants, for a long period after its submission to the Roman sway. In Herculaneum and Pompeii, the manuscripts which have been found, are all in this tongue.

This city has been subject to all the vicissitudes of Italy;-subdued by the Romans, then by the Goths, then sacked by Belisarius, who, failing in all his other efforts to make an entrance, finally introduced his soldiers through the aqueducts, and delivered it to pillage, massacre and fire. Its territory at one time conquered by the Saracens-at another subject to the Normans—then to the Arragonese-to the house of Anjou-overrun and vanquished repeatedly by the French and Spaniardsmany traces of all these different tribes may be discovered in the edifices, the language and the manners of the inhabitants.

The bay of Naples is in the form of a deep crescent-the promontories of Minerva and Misenum being the extremities of the two horns. island of Capri is between them, rising high above the sea, and presenting a barrier to check the tempests, and exclude from this tranquil bay the storms which rage without. The city rests upon the summit of the crescent, spreading itself round the curved shore, and sloping off to two points as it withdraws from the centre. It lies upon the sunny side of a lofty range of hills, whose highest crest is crowned by the venerable castle of St. Elmo. Its appearance is that of an amphitheatre, the houses rising one above the other, upon the steep ascent, and at the same time circling round the gulf.

The voyager, as he passes Capri, sees before him a bay of about eighteen miles in length by sixteen in width, scarcely ruffled by the wind, and brilliant as the sky above it. He sees along its shores a bright band of cities and towns, extending some 16 or 18 miles, with their many colored domes and lofty towers standing in bold relief, and varying and decorating the lovely scene. In their rear, a long line of semicircular mountains is exposed to view, covered with perennial green. To the right of the city, the chain is broken, and a verdant plain expands itself many miles into the interior, and gives a view of the distant Appenines. On the edge of this plain, and in the rear of Portici, rise two mountains, with a small and shallow valley between, the one clothed with verdure, the other exhibiting a lofty cone, black as carbon, utterly void of all vegetation, and pouring from its summit volumes of dark smoke. This is Vesuvius, the terror and the scourge of this delicious region! At its base, lies Pompeii, disinterred, but quiet and near as this and Herculaneum. It was destroyed desolate as the grave. Though the sun shines

brightly on its streets, and the sky is cloudless and the Castell' del Ovo, and casting the eye in a conserene, and its old enemy is tranquil, you feel within trary direction, we see the Castell Nuovo, so called its walls that the spirit is gone,—that it is the city of the dead. The lava tomb is removed; the temples, and the palaces, and the humble habitations receive the cheering light of day; but your own heart is clouded with the shadows of the past. Here another smiling valley runs off to the East, and then begins again the chain of mountains which reaches to the promontory of Minerva.

Enchanted with the beauties of the bay, I sought apartments on its shore with only the street of Santa Lucia between. The exquisite scene, in all its extent, and all its variety of attraction of land and water, is before me. The murmur of the waves, as they are gently broken on the shore, reaches my apartments. Admiration of this prospect has grown with acquaintance, and the minute features are now beheld with a feeling of attach-Taking this place as my point of departure, the first remarkable object in view which arrests the attention, is the Castell' del Ovo. It yards from the shore. It was originally a promontory; but, in some one of the numerous earthquakes which have shaken this country, it was rent from the main land. It is now connected by a narrow Its history would fill a volume. magnificent voluptuary, Lucullus, who is reported to have fed his lampreys in one of his artificial lakes, with the bodies of his slaves, to increase their delicacy, had here a house of pleasure. In the early ages, the castle was called from him the "Costrum Lucullanum." It was to this place that the last Emperor of Rome, Romulus Augustus, contemptuously called by his contemporaries, "Augustulus," was exiled by the conqueror, Odoacre, who deprived him of his empire. In more modern times, it became the refuge, and afterwards the prison of the unfortunate Queen "Joanna, of Na-Her history resembles, in many of its traits, that of the equally miserable Queen of Scots. Like her, she was beautiful and accomplished, devoted to pleasure, and fond of gallantry. her, she is also believed to have been accessary to the nurder of her husband, and to have espoused one who participated in the conspiracy which terminated his life. She also reached the same end; was deprived of her kingdom by a kinsman, and her life sacrificed to his ambition. And to continue the analogy, her guilt has been always the subject of controversy among historians.

The venerable walls of that old castle, are replete with interesting historic associations. Could they speak, they would open the most attracting

from its modern construction, being built so recently as the thirteenth century, by Charles of Anjou. It communicates with the royal palace, and serves for a retreat in cases of a popular movement. magnitude, its lofty towers and antique construction give a picturesque effect to the prospect. is a fortress of considerable strength on the sea shore, but at the same time so located as to command several of the large public squares of the city. It is a curious fact, and illustrative of the history of this people, that all the public places are within reach of the guns of some one of the castles of the city. There can be no large popular meeting, which the cannon of the forts may not disperse. These were reared in times long since passed, and are not to be charged to the policy of modern rulers. The Castell' Nuovo was formerly the residence of the sovereigns, and it exhibits an air of grandeur which is not to be seen in ordinary fortresses of any age. Among other objects of is based upon an insulated rock, some two hundred interest here seen, is a lofty arck of triumph, erected in the fifteenth century, to commemorate the entry of King Alphonso into this city. It is all of marble, and covered with statues, and has reliefs, representing the achievments of that mon-

Directly in front, across the smooth azure surface of the bay, Capri presents her white cliffs and lofty summits, with the adjacent coasts slightly curved, and approximating, at the promontories, the rocky isle. It stands like a faithful sentinel watching the portals of the gulf. Distance smooths the rugged outline, and lends "enchantment to the view." Here Tiberius Cæsar, weary of the cares of empire, retired from imperial Rome to enjoy in repose the pleasures of sense. He spent here the last seven years of his life, sunk in Circean pleasures, and exercising at the same time the most ferocious cruelties. One would suppose, were there not so many instances to the contrary, that the smiling features of nature around him, would have banished from his heart all savage propensi-There is a statue of him here, in the Muzeo Borbonico, which represents him with a countenance filled with benevolence. Doubtless, such a face gave him much assistance in the game of dissimulation which he habitually played. But it is strange, certainly not usual, that nature should have concealed such deformity under a visage pleasing and humane. Some of the walls and the foundations of his palace still exist. Other works of his are shown here. There is a subterranean passage, excavated from the palace, a distance of perchapter in the history of this kingdom. It is still haps half a mile, to one of the most curious grotfortified, though but little adapted to the modern toes I have ever seen. The grotto is the work mode of warfare. Constructed for defence in feu- of nature. You enter it from the bay by a dal times, it would be but a feeble barrier to the small aperture, just large enough for a small canoe progress of the arms in use at this day. Leaving to penetrate, those occupying it prostrating them-

selves, to avoid striking the jagged rocks above. | beauty. The sprightliness of her mind and viva-You then find yourself in the midst of a spacious grotto with a lofty vaulted ceiling, and all that the eye rests upon is blue as indigo. The effect is so sudden, so magical, that one feels for a moment as if he were the subject of enchantment! His companions, he can scarcely recognize—the ladies are all blues, and so are the gentlemen. It is called by the Neapolitans, the azure grotto. The phenomenon is a curious result of the reflection of the rays of light. As to the use made of it by Tiberius, the story is, that it was his place of bathing. But for the passage which he constructed the approach to it would have been distant, circuitous, and only by water.

There is a spot upon the shore of the bay, in full view of my window, which is associated with some of the most interesting, and at the same time most melancholy souvenirs of this city. It is the place where the body of Cerillo was cast ashore by the waves. He was one of the distinguished martyrs, who have expired in the cause of human liberty. During the Parthenopean republic, he was president of the legislative assembly. Renowned for his learning and high abilities, his reputation had previously extended throughout Europe. Beloved by his friends, and respected by his foes, he was unfortunately faithless to his king, and his life paid the forfeit. After the return of the royal family in 1800, he was arraigned for the crime of lese majestatis. Being brought before the court, he was asked the usual question, "what is your profession ?" He replied, "under the despotism, I was a physician; under the republic, a legislator." "And what are you now ?" demanded the president of the court. "Now, I am a hero," was the response. He was forthwith condemned and executed; and his body was cast into the sea. The sea returned it to the shore, and the populace, moved with sympathy for his misfortunes, though his political opponents, received it, gave it the funeral rites, and committed it to the earth.

The fate of this unfortunate man, and thousands of others, who at that time contributed to give their country a republic, and who atoned for it by the last punishment of malefactors, is associated with the destinies of one of the most remarkable women of that extraordinary period. Her history is so singular, so unlike the ordinary march of human events, that I am induced here to sketch the outlines of it.

Few heroines of fiction have been the subjects of such striking vicissitudes as Emma Lyon. Born of the lowest parentage, her father unknown, her birth-place some obscure part of Wales, she was reared in abject poverty and corrupt habits. The first sixteen years of her life were passed in an irregular and degraded existence, often in want of bread to sustain her. Yet in these unfavorable circumstances, she grew into maturity, a prodigy of

city of her disposition seem to have equalled her personal charms. Her attractions were now of too high an order to remain concealed. The artists sought her out, that they might give to the marble and the canvass the impressions of such wonderful leveliness. She became the model of the goddess Igiea. The success of the copy extended the reputation of the original. The celebrated painter, Romney, reproduced her as Venus, Cleopatra, and as Frine. Others made of her a Sibvl, a Leda, a Talia; and some, a penitent Magdalene.

In the next step of her career, she met and captivated Charles Grenville, of the noble family of Warwick. Deranged with passion, "drunk with beauty," he sought to espouse her; but overwhelmed with debt, and without the means of support, it was necessary to seek the assistance and consent of his uncle, Sir Wm. Hamilton, then minister of Great Britain, at this court. despatched as the suppliant to obtain both the one and the other; the infatuated lover believing that her appearance would be, on his part, a sufficient apology for seeking so extraordinary an union. The old uncle, astounded by this vision of beauty, was soon lost in such raptures as overwhelmed every other consideration. He paid the debts of his nephew, and married his betrothed.

Being now my lady, and the wife of a minister, a brilliant career opened before her. To the astonishment of all, she moved in the high region of society to which she had been so abruptly elevated, and in which she was now entitled to take a conspicuous part, as if she had been accustomed to it from early years. The grace of nature is superior to that of art. Her history was, of course, the subject of much remark, and it was not to be expected that a court, one of the most exclusive of Europe, should receive her with more attention than her position imperiously demanded. Queen Caroline, the daughter of the celebrated Marie Therese of Austria, and the sister of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette of France, met this brilliant "parvenue" with coldness and hauteur. But these were destined to continue but a short time. The Queen soon found it necessary to yield to the fortunes of this extraordinary woman.

Another scene of the drama was now enacted. Lord Nelson appears, a conquering hero; his brow bound with the fresh laurels he had just gathered at Aboukir. He had blasted the prospects of Napoleon in the East. He came to Naples, saw Lady Hamilton, and was conquered. braved the battle and the breeze-filled Europe with his fame-to strike his flag ingloriously to this modern Syren. In her presence, he was feeble as an infant; spell-bound, he gazed, received the subtle poison, and stood within the charmed circle, vanquished and a victim.

The conqueror, to whom the veteran diplomatist

and the illustrious warrior had surrendered, was their arms, relying upon the faith of treaties, sufnow to subdue the court. The sagacious Queen fered the punishment of felons. Many perished saw that she might exert an important influence on the fate of Italy, and perhaps of Europe. The English admiral was her slave—the English minister was her husband. She soon became the subject of the most assiduous and distinguished attentions. In the theatre, and the public exhibitions, she was often seated by the side of the Queen. In the palace, she was received in its most secret recesses, entertained as a friend, admitted to the royal table, an honor in this court reserved to princes of the blood; and report said, that the imperial offspring of Austria, the Queen of the Two Sicilies, often occupied the same chamber and laved her limbs in the same bath with her who had been but recently a poor vagrant, houseless, pennyless and unknown.

At the flight of the royal family to Sicily, upon the approach of Championnet, she accompanied them, embarked in the same vessel, shared the same adventures, and the same asylum.

When the information was received by the court at Palermo that the republicans were conquered, and that Naples had surrendered to Cardinal Ruffo and the Allied Powers, the pleasure of this news was embittered by the fact that terms had been granted to the vanquished. A treaty of capitulation had been made, which stipulated for the security of their lives, the protection of their property, and the power of emigration to those who preferred The King and the Queen believed it degrading to treat with rebels. Besides, the power of taking vengeance on their rebellious subjects was thus wrested from them, at the moment they were anticipating its full gratification. They despatched Lady Hamilton in a fast sailing vessel to Lord Nelson, with letters and orders revoking the treaty The Queen besought her as a of capitulation. friend to use her exertions to persuade Lord Nelson to cancel the treaty. She said, "to you, my lady, we shall owe the dignity of the crown-go, solicit; may the winds and the waves favor you." She departed, and arrived on board the ship of the admiral as he was entering the port of Naples. He could not resist the fair ambassadress-yielded to her wishes, and sacrificed that good name, to which he had devoted a life of heroism. To her he surrendered his own glory, betrayed the honor of his country, abandoned the interests of humanity, and drew upon himself, the censure and the scorn of the civilized world. Whatever power the King of the Two Sicilies may have had to disavow and annul the acts of his own commander, it cannot be pretended that he could release the English from the obligations which they had contracted by the signature of the treaty of capitulation. It was violated, and doubtless would never have been so, but for the unfortunate ascendancy of Lady Hamilton. Those who had laid down

by the hands of the Lazzaroni. The chiefs were, for the most part, hung and thrown into the sea. Caracciolo, the admiral of the fleet, a prince by birth, endowed by nature with the highest qualities, which had been cultivated and adorned by the most finished education, and most profound erudition, distinguished in war, and beloved and esteemed in peace, was among those who suffered the penalties of treason. After his execution, fifty pounds weight of iron was fastened to his feet, and then his corpse was committed to the great deep. A few days after, the King arrived in the harbor, when, looking over the side of his vessel, he saw a movement in the water, and something approaching the ship. In a few moments he discovered it was a corpse, which moved rapidly towards the vessel, with its head elevated out of the water, and the body erect. He exclaimed, "Caracciolo!" and turned away, horror stricken. Then, as if confounded, he said, "Why, what wants the dead ?" The chaplain, who stood near, replied, "One would say that he came to demand Christian sepulture." "Let him have it," said the King, and retired to his apartments. It was taken up and interred in the church of Santa Maria on the Santa Lucia.

Lady Hamilton had now reached her zenith. She was to descend with nearly the same rapidity. The next year Sir William Hamilton was recalled from his mission, and returned to England. accompanied him, and Lord Nelson followed. a short time, her husband died, and Lord Nelson was killed at Trafalgar. She soon expended, in a life of dissipation and extravagance, the fortune which had been given her, both by her husband and her paramour. She was again reduced to want the necessaries of life, and perished in the deepest misery and lowest poverty in 1815, at Calais in France.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

Gladdening gift to all fresh, pure things, Children and flowers and birds and springs! Chasing the night, when I feel thee come, With her step so slow, and her lip so dumb; I joy, that though wearied and worn it be, My soul hath a welcome still for thee!

Sleepless and lone since set of sun, I have wished that the long, dark hours were done; Watching the shadows upon the wall, And the lamps their flame in its rise and fall, And praying for rest from the pitiless pain That sickened my heart and hewildered my brain.

Fretted with thoughts of thee, I lay, And of voices of children out at play, And of opening buds in the new-lit wood, With birds to sing for their solitude,-The birds whose faint, sweet notes I hear, 'Mid the tinkling chime of streamlets clear.

Though I did not hope with the day to see, The flowers beneath, nor upon the tree, Nor the spring boil up through the glittering sands, I knew that blossoms, by little hands Would come, with the water to cool my brow, With which it is bathed so kindly now.

Soothing it is, in a close sick room, To have a wild-flower's soft perfume, That was gathered from where we have loved to go, The tribute of innocent hearts, to show That e'en in their merriest hour, are not, We and our helplessness, forgot!

Sweet, when our veins with fever burn. A draught just drawn from its forest-urn, Telling of moss that has round it crept,-Of lights and shades that have o'er it swept, Of the pictures of leaves that have on it lain, And of gems it has caught from the summer rain!

Glorious Giver! Oh, let my sight Ne'er shrink away from thy morning light, With shame for wishes or thoughts of sin, Nestled and fed my heart within; Nor with fear for deeds that would stain my way, Of the watchful eyes that awake with day!

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE ARMY. SECTCHES OF INDIANS, AND LIFE BEYOND THE BORDER

By a Captain of U. States Dragoons.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Early in the summer of 1833, I was among the hardy sons of West-Tennessee, seeking to infuse an ardor for service in a new regiment of Cavalry, one destined we believed, to explore far and wide the Western Territory, and bear the arms of the Union into the country of many Indian tribes. was a prospect that did not fail to excite the enterprising and roving disposition of many fine young men, in that military state.

Having previously met with indifferent success at Columbia, Dover and Clarksville, I purchased a borse at the last place, in order to ride into the Western district; having been advised to move in the "direction" of Reynoldsburgh, visit Perryville &c. There was no road to Reynoldsburgh; but a candidate for congress was kind enough to furnish me with a penciled map for my guidance, in which he embodied a knowledge of by-paths gained in his electioneering explorations: he gave me also a letter of introduction to the hospitable Judge H.; whose house, distant about forty miles, I expected to reach the first day.

I found the country rugged and barren; abound-

stony hills. Just as the sun, which had been all day obscured by sullen clouds, managed to give me a smile, as if to bid me good night, I had the good fortune, I thought, to find a wagon road; and which without consulting the cardinal points very closely I struck into right merrily; it soon led me to a rude dwelling, where I was informed that I was going exactly wrong; with reluctant conviction I turned about and was soon lost again. It was fast growing dark when I descended a hollow way which the woods rendered exceedingly obscure and dreary; my hat was struck off by limbs, and I could but trust to my horse to keep the track; it soon led to a large creek, which I forded; but in going out naturally missed the road; and in attempting to ascend the bank, myself and horse tumbled back in reversed order. I succeeded in leading him out, and encountered a high fence. which forced me to turn to the right or left. I took the right, which I found to be wrong: we scrambled on through the brush between the fence and creek. until I heard the bark of a dog, and looking carefully, I espied a light, very high and far to the left; this light I resolved to make my polar star, and to go to it, despite of all obstacles; the first was the fence, with lofty stakes and riders, which I patiently pulled to the ground and passed through; then another—and another, I know not how many; but each I laboriously overcame, ascending the while overground which I could but wish had been more smoothly cultivated. At last I reached a snug looking house and sought admittance; but directed by the sweet sounds of a piano, I unceremoniously pushed on into a parlor, and recognized the daughters of Judge H. I had lost my letter; of which I informed the Judge when he soon after came in, with a manner which indicated that I attached but little importance to it, under the circumstances, and related to him my own misfortunes and those of his fences; with which I suppose—as a hospitable man and careful farmer he equally sympathized.

I certainly passed an agreeable evening: and listened to the sweet music of an accompaniment of the flute by the father to the piano of his daughter.

My kind host after a good breakfast next morning, gave me particular directions for my further journey, which however, was not performed without being repeatedly at a loss for my course. As the sun set, I found myself on the bank of the Tennessee river at Reynoldsburgh, whose "direction" I had carefully sought for two days; this I considered quite sufficient; for a more miserable hamlet I never saw; a half dozen houses composed it, and their occupants seemed victims to fevers; the river, which gushes from the Virginia ing in iron ore, with perhaps wood enough to smelt mountains in swift and beautiful streams, here, like it; in spite of the map, I repeatedly lost my way a sickly sluggard, had lost its youthful promise, but among paths scarcely discernible, on the hard and even the springs, I was told, are here poisonous;

I took boat, crossed the river, and slept in a tavern | which they would persuade themselves were only on the Southern bank.

The following day, by selecting such bridle paths as promised the best direction, I reached the neighborhood of Perryville, and slept in the log-house of a small farmer; who, like all his class in this country, entertained travellers without the expensive formality of a license and sign-board.

Next morning early I arrived in Perryville, the county seat of Perry county, and situated a few hundred paces from Tennessee river. Soon after, guided by a horrid cacophony to a brick court-house in the centre of this wretched village, I there witnessed an astonishing scene. The room was filled-a stand of some elevation in the midst was occupied by a Baptist preacher, who addressed the audience in the most impassioned manner-ever turning and inclining lowly his person to the dying cadence of his song : for in a kind of monotonous tune he delivered himself of a wild rhapsody, of which the constantly repeated words, "morning star," were almost alone intelligible to me: but the painful part of the exhibition was, that he totally exhausted his voice or breath at every sentence which he sang out; and caught it-as he raised his body-in a prolonged, shrill wheeze, like that of persons with the whooping-caugh; or like an exaggerated paroxysm in a broken-winded horse. I got no further than the door; and asking some one why they did not take the poor wretch away, I escaped, full of wonder that so many reasonable beings could gravely witness so painful an exhibition of diseased and unintelligible fanaticism.

At my tavern I was duly installed, as a mark of distinction, in a separate chamber; this was a space about twelve feet square, divided from a large loft by a partition of thin boards which reached a little higher than my head: above, was the roof, which proved a sorry protection from the heat of a scorch-. ing sun.

Terrible was a week's sojourn in Perryville. The only inhabitant who-by virtue of a title of lawyer-laid claim to intellectuality, was in reality a loafer; he had by one act, established here a lasting reputation; this solitary and distinguished achievement should be commemorated; he had in some quarrel, thrown at his adversary's head, a pitcher!

I once sought relief in a walk to the bank of the river; but the sight and stench of its green slime caused a precipitate retreat. I next tried gunning; and returned covered with thousands of the almost invisible seed-tick. They could only be removed by undergoing the martyrdom of a thorough fumigation of burning tobacco.

But I succeeded in engaging some hardy recruits, whose imaginations inflamed them with the thoughts of scouring the far prairies on fine horses,

given for discouragement sake. A man's wishes can always blind and deceive him: these fellows, in some after moment of disappointment and discontent, would be ready to accuse another of what their own folly had caused.

I next visited the pretty village of Lexington, where I remained three days. The evening before my departure, in paying my bill, I perceived an extravagantly dishonest charge, made in consideration of my having endeavored to insist on a separate room. I gave mine host a piece of my mind, which led to some altercation. Immediately after, an elderly personage, whom I had never seen before, called me to a private place, and saying nothing, very mysteriously commenced barring his breast, and directed my attention to certain scars, which there and elsewhere, told of many a wound; upon my showing signs that his pantomime was a riddle, he found his tongue, and thus addressed me-" I came to this country, like you, young, fiery and impatient; and these are the consequences—take a friendly warning." Verb. sat. I had heard of "eloquent wounds," but perhaps never before had realized the full force of the expression. morning after, I was to set off very early for Jackson: I was so much disturbed, long before daylight, by noise, that I arose and dressed myself. I discovered that it was made by a gentleman, who, it appeared, was on a circuit electioneering for the office of brigadier general; he had taken the rather extraordinary method to recommend himself, of getting drunk before day: but as I afterwards found him a very intelligent person, I have no reason to doubt that he understood his own inte-

It proved we were to travel the same road; and probably owing in a measure to some sympathy in our profession and pursuit, a kind of intimacy grew rapidly between us. As we rode off together before sunrise we saw a splendid horse, ridden at a little distance, which I had before attempted to bargain for: the temptation was now strong, and my companion aggravated it. "Look at him, Lieutenant," said he: "take him Lieutenant-what's a few dollars? I'll lend you the money, if you hav'nt it to spare," &c., &c. It was irresistible; and at sunrise of a Sunday morning-I grieve to say-I changed saddles and bridles-and exchanged horses and purses, mine being much the heavier-and rode off on my way rejoicing.

At breakfast my new friend, from force of electioncering habit-over-persuaded me to join him in a glass of whiskey, which our host recommended as particular; saying, "Good G-stranger, dont drink that-this is three weeks old"-of a truth it was detestable; and proved, I believe, de trop, for my kind friend: for after riding a very little way, amid buffalo and strange Indians: so much so, that in a terribly hot morning, I observed him attenthey scarce listened to any discouraging particulars, tively examining the land marks for a certain fine

spring; and his discourse turned upon the virtue and delights of cold water.

In a sequestered spot, beneath the cool dark shade of a noble forest, we found it; and his praises were all faint, in describing that glorious fountain. There it was before us, with its crystal and icy waters welling over the brim of a moss-grown gum; delicious was the draught we took! and renovating the bath to our fiery temples! Had the romantic old De Soto found such an one in Florida, he had cried *Eureka!* and asked no proof that the fountain of eternal youth was before him!

Much refreshed, we pursued our ride; and after the privations of some weeks, my companion without great difficulty persuaded me to make a divergence of a few miles to the country house of his father-in-law, who, I found, was the very near relative of an old army friend.

I spent there several very pleasant days; it was a noble plantation, and had a most hospitable owner. At parting, my friend, the brigadier, and myself exchanged tokens of our singularly commenced friendship, and have never since met.

I found Jackson a lively, thriving little town: I observed it under the exciting circumstances of a congressional election; and the successful candidate was no other than the celebrated Davy Crockett.

Having accomplished my mission, I set out on my horse for Nashville, and accomplished the journey in three days. I spent about a week enjoying the hospitalities of this pleasant and flourishing Western city: after which, with another officer, I departed in a keel-boat with our company of recruits: this tedious mode of navigation was eccasioned by the lowness of the water in the Cumberland. At Paducah we took a steamboat for Jefferson Barracks, where we arrived without other incident than a detention and change of boat; the consequence of a boiler being worn out: so much so, fortunately, that it would not bear a pressure sufficient to lead to a dangerous explosion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Those persons who may at times have felt symptoms of envy at the fortunes of officers preferred to new regiments, might console themselves if they could but realize the amount of labor, care and vexation, attendant upon the task of enlisting, organizing, disciplining and instructing a new corps; of producing order from chaos: and much the more with cavalry, where the amount of duty, instruction and responsibility may safely be considered as doubled in the comparison with infantry. And this, without consideration of the extraordinary fact that cavalry tactics were unknown in the army; and, with the whole theory and practical detail, were to be studiously acquired—in a manner invented-by officers, before they could teach others.

It is not a little astonishing that our government should have so long deprived the country and the army of the services of so very important an arm as the cavalry; that it should have suffered all knowledge and experience of its organization, equipment and manœuvres to have become extinct.

Circumstances have ever been unfavorable to a general and just appreciation of the power and importance of this arm of military organization.

The insulation of Great Britain has been there an obstacle to a fair test of its uses and capacities; which, otherwise, their fine breeds of horses would seem to have much favored. An inferiority in this respect, and other reasons which might be easily shown, caused it to be neglected in France and other nations of the continent; while in Egypt, in Asia, and in the Ukraine the nature of the institutions have, for want of instruction and discipline, rendered in some degree abortive the individual preëminence of their armed horsemen. (Not forgetting however that the Moslem cavalry conquered half the world, and were only checked at the gates of Vienna by the Polish cavalry of Sobieski.)

In the decadency of chivalry, the first introduction and improvement of that essential arm of infantry (which in reality is the body, of which cavalry and horse artillery are the arms) led to such extraordinary, though natural success that in the progress of reaction—with the common use of gunpowder—men naturally fell into an opposite extreme.

The great warrior of this age perhaps over-estimated in the comparison the importance and effects of artillery: he had been an artillery officer, and brought this arm to perfection by his genius, and conquering by the enthusiasm of his masses, under-estimated an arm, which perhaps he had not the means to bring to perfection. But in Egypt the undisciplined Mamelukes extracted from him an exclamation of admiration; and after a pause of far-reaching thought, he gave utterance to a deep regret that he could not render himself irresistible, by the command of such men, disciplined!

But the discouragements to the excellence and use of British cavalry (which must be transported by sea, to be used) have not prevented the truth from forcing itself upon the minds of some of their officers; and Col. Mitchell, who—with all his prejudices against Napoleon and his warriors, and the use of the bayonet, may come to be considered a military reformer—has proved the irresistible though unappreciated power of cavalry.

In support of these views, and of this assertion, I shall here give some extracts from Col. Mitchell's "Thoughts on Tactics," which may prove acceptable to the reader, who has not an opportunity to examine that interesting work.

* Horse artillery, which the United States have also greatly neglected. See note A in appendix.

of the armies of the middle ages, yet as the genius of chivalry tended more to acts of individual prowess and exertion, than to combined efforts, from which striking results could alone be expected, little or nothing is left to glean from that dark period.

"The introduction of fire-arms, which by degrees brought infantry back to the field, diminished even the efficiency which the cavalry derived from the energy of knightly spirit and enterprise; for they not only took to the use of the pistol and arquebuse, instead of the sword, their only arm of strength, but gradually covered themselves with such heavy armor, that a dray-horse alone could carry the weight of a man-at-arms completely accoutred. Thus mounted, the cuirassier was just able to sport his clumsy and unwieldy figure, as if for show, up and down the ranks of war, to exchange a few miserable pistol-shots, or, at most, to run a course, with lance in rest, over some hundred yards of perfectly level ground.

"At the battle of Hohenfriedberg, the dragoon regiment of Baireuth drove over twenty-one battalions of infantry, took 4000 prisoners, 66 stands of colors, and five pieces of artillery-an action, of which Frederick says, truly enough, that it deserves to be written in letters of gold. At Zerndorff, Seidlitz decided the fate of the day, by hewing down with the cavalry the masses of Russian infantry, before which the Prussian infantry had already lost ground; thus gaining one of the most sanguinary victories of the Seven Years' War. At Rosbach, twenty squadrons,* led by the same heroic commander, headed and crossed the French line of march under cover of the hill that separated the two armies, wheeled up in front of the hostile columns, and then,

> 'Like ocean's mighty swing, When heaving to the tempest's wing, They hurled them on the foe,'

driving the whole of Sonbise's army, 50,000 strong in utter 'confusion from the ground.'

"At the battle of Belgrade," says this great soldier, (Marshal Saxe) "I saw two battalions cut to pieces in an instant. The affair happened in the following manner: A battalion of Lorraine, and one of Neuperg were posted on a height that we called the battery; and just where a breeze of wind dispersed a fog which had impeded our view, I observed these troops on the brow of the hill, separated from the rest of the army. Prince Eugene asked me if my sight was good, and who were the Cavaliers coming round the hill? I replied, that they were a body of thirty or forty Turks. These men are lost, said the Prince, measuring the two battalions, though I could not perceive that they were attacked, or likely to be so, as

* 3000 men at most.

"Though cavalry formed, in general, the strength | I could not see what was beyond the hill. galloped towards it at full speed, and at the moment I arrived behind the colors of Neuperg's regiment, I saw both battalions make ready, come to the present, and, at thirty yards, fired a volley at a body of Turks who were rushing in upon them. The volley and the closing were one and the same thing; the two battalions had no time to fly, and were all sabred."

Combat of Avesne le Sec., 11th Sept., 1793.

"A corps of 8,000 French, mostly infantry, having marched out of Cambray, in order to make a demonstration in favor of Quesnoy, then hard pressed by the allies, were overtaken near the village of Avesne le Sec, by Prince Lichtenstein and Count Belgrade, at the head of four Austrian regiments of cavalry. The French, seeing that an action was inevitable, formed two large squares, between which they placed the whole of their artillery, consisting of twenty guns, and thus posted, they firmly awaited the charge. The Austrians realized every thing that could be expected from brave horsemen, for without awaiting the infantry and artillery that were still far behind, they instantly charged, and though saluted with grape by the French artillery, and received with a volley of musketry, fired at less than fifty yards, they overthrew both the squares at the first onset. thousand men were taken, and most of the others cut down, for only a few hundred stragglers reached Bouchain and Cambray; the twenty guns, together with five stand of colors, also fell into the hands of the victors." Austrian loss, "only two officers and seventy-nine men."

Action of Villers-en-Couche, 24th April, 1793.

4

"On the 23rd of April, 1793, the French, to the number of 15,000 men, advanced in three columns from Bouchain towards the Salle. They were met on the following day by General Otto, at the head of ten British and four Austrian squadrons. While part of this force dispersed the French cavalry, four of the allied squadrons, two British and two Austrian, attacked the infantry, consisting of six battalions, who had formed themselves into an oblong square, broke them, killed and wounded 900 men, captured 400 more, together with five pieces of cannon; the allies themselves losing only 90 men in killed and wounded."

"The following is the account he himself" (Blucher, then colonel) "gives, in his journal of the campaigns of 1794, of the affair near Kaiserslautern: 'As soon as I had assembled about eighty hussars and dragoons, I commanded, march! at the very time when the enemy's infantry, at least 600 strong, were crossing the plain. The officer, who commanded the enemy's battalion, shewed much countenance; he was on horseback, and kept his men well together. But nothing could intimidate our brave horsemen; we stormed in upon the enemy. and though he opposed us with the bayonet, and

less broke in, &c." "The entire of the French party were either killed, wounded, or taken."

Action of Garci-Hernandez, 23rd July, 1812. "Captain Riegenstein, who commanded the second squadron, finding the French cavalry had already been defeated, and hearing of the gallant and successful charge made on one square of their infantry, proceeded immediately to attack the other, which was as completely overthrown as the first, and with considerably less loss—a brave example once set, soon finds followers." "In following up this success, the third squadron, under Captain Marshall, together with half the squadron, came upon a third square of infantry. Victory ruled the hour, and these new foes were no sooner discovered than charged and broken." * " Properly stated, the case stands thus-four squares of the best French infantry, for a rear-guard would, of course, be composed of the best troops, amounting at least to 3000 men, were attacked by three squadrons and a half of cavalry that could not, at the most, count 300 men, and three of the squares were defeated with a loss to the infantry of nearly 2000 men, while

"If the cavalry in charging infantry do their duty, one of three things must follow as a matter of course; either they must fall by the fire of the musketry, be arrested by the bayonets, or they must overthrow the opposing ranks. Now, without again reverting to the few musket-shots that tell, as shown in the first part of this essay, we know very well, that, to the utter astonishment of many officers present, entire volleys were fired at Waterloo and at Fuente-de-Guinaldo, without apparently bringing down a man, however many might have been hit. We also know, that not a single one of the enemy's horsemen perished on the bayonets of the kneeling ranks in either of these actions; and it is, of course, perfectly evident, that a horse at full speed, if killed even by the projecting bayonets-which is possible, though not probable-must still, by his very impulse, overthrow all the files opposed to him, and thus make an opening for those that follow.

the victorious cavalry lost only 100 men.

"It is no doubt a splendid sight, when bugle-sound and trumpet-clang send onward to the charge a gallant line of horsemen: their plumes wave, their sabres gleam, the very earth is shaken by the thunder of their horses' hoofs, and, like the tornado in its progress, they seem destined to carry every thing before them in their way. But the infantry to be attacked is prepared; the close and serried mass, bristling with arms, from which the fires of death are every moment expected to flash, is imposing; and the motionless stillness, with which tried soldiers wait the attack, has an air of stern and confident resolve that is chilling to ordinary amailants. The horsemen, not expecting to suc-

made a most determined resistance, we neverthe-|pictures at such times, even to the most wretched, stores of future happiness about to be sacrificed in a hopeless contest. The heart cools, and the speed is gradually slackened, instead of being augmented as the charge advances. If the dread of dishonor still keeps the men from turning back, the belief in certain destruction also prevents them from going on; but the middle way, so dear to mediocrity, whether of talent or of courage, is at hand, and no sooner does the firing begin than the whole of the plume-crested troop, vanquished before a shot has told, open to the right and left-fly, with brandished sabres, in wild confusion round the square, instead of rushing down upon it-receive the fire of four sides to avoid the fire of one, and, without striking a single blow for victory, resign with loss and disgrace a contest that, by courage and confidence, might have been successfully terminated at the expense of a few bayonet scratches.

> "I appeal to the officers who were present in the squares at Waterloo, Quatre-bras and Guinaldowhether this is not an exact history of the best of the charges made by the French cavalry in those memorable actions. I say the best charges; for, on many occasions the horsemen actually halted, or turned, as soon as the fire began, leaving a few individuals to dash forward and shake their sabres at the adversaries with whom they dared not close. And yet this is called charging, and by such foolery is the power of the cavalry to be estimated, and the infantry of England, the gallant and the brave, must still trust for victory only to the chance of similar conduct on the part of future foes, instead of trusting to those high qualities that, backed by an efficient system of tactics, would ensure them success in every species of contest." (From pp. 76 to 107.

> In no country of Europe, nor in Asia, can horses be so numerously and so cheaply supported as in the United States; and our plains and prairies plainly indicate that cavalry is the most suitable military force. In the Revolutionary war we had a small force of admirable cavalry on the plains of the Carolinas, to oppose that of Tarleton, which was the terror of the whole country; and it was of paramount importance. General Green's celebrated retreat before Earl Cornwallis, but for Lee's legionary corps, could scarcely have been attempted; they were at once the shield and the right arm of his army.

Whoever has studied the American military history, knows that cavalry have been the scourge and peculiar dread of Indians. Not to mention the conquest of Mexico-how wonderful were the achievements of De Soto, with his little band of Cavaliers! They out-do romance. He encountered numberless brave Indians, but his horses gave the victory. The Indians triumphed greatly more in the death of a horse, than of his armed rider. Inceed, see only death before them; and busy fancy fantry never could have accomplished his march.

Near the close of the war of the Revolution, the powerful nation of Cherokees made an irruption into South Carolina. In "Lee's Memoirs of the War" we find the following account of its results: "Pickens followed the incursors into their own country, and having seen much and various service, judiciously determined to mount his detachment, adding the sword to the rifle and tomahawk. well knew the force of cavalry, having felt it at the Cowpens, though it was then feebly exemplified by the enemy. Forming his mind upon experience, the straight road to truth, he wisely resolved to add to the arms, usual in Indian wars, the unusual one above mentioned.

"In a few days he reached the country of the Indians, who, as is the practice among the uncivilized in all ages, ran to arms to oppose the invader, anxious to join issue in battle without delay. ens, with his accustomed diligence, took care to inform himself accurately of the designs and strength of the enemy; and as soon as he had ascertained these important facts, advanced upon him. rifle was only used while reconnoitering the hostile position. As soon as this was finished, he remounted his soldiers, and ordered a charge: with fury his brave warriors rushed forward, and the astonished Indians fled in dismay. Not only the novelty of the mode, which always has its influence, but the sense of his incapacity to resist horse, operated upon the flying forester.

"Pickens followed up his success, and killed forty Cherokees, took a great number of prisoners of both sexes, and burnt thirteen towns. not a soldier, and had only two wounded. Sachems of the nation assembled in council; and thoroughly satisfied of their inability to contend against an enemy who added the speed of the horse to the skill and strength of man, they determined to implore forgiveness for the past, and never again to provoke the wrath of their triumphant foe." Page 383; to which there are the following notes: "John Rogers Clarke, colonel in the service of Virginia against our neighbors, the Indians in the Revolutionary war, was among our best soldiers, and better acquainted with the Indian warfare than any officer of the army. This gentleman, after one of his campaigns, met in Richmond several of our cavalry officers, and devoted all his leisure in ascertaining from them the various uses to which horse were applied, as well as the manner of such application. The information he acquired determined him to introduce this species of force against the Indians, as that of all others the most effectual.

"By himself, by Pickens, and lately by Wayne, was the accuracy of Clarke's opinion justified."

"The Indians, when fighting with infantry, are very daring. This temper of mind results from his consciousness of his superior fleetness; which, together with his better knowledge of woods, as-

This temper of mind is extinguished, desperate. when he finds he is to save himself from the pursuit of horse, and with its extinction fails that habitnal boldness."

I will only add, that after all the terrible inflictions of the whites, the Indians have almost invariably expressed, in two words, their sense of the most dreadful peculiarity of the superior race, in naming them-from the sabres-the "Long Knives."

CHAPTER XXIX.

We found excellent stables at Jefferson Barracks, and every thing convenient for the prosecution of our laborious undertaking; and we looked forward with pleasant ardor to the formation of a uniform system of tactics, and of the various duties connected with this new arm of the service. No one dreamt that the government could waver in this obvious policy of concentration and quiet preparation, so essential to these important objects; (the more so, that many of the new appointments were not military men.)

The result was, that before all the companies were mounted, an order was received to march some 500 miles to Fort Gibson.

If the reader will imagine six dreary months to have passed-so painful and cheerless that I shrink from reviewing them progressively even in thought,and will wing his mental flight over the rugged Ozark range, he will find me beyond, under a canvass shade, on the verge of boundless prairies; their cool green, adorned with rich unknown flowers, and waving to the breeze which had wandered unobstructed by hill or forest, from the snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains. Thus, in the sweet month of May, seven years ago, I sat in my tent, giving the fresh impressions of the bleak interval; amid the pleasant scene to which I have introduced you. Look over my shoulder, and read, as I then wrote them.

The following is an extract from an order of General Leavenworth's, dated Fort Gibson, Arkansas, May 1st:

"The Commanding General is highly gratified with the appearance and performance of the troops at this post on review yesterday.

"The dragoons are in excellent order; much better than could have been reasonably expected, considering the very many difficulties and disadvantages which they have had to encounter during the last winter. It is evident that the officers and men have not been inattentive to their duties. The uniform is a good one, as well as soldier-like and beautiful in appearance; and the horses appear to be very good, and all their equipments of excellent and substantial

"The personnel of this corps is of a high and valuable quality, and the Commanding General has learned, with surprise and regret, that some of the enlisted men have deserted. It is true, no doubt, they have had hard times dusures to him extrication out of difficulties, though 'ring the winter, as they have been without quarters, and

nearly or quite destitute of long or short forage for their horses, and consequently compelled to guard them in a case brake. This, it is confidently believed, will not again occur; and if it should, &c."

Such was the regiment of dragoens, on the 30th of April, 1834.

The distractions, Mr. Editor, of a camp are so manifold, that it is an effort of no small fortitude to undertake a subject, which a feeling of slight, but just excitement, so fatal to comfort in this burning climate, clearly indicates, will swell under my hands. And this is a most impolitic exordium, when readers are to be anticipated by mails, which as slowly, but, alas! not so surely, progress, as the sun on his northern visit.

One of our first military writers has made the reflection, in substance, that it costs more blood and tressure to defend a country by militia, than to maintain a standing army, sufficient at all times for its defence. This position I believe to be incontrovertible, and indeed unanswerable. Now, far be it from me to wish to make deductions unfavorable to the contrary policy, originating with the sages of our Revolution, adopted by the wisdom of their successors, and sanctioned by a nation's voice. But it stands an abstract truth, modified in practice by considerations which it is not my intention to discuss.

In 1829, owing to the absence of the garrison of Fort Leavenworth-who were protecting the Mexican trade—a necessity arose, owing to the conduct of the Iowa Indians, of calling out the Missouri militia. In 1831, owing to the smallness of the regular force on the Upper Mississippi, a large draft of Illinois militia was called into service. 1832, under the same circumstances, about 3,000 mounted Illinois militia were for months in the field.

What amount of treasure has been thus expended, the guardians of the treasury can best answer: those conversant with militia claims, can perhaps estimate: -- to what purpose, with what gain to the nation, military men might answer if they pleased; but all, conversant with figures, can demonstrate that the militia operations of 1832, cost a sum that would support the regiment of dragoons for ten years; to say nothing of an immense loss arising from a general neglect of business, more particuhely farming. Now, none can doubt that the regiment of dragoons, had it then been in existence, would have prevented, or would have been fully competent to carry on this Sac war, without the aid of a single volunteer, or even, perhaps, the regular infantry.

Guided by the sober light of experience, Congress, acquainted with the most prominent results of this course of affairs, and with the necessities of the emigrating system further South, have taken a notions concerning this class, which naturally linger course founded upon a few very simple principles of in the minds of a succeeding generation. To these political economy. The first symptoms of the adop- | we must look to account for the apparent prefer-

unanimously by the Senate, at two different sessions, of a bill to mount a portion of the infantry. Experience, here still in advance, made new demands on the witnesses of the proceedings of the Black Hawk campaign of 1832. Congress answered by the creation of a corps of mounted rangers. Of this corps, (in justice not so formidable to its friends, as a certain brigade of Illinois volunteers of notorious memory,) after a few remarks on its personnel, none more readily than myself would pronounce its requiescat in pace.

There was a time when our frontier's-men were the most formidable light troops,—to speak technically,-that the sun ever shone upon. But what made them such? The constant exercise of arms; the stern necessity of untiring vigilance; a capacity for endurance, resulting from ceaseless exercise and warlike toil. These prime requisites of the soldier were created amid scenes of real danger, whose experience exceeded infinitely any result of the drill or the mimic war of regular soldiers, by which they are prepared to become veterans. These were the scenes of the "dark and bloody ground," and these the actors, whose type was Daniel Boon, (the sire of our worthy captain of dragoons.) These were the unaided pioneers of an infant nation; these were the antagonists of the untamed Indians of the woods; who, singular enough, are as much more formidable than those of the prairies, as were the ancient Gauls and Britons than the slothful nations of the Asiatic plains.

Where, now, are we to look for such a class of men? The government, gathering strength like a young giant, has taken these matters into its own hands. The strongest nations of Indians have been subdued to utter helplessaess; others, awed and controlled. They have felt the strong hand of the government over, and among them; they have been tamed. The infantry at out-posts have long since succeeded to the heritage of border-men. last, from the slayers of Indians, have become the foes of timid deer; from the hunters of the bear and panther, have degenerated to those of the playful squirrel.

How easily might a multitude of facts be adduced to sustain my conclusions. I have known a caravan of traders, nine-tenths of whose numerical force were the most western Missourians, to cower before half their number of the arrantest cowards that ever swelled the imaginations of men, under that generalizing title of Pawnees; -- and when relieved by the presence of infantry, I have seen what an effort of persuasion was necessary to prevent the half of them from totally abandoning their expedition.

But, it is the old-received, -- once well-founded, -tion of a true policy, was the passage, I believe, ence of Congress for irregular troops, and their reluctance to substitute dragoons. It is on such foundations that, in moments of excitement, members have indulged the remark, that a company of men of the frontier, are worth more than our whole army, "composed of the sweepings of cities." A two-fold calumny! That member had every opportunity of knowing, when he uttered it, that a regiment of infantry had been, for near ten years, stationed three hundred miles beyond the most remote settlements, in constant contact with the Indians.

Under these false impressions, did a certain honorable and intelligent Senator from the West state, during the discussion of the Ranger bill, and the campaign of 1832, that the frontier-men, then out in the field, soon destined, some of them, to become rangers, were infinitely superior to the army, to the poor infantry, (whom he would seem to reproach for not being mounted:) that they could subsist themselves, " be here to-night, and fifty miles off by morning." What must have been the feelings of officers on reading this, as they did, inactive in a wilderness—a swamp—delayed by these same boasted volunteers, who had marched to a fort for provisions,-it being notorious that they had thrown away their rations, to avoid the trouble of carrying them on their horses!

The policy of keeping alive some knowledge of that no less essential than brilliant branch of the science of war, the cavalry arm, has been so often remarked and so generally acknowledged, that little need be said on the subject. It being of more difficult attainment than artillery or infantry, only creates the greater necessity of being prepared beforehand; in other words, of having a representative force of that arm, around which, as a nucleus, in time of need, a greater force may be gathered, and be influenced after the manner that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

To show that more time and attention are required to make cavalry soldiers, it is only necessary to state that, in the case of dragoons at least, the recruit is first to be made an infantry soldier; and afterwards, which is a much greater undertaking, a mounted one; to say nothing of the horse, which requires as much drilling as the rider; (particularly without a system of training young horses, which is a degree of perfection that our government will not think of attempting.) All this is confirmed by the experience of the last war, when an attempt was made to add this important arm to the service: but owing to there not being a sufficient number, if any, of instructors, want of time, opportunity, &c., it proved nearly abortive.

Influenced doubtless by these considerations, and

fantry and mounted rangers. They were immediately ordered to recruit for the regiment, and were restricted in their enlistments to persons between twenty and thirty-five years of age; native citizens who, from previous habits, were well qualified for mounted service. The officers were authorized to inform candidates for enlistment that they would be well clothed, and be kept in comfortable quarters in winter. Five companies were soon completed and concentrated at Jefferson barracks. The recruits had generally disposed of nearly all their clothing, in anticipation of their uniforms, on their arrival at that station. In this they were destined to be sadly disappointed. the approach of winter,-in November,-before any clothing or their proper arms had been received; before two companies had received their horses; just at that season when all civilized, and, I believe, barbarous nations, even in a state of war, suspend hostilities and go into winter quarters, these five companies received an order to march out of theirs,-to take the field! By great exertions, and numerous expedients, a quantity of clothing nearly sufficient to cover them, but of all qualities, colors and patterns, was obtained. The march to Fort Gibson was commenced on the 20th of November. On the third day they encountered a severe snow-storm. On the 14th of December, they reached their destination, having marched five hundred miles. Here they found no comfortable quarters, but passed a severe winter for any climate in tents; the thermometer standing more than one day at 8° below zero. There were of course no stables, and the horses were of necessity turned loose to sustain a miserable existence on cane in an Arkansas bottom.

Bad as all this was in every respect, it has in some instances been exaggerated or misrepresented; for be it known, the officers were as much disappointed and deceived as the men, and had the same fare.

In what originated this march? Was any important public end to be attained ! Was it to repel an invading foe? Was it to make a sudden and important attack upon a foreign enemy? Did the good of the service in any way call for it? To these questions there is but one answer-No! There has been assigned, as the only and great motive, that the corps having been raised for the defence of the frontier, would be disbanded if it remained inactive so far in the interior as Jefferson barracks. What! has it come to this? Has Congress so firmly established a character for illiberality, inconstancy of purpose, want of intelligence, that the true public interest is to be convinced by the experience of late years, of the sacrificed to appearances glossed for their eyes? necessity of a mounted force to cope with mounted Is their ignorance of military affairs so great as to and other Indians, Congress passed the bill to raise | become a matter of calculation? Is it attempted a regiment of dragoons, on the 2d of March, 1833. to flatter them with the possession of magical at-The officers were forthwith appointed from the in-tributes!—that, at their mighty fiat, the laborious

and tedious process of enlisting, clothing, equip- well exact of its armies immediate action and sucping, of discipline, of dismounted and the doubly difficult mounted drill, that has hitherto been considered the labor of a year, nay, of years, is all to be accomplished in a day! It is difficult to say; some mighty object has doubtless been in view; for men have been caused to suffer such hardships as the defence of country and liberty, has not always been sufficient inducement to endure.

The question may well be asked, has the Government of the United States constancy of purpose equal to the creation of a single regiment of dragoons? Our legislators must be aware that the officers appointed in the dragoons, were of necessity, infantry officers; that they knew nothing of the service of cavalry; that time is necessary to overcome these difficulties, and the opportunity of The service of cavalry had become with us a forgotten and unknown branch of military knowledge; something to be read of, as we do of the Macedonian phalanx. There are but two copies of cavalry tactics, founded on the system followed, in the possession of the dragoons: the officers have been drilled in squads, in order to teach the

Jefferson barracks was doubtless originally selected as the station, where the regiment was to be set up after a uniform system, before it was to be thrown into actual service, operating in detached bodies among widely scattered tribes of Indians. This might have been done nearly as well at an out-post,-if the people are really so anxious that their lot should be cast beyond the pale of civilization-and they would have been spared the disasters of a change of policy.

Much has been said of the great expense of the dragoons;—that they must be doing something, &c. &c.; this being understood to be quite independent of the consideration, whether there is any thing important to be done, just at this time, or not. They can do something; are about to make a long excursion; but it were but rational to suppose that this enlightened nation would have a little patience; at least sufficient to allow itself to be well served. The dragoons were first rate rangers the day they were enlisted, and they bid fair to remain but little better, in many respects, if a more enlightened and liberal policy be not adopted in their regard.

Rome was not more rigid in exactions from her armies and their commanders, than are the United States this most pacific of nations! Rome, whose very birth was amid the throes of a measure of military violence, whose population, wealth, and power were, step by step, the growth of military success, whose fame and history are but military annals. Marius was thought to have taken the first great step towards the ruin of the republic, when he permitted the richest and most powerful stables. There seems to exist a great want of incitizens to serve by substitute in his African warsthe first instance recorded. Such a nation might every officer of dragoons, every intelligent man

cess, when every individual had been raised to arms.

It is unnecessary further to waste words, on a subject that enforces conviction on every reflecting mind. The great change I have shown to have taken place in the character and habits of our frontiers-men, those pioneers of the civilized, was in part attributed to a corresponding change in the character of the Indians. But let it be here remarked, that all those who have had the opportunity have observed, as a trait of character common to all Indians, that none so instinctively appreciate the advantages of regularity, obedience, &c., in regular troops; it is apparently combined with a superstitious feeling, which inspires them with awe at the sight of a completeness and uniformity, so superior to themselves, as to appear mysterious. Owing to this, and the great changes in the circumstances of the Indians, and our relations with them, it were easy to clearly demonstrate that the regiment of dragoons is better calculated for service among them than any irregular troops, even of the old border caste, did they now exist. In the first place, it is well known that the Indians, having been driven back generally to the plains, the prairies, act now almost universally on horseback; of course, all operations of attack against them must correspond; now our border-men, rangers, &c., use their horses for the sole purpose of locomotion; they dismount to use their rifles: thus encumbered with the preservation of their horses, it of course is left optional with the Indians to attack him with advantage, or to avoid engagement by an indefinitely continued flight. But the main object of our troops, as I understand it, is in these times, to awe the Indians; to keep them submissive and quiet among themselves; to repress their morbid inclinations for discord and internal aggressions; to preserve peace, and further the design of civilization. An irregular, ill-armed force, composed of individuals who have never acknowledged the common restraints of society, who confound insubordination with a boasted equality; who cannot endure the wholesome action of discipline, or even obedience, cannot be considered comparable for these objects, with a force whose perfect discipline ensures an absence of all offensive irregularities, whose complete and perfect arms are the tokens of strength; whose accurate evolutions, responding to a guiding will, are emblematic of power; whose very uniforms have an imposing, moral effect, investing them, to Indian eyes, with the character of direct representatives of a great nation which they dread.

It has been intimated in the national legislature, that the dragoons can and must build quarters and formation on every point of this subject. Now

acquainted with cavalry service, will unhesitatingly pronounce, from the force of an honest conviction, that this is impracticable. Do gentlemen reflect that the dragoon is almost constantly occupied with the care of his horse? of the horses of the sick? of absentees from all causes? and until stables are built, his horse is tenfold an object of attention? To come to facts at once;—the dragoon horses at this post are held out to graze the half of each day. This, with watering, grooming and feeding, the care of his various accoutrements and arms, and the drilling absolutely necessary to keep up but a moderate degree of perfection in his duties, occupies nearly every moment of the time of a dragoon soldier.

The PERSONNEL of the army has heretofore been complained of; called "the sweepings of cities," Young men, fit for the service required of dragoons, cannot be enlisted, with any such prospect of building, of hard labor, held out. If they are inclined to work, they can easily obtain at home double and treble the wages of dragoons. experience has been had on this point; and it was readily discovered, that the main, if not sole inducements of those that enlisted, were a craving for excitement, and romantic notions of the far west, &c., operating upon enterprising, roving inclinations.

Many seem to suppose the service of cavalry They suffer their imaginations to dwell on a solitary fact, that the dragoon rides, when the foot-soldier walks. The dragoon, when stationary, may for months never mount his horse, but to drill; or to water him. Or, after a fatiguing day's march, has he a servant to relieve him from the various attentions required by his horse! which by some, are to be continued throughout the night. And some persons even prefer walking to riding at the tediously slow gait of most marches.

The Regiment of Dragoons has had, so to speak, bad luck; which on some points is a charitable conclusion. The winter at Fort Gibson has been one of unexampled severity; the corn crop of last season had been swept away by an unparalleled rise of the Arkansas river. This was, however, or might have been, known before they were sent here.

The river has been this spring, and is now, unusually low. Some of the clothing arrived in February; after having been, with the sabres and pistols, sunk in a steamboat. The guns made for the dragoons, &c., and some of the clothing, have not yet arrived. Their sabres and pistols are not those intended for the regiment; but of a very rough, inferior quality.

With a little time and patience, doubtless, all will be well; and the regiment of dragoons will fulfil in usefulness and efficiency, the sanguine exvain shafts of envy and malice.

CHAPTER XXX.

The other five companies of the regiment were enlisted in the course of the winter, and afterward organized at Jefferson barracks. They were then marched to join us at Fort Gibson; they arrived in June; and were hurried off like the others-on the 18th of the month, quite unprepared for an expedition. Nevertheless the regiment marched full six weeks too late, when it is considered that we were to traverse the burning plains of the South: and the thermometer having previously risen to 105° in the shade, there was every prospect of a summer of unexampled heat.

It is painful to dwell on this subject. Nature would seem to have conspired with an imbecile military administration for the destruction of the regiment. On, on they marched, over the parched plains whence all moisture had shrunk, as from the touch of fire; their martial pomp and show dwindled to a dusty speck in the midst of a boundless plain; disease and death struck them as they moved, with the false mirage ever in view, with glassy eyes, and parched tongues, they seemed upon a sea of fire. They marched on, leaving three-fourths of their number stretched by disease in many sick camps; there, not only destitute of every comfort, but exposed with burning fevers to the horrors of the unnatural heat—it was the death of hope. The horses too were lost by scores. In our sick camp, they were in great danger of massacre by herds of Kimanche Indians who had established themselves near by; and were in all probability only saved by the judgment and determination of the officer in command, the lamented Izard: and he was fortunately indebted to his experience on the Santa Fe expedition. In the face of overwhelming numbers, he kept every man who could possibly bear arms on constant guard; and opposed at the point of the bayonet the passage of a single Indian over their slight breast-work. He knew the influence of dauntless boldness over Indians, who dread every loss, and seek the attainment of their ends by cunning and management: thus on friendly pretences they sought admittance singly, with a view gradually to obtain the power to crush the small force at a blow.

General Leavenworth and his aid stopped. They both lost their lives. Colonel Dodge with 150 of the hardiest constitutions, persevered and overcame every obstacle; they reached the Tow-e-ash village in a picturesque valley, amid mountainous precipices and rocks, such he discovered to be the name of a numerous tribe, who together with Kimanches, Kiawas and Arrapahoes had hitherto been confounded under the name of Pawnees.*

There, perhaps within the boundary of Mexico. was made this first though feeble demonstration of the power and ubiquity of the white man. Some breath was expended in an effort to mediate peace pectations of its friends, and stand unscathed by the between these wandering savage robbers and their

^{*} See note B in appendix.

red neighbors of our border; as availing as it would be to attempt to establish a truce between the howling wolf of the prairie and his prey.

But in return for two female prisoners which the Osages had captured, and by some accident had not killed, and which we carried with us, the expedition had the merit of rescuing from barbarism and restoring to his mother, a lad whom the Towe-ash had captured a year before. On that occasion the Indians had killed his father, a Judge Martin; who thus paid the forfeit of a very vagrant disposition, which must have led him to intrude upon these savage regions.

The shattered and half famished remnants of the regiment, were gathered together at Fort Gibson in August. The thermometer had risen in the shade to 116°. There, in tents and neglected, many more suffered and died. After a short breathing time, the larger portion of the regiment marched for two other posts, distant many hundred miles, on the Missouri and Upper Mississippi; and this last, they had to establish and build.* Thus, in three distant positions, the reader must imagine that the squadrons of this mis-managed regiment, found some leisure to invent and practice as many different systems of tactics and duty.

APPENDIX.

(A.) The following, relating to horse artillery, is taken from a report from the War department, (during the administration of Mr. Secretary McHenry,) more than forty years ago. Whilst it is interesting and important, it will show that the government, in much of that interval, greatly realized its vigilance. It is believed that we have now in the samy but one company of horse artillery organized after the most approved manner; and this a very late measure.

So too, the government has never concentrated a single regiment of cavalry, that it might be uniformly and completely equipped, or acquire a practical knowledge of the evolutions so essential to active opperations.

A good proof of the wretched policy of thus suffering all practical acquaintance with these highly important arms to be lost, has been shown in the difficulty experienced in serving it, even amid the deliberate quiet of peace; the experience of seven years, has been thrown away, and the cavalry tactics, arms and equipage, which that period produced, have been all ordered to be remodeled by a service smattation of the French.

" War Department, January 5th, 1800.

"The horse artillery being a subject that cannot fail to attract attention, it will not, it is conceived, be deemed superfluous to submit a few observations and facts relative to its structure, advantages and importance.

"The Prussians were the first who employed horse artillery, invented by the great Frederick, at a time when the league which was formed against him, called upon his genius to multiply his resources. It was then, that the same army, transported with a celerity and precision, till then unknown in war, was seen to triumph against superior forces, during the same campaign, upon opposite fronters, to the east and west of his states. It was then were wen horse artillery accompanying strong advanced bodies of cavalry, without embarrassing or retarding their rapid marches and evolutions.

· Sce note C in appendix.

"Horse artillery was introduced into the Austrian army during the reign of Joseph II., but it was not made a principal object, and remained in a state of imperfection. The cannoneers were transported upon the ridges of caissons, stuffed in the attitude of men on horseback. These carriages were called Wurst-wagen.

"Some attempts were made in France to introduce the horse artillery before the revolution there; the subject, however, was not well understood; the general officers, who were present at the attempt, proposed to place the can-

noneers, like the Austrians, on Wursts.

"In 1791, Mr. Duportail, Minister of War, authorized the commandant of the division of Mity to form two companies of horse artillery. The success of this experiment was decisive, and answerable to the minister's expectations. The officers and men were in a few weeks in a condition to maneuvre with light troops.

"In 1792, Mr. Narbonne, who succeeded to Mr. Duportail, composed a committee of the most enlightened officers of the army, to examine and decide upon the means of improving and extending, in the French army, the use of

horse artillery.

"As no better idea can be given of this new military arm, than what is reported of the result of this conference, the Secretary takes the liberty to introduce it.

"These officers resolved, as fundamental points-

'1. That a numerous horse artillery well served, and kept complete in cannoneers and horses, was the most certain means to protect the evolutions of troops indifferently instructed, to support their attack with bayonets, and to render null, by positions seasonably taken and with celerity, the advantages which troops better disciplined, might confidently promise themselves from superiority in manouvres.

'2. That with respect to the employment of this arm, the rules of service, instruction, &c., the horse artillery ought to differ from the field artillery only, in having its pieces so managed, as to be drawn with the utmost celerity wherever they can produce the greatest effect, and in the cannoneers being able to follow their guns, and to commence action as soon as they are placed.

'3. That to fulfil this object, it is more convenient to have the cannoneers all mounted on horses, than a part of them on Wursts, because on horses they are less subject to accidents, their movement more rapid, their retreat more secure, and the replacing of horses easy.

4. That without excluding any calibre, it appears pieces, carrying balls of eight and twelve pounds, and howitzers,

may be most advantageously employed.

'5. That it is unnecessary to discipline a horse artillerist in the manœuvres of cavalry; that this would be a departure, without utility, from the principal object; that it is enough for him to know to sit firm on his horse, to mount and descend quickly, and conduct him boldly; that it is not requisite to oblige him to preserve any order in following his piece, leaving it to his intelligence to learn, if he chooses, to execute the manœuvres of cavalry.

'6. That the manœuvre, a la prolonge, ought to be employed in every case in which it is practicable to use it. That the horzes remaining attached while the pieces are firing, one gains thereby all the time which would be lost in removing or replacing the avant train, and thus one may pass fosses and rivers with the utmost celerity, and profit of positions.

'7. That in order to form at once a requisite number of companies of horse artillery, without weakening the artillery regiments, it is sufficient to employ for every piece two skilful cannoneers, and to draw upon the infantry for the rest.'

"On these principles, the French have organized an establishment in their armies, from which they have derived the most important advantages in most, if not all their campaigns.

"The decisive agency of horse artillery in offensive war

mouriez, at the end of his campaign in 1792. The affair of the Osages ceded about 2,000,000 acres of arable land to Waterloo is equally in point, as to its superiority in defen-

"Whilst Gen. Pichegru commanded the army of Flanders, four thousand cavalry, manœuvreing with his horse artillery, sustained the immense effort of an army of thirty thousand men, supporting an artillery chiefly of a different kind, of at least triple the force of that opposed to it.

"Bonaparte at the battle of Castiglione, after raising the siege of Mantua, having re-assembled several divisions of his horse artillery in a well chosen position, under General Domartin, broke, by their means, the Austrian line, and thus decided a victory upon which depended the most important consequences in his favor.

"It is also certain, that the horse artillery contributed not a little to gain the battle of Ettingen, when General Moreau, very inferior in cavalry, maintained, by its means, his left wing against the whole cavalry of the Arch Duke. The application of the horse artillery procured to General Hoche, upon the Rhine, in the late affair of Newvied, like success.

"The Arch Duke Charles, instructed by such events, has greatly augmented and improved this arm of the Austrian army. The English, also, have lately introduced horse artillery into their service, but, it is supposed, too sparingly to derive therefrom its full effect.

"Can an agent, so superior in all offensive and defensive operations, and so vastly important from its nature, as well as the use made of it by other nations, be dispensed with in the composition of our army, or neglected with impunity?

"The author of a recent work, entitled 'Precis des evenements militaires,' published in numbers at Hamburg, from which most of the aforesaid facts respecting this powerful military agent have been taken, observes, 'that it is become indispensable in all armies; it can accompany almost every where cavalry; it crosses rivers and morasses impassable to foot artillery; it thunders in mass and with great rapidity upon an unexpected point of attack; turns a body of the enemy; takes him in flank or rear; can perform the service of advance posts; of artillery position, of the rear guard; and, in fine, that of a corps of reserve, from which detachments may be made as wanted: it is free from the inconvenience ascribed to foot artillery, of retarding and restraining the manœuvres and marches of troops: the French have, therefore, already confined the use of foot artillery to the service of sieges, with the exception of fourpounders, which they have yet left attached to battalions."

"Horse artillery would seem to be peculiarly recommended to the United States by the reflection, that all attacks on the sea-board must be made by an enemy, water-borne from a distant country, who will consequently be ill-provided with horses; whereas, the United States, having a knowledge of this agent, and resorting to their resources in horses, might be able to oppose a horse artillery so superior and so promptly, as to give decided advantages in attack or defence, and relieve their territory from being ravaged, or long possessed in any part of it. If the United States shall prevent an enemy from procuring the horses of the country, and shall maintain a superiority in this forcible arm, they will have little to fear from invaders, however powerful in infantry."

(B.) I confess myself warmly interested in the fate of these four nations, and one other, the Pawnee, whose condition is much the same. Their location has been until of late, sufficiently remote to have allowed them, in a great measure, to escape the degradation of the vices of civilizaalways introduced among neighboring Indians. As a sam-

was manifested in the invasion of Belgium, by Gen. Du- ple of their treaties with the government, I can state that cancel claims which were not to exceed \$4,000 made against them by meddling renegade whites, who have been the bane of their happiness.

> Suffering a miserable decay from the horrible diseases which we have introduced among them without a remedy or alleviation, they do not complain; and driven nearly to despair by their contracted limits and the destruction of game, they have not lifted the bloody hatchet against the aggressors.

> The buffalo must soon fail them; the restless white has wandered beyond, and is fast exterminating these animals, essential to the existence of many tribes. Every year at least one hundred thousand are slain for the skins and tongues. The American fur company takes the lead in this nefarious destruction.

> Their near prospect is starvation, with the only alternative to follow the buffalo by a gradual desertion to the wandering robber tribes of the great prairies. Thus, if left to their fate, they will cause great disorders on the frontiers, and miserably linger until they disappear from the earth; or, losing character, language and name, sink the last gradation to utter barbarism, and become the nomade outcasts of the great American desert.

> To endeavor to avert this fate must be an object with every philanthropist. Any American, of but common humanity, must feel interested in such a good work; we have been the source of their injuries and evils, past and present. But it is evident the Government only can give an effectual impulse to the most beneficent plans of amelioration; and it could be easily shown, that, leaving out of consideration the humane policy which it professes, these tribes have matter of fact claims upon our justice, so great, that a mere pittance in comparison, if expended in an enlightened and judicious manner, would perhaps accomplish all that can be done to save them; and at the least, to alleviate their sufferings and soften the hardness of their sinking fortunes.

> In this cause of justice and humanity, I propose to consider what may be done to reclaim them from barbarism; as the only possible way of preventing their total extinction.

All the efforts of Government and of charitable and wellmeaning individuals, or societies, have hitherto failed. The Government, in bargains little better than robbery, has with a close and sparing hand sold them benefits; has paid them in promises of assistance in improvement; has told them that the introduction of cattle, mills, ploughs, &c., would be greatly to their advantage; caused them to assent; and engaged itself to furnish them. But these engagements, really advantageous if fulfilled in a faithful manner, have been sometimes neglected, and always, if performed to the bare letter, been paid in the same spirit of the bargain; without any further effort for their advantage, without care that they should be taught to reap any real and lasting benefit; in a word, the United States has by its functionaries and agents, grossly neglected its duties and moral obligations. Its "agents" have often been selected with any other motives, than a careful regard to peculiar fitness, an intelligent and paternal interest in their welfare, a devotion to duty. Unprincipled traders have been ever allowed to reside with the tribes, and gain an unsalutary influence,

* This influence, founded on a gratification of their evil passions, is irresistible. Even in Washington city, deputations of chiefs and principal men, in treaty councils, with the Secretary of War, after receiving his propositions and advice, delay their decisions and answers for a night-as usual—and then make those dictated or advised by some tion, which the depravity and avarice of the pioneers, have obscure trader, or trader's agent, who will always be found to accompany them.

lowed to persuade the tribes to demand their annuities in specie, in preference to such goods and necessaries at cost and transportation prices, as they sell them at an enormous profit. On the other hand, all private efforts to reclaim and teach the savages, have been unwisely directed, and often, I grieve to say, faithlessly applied. Missionaries have often been incompetent, and selfish depositaries of sucred trusts; in their establishments, the leading principle seems to have been, their own substantial and permanent comfort; or their measures, founded on mistaken views, have been executed in an unwise and unconciliating spirit. Their efforts have perhaps been worse than vain; lasting prejudices have been created; and in their most successful efforts, the cases of individual scholars, the effects of an unnatural advance in science—unaccompanied by the moral restraints of our religion, which their natures are incapable of receiving,-have but resulted in the exhibition of an increased capacity for systematic vice. All such efforts have been radically wrong. All history proves that simple These—the conception of the idea of a superintending mind, capable of directing all the operations of nature,has been an attainment beyond the powers of man, in the early stages of his progress. Then he imagines a distinct controlling spirit, or deity, in every natural object of terror; or of peculiar benificence in every effect of which the cause is concealed from his untutored faculties. Thus, even the civilized and philosophic Greek worshipped a multitude of gods; and, to aid his conceptions, clothed them with human passions and attributes; and, like the Romans, rejected for ages our holy religion revealed to the Jews; but only after that nation, under the protection and guidance of the Almighty, to prepare them for its reception, had ages before been taught by Him, a religion of symbols, forms, and magnificent ceremonies, which, appealing to the senses of an untutored race, could engage their imagination, away their passions, fix their attention, and ever renew their recollections of past signal and miraculous favors.

To attempt to teach savages letters and the mysteries of the Christian religion, (not even intelligible to the most cultivated intellect,) is evidently to contemn the experience of all nations. But taking for our guidance the gradual advances of Europeans, whose histories we possess, let them first be taught step by step the lessons of civilization; let us endeavor first to make them herdsmen, which alone will be found a difficult and most important advance; afterward direct their attention to agriculture, and the simplest mechanic arts. The mental endowments of civilized man are inherited like physical distinctions; are possessed at our birth. Let us not then shock the natures of savages, by attempting to force upon them at once the manners and customs, the acquirements and the creed, which the gradual progress, the recorded lessons of eighteen centuries have perfected for us, and in our natures.

Having condemned the systems for civilizing the Aborigises, hitherto attempted, in pointing out the causes of their total failure, my efforts in the same good cause would prove certainly fruitless, unless a more specific practical plan be added to the general principles which have already been suggested.

I have already stated, that the failure of the many treaty stipulations, made with some view to their improvement and permanent welfare, have been the result of their spirithess or faithless execution; (even the letter of the law, has not always been fulfilled;) and in part to an injudicious or incomplete scheme. Mills have been built, and no millers provided; domestic animals have been furnished, but with no systematic provision for their preservation and proper uses; farmers have been appointed, but with so little attention to a good selection, and regulations for their government, that they have proved farmers for their own profit.

ever exerted for intensely selfish ends; they have been allowed to persuade the tribes to demand their annuities in specie, in preference to such goods and necessaries at cost without regard to peculiar fitness. If there is any office and transportation prices, as they sell them at an enormous under Government, in the appointment to which it is essential to be actuated by pure and disinterested motives, and which calls for a most studious and judicious selection, it is this. The "agent" must be the soul of the system I would propose. It should be an office not to be sought for; their establishments, the leading principle seems to have been, their own substantial and permanent comfort; or their measures, founded on mistaken views, have been executed in an unwise and unconciliating spirit. Their

Assistants should be appointed, whose duties would be the preservation and management of the domestic animals furnished by Government for breeding. Honest men and good christians must fill these stations; and they should well understand in advance, that they are put there for the benefit of the Indians, and that they are to earn a livelihood by devotion to their duties; and that therefore the proceeds of cultivation by Indians, must go solely to the Indians, who should never be required to labor but for these selves.

Mills and blacksmith shops should be built, and millers and blacksmiths appointed, for their immediate benefit and permanent example. Log huts should be built for the chiefs; sheds, enclosures, &c., be constructed for the protection of cattle, domestic fowls, &c., and farming tools furnished. But, in every thing, a view should be had to their instruction, and encouragement to learn the use of tools, and to work and provide for themselves; and with this object, pains should be taken to discover and foster the inclinations or aptness of individuals for the arts exhibited or practised for their benefit.

Too much restraint would be injudicious; but the possessors of herds might gradually be persuaded, that the search for far distant buffalo were laborious or disadvantageous. The excitements of war and the chase should be substituted by all manly amusements, by all means possible.

The advantages of individual appropriation, and the rights of property, should be inculcated as of the first importance.

As a substitute for their vicious traders, factors should be appointed to sell at the villages all suitable articles at cost and transportation prices. Barter for peltries, should be discouraged; and on the other hand, liberal prices be given for agricultural productions: these might be advantageously used for the supply of military posts, with forage and rations.

Physicians should be appointed to live with them; to be compensated in part by regulated and very moderate charges.

Individuals, thus employed with the tribes, should for their comofit, and in part compensation, he allowed farming and grazing privileges; but all of them strictly limited to the production of articles for their own use.

Unless the trade be strictly confined to factors, treaties, or arrangements, should be made by which the distribution of present or future annuities should be uniformly made in equivalents best adapted to the plan of civilization, and, if practicable, be so varied as to offer encouragements to such courses of conduct as may be deemed conducive to this general object; and donations should be made for the purpose of rewards or prizes.

But, above all, a military force at convenient stations, should maintain, by the terror of summary punishments, a complete non-intercourse with white men.

The world has seen herdsmen, agriculturalists, artisans, painters, sculptors, generals, and great monarchs, ignorant of letters; but never a literary savage, ignorant of the most simple and essential arts of civilized man.

Indian hypocrites have been heard of; but there was never a christian savage Indian. The Almighty, with wise time to a good selection, and regulations for their governbut inscrutable purposes, has seen fit that the religion of his ment, that they have proved farmers for their own profit,

Son should make a gradual and slow progress through the human race: first introduced amid the only civilized nations, and who had attained every excellence in literature, its ameliorating progress seemed long of doubtful success. God hath not implanted in the savage nature, a capacity of receiving the lesson of christian humility; or of conceiving of its being taught in the person of Omnipotence; He hath ever worked by means; and the first lessous of Christianity are to be taught in the humanizing influences of the most simple and laborious arts.

After three centuries, the civilization of our Indians is yet a problem. The very promising success of the Cherokees has been almost solely the result of the mixture and intermarriage of whites. This has gone so far, that their language is fast being lost; and still all that can be said is, that they live in huts, possess herds, and that they practise a very rude agriculture; and (with exceptions) they are not christians.

But I have confidence that the plan I have described would succeed even with the wild tribes I have mentioned, (and a few others, not more distant, and in a similar condition.)

Who will say, that it is not the duty of the American people to do all this, and more, for these helpless remnants of races which we have slaughtered, oppressed and driven off from all the best of the land—the homes which they have loved and freely bled for? Unless something be done, they will soon share the fate of the many free and brave tribes, whose deeds in defence of their country have been illustrated in our choicest literature, but who are gone, and have left no other memorial.

If all should fail, we should at least be able to contemplate their "melancholy" fortunes with more equanimity, conscious of having done something to smooth their rugged decline, to alleviate the sufferings of want, and to lessen or prevent the miserable and degrading effects of the vices of our own introduction.

(C.) This false and wasteful policy of converting troopers into workmen and day-laborers, has been adopted in several instances. Whilst once suffering under its effects, I sent the following, as a communication for a professional press, then seemingly in its death-struggles,—contending against discouragements which the reader may find in some measure pictured in the article itself.

From my retreat in the far, far West, at an outpost beyond the outer marches of civilization, where my thoughts have long and painfully dwelt upon a condition shared by many—by the western army—suffer my voice to be heard in a sober appeal to all, the influential and those most concerned. Suffer me, though reluctant, to probe its evils, and to consider of remedies, that I may flatter myself that some hope of improvement may be entertained.

From the north to the south-west, new posts are often established, from various motives of change, new exigencies, (or new views of policy;) being ever erected with scanty means, in a careless, comfortless, and defenceless manner, under a negligent and parsimonious administration of distant and unseen interests—a picture of one, in its foundation, progress, and maturity, were a fair test of the merits of the class. Faithful is my endeavor to execute this task.

A site is selected, perchance in the dreary depths of some primitive forest—desolate and inaccessible, it may be, if geographical position be mostly insisted on; and unhealthy most generally, because on a river. The wolf is startled from his lair by the approach of an armed array of three or four, seldom more than five or six, reduced companies, which, without display, plod wearily along, with a train of baggage containing their now more important weapons, the axe, the pick, and other rude tools; and they encamp amid the dark undergrowth. The arms of the many soon become neglected—in a measure abandoned. If they are

cavalry, their horses are turned into a large enclosure, where they are long to remain, neglected, useless, and exposed. Every energy is now devoted to the felling of trees to build log huts with wooden chimneys, chap-board roofs, put on with weight-poles, and without windows or floors; and to putting up rude pickets and block-houses, which complete the "fort." A summer or fall ensues, and the missma arising from the unwonted exposure to the sun of a new surface composed of a mass of vegetation in every stage of decay, places one half of the officers and men upon the sick report—prostrates them, destitute of all comforts; with that fell disease, the ague, with which many of them linger for years.

The next step is to build another better "fort," on a spot near by. They labor on, perhaps for years, at quarters of hewed logs, of frame, or possibly of stone or brick—the lumber sometimes all sawed by hand. Mayhap they look forward with a vague hope of one day seeing the erection of a permanent defensible work, with such quarters as they build for the eastern division, and which a Secretary has planned or promised; but in which he has not had the fortune or perseverance to obtain the co-operation of the legislature.

It is now my object to describe the life of the officer at this post. I will suppose a young officer, a graduate, to have arrived, in the first stages of its existence. He has received a scientific, military education; young, and lacking experience, his character and habits are unconfirmed; but he has had a vague conception of the pleasure and pride of arms, and of their practical exercise. He may, or should, have formed plans of improvement-of following out, on a more liberal scale, the study of his noble profession-of reading the works of the great masters of his art, of those who have described and commented on the most brilliant campaigns, or who have given the results of their experience and reflections on the operations and expedients of war in all its branches. But he is astonished; he is disappointed. He at least expected to find himself among soldiers, but sees none but ragged workmen, and a few others in fatigue-clothing, going through some of the most usual duties; and absolutely necessary, he expected some command of men; he finds that his company, as "extra duty men," is under the charge of the quartermaster, and will hardly recognize, under any circumstances, his authority. He expected to be occupied with his duties; he finds he has scarce any employment. He then seeks to find refugein studies, or general literature; he finds that there are few or no books at the post. He determines that he will ride, hunt, explore the country. He purchases a horse and rides, but generally alone; there are no roads, and none perhaps but barren and difficult avenues. There is no game, the Indian has destroyed it. He reads in some stray newspaper of the youth of cities, exercising in gymnasiums. and in halls devoted to the exercise of arms, receiving lessons in "the noble art of fence." He is sorrowful that nothing of the sort is here practicable or dreamed of by those around him. Almost in despair, he conceives of a debating society; he finds his four, five, or six companions, not enough to form one, if disposed; they will enter heartily. into no permanent, common plans of improvement or amusement. The hearts of some are far away in the eastern cities, where are those who should be their companionsenjoying themselves, they imagine. If he seek the pleasure of converse with the little society around him, he finds a poor resource, because it is so small, so unchanged, so unexcited, so same. Useful and improving pursuits out of the question, he is disposed to banish canui by any rational amusement; he finds that, unlike all other societies and conditions of the human race, not one is known at the post. If he attempt to compose habitually, he is discouraged by the want of books of reference. And finally, if he contemplate writing for a military Journal, he finds that the mails are exceedingly slow and uncertain; that no one else writes, and that perhaps few even read.

It is not in human nature to stand all this; excitement or occupation is absolutely necessary. He is invited to play at cards—he is pressed to do so—the influence of example has full play upon him; and temptation is found in another form of excitement—the bottle; he yields, and plants the seeds of habits which, unless he be very firm, in a few years become settled. It is these vicious excitements and habits of indolence, which become so seductive as to destroy the inclination for the more manly amusements of the chase, &cc.

He forgets his theoretical acquirements, and is in a fair way (for any important application) of losing them forever. Listless and inactive, his mind runs to fallow; and though of fine intellect, and once of bright promise, he is fated, at middle age, to sink into hopeless mediocrity.

If the young officer have been appointed from civil life, his condition is in some respects worse; he has no opportunity to acquire that knowledge of his profession, which is so engrafted into the mind, the very nature of most graduates, that nothing can ever eradicate it; and perhaps of less experience, or with a less disciplined mind, he offers less resistance to the vice of his situation.

The picture is faithful, but incomplete. The worst has en seen. The post improves in its moral capabilities, though but little in their development. A small library has gradually been purchased, and military duties give more occupation; some resources for amusement have possibly been achieved; the poor men, who enlisted perhaps with the deliberate expectation and intention of becoming soldiers, and who have stoically accomplished every work and drudgery, now generally get up a Thespian society, and often exhibit an excellence evidently resulting from an exertion of mind quite unwonted to the majority of their superiors. The officers, too, give parties and balls, if their number be not too small; they read, too, but generally light works, the current literature of the day. Habits of contisuous application of the mind having been long interrepted, (though necessarily or reluctantly,) are with great difficulty recovered; and there is no urgent call, no necessity impelling to painful exertion. Pretium honoris labor est.

Why should this state of things exist in the American army? the army of the great republic; an army, increasing in size, and needing a new impulse to make it equal to impertant and growing duties; and which, who shall say, may not very soon be called on to emerge from that state of peace, which, existing so long, has led to this declining and neglected condition. And of the army of what other nation can this be said? France, Russia, and even England, find employment for their arms; and by untrammelled and enlightened administrations, keep alive the spirit of improvemet; and provide the means, and offer inducements to both theoretical and practical excellence and distinction. But, above all, Prussia presents a system, which, approaching nearer the laws and customs of ancient republics renowned in arms, than of a consolidated monarchy, is the very reverse of the American; there, the officer, undergoing repeated examinations, is impelled to study, practice, and improvement, by these severe tests of proficiency and excelnce.

If I have presented a picture, homely but faithful, of evils which others suffering with me equally deplore: if I have revealed truths, startling to those whom duty and reputation alike call upon to exercise a commanding influence, to exalt the efficiency and character of the army: let me effer to the consideration of all, some thoughts upon remetions and reform.

lat. The erection of permanent quarters and defences, by contreat or hired labor. Of this, the soldier, the officer and the government, would feel the advantage; the cause of many of the evils I have dwelt upon, would be at once removed. The officer would be happier, in being occupied with his profession; and be able to entertain feelings of military pride and emulation. The soldier would cease to be deceived, be better contented, less apt to desert.

The Government would have its work done cheaper and better.*

2d. A radical change of system, under which (notwithstanding the late law, forbidding the employment of officers in certain civil duties) many officers are habitually absent from their companies or posts.

How vast an improvement to the service would this reform be! to the character and contentment of the officer, whose society would be so much improved! and an opening would be made for emulation in duties, and improving and healthful exercises and amusements. There would be a public opinion to act upon vicious individual pursuits or inclinations. We would be an united family.

Another law, separating the staff from the line, would go very far toward this reform. But that is not all: Two rules or regulations should be made, and after being made should be adhered to: 1st. That no written or verbal applications, made through irregular channels, should be received or listened to at head quarters; and 2dly, that no indulgence or application shall be granted, unless asked or made by an officer from his proper station. Their condition being much improved, few, indeed, would be asked afterwards.

3d. The purchase by Government, for the use of each permanent post, of a good foundation for a library.

For example, a selection by an enlightened Secretary of War, of the best authors, ancient and modern, on military subjects. If so beneficial an appropriation could not be obtained, still a well advised catalogue of such books, recommended, and procured from Europe, under the direction of the Secretary, might have a good effect.

4th. A sword-master for each post.

It is a little extraordinary that the aword exercise, so necessary to the army, not only in a purely military point of view, but as an accomplishment and a healthful and strengthening exercise, should have been so totally neglected. Like religious instruction, unless furnished by Government, the officer has no power of obtaining it at all. Instruction in fencing at the military academy is purely nominal. The writer, while there, never took a lesson. At cavalry posts, greater provision should be made for the drill of the men.

5th. A gymnasium at each post.

We might borrow from the ancients the wisdom of the use of this important means of the improvement of the physical capacities of the soldier. How peculiarly necessary, if only in view of the inactive life they sometimes lead, to their health, and capacity for endurance! Employment, which will not destroy discipline and military acquirements, is a great object, even if not of professional advantage: amusements, pleasing employments, though at much cost, would be a gain in the end as preventives of desertion and dissipation. The government might even find its advantage in the erection of cheap theatres. At any rate, there should be at each post a large public building, containing—if not a gynnasium—a large half for general courts martial, &c.; a library and a reading room, and a fencing room. And at cavalry posts, a covered riding house for lessons in

^{*} Because it will be done by proficient workmen; and the military services of its soldiers will not be lost.

[†] There are very few such works in our language; Government should cause to be translated some of the best of the French authors.

riding, the use of the sabre and pistol, which would be particularly useful in winter and inclement weather.

6th. The last suggestion which I shall make is, that a system should be devised for the encouragement of Essays of excellence in all kinds of military acquirements.

The most simple distinction to the exhibition of superior information and abilities, would prove the greatest incentive to improvement, for the sake of reputation in the profession. How necessary to a time of long peace! when eminent capacities lie latent for want of excitement and an object; how necessary that Government should possess some legitimate means of recognizing the talents and capacities of its officers—a knowledge, which may become highly important!

The want of some standard of ability or test of merit, is exhibited in a strong tendency to create reputations upon the vague and fallacious foundations of runor or report; and to magnify the mere performance of duty into acts of extraordinary prowess, meriting distinction.

In conclusion, I in all humility call upon my companions to reflect upon these subjects, and to resist the depressing influence of unfavorable circumstances. We must put our own shoulders to the wheel; the busy world around us is all in motion; the pursuits of civil life, arduous and exciting, develop every faculty and lead continually to eminence; while we are in danger of falling continually to the rear in the great theatre of life and action, of those of less abilities, and even acquirements, but of more persevering industry. The curse of labor extended to the mind; but thorns and thistles will it bring forth unless cultivated; the advantages of an education, bestowed for the benefit of our country rather than our own, are lost unless the good work be followed up; there is no resting-place; we must continually gain, or we lose ground. And I call on all, not averse to writing for our professional press, to compare their opinions and views on these matters; and I shall be happy in having been the means of eliciting superior information, or the suggestions of a more enlightened reform.

THE PIOUS COTTAGER

A pious cottager, residing in the centre of a long and dreary heath, being asked by a visiter, if he was not sometimes afraid in his lonely situation, replied, "Oh! no, sir, for faith shuts the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning."

Blessed cottager-how rich, how pure The joys by heaven vouchsafed to thee; At evening's close, faith shuts thy door," And sweet's thy rest, from terror tree. There, guarded by the King of kings, No cause hast thou for fear or pain; And morning's light, new pleasure brings, -For " mercy ope's thy door again." What, the' within a dreary waste, Thy mud walled cottage stands alone?-The richest monarch ne'er can taste Of purer bliss than thou hast known. Thou'rt not alone, the Prince of Peace, Doth thy companion deign to be; And every day thy joys increase, His changeless, boundless love to see. Thy faith, it mounts-it soars away, And sees thy mansion in the skies. While hope anticipates the day, When thou shalt to that home arise-Tho' here thy simple garment tells, That earthly treasure, thou hadst none;

Christ's robe of righteousness excels,
The splendor of the noon-day sun.
That, thou shalt wear, when life is o'er,
When "faith" for sight, shall then be given;
With joy thy ransomed soul will soar,
And "mercy 'll ope the door" of heaven.

PAULINA.

Notices of New Works.

PORTRY: A Satire, pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association at its Twenty-Second Anniversary, by Park Benjamin: New-York—J. Winchester, 30 Ann Street.

Mr. Benjamin has shown more of his native strength in this, than we are accustomed to see in his minor productions. For, having been born to a fortune, and nursed in the lap of ease; and not possessing an over-weening ambition for fame; he is not prone to

"—— waste his life's green hours in toil, And burn whole gallons of superfluous oil,"

without being urged on by some cogent stimulus. Having therefore received the distinguished appointment to pronounce the anniversary poem, as he says:

"----- one little month ago,
And, like young widows, could not answer 'no;"

there was no way for him then to back out. Hence—his acute perception and good taste, not allowing that any thing which he does shall be ill done—an energy is exerted; and the result—which was certain to follow—a delighted auditory, and a production highly creditable to American literature.

The poem maintains an animated style throughout—never settling into the dull or tame. In conception, it is brilliant and clear, and in diction comprehensive and terse; abounding in jeux d'esprit and genuine wit. It happily changes from the sprightly to the sentimental—from the cheerful to the plaintive—from the humorous to the pathetic, keeping interest constantly alive. Often, in the same breath, is caused the expanse of admiration, and the burst of merriment, by the sudden, yet graceful transition from the sublime or beautiful, to the ludicrous.

In versification, it is not only faultless, but effective. It fortunately strikes that mean between the two extremes of uniformity and variety, combining the effects of both so happily, as, neither to satiate with the one, nor confuse with the other; which is the perfection of art. The language flows so free, and the rhyming is so natural, that it seems as though no other words could express the sentiment so well, even if there were no necessity for rhyme or measure.

In its sarcastic allusions, it is in good taste, and accords with the strictest decorum; fully agreeing with the sentiment of an old writer.

"You must not think that a satyric style Allows of scandalous and brutish words. The better sort abhor scurrility."

It deals fearless strokes where they are deserved; but always with a keen knife, and in a genteel way.

And last—but not least—its appropriateness is worthy all praise. For, in what year of our blessed Lord, was the remark of Byron, that—"There are more poets (soi disant) than ever there were, and proportionably less poetry;" so applicable as in these years now passing! A vast multitude of the rhyme-stringers of the present day, seem

to make it their first maxim, "to discard that pestilent foe to wit, and destroyer of fine figures, which is called common sense," from their thoughts and verse. And their anti-thinking readers and admirers, seem to make it the criterion of excellence in poetry, that it be totally incomprehensible. According to their notions, he who expresses in simplicity of style, simple ideas, has no ideality; and he who, in his conceptions, does not out-reach "that which is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," has no imagination. Poetry, with such, may be defined—sound without sense—rhyme without reasure. A loft imagination, the calling forth images in so grotesque a form, that no one can possibly tell what they are designed to represent. Surely, if ever the pen of a Gifford was needed, it is so now!

Among so many passages, of equal beauty, it is difficult to choose; yet the following pictures, contrasting the poet, with the slave of mammon, are so congenial with our own feelings, that we give them the preference:

"The common objects in our paths supply, Shapes that are charming to the poet's eye,-Pictures, as soft as ever Guido drew, He finds reflected in a drop of dew. And colors, mingled with a Titian's skill On a flower's leaf he traces at his will. The golden insect, from a worm that springs, And upward soars on frail, yet brilliant wings; Type of the soul appears, released from earth, To sport and revel in a heavenly birth. Such happy fancies can the poet find; They are the light and solace of his mind; They yield him inward peace, when outward life is one long scene of turbulence and strife. When friends grow cold, and fortune's favors fail, Imagination spreads her airy sail; Her barque floats freely over cloud and mist To purer climes, by milder sunbeams kiss'd, Perch'd in a garret, nearer to the skies Than less aspiring mortals choose to rise, He longs for wings to cleave the blue profound, Like Shelley's lark, a spurner of the ground. He spends his hours with little else to spend, As if each six months brought its dividend: Honest and poor, the little that he gains Supplies him needful books, and life sustains; And free from debt, in independent state, He feels no envy of the rich and great. His mind, exalted by its lofty aim, With grief may be familiar, not with shame; For, shunning vice, he runs his mild career, And looks to heaven for bliss denied him here.

Contrast this portrait, not in fond conceit Sketch'd from a model long since obsolete, With one I might, but will not, dare not draw, Because I rev'rence wealth and fear the law. No boy e'er gazed with more entire respect On martial hero in his trappings deck'd, Than I on men, by mighty mammon made The sons of traffic, and the slaves of trade. What can be nobler than our lives to give To gain the very means whereby we live; To rise at morning and forget to pray, intent upon the business of the day; The day concluded, to retire to rest, And dream what stocks, what markets are the best! What can be worthier of immortal man Than these grand maxims; get whate'er you can, Keep all you get, be careful how you spend. Know well your customers, and never lend! So shall the world upon its axle roll,

And every turn bring comfort to your soul:
So shall your bank-account be figured wide,
And every figure on the proper side:
So shall your wife in coach and Cashmere shawl
Drive down Broadway, the wonderment of all:
So shall your son, returned from foreign tour,
Hirsutely horrid, fright the gaping boor:
So shall your daughter come from boarding-school,
In all, but French and flattery, a fool:
So shall you smile with ill-concealed disdain
On old, poor friends, whose presence causes pain:
So shall you, every Sunday, in your pew,
Devoutly curse Turk, Infidel and Jew;
So shall you live, without a grief or care,
And die and go —— I need not mention where."

The apostrophe to the drama, is sadly true, and truly beautiful.

Behold the drama! once the muse's friend; When will her night of degradation end? When will the spirit of true art return And from her altars dogs and dancers spurn? When will a Garrick, matchless and alone, Crowned by Thalia, mount her ancient throne? When will another mind-controlling Kean, Lend real grandeur to the mimic scene? Now, on that stage, for which Ben Johnson wrote, Struts paltry pantomime in motley coat, Where stately Congreve, and sententious Ford, And moving Massinger were once adored. Prail, feeble wits prodigious puffs receive, The groundlings giggle, the judicious grieve. Where Kemble, Young, "the Liddon's and O'Neill." Taught human nature human woes to feel, Alluring Ellsler wins the town's applause, Celeste enraptures, and Van Amburgh draws! Of you th' intent and business of the stage, Was to expose the follies of the age, Or from grave knowledge lessons to translate, And teach the dictates and decrees of fate. For this the grand, old masters aptly chose The robes of verse and not the garb of prose. What glorious thoughts, in glorious lines were cast ! In splendid frames, what pictures of the past! What lofty sentiments and precepts pure In verse, like marble sculptured to endure! Vast is the debt-from English letters due To the old drama-little to the new. Though I would not one leaf of laurel tear From the green wreath that circles Talfourd's hair. Or be esteemed so deaf to well-won fame As not to echo Artvelde Taylor's name; Though Milman, Mitford, and-if last not least, Of those who spread the genial, Thespian feast-Exuberant Knowles, the cordial praise acquire Of all the lovers of the modern lyre; Their gifts to poetry may not compare With those of bards, whom Time will ever spare, As he has spared for ages, undeformed, Though bigots storm as they have ever stormed.

HENRY OF OFTERDIRGEN, from the German of Novalis, (Von Hardenberg,) Cambridge—John Owen, 1842.

Of the school of romances, to which this work belongs, English literature has, we believe, no exemplar, except Professor Longfellow's Hyperion. The Germans, however, peculiarly rich in them, and find in some of them a more thorough development of their national character and theories than in any other class of books. The one before us is among the most popular, and deservedly so, comparing

not disadvantageously with Jean Paul's Hesperus, or even | come to my house every day, or I will fight you again." with "the Meister."

The author calls it "an apotheosis of poetry," and developes, in the first part, the poetic temperament, and with much lofty Œsthetical science, has mingled beautiful rifaciamenti of old fables, and exquisite pictures of Germany as it was. But it would be impossible to give a fair idea of the work within our limits, and we will add only, that Novalis taught, "that the world which lies near about us is full of marvels, and the supernatural always surrounds us."

The second part is incomplete, but a sketch of the plan marked out for it, as Novalis imparted it, to his friend Tieck, is appended, which is full enough to excite the liveliest regret, that the work was never finished.

The author's life was written by Tieck, after which, the translator has drawn a brief sketch. From it we learn that Novalis was kind, enthusiastic and patriotic; which, joined to this high talent, should make him as great a favorite with us, as he is at home.

He died at the age of 29.

The work is faithfully translated, and is altogether creditable to the publisher.

MISCELLANIES. By Stephen Collins. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1842.

The title page is the best part of the book. It is made up of biographical sketches-of a few statistics-of meditations or reflections; of speeches on insanity, and of snatches on morality. The first biographical sketch is of Dickens, and it is laudatory enough. After him come Charles Lamb, Lord Bacon, and Doctor Physick. The last two are despatched with 9 pages each, while thrice that number is bestowed upon Boz. Five are vouchsafed to Henry Martyn, and three to John S. Newbold ;-all that we have of the latter from these three, is, that he was an Episcopalian-of gentlemanly manners; left college before the writer entered, shook him warmly by the hand, and died young. We think the worthy man-who is the author of this very trashy book, has been particularly unhappy in most of the selections for his 'Miscellanies.' It has been puffed by some of the Philadelphia papers, and the New-York Herald, and is for sale by Messrs Lyons, and Smith, Drinker and Morris.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. Translated from the French. John Murphy: Baltimore.

This is a Catholic story, founded on an incident of the crusades. It is a beautiful little romance, and is a suitable present to children for winter-nights' reading. It is a small volume, neatly bound.

FABLES OF LA FONTAINE. Translated from the French by Elizur Wright, Jr., in two volumes: Boston-Published by Tappan & Dennet, 1842.

La Fontaine, the bon-homme as he was called, was the friend and companion of Moliere, Boileau and Racine; and though married to a woman, for whom he cared little, he fought his most intimate friend "to satisfy the public." "The public thinks that your friend Poignant visits madam, and it is expected you will call him out," said a neighbor to the bon-homme. The next morning at 4 o'clock, La Fontaine called on his friend in bed, and asked him to come out. Poignant followed in astonishment, and when they had reached a retired spot, La Fontaine said, "my friend, we must fight." Poignant disarmed him, and usked to know the cause of the fight. "The public maintains," said La Fontaine, "that you come to my house daily, not to see me, but Fontaine, "I have satisfied the public, and now you must and Morris, are the agents in Richmond.

His Fables are deservedly celebrated, and the translator deserves the thanks of the public for the handsome style in which he has rendered them into English.

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES AND POPULAR DISCUSSIONS, for exhibitions in Schools and Academies of either sex, and for the amusement of social parties, by William B. Fowle, teacher of a young ladies' school in Boston: Boston-Tappan & Dennet.

This book comes highly recommended to us as a school book. Mr. Fowle is himself a teacher of note in Boston, and he has put forth this among other useful books from the result of his own experience, as to the necessity of such works. The dialogues are good humored, and sprightly enough. The demand for it has exhausted the first edition, and the second is now in press.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON BY JARED SPARES, abridged by the author, in two volumes: Boston-Published by Tappan & Dennet, 1842.

This abridgment was much needed, and we are glad to see it put forth under such auspices. The omissions are mostly of a political or general character. The incidents of the life and family history of Washington have been preserved as they are in the large work. The abridgment is much better adapted to the popular taste both as to price and matter. It is to be had at the bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker & Morris.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART, comprising the history, description and scientific principles of every branch of human knowledge: with the derivation and definition of all the terms in use: illustrated by engravings on wood. General Editor, W. F. Bronde, F. R. S. L. & E., etc., etc: New-York-Harper & Brothers.

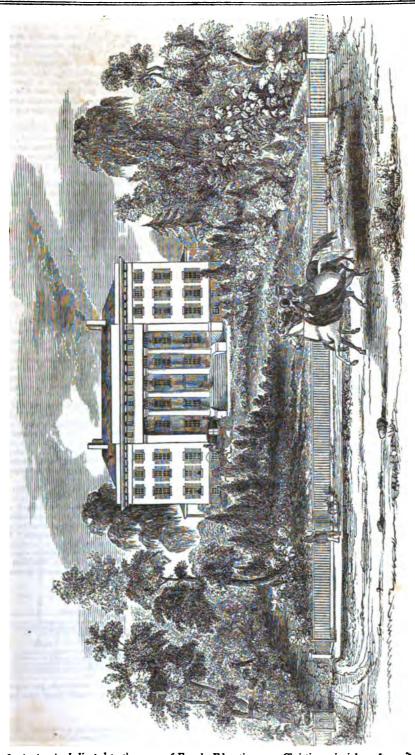
The title page is descriptive of the work, which is to be completed in twelve parts, or at the very cheap rate of 25 cents for 112 pages—the size of each part. Cheaper and more valuable information, has seldom, if ever, been offered to the public-and we heartily advise all of our readers, whose libraries are not furnished with an Encyclopedia, to procure this one. It is a work, so far, of great usefulness. We have only seen the 1st and 2nd parts. When the others are out, we shall recur to this work again. It is to be had at the bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris.

THE BOOK ABOUT ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY. Arranged from Ruschenberger's series of first books of Natural History, with numerous engravings. Published by Turner and Fisher: Philadelphia-1843.

This is a capital book for children-admirably arranged and adapted for their use in every respect. Indeed, we like it better than the original, of which it is an abridgement. It is for sale at the bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS, conducted by professor Silliman and Benjamin Silliman, Jr., volume XLIV, No. 1-January, 1843.

This favorite periodical comes to us this quarter, with an unusually rich freight, even for Silliman's Journal. It contains nineteen original and highly interesting articles, relating to science in its widest range. Some of the most my wife." "I protest then," said the other, "I will never darken your doors again." "On the contrary," replied La It does honor to the country. Mesars. Smith, Drinker St. Ann's Pall, Flushing, Long Asland, Wew-Bork.



REV. J. F. SCHROEDER, D. D., RECTOR,

THIS Institution is dedicated to the cause of Female Education upon Christian principles. It was founded to aford parents an opportunity to procuse for their daughters a thorough discipline, in all the solid and ornamental brasches of education; and, at the same time, to associate sound learning and elegant accomplishments with religious matters. The members of the Institution form a Christian family, of which the Rev. Dr. Schroeder and Mrs. Schroeder have the general supervision; and every arrangement is adopted by them, that has been tested by the best seminaries and colleges in Europe and our own country, to promote the intellectual, bodily, and spiritual welfare of the household.

BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

The spacious buildings and the ample pleasure grounds, comprising six acres of land, are the same that were occupied by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, until the time of his removal to St. Paul's College, two miles distant. They are within the limits of the town of Flushing, seven miles from the city of New-York, and admirably situated on an eminence, commanding a delightful and extensive land and water prospect, and possessing all those advantages which have so justly rendered the neighborhood a favorite place of permanent retirement from the city, or of occasional resort for recreation. The principal building is an attractive edifice, after the best classic models, and is three stories high, with a basement. It presents a front of one hundred and eleven feet; its depth is forty-six feet; and it is supported by a row of lofty columns. The apartments required for all the purposes of the Hall are convenient and airy; the saloon or drawing-room is nearly sixty feet in length, and nearly forty feet in width : all the other apartments are spacious and airy; the outbuildings are convenient, and the grounds are ornamented.

INTELLECTUAL DEPARTMENT.—The course of studies embraces every branch of a thorough English, French, and

Classical education. It is conducted by the Rector with the aid of a number of able, experienced and pious resident English, French and other governesses and teachers, and also eminent lecturers and instructors from the city of New-

English, French and other governesses and teachers, and also eminent lecturers and instructors from the city of New-York. Ample provision is made in this department, for carrying pupils through all the gradations of literary and scientific knowledge imparted in schools, seminaries and colleges; so that ladies who desire to qualify themselves as teachers, may here enjoy very favorable opportunities to attain the object of their wishes.

Accomplishments.—Music, drawing, painting, needlework of every kind, callisthenics, horsemanship and archery, are taught by able instructors; and, among the callisthenic exercises, dancing, as a recreation and a means of imparting ease and gracefulness. The Rector's views on these subjects may be seen in the Journal of Christian Education, published at the Union Depository, 28 Ann Street, New-York, which is also the city office of the Hall.

Physical Department.—The mind of no pupil is educated at the expense of the body. A great variety of alluring exercises is introduced, calculated to produce agility and vigor. The saloon, at certain hours, is devoted to innocent and entertaining games and sports, combining corporeal exertion with mental relaxation and amusement.

innocent and entertaining games and sports, combining corporeal exertion with mental relaxation and amusement. Contiguous to the main building is a well furnished Callisthenium, with a number of contrivances to promote cheerfulness, and afford healthy recreation. In the rear of the Callisthenium and Chapel are very extensive Vegetable and Flower Gardens, comprising an area of more than three acres; and every pupil is encouraged to plant and cultivate flowers, shrubbery and trees, and thus become practically acquainted with botany and horticulture. Beyond the gardens is a Hippodrome, particularly devoted to equestrian exercises; the circumference of it is nine hundred feet The Archery Grounds extend the whole distance of the gardens and Hippodrome. A fully qualified and experienced Governess, who superintends and conducts the physical department, resides with the family, and requires every member of it to take proper exercise.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.—The Rector devotes his personal and particular attention to the spiritual prosperity of all the members of the Institution. The CHAPEL, a building distinct from the main edifice, but connected with it by a covered way, is furnished with a communion table, baptismal font, reading desk, pulpit and organ, and is open every day for Morning and Evening Prayer. It is used for religious purposes, and for none other. As a Presbyter of the Church, the Rector is free to avow his ardent attachment to her doctrines and worship; and his purpose is, by the help of God, in every way, to impart the spirit of her devotions to all those who are or may be placed under his care, and to render religion attractive and interesting. It is his aim so to educate his own daughters, and every young lady whom he may receive into his family, that they may be enabled not merely to shine as ornaments of society in this world, but

to gain admittance to the glorious society of heaven.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.—The suits of apartments occupied as studies and dormitories, consist of well furnished and comfortable rooms. There are no general school-rooms, and no ordinary school furniture; but all the classes nished and comfortable rooms. I here are no general school-rooms, and no ordinary school furniture; but all the classes recite in distinct and neathly carpeted and furnished CLASS-ROOMS, so as to preserve the family association and establish habits of refinement. Each study or dormitory is devoted to two, or, at most, three pupils; so that, instead of the usual and very objectionable custom in boarding-schools, of dressing, undressing and washing in common, a delicacy and neatness are insured, which are believed to be essential to the character of every young lady properly educated. Suitable instruction is afforded by the Matron, in the arranging and care of wardrobes, and in several branches of household duty.

The Rector and all the resident Governesses and Teachers take their meals with the pupils, in a spacious DINING-matrix and that take is furnished by the statured and the bangakeones with the base supplies of every kind. The Matron

The Rector and all the resident covernesses and reachers take their means are the property kind. The Matron HALL; and the table is furnished by the steward and the housekeeper with the best supplies of every kind. The Matron Beside the general gives particular attention to the LAUNDRY, with a view to perfect neatness, health and comfort.

gives particular attention to the LAUNDRY, with a view to perfect neatness, health and connort. Deside the general charge of all the members of the family, which devolves upon the Rector and Mrs. Schroeder, there is a special care of them assigned to a number of Curatresses. The whole number of pupils is divided into sections of six; and the members of each section are the proteges of a Curatress, who aids them in their studies, and is their confidential friend.

TERMS.—The academical year is divided into two terms or sessions. The spring session commences in the middle of March, and continues for 21 weeks, to the following August, when a summer vacation takes place. The summer vacation ends on the day before the first Tuesday in October. Suitable measures are taken to accommodate with board, at a moderate price, any of the pupils who may desire to spend the whole or any part of the vacations at the Hall; and parents who reside in cities, especially those in the Southern section of the country, will find it agreeable to be with their children at Flushing, at least during a portion of the summer, and improve the many favorable opportunities which it offers for rural recreation and rational enjoyment.

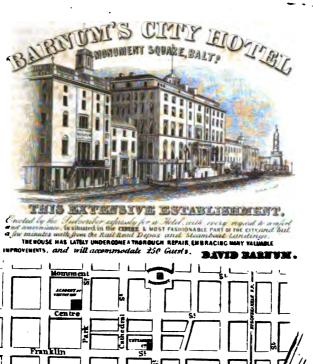
EXPENSES.

Board and Tuition in all the English and Classical studies, and instruction in plain and ornamental Needlework, and	Use of piano and music do	12:
Callesthenics, with washing, light, fuel and stationery, &c., for the half-year or session of twenty-one waeks, payable in advance, \$160	French language,do	8
For use of books, &c.,	Spanish,do	10
SEPARATE STUDIES.		

At appropriate seasons of the year, horsemanship and archery are taught in classes, at a moderate expense. Each pupil must be provided with a Bible and Prayer Book, bed and bedding, 12 towels, 6 napkins, ring, fork, and 2 spoons; but all these (when preferred by the parents) may be provided through the agent of the Hall, at a moderate charge.

An abatement is made in the case of the younger pupils while in their preparatory studies, the charges being \$125 per term, or half-year.

The arrangements of the Institution require, that two months' notice must be given, or a charge made for that time, in case of the removal of a pupil. For further information, address the Rector or the Secretary. FLUSHING, L. I., New-York, 1843.



Franklin

Saratoga

Sarato

January, 1843.

Philadelphia, February, 1843.



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Thomson, Mrs. Catharine M., Wilmington, N. C., vol 9	
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CITY HOTEL, NEW-YORK.

The subscriber has again taken the above house, which has been refitted and furnished in superior style, and will be opened on the first of February next. The whole extenor and interior have been painted throughout. The Ladies' spartments are materially improved, by widening the stairs d passages, inserting closets, having the halls warmed by ferraces, and the assembly-room converted into several suites of rooms for families, and a spacious ladies' diningroos. The public dining-room is greatly improved by a done, designed to increase light and ventilation, and other beneficial alterations. Many of the walls and ceilings have sea renewed, and the Croton water is introduced on every See of the establishment. The house will be amply provided with every requisite, the business will be conducted in the most liberal manner, and the subscriber and Mr. WILLARD, who will be associated with him, respectfully which the patronage of their old friends and the public.
CHESTER JENNINGS.

Non-York, January, 1843.

THE MARKOE HOUSE.

No. 293 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

MRS. S. HOWELL begs leave to inform those Ladies and Gentlemen who have occasion to visit Philadelphia, that she has taken and fitted up in elegant style as a genteel private BOARDING-HOUSE, that spacious and central establishment called the MARKOE House, situate at No. 293 Chesnut Street.

This House is well adapted to the accommodation of Family Parties, having suites of apartments communicating with each other, together with Baths and other desirable conveniences.

The ordinary dinner table will be always ready at three clock, which is the usual hour of dining in the principal

hotels of this city.

Private tables when required, will also be spread, and like the public table, furnished with as great a variety as can be found in any similar establishment in Philadelphia. The best Wines kept constantly on hand.

Philadelphia, February, 1843.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Various productions of Poetry have been received and submitted to the Prize-Committee-and the Prize-Poem will be published in the March No. of the Messenger.

TO THE FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF THE MESSENGER.

The Southern Literary Messenger will neither be discontinued nor suspended, in consequence of the death of its late proprietor. The representatives of Mr. White will either make speedy arrangements for the sale of the establishment, or for the employment of an able Editor, to conduct it.

IIF Editors friendly to the Messenger, will please give the above notice one or two insertions in their respective papers.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

This is a monthly Magazine, devoted chiefly to LITERATURE, but occasionally finding room also for articles that fall within the scope of Science; and professing no disdain of tasteful selections, though

its matter has been, as it will continue to be, in the main, original.

Party Politics and controversial Theology, as far as possible, are jealously excluded. They are sometimes so blended with discussions in literature or in moral science, otherwise unobjectionable, as to gain admittance for the sake of the more valuable matter to which they adhere: but whenever that happens, they are incidental, only; not primary. They are dross, tolerated only because it cannot well be severed from the sterling ore wherewith it is incorporated.

REVIEWS, and CRITICAL NOTICES, occupy their due space in the work: and it is the Editor's aim that they should have a threefold tendency—to convey, in a condensed form, such valuable truths or interesting incidents as are embodied in the works reviewed,—to direct the reader's attention to books that deserve to be read;—and to warn him against wasting time and money upon that large number, which merit only to be burned. In this age of publications, that by their variety and multitude distract and overwhelm every undiscriminating student, IMPARTIAL CRITICISM, governed by the views just mentioned, is one of the most inestimable and indispensable of auxiliaries, to him who does wish to discriminate.

Essays, and Tales, having in view utility or amusement, or both—Historical Sketches—and REMINISCENCES of events too minute for History, yet elucidating it, and heightening its interest,—may be regarded as forming the staple of the work. And of indigenous Puerray, enough is publishedsometimes of no mean strain—to manifest and to cultivate the growing poetical taste and talents of our country.

The times appear, for several reasons, to demand such a work—and not one alone, but many. public mind is feverish and irritated still, from recent political strifes:—The soft, assuasive influence of Literature is needed, to allay that fever, and soothe that irritation. Vice and folly are rioting abroad:-They should be driven by indignant rebuke, or lashed by ridicule, into their fitting haunts. Ignorance lords it over an immense proportion of our people: - Every spring should be set in motion, to arouse the enlightened, and to increase their number; so that the great enemy of popular government may no longer brood, like a portentous cloud, over the destinies of our country. And to accomplish all these ends, what more powerful agent can be employed, than a periodical, on the plan of the Messenger; if that plan be but carried out in practice?

The South peculiarly requires such an agent. In all the Union, south of Washington, there are but two Literary periodicals! Northward of that city, there are probably at least twenty-five or thirty! Is this contrast justified by the wealth, the leisure, the native talent, or the actual literary taste, of the Southern people, compared with those of the Northern? No: for in wealth, talents, and taste, we may justly claim at least an equality with our brethren; and a domestic institution exclusively our own, beyond all doubt affords us, if we choose, twice the leisure for reading and writing, which they enjoy.

It was from a deep sense of this local want, that the word Southern was engrafted on the name of this periodical: and not with any design to nourish local prejudices, or to advocate supposed local interests. Far from any such thought, it is the Editor's fervent wish, to see the North and South bound endearingly together forever, in the silken bands of mutual kindness and affection. Far from meditating hostility to the north, he has already drawn, and he hopes hereafter to draw, much of his choicest matter thence: and happy indeed will he deem himself, should his pages, by making each region know the other better, contribute in any essential degree to dispel forever the lowering clouds that so lately threatened the peace of both, and to brighten and strengthen the sacred ties of fraternal love.

The Southern Literary Messenger has now commenced its ninth volume, and NINTH YEAR. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to say. He believes. however, that it falls not further short of them, than human weakness usually makes Practice fall short

of Theory.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

P. D. BERNARD, PUBLISHER.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1843.

NO. III.

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.	ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES-(CONTINUED.)
PAGE	PAGE
1. Cases of Mutiny at Sea, (continued.) General	7. History of the Knights of Malta. By Wm. W.
Howe's letter to General Washington, reporting	Andrews, American Consul at Malta. Sketch
the proceedure against the Jersey Brigade; Two	of De La Valette; Attack on Tripoli; A poor
of the mutineers shot; Their summary execu-	infidel; Cosmo de Medicis' council of Trent;
tion; How they behaved; Extracts from Dr.	Hard fighting; La Mirande163
Thacher's Military Journal; Who were the ex-	8. Female Revenge. A tale founded on some inci-
ecutioners; Trials and exposures of military	dents from evenings with Prince Cambaceres.
life; The storming of Stony Point; Disobedi-	Marie and her lover; Declining affections; A
ence of orders; A soldier put to instant death;	new love; Marie's mortification, jealousy and
The battle of Bosworth field; Story of Rich-	revenge; A sad tale171
ard III., and the sleeping sentinel; The Somers;	9. A Walk About Rome. The Pontine Marshes;
Opinion of the Court of Inquiry; Acquittal of	Romance; The Via Sacra; The Palatine Hill;
Mackenzie; Duty in battle; A Midshipman's	The Campo Marzo; The Cathedral of St. Pe-
first lesson; Deserting quarters; The heinous-	ter; The Vatican; A description of; Scipios'
ness of; Gallant conduct of young Jarvis; Ca-	tomb175
sabianca at the battle of the Nile; Lines by Mrs.	10. Messopotamia and Assyria
Hemans13	11. An Encyclopædia of Science, Literature and Art.
2. Alison's History of Europe. The Messrs. Har-	Colonies; Their formation; Their supposed ad-
per and cheap Literature; Effects of interna-	vantages; Commerce; Its definition; The mer-
tional copy-right; French Revolution; Some-	cantile class; The benefits of Commerce; Home
thing about slavery; The insurrection of St. Do-	trade; Foreign trade; Principle and Influence
mingo; How it was brought about; The prison	of Restriction on Commerce
of the Abbaye; Horrid butchery; The noble	12. Fields of Heroism. Christianity; Popular Igno-
Dufocé; Treachery; Madame Roland; Her ap-	rance; Demagoguism; Profligacy and Anarchy;
pearance and conduct on the scaffold; Touching	Despotism; The condition of the African race
incidents; Popular phrenzy; How the graves	among us; Intemperance190
were broken open and rifled; Religion abolished;	
Reduction of Lions; The brave Percy13	ORIGINAL POETRY.
3. The Muffled Priest-A Scene in Rome. A	13. The Prize-Poem, to "A New Pen." By Miss
church; The Priest; The throng; Armenius;	E. H. Taylor, of Virginia
A Senator; Something mysterious; Two lovers;	14. The Hermit's Lesson of Life 130
Plots; Mischief affoat; The dead alive; A false	15 D. T. T
step	16. Invocation to the Southern Muse. By Mrs. Si
4. Floretta; or, the First Love of Henry IV., from	gourney
the German of Henry Zschokke. By G. F.	17. Lines. By L. A. Gobright 157
Struve. The young Prince of Bearn; The fair	18. Reflections on the New-Year. By a blind boy171
of Nerac; The cross-bow shooting; How Henry	19. My Boyhood. 180
shot away the targets, and how Floretta gave him	
a rose; The thorn it left; The spring; The	Notices of New Works:
garden; The stolen interview; Louis' last resort14	
5. Dialogues of the Dead. Queen Elizabeth and	20. Alice, or the Mysteries: a Sequel to "Earnest
Isabella in Etysium; Curious conversation; Their comparative merit	Maltravers."
6. The Faded Flower. Helen; First acquaintance	
; Her beauty and her lover; His death and	22. The Dublin University Magazine. The Cymba-
, and beauty and her love; also death and	leer's Bride, an extract 192 23. Biographical Stories for Children 192
	51 20. Diographical Stories for Children
rk is published in Monthly Numbers	averaging Sixty-Four Pages each. at Five Dol-

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PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

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TO THE PUBLIC.

The Subscriber respectfully informs the friends and patrons of the Messenger, that he will continue its publication, until it can be sold. Those wishing to subscribe for the work, may rest assured that it will not only be continued, but its present reputation shall be sustained.

The Editorial Department will remain under the direction of its present efficient and able Editor. of whose ability, the reader may judge by the present, as well as many of the subsequent numbers.

P. D. BERNARD.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IX.

RICHMOND, MARCH, 1843.

NO. 3.

THE PRIZE POEM.

1. Bome

The readers of the Messenger will remember, that in the December number, the late lamented Editor, upon the suggestion of a spirited correspondent, offered the premium of a silver cup for the best poem which should be presented to, and approved by, a Committee appointed for that purpose. That Committee has had a meeting, consisting of all its members, and after due consideration has swarded the prize cup to Miss Evelyn H. Taylor, of Virginia, for the subjoined stanzas addressed to "A new pen." The task of selection, under such circumstances, is always unpleasant and invidious. The competitors for the prize having had entire freedom in the choice of a theme, their contributions were, of course, various in measure, style and subject. Some were beautiful and successful imitations of established English authors; others were distinguished for smoothness, beauty, and even vigor of composition,—but none seemed, in the eyes of the Committee, to combine, with some of these qualities, so much originality as the production of Miss Taylor. The public, however, will have an ample opportunity to judge for itself, as, under the reserved right to do so, many of the poems, which, if not favored with the awarded prize, are nevertheless prised highly-will be published in the present and future sembers of the Messenger.

TO A NEW PEN.

Lie there! lie there! still pure as unstained snow— Guitless as yet—but innocent, how long? Clear as are infant hearts from Passion's flow— Unheard, unknown, yet capable of song— Of song, whose silent music thou shalt trace, In characters of Thought, that Time shall ne'er efface.

Thou art the Soul's Recorder, and thy course
Takes with it Good and Evil—separate never
Since Life's full fount was poisoned at its source,
When Eden faded from the Earth forever—
And thou, fast stealing o'er the darkened page,
Sheds down full stores of each—gathered from every age.

Quiet, but mighty! From thy silent work,
How starts to life the vanished world of Time!
Mysteries but late divined around thee lurk—
The thoughts of Angels, and the hopes of Crime—
And Man's first dreams, long buried in the Past,
Called from their depths by thee, there mingle with his last.

Glorious Bard! Rare Painter! Lyrist high!
Historian of the giant deeds of old!
Isterpreter of centuries gone by!
Untomber of the Dead, whose mighty mould
Accorded with great works—their awful traces
Still shed Time's shadow down, on pigmies round their bases.

What! Can'st thou tongue the Pyramids, and send
The voice of Ages through a new creation?
Can'st thou reveal Fate's progress—guess her end—
And chronicle her Pomp and Devastation?
Can'st thou exhume old Egypt's buried Kings,
To revel in vast Halls, amidst forgotten things?

Is the high Feast, with all its living Guests,
Within the enchantment of thy crowded spell?
Can'st thou among them bring white Death, that tests
The Heart, and bases it to itself so well?

Can'st thou, too, pierce the dark and shadowy tomb, And follow him who reigned, to bondage in its gloom?

And art thou sad, and do those foolish tears,
That gush from Woman's heart in every time,
And bathe her broken ties, through hopeless years.
Even though they bound to Tyranny and Crime—
Say, do they lure thine art, and gleam again,
As when they left their fount, drawn forth by Grief with
Pain?

Doth the deep Beauty of still Death with thee
Find everlasting fixedness, and lie
With the cold infant on its mother's knee,
Or the stern warrior's rigid majesty?
Or on the cheek and bosom, more than snow,
When gentler Loveliness lies pure, and calm, and low?

Or dost thou bring the light of winged Joy
Our path to follow, and its shades to banish—
The sadness of old musings to destroy,
And bid grey frowning forecast instant vanish?
Linking us in companionship so gay,
That the young Angel need but point, to guide our way.

Art thou familiar with the thoughts of Love?
Can'st thou pour forth his heart in seen affection?
Can'st thou join earthly hopes with souls above,
Binding the severed in such strong connection
That sorrow's self can patient be, and smile,
And look for holier things, and wait "a little while?"

Art thou all powerful thus, and yet mine own?

Mine! Though the word no ardent impulse stir,
It makes thee dear, whilst here I muse alone,
And signs to Hope that Truth may dwell with her.
Yea, thou art mine, when many, once more dear,
Have left their fresher faith, and dwell no longer here.

And thou shalt never change but with my heart—
As that grows aged, thou may'st faint from Time,
But thou art now even of myself a part,
And my soul's atmosphere must make thy clime.
Loved, true, habitual Friend, thy voice shall steal,
Even when it breathes their strength, all woes this breast
ean feel.

And thou shalt give its melody of love,
Its light of Hope, its joy of faith in God,
Life in this world (as, I will trust, above,
Their immortality shall find abode.)
And thou shalt answer every varying mood.
Not as mankind reply—returning ill for good.

Fate writes her fiat in the glittering Heaven—God stamps his Will on Fate, and worlds obey. What language, humblest Thing, to thee is given? To thee—to all that are, and pass away? Even the fresh utterance of the soul, that brings Its ardent gush of praise, to seek the King of kings.

Such be Thy glory—'midst all other themes,
The first—the last—to consecrate thy power.
Heaven be the brightness of our earthly dreams,
And Mercy of our last, and happiest hour,
When, through the gates of Death, pure light shall stream,
And Home and Peace with God, on an Immortal beam.

Guide on! upon the white and asking page, Character, Feeling, Passion, Life and Death-But so restrict the Past and Present Age, That He who scans all deeds the skies beneath, Heaven's just Recorder, on what Thou hast wrought, May fix a gaze serene—approve—but copy nought. EVELYN H. TAYLOR.

The following poems were offered for the prize cup awarded to Miss Taylor, and they are too highly esteemed to be withheld from the readers of the Messenger. They will be followed by others in the April and May numbers.

THE HERMIT'S LESSON OF LIFE.

In orient lands, where Magi dwelt of old, And Priests and Prophets, fate and fortune told; Where virgin Sybils in prophetic tones, The future show'd-the rise and fall of thrones; Where rapt magicians wrought their mystic spells, And each wild cavern owned its weird cells; Where every mountain cave and mossy grot Was haunted by some spirit of the spot; In later days a traveller chanced to roam, A dreaming wand'rer from his native home. Yet young in manhood-with ambition rife, But all uncertain in his plans of life, In search of pleasure, but with nought content, Restless and weary, wheresoe'er he went; For honor hoping, and a thirst for fame, Desiring truth and burning for a name, Yet to his heart there often came despair, For aimless passion was pulsating there.

Anon, he felt, in some propitious hour, A kindling sense of intellectual power, And airy fancies floated thro' his mind, That Glory's guerdon was for him designed; Yet came the fear, he ne'er should reach that goal, So wav'ring was the purpose of his soul. In mood like this, he went his restless way, Where desolation brooded o'er decay-Where crumbling columns mark'd the classic clime, And falling temples told the ancient time.

As thus he roam'd, a rumor met his ear-"There was a mountain, and a cavern near,

"Where, shunning all communion with his race,

"A reverend hermit had his dwelling place; "Who lived-for so the ignorant had said-

"With demons there, and spirits of the dead;

"Who sought, by lawless rite and magic spell,

"The secrets of the future time to tell."

With feelings mov'd by all he heard and saw, The wand'rer turned to find that man of awe, Resolved his fate to know, or good or ill, He wish'd to try the Seer's fearful skill. He found the wise man, and he spoke him fair, The hermit mock'd the wand'rer's earnest prayer; Absorbed in studies of sublimer sort, He reck'd not for the dreamer's foolish thought. Entreated still-he lent attentive ear, And answered kindly, yet with mien severe.

"Child of the world," he said with solemn tone,

- "What is and has been may by man be known,
- "But much you err, if you suppose his skill
- "Can fathom Fate, or scan his Maker's will;
- "'Tis not permitted mortal man, to see
- "The future purpose of the Deity.

" High o'er the earth, Where space its scroll unfurls, A mighty genius ever dwells, Who marks the birth

Of planetary worlds, The measures of their being tells.

" His ministry Rules orbits which they run, Controls wild comets as they course Infinity; And stars, and moon, and sun, Submissive subjects, own his force;

" His fearful power Doth e'en to Earth descend, And death, decay, and change he wills; Year, day and bour, On his decree attend. And human hopes, and joys, and ills.

" He notes thro' space The music of the spheres. The harm'ny of their constant chime: And chords apace Earth's symptony of years-This minister of might is-TIME;

- "And he alone, by God's decree,
- " Is oracle of destiny.
- "But tho' I cannot tell your fate,
- "My son-I'll teach you to create,
- "Yourself, what you would fain possess,
- "A destiny of proud success.
- " Let virtue be your constant guide,
- " And courage be your virtue's shield;
- " Let useful action be your pride,
- " Your passions to your judgment yield;
- " Let knowledge be your source of pleasure.
- " And honor be your brightest gem,
- " And then, indeed, you have a treasure,
- " Richer than jewelled diadem.
- " What may betide-you must possess
- " The certainty of happiness."

The wise man ceased—the wand'rer owned with awe, It was the Sage, and not the Seer, he saw-Confessed, that charm had more than magic power, And useful liv'd, and happy from that hour.

DAN LONESOME.

Is it not Colinet, I lonesome see, Leaning with folded arms against the tree? Why in this mournful manner art thou found Unthankful lad, when all things smile around ?-Philips.

Dan Lonesome was a wight of gentle blood As any in this Western Hemisphere; It had not "crept through scoundrels since the flood," And he could trace it up, through many a year, Far as his country could her lov'd career-No stain on it could tongue calumnious fling; Old heads could trace it higher-do not jeer,-Up to the days of some old Saxon king, But if they could—to do it, were an empty thing.

His home, I wot, it nothing boots to tell, Save that 'twas somewhere in that Old Domain, Which once wished monarchy, 'tis said, so well, She honor'd Charles, and loth'd base Cromwell's reign : Right gladly had she rear'd Charles' throne again, And did resolve, if that might not be won,

T' invite him hither, cross th' Atlantic main, To hold for us, the sceptre and the crawn-Ah! well-a-day that deed!—what mischief it had done!

III.

Certes, the times are wondrous changed, when we
The very name of King can scarce abide,
Since we have quaff'd thy cup, sweet Liberty!
But let us not our Ancestors deride;
Sly Cromwell ceas'd his cloven foot to hide;
Gain'd were his ends, that subtle Archimage,
And all his canting cunning, laid aside,
The Tyrant open stalk'd upon the stage;
The play was still the same,—they had but turn'd the page.

IV.

How changed the features of that virgin land,
Adorn'd by windings of innum'rous streams,
And wrought by Nature, with most lavish hand,
And warm'd by influence of her softest beams!—
Still smiles that land, and still with wealth it teems,
But where her palaces of sumptuous ease?
Where now her lofty nobles and their dreams?
Her gardens—parks—her shady walks and ways?
Where all the stately doings of her royal days?

V.

Gone, with the foolish hopes which gave them birth;
Nipp'd in the very bud of their display;
Crush'd by the hand of Freedom, in her mirth,
And spared the anguish of a slow decay;
Such Edens were not made to waste away.
Beneath the griping hand of pamper'd pride;
No—they were fashioned for a gentler sway,
That there, untrammell'd man might safely bide,
And wast his golden treasures down their glassy tide.

VI

But what of Dan?—no misanthrope was he—
He felt all kindness towards his fellow men;
But yet in paths alone he loved to be,
Mid waving woods or on sequester'd plain,
His joys and griefs all hid from mortal ken;
Both wealth and friends had he, and pleasant home,
Yet more, he coveted the lonely glen,
Or down some winding rivulet to roam,
Where gentle cascades left white wreaths of transient foam

VII.

There would he sit, while eagerly he scann'd Some wild romance, with worn and dusky lid, Of Haunted Priory with bloody hand, Or old Chateau, in deepest myst'ry hid, Where glided ghosts, and secret pannels slid—Then fell the curtain on this mortal vale; Of earth and all its shackles he was rid; So rapt his soul by Fancy's high-wrought tale: Compared with bliss like his, all other blisses fail.

VIII.

For him, these fictions had a charm divine;
Here gallant youths were his companions dear—
He trod with them, o'er Alps and Appenine,
Where bandits lurk'd amid the forests drear
And lights were seen to glance and disappear—
Soft maidens, too, whose superhuman charms
Won every heart, were his peculiar care,
Till nobly rescued from ten thousand harms
He saw them safely lock'd in love's triumphant arms.

IX.

Breams of the day! oft would ye Dan invite
On grass to lie, in summer shade supine,
While Fancy plum'd her wing for pleasant flight,
And bore him upward to her halls divine;
No hope defeated, there could make him pine;
No cap untasted, from his lips be thrown;
No light receding ever, there could shine;

But whatsoe'er of joy to mortals known Arrived at, was at once, and easy, made his own.

X

Who does not thus, at timea, gay castles build,
'Y clept in air?—a name that suits them well;
For though more splendid far than works of Eld,
More passing rare than all which ever fell,
(Balbec's—Palmyra's—none could them excel,)
Yet in a moment, they will topple down,
Nor leave one marble column, spared to tell
The tale of ruin, and in grandeur frown
Amid the crumbling relics of a past renown.

Χī

Such oft are standing seen, 'mid that decay
By Goth and Vandal, most inhuman, wrought;
And Goths and Vandals still, in modern day,
Will break irruptive on one's chosen spot,
Though all unwelcome, and invited not;
Misfortunes—Griefs—pale Care—tormenting Debt—
Then, Fancy! all thy revelry's forgot,
Reluctant, up from our sweet couch, we get,
And bomeward, frowning hie, to toil and writhe and fret.

XII.

But such the Artist's most surprising skill,

That, like enchantment of the olden rhyme,

"Tis but to ramble forth, where all is still,

And wave a wand—when, in an instant's time,

Her shining Palaces will upward climb—

Not so, those works barbarians overthrew;

None know to raise them to such heights sublime—

Lost are those arts by which they tow'ring grew,

And we but gaze to sigh—and curse the hand which slew.

XIII.

Of late, by whim or fantasy impell'd,

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream"—

His love of solitude seem'd now dispell'd;

Some gayer vision in his fancy teem'd;

Perchance bright eyes had through his darkness, beam'd:

I know not what—but forth the loiterer went;

"Like standing pool" his sombre visage "cream'd,"

And I, who mark'd him, deem'd his mind intent

On some fixed thought, or deed, with hope and fear, 'yblent.

XIV.

To sadness prone, he, melancholy wight,
A wand'rer—where, I only cared to know,
Sat gazing out upon wide waters bright,
And from the Sidney wateh'd their ceaseless flow;
The waves were roaring round her buried prow;
Unnumber'd vessels skimmed Potomac, blue;
Swift hurrying by the white beach seem'd to go;
Fast, fast behind, the trees and green hills flew,
Till Vernon's mournful walls broke on his thoughtful view.

XV

Loud rang the bell—on board that flying ship
Full many a pilgrim hastened to her side;
Mount Vernoa! broke from every joyous lip,
And grateful hearts were swelling there with pride:
Men from far countries with the native vied—
Oh Heavens! it was a goodly sight to see;
But chiefly Dan, there, silently we eyed
Our young Virginian gazing wistfully,
And with a filial love, Mount Vernon! upon thee.

XVI

Fix'd there he stood, while strong emotions rose;
That time-worn mansion fills his dreamy soul;
A holy awe around it virtue throws,
And days of by-gone years, before him roll;

Trenton and Monmouth-Brandywine-the whole Of that long war, at once was shadow'd forth, And rose with Him, who won fair Freedom's goal; With Him, whose fame all other fame is worth-Whose laurels drop not blood, but blessings on the Earth.

XVII.

With straining eye the scene he dimly caught As on he sped upon that sacred wave, Which breaks on Earth's most consecrated spot, And sighs beside a Hero's hallow'd grave;

"Boast of the good, and idol of the brave!"

Cried he, "though now within the voiceless tomb,

"Thy warning words have yet the power to save; "Still canst thou snatch us from impending doom-

"Alive in grateful hearts, tho' laid in Death's dark gloom.

XVIII,

"Yet where thy monument? methought its shaft

"Shot high, like beacon, for a guide at sea;

"Methought those truths would here be telegraph'd,

"The words of thine immortal Legacy,

"And sought, my country, by thy sons set free ;-

"And must ingratitude be still the bane

"Of commonwealths?-ye rulers! where are ye?

"Arise and wash from us so foul a stain,

"Lest light so lovely now, should in the distance wane.

XIX.

"What have ye done, that great one to exalt

"Who waked this boundless country into life?

"Beyond that hill, oh shame! a petty vault

"Enshrouds the dust, with spirit once so rife,

"And rushing gallantly to battle strife;

" A humble spot, untrophied and forlorn-

"What cutteth keener than the filial knife?

"What taunt so bitter as our children's scorn ?-

"I wrong my countrymen; each heart with grief is torn. XX

"What matters it our warriors' breast to lade

"With cumbrous pile of monumental stone,

"When in his country's heart his grave is made-

"There fresh'ning still, as time is rolling on?

"None need the tomb to canonize them, gone,

"But such as, living, were the scourge of man,

"Not friend :- such as should meet the public ban,

"Though laid in marble state for foolish eyes to scan!

XXI.

"Or what are pillars ?- pyramids ?- this earth

"Ne'er yet gave up an adamant, too hard

"For tooth of Time; -it may outlive the worth

"It would commemorate; yet, wise award!

"It yields at last and crumbles with the sward-

"Or did some pyramid still lift its head,

"Baffling the conqueror, lo I desert-ward

"An ally comes, the storm in Lybia bred,

"Whelming in whirling sands this fortress of the dead."

"Who now can tell what mighty king reposed

" Midway its height stupendous?-left aloft

* Strabo, as quoted by Savary, says: "Towards the middle of the height of one of the sides of the greatest pyramid is a stone that may be raised up. It shuts an oblique passage which leads to a coffin placed in the centre." This passage, open in our days, and which in the time of Strabo was towards the middle of one face of the pyramid, is at present only one hundred feet from the base; so that the ruins of the covering of the pyramid and of the stones though defended by the pyramids against the northerly of the kings of Egypt .- Enc., Article Pyramid.

"Within his marble chamber deep enclosed,

"As if in death, he impotently scoff'd

"His fellow dust ;-He who slive had oft

Encrimson'd earth, and moved like dark simoom

"Upon his native land, when Death had doff'd

"His bloody diadem, found there a tomb,

"Forgot his pomp-his name, -and undeplored his doom.

XXIII.

"Would less than pyramid our Chiestain serve?

"Less than was rear'd for Egypt's worthless king?

"Less for the valor, never known to swerve,

"Than rose in honor of so mean a thing?-

"And whence would such gigantic structure spring?

"Not from the labor of the happy free!

"Myriads of harness'd slaves were lashed to bring

"That useless pile unto the height we see,

"And kiss'd the hand which smote, and bent the servile knee.

"Oh no-we'll have no monument but one,

"Whose base is on the universal heart;

Its shaft, the plaudits of the world he won,

"It's capital, the nation's good,—the chart

"By which to point ambition to its part-

Dread Time, who blasts with his sepulchral breath.

"And soils, with touch defiled, the works of art?

''Reluctant leaves untorn a single wreath,

"Which 'bleeding sire to son's safe keeping' did bequeath."

So thought and reason'd that impassion'd wight,

When up the dark blue vista sudden gleam'd

The western Rome, just rising into sight-

Our hill Capitoline, far distant beam'd;

O'er its high halls star-spangled banners stream'd;

How fair proportion'd, and how chastely white,

Thy temple, Freedom! to his vision seem'd In bold relief, on that commanding height,

So pure and beautiful! so grand, and yet so light!

"Can crime e'er lurk," thought Dan, "in aught so fair !

"Its virgin purity would answer, no;

Can men of blood presume to enter there?

"With hue of shame their guilty cheeks should glow:

"From yonder portals let them turn and go-

"Their footsteps would pollute that tasteful mound

"Where rare trees blossom and the wild flowers blow;

"Illustrious patriots there are pictured round;

"The monuments of dauntless spirits fill that ground.

XXVII.

"A marble cenotaph, there meets the eye,

"Symbolic, rising from a mimic sea, "Inscribed with those who died at Tripoli,

"Men'deem'd dishonor'd, if they lived not free;

"Decatur, Somers, Israel, Wadsworth, ye

"Would shame the wretch who trod that paradise;

"Let none, with curse of Cain, in Eden be;

"Oh hold it sacred to the great and wise,

"Whose glorious deeds on earth are passports to the skies."

winds, which bring torrents of sand from Lybia, be covered as high as thirty-eight feet, what an immense quantity must have been heaped up to the northward of an edifice, whose base is upwards of 700 feet long. Herodotus, who saw it in the age nearest to its foundation, when its true base was still uncovered, makes it eight hundred feet square. Pliny brought from within, buried by the sand, have formed a hill says it covered the space of eight acres. It seems an unin this place two hundred feet high. If even the Sphynx, questionable fact that this pyramid was a mausoleum of one

XXVIII.

Now full in view the scatter'd city rose-Her sister city flashes on the skies-Midway, the Palace in the sunlight glows, That fatal cynosure of thousand eyes !-Ah! thither many a thoughtless footstep hies, Crowds to that shrine, like Mecca's pilgrims, flow; Beneath that hateful Upas, virtue dies; Self-styled Republicans there gaping go, To ape the fulsome scenes of Europe's courtly show. XXIX.

With thoughts like these Dan's visage darker grows ;-Meanwhile the gallant steamer nears the shore; Swift o'er her sides the rattling cordage goes, And fast the vessel to the wharf they moor. Forth from her ample womb the crowds now pour; Men, women, baggage, barrows, all the gangway fill; The shouts of hackmen rise in loud uproar-Dan deem'd that Demons were let loose from Hell, So wild—unearthly—seem'd that loud commingled yell.

XXX. But we must leave him, midst this tempest whirl'd, To mark his musings at some future time; He hath but touch'd the threshold of a world, Where food abundant may be found for rhyme, Unless perchance this would-be flight sublime Shall melt the waxen pinions at my side, And hurl me headlong, with my feeble chime, Like him of old, to deep Ægean tide

When on Dedalian wings, through air, he dared to glide [The Author of 'Dan Lonesome,' whose powerful touches may point many to his name, announces the above to be only

CASES OF MUTINY AT SEA.

the FIRST CANTO.]

(General Howe's letter continued.)

(At daylight) Colonel Barber, of the Jersey line, was sent to them with orders immediately to parade without arms, and to march to the ground pointed out for them. Some seemed willing to complybut others exclaimed, "what, no conditions? Then if we are to die, it is as well to die where we are as anywhere else." Some hesitation happening among them, Col. Sprout was directed to advance, and five minutes given the mutineers to comply with the orders which had been sent them. had its effect; and they, to a man, marched without arms to the ground appointed for them.

The Jersey officers gave a list of those they thought the most atrocious offenders, upon which I desired them to select three, one from each regiment; which was accordingly done. A field court-* * * Two of martial was presently ordered. • .• • them were executed on the spot.

ROBERT HOWE.

the execution. It is true, General Howe or-

sentence of a field court-martial, than Commander Mackenzie had to execute the mutineers of the Somers, by the advice of his officers. The only plea in either case is that of overruling necessity. Of the two cases, that of General Howe is the stronger. He had subdued the mutineers, amounting to two or three hundred, and had them then They had grounded surrounded by 1000 men. their arms—had gone over to the place appointed for them, and given themselves up. The Commander-in-Chief of the army, with a part of his staff, was there. And all the materials for a courtmartial were at hand, and on the spot. In the Naval case, the Somers was alone upon the oceanthe mutiny was scotched, not killed-and a courtmartial could not have been convened at sea; for, the Commander of the Somers had not the authority to issue a precept for one, even if officers enough to form a court had been on board. Nor did General Howe need the authority of a courtmartial for this execution. He carried in his pocket the order of General Washington to execute instantly a few of the most active and incendiary leaders. These men might have been shot down with arms in their hands, and so the mutineers of the Somers might have been cut down at their quarters. But circumstances, unlike in themselves, rendered such a procedure alike inexpedient in both cases. General Washington's order was, after you have compelled the revolted troops to surrender, instantly execute a few of them. General Howe ordered a field court-martial, to which, the law, at that time, gave no authority over life or limb, and of which it did not require even the solemnity of an oath. It could not swear members or witnesses. This court sat, standing in the snow, and passed sentence of death upon men whom that great and good man had already ordered to be instantly executed. It was a trying scene, both for officers and men, for judges and executioners. It was upon that snow, which the bare feet of this very brigade, patient for their country, had stained with blood. They had fought bravely, and suffered long. Worn down with privations, these gallant soldiers, in a weak moment, had murmured aloud. Their officers felt and confessed that there was more than the shadow of reason in their complaints. Yet they had put in jeopardy the interests of the state; and the punishment must be prompt, strong handed, and summary, to give proper force to example.

The following extracts are taken from the journal of Dr. Thacher, who was present at the time of the surrender and execution:

"Marched, on the 27th at one o'clock, A. M., General Washington himself was present at eight miles, which brought us in view of the huts of the insurgent soldiers by dawn of day. Here dered a field court-martial on the occasion, but we halted for an hour to make the necessary prethat did not alter the case. He had no more parations. Some of our officers suffered much legal right to put those prisoners to death by anxiety lest the soldiers would not prove faithful

Orders were given to load on this trying occasion. their arms-it was obeyed with alacrity, and indications were given that they were to be relied on. Being paraded in a line, General Howe harangued them, representing the heinousness of the crime of mutiny, and the absolute necessity of military subordination, adding, that the mutineers must be brought to an unconstitutional submission; no temporizing, no listening to terms of compromise, when in a state of resistance. Two field pieces were now ordered to be placed in view of the insurgents, and the troops were directed to surround the huts on all sides. General Howe next ordered his aid-de-camp to command the mutineers to appear on parade, in front of their huts, unarmed, within five minutes, observing them to hesitate, a second messenger was sent, and they instantly obeyed the command, and paraded in a line without arms, being in number between two and three hundred. Finding themselves closely encircled, and unable to resist, they quietly submitted to the fate which awaited them. General Howe ordered, that three of the ringleaders should be selected as victims for condign punishment. These unfortunate culprits were tried on the spot, Colonel Sprout being president of the court-martial, standing on the snow, and they were sentenced to be immediately shot. Twelve of the most guilty mutineers were next selected to be their executioners. This was a most painful task; being themselves guilty, they were greatly distressed with the duty imposed on them, and when ordered to load, some of them shed tears. The wretched victims, overwhelmed by the terrors of death, had neither time nor power to implore the mercy and forgiveness of their God; and such was their agonizing condition, that no heart could refrain from emotions of sympathy and compassion. The first that suffered was a sergeant, and an old offender; he was led a few yards distant, and placed on his knees; six of the executioners, at the signal given by an officer, fired, three aiming at the head, and three at the breast, the other six reserving their fire in order to dispatch the victim, should the first fire fail; it so happened in this instance; the remaining six then fired, and life was instantly extinguished. second criminal was, by the first fire, sent into eternity in an instant. The third, being less criminal by the recommendation of his officers, to his unspeakable joy, received a pardon. This tragical scene produced a dreadful shock, and a salutary effect on the minds of the guilty soldiers. Never were men more completely humbled and penitent: tears of sorrow and of joy rushed from their eyes; and each one appeared to congratulate himself, that his forfeited life had been spared. The executions being finished, General Howe ordered the former officers to take their stations, and resume their respective commands. He then, in a very pathetic and affecting manner, addressed the whole

line by platoons, endeavoring to impress their minds with a sense of the enormity of their crime, and the dreadful consequences that might have resulted. He then commanded them to ask pardon of their officers, and promise to devote themselves to the faithful discharge of their duty as soldiers in future. It is most painful to reflect, that circumstances should imperiously demand-the infliction of capital punishment on soldiers who have more than a shadow of plea to extenuate their crime. These unfortunate men have long suffered many serious grievances, which they have sustained with commendable patience; but have at length lost their confidence in public justice." The success of the Pennsylvania insurgents undoubtedly encouraged them to hope for exemption from punishment. But the very existence of an army depends on proper discipline and subordination. The arm of authority must be exerted, and public examples must be exhibited, to deter from the commission of crimes. The spirit of revolt must be effectually repressed, or a total annihilation of the army is inevitable.

But in the trials and exposures of military life, there are both on the land and the sea, cases of by no means unfrequent occurrence in war, when circumstances render necessary and justify the taking away of life, in a manner even more summary and less formal, than any yet mentioned. In battle, when treason, or cowardice, or hesitation even to obey an order, is discovered, a moment's delay in putting to death, and all may be lost. In such emergencies, it is the duty of any officer who witnesses the occurrence to take the law into his own hands, and to cut down without first stopping to report or to question. The case must be clear, and the necessity urgent;—we quote the following in illustration, and as an example:

"In advancing to the assault (of Stony Point, July 1779,) the front of the American column led, with unloaded arms, relying solely on the use of the bayonet. As they approached the works, a soldier insisted on loading his piece—all was now profound silence—the officer, commanding the platoon, ordered him to keep on; the soldier observed that he did not understand attacking with his piece unloaded; he was ordered not to stop, at his peril; he still persisted, and the officer instantly despatched him.

"A circumstance like this shocks the feelings; but it must be considered how fatal the consequence would have been, if one single gun had been fired; scores would have lost their lives, and most probably defeat would have been consequent, and therefore was the lesser evil."*

In the twilight hour of that dreadful night, which preceded the battle of Bosworth field, when Richard III. was "so terribly pulled and hauled by devils," that brave tyrant went to visit his outposts. He found a sentinel sleeping. Acting the

* Heath's Memoirs, p. 210, 211.

part of a soldier, the stern monarch stabbed him to assurance of protecting the prisoners from a reshis heart, saying, "I find you asleep, and I leave you so."

But it is not necessary to quote tyrants and usurpers, nor to go back to remote time, for cases to illustrate the necessity and propriety of strong measures in the emergencies of military life. We quote the latest and the most recent, viz: that of the Somers:

U. S. Ship North Carolina, January 20th, 1843.

PRESENT:

Commodore Charles Stewart, Commodore Jacob Jones. Commodore ALEXANDER J. DALLAS, OGDEN HOFFMAN, Judge Advocate.

"The court after due deliberation, resolve to report the facts and circumstances of the case submitted to them, and to deliver their opinion upon the facts as follows:

In execution of the order of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, the Court, with the exception of ten of the crew, who are in confinement, examined every officer, seaman and apprentice, belonging to the United States Brig Somers, in her late cruise, and unanimously report the following facts as proved to the satisfaction of the Court by the testimony, the record of which they have the honor herewith to submit.

That on the 27th November, 1842, in lat. 13 24 16, and longitude 41 24 45, Commander Mackenzie discovered that a mutiny had been organized on board the brig Somers.

The Court further find that such mutiny did exist, and that Midshipman Philip Spencer, Boatswain's Mate Samuel Cromwell, and Seaman Elisha Small, were ringleaders in it, and that others of the crew had knowledge of its existence and participated in its guilt.

That on the 27th November, Midshipman Spencer was arrested and confined in irons, that on the subsequent day Boatswain's Mate Cromwell and Seaman Small were also confined in irons, and at the time they were so confined, it was the intention of Commander Mackenzie to bring them to the United States to be tried by the laws of their conntry, and that to effect this desired object, Commander Mackenzie adopted every measure that a brave, prudent and skilful officer could adopt. That during the confinement of the prisoners, sullenness, discontent, inattention to duty, disobedience to orders, often as seamen know, and naval records prove, the sole precursors to open acts of violence and blood, were manifested by the crew, and justly excited the belief in the Commander and the officers, that an attempt would be made to rescue the prisoners and take the brig from those to whom she had been entrusted by the Government.

cue, than the quarter deck, on which they were confined.

That Commander Mackenzie in the responsible situation, in which he was placed, sought, as it was his duty to do, the advice and counsel of his officers, and that the unanimous advice and opinion of those officers, after an examination of some of the crew and careful deliberation, was, that the safety of the brig Somers depended upon the immediate execution of Midshipman Spencer, Boatswain's Mate Cromwell and Seaman Small.

That Commander Mackenzie, in pursuance of the advice of his officers, and in obedience to the dictates of his own judgment, did execute, by hanging, Midshipman Spencer, Boatswain's Mate Cromwell, and Seaman Small.

That such execution took place on the 1st December, 1842, in latitude 17 deg. 34m. 28s., and longitude 41 deg. 24m. 45s. and that the brig at the time of the execution, was, by the log, distant from St. Thomas 525 miles, at which place she arrived on the 5th December, 1842.

The Court further find that the conduct of Commander Mackenzie had been kind to his crew, attentive to their wants, and their comforts, that he was studious to promote their knowledge of their profession, and that no punishments were inflicted greater than were rendered necessary by the discordant nature of the crew, and the proper discipline of a man-of-war.

The Court further find that the conduct of Commander Mackenzie, Lieutenant Gansevoort and the officers of the brig, was, during the trying scenes through which they passed, collected, calm and brave, and justified the confidence reposed in them by their country.

OPINION.

The Court are, therefore, of opinion,

That a mutiny had been organized on board the United States brig Somers, to murder the officers and take possession of the brig.

That Midshipman Philip Spencer, Boatswain's Mate Samuel Cromwell, and Seaman Elisha Small, were concerned in, and guilty of such mutiny.

That had not the execution taken place, an attempt would have been made to release the prisoners, murder the officers, and take command of the brig.

That such attempt, had it been made in the night, or during a squall, would, in the judgment of the Court, from the number and character of the crew, the small size of the brig, and the daily decreasing physical strength of the officers, occasioned by almost constant watching and broken slumbers, have been successful.

That Commander Mackenzie, under these circumstances, was not bound to risk the safety of his vessel, and jeopard the lives of the young offi-The Court further find, that there was no place | cers, and the loyal of his crew, in order to secure on board the Brig, which would have given greater to the guilty, the forms of trial, and that the immediate execution of the prisoners was demanded by duty and justified by necessity.

The Court are further of opinion, that throughout all these painful occurrences, so well calculated to disturb the judgment, and try the energy of the bravest and most experienced officer, the conduct of Commander Mackenzie and his officers, was prudent, calm, and firm, and that he and they honorably performed their duty to the service and their country.

(Signed)

CHARLES STEWART,
President of the Court.

(Signed)

OGDEN HOFFMAN,

Judge Advocate."

Just before going into action on a certain occaon, a distinguished officer of the Navy ordered,

sion, a distinguished officer of the Navy ordered, that if any one on board should show signs of fear during the engagement, he should be put to instant death-A sailor did show signs of cowardice, and a Lieutenant stabbed him instantly to the heart; it was necessary, and he was justified. The rule of conduct on such occasions, is a part of the earliest principles of education in the Navy. The first thing a Midshipman learns, as he treads the deck of a man-of-war, is his duty in battle. As there is no conduct more base than to desert his quarters, so there is no crime which calls for more prompt and condign punishment. Obvious and marked cowardice in the day of battle, must be met by instant death. Of all occasions, this is the time when officers are most enjoined to show in themselves good examples; and if a man may be put to instant death for deserting his quarters—the officer is taught, that it is far more infamous in him to quit them without orders, and that dulce et decorum est, to perish there, rather than to leave and

This is a military principle, which is not taught by words—it is inhaled with the pure air of the sea-it is heard in the storm, and seen every where upon "the blue water." At an early day, the gallant and noble young Jarvis set an example that has hallowed this principle for the Navy; and the country, placing the true value upon it, resolved, in congress, that "the conduct of James Jarvis, a Midshipman of the Constellation, who gloriously preferred certain death to an abandonment of his post, is deserving of the highest praise; and that the loss of so promising an officer, is a subject of national regret." The same spirit ennobled young Casabianca at the battle of the Nile. This boy, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post when the ship had taken fire. There was no one to order him to quit, and he nobly perished at his post.

> *" The boy stood on the burning deck, Whence all but him had fled; The flame that lit the battle's wreck, Shone round him o'er the dead.

> > * Mrs. Hemans.

- "Yet beautiful and bright he stood As born to rule the storm, A creature of heroic blood, A proud, though child-like form.
- "The flames rolled on—he would not go, Without his father's word; That father, faint in death below, His voice no longer heard.
- "He call'd aloud—'say, father say, If yet my task is done?' He knew not that the chieftain lay Unconscious of his son.
- "'Speak, Father!' once again he cried.
 'If I may yet be gone!'
- —— And but the burning shrouds replied, And fast the flames rolled on.
- "Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair;
 And looked from that lone post of death,
 In still yet brave despair.
- "And shouted but once more aloud,
 'My father! must I stay?'
 While o'er him fast, through sail and cord,
 The wreathing fires made way.
- "They wrapt the ship in splendor wild, They caught the flag on high, And streamed above the gallant child, Like banners in the sky.
- "There came a burst of thunder sound— The boy—oh! where was he?—Ask of the winds that far around With fragments strewed the sea!
- "With mast and helm and pennon fair,
 That well hath borne their part—
 But the noblest thing that perished there,
 Was that young, faithful heart."

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE,

From 1769 to 1815. New-York; Harper & Brothers-1843.

The Messrs. Harper, in their public-spirited enterprise, have commenced publishing a series of STANDARD WORKS. This is one of them; Brande's Encyclopædia of Literature, Science and Arts, (the first numbers of which were noticed in our last,) is another of the same series. We await the publication of the other numbers of the latter, to express our views upon it, more at length. These works are published at wonderfully cheap rates: and we consider the scheme of the Messrs. Harpers as an undertaking fraught with incalculable public and national advantages. It is nothing less than a plan for placing within the reach of every American, however humble, the most valuable and instructive books in the language. Alison's History alone occupies about 2400 pages, such as theseit is printed in clean type, on good paper, and costs in England about \$50. Roublished in the United States by the Messrs. Harper, the retail price is

would lose by the establishment of any plan for ciples of reciprocity, might as well argue also, ring taxes—in England than in America. And in back the manufactured article upon the same terms. this instance \$4 to \$50 is the ratio in price of the same book, there with, and here without copyand to what extent is it right, just, proper or politic, to tax the American reader for the benefit of States General to the execution of Louis, and the the English writer? Had the Messrs. Harper published this work under the restrictions of copyright, its price here, instead of \$4, would have of the Constituent Assembly; the revolt, and overbeen at least \$15 or \$20, and the difference between throw of the throne on the 10th of August; the these two prices would be a tax upon the reader, trial and death of the king. It traces the changes and a drain upon the country-for, the excess would of public opinion and the fervor of innovation, from be chargeable to international copy-right, a large their joyous commencement to that bloody cataspart of the cost of which would have been sent trophe, and the successive steps by which the naover to England for the benefit of the author. Why tion was led from the transports of general philansubject the people to this tax? We owe the fo- thropy to the sombre ascendant of sanguinary amreigner abroad nothing but comity. If he will come bition. among us, we have guarantied to him certain rights. Is there any more reason why we should dists and the Jacobins; and, after recounting the protect, and that too by a direct tax upon our fall of the latter body, enters upon the dreadful era own citizens, the monopolies of Englishmen in of the Reign of Terror, and follows out the subsethe written or printed letters of books, than there is for granting to their monopolists protection in the manufacture and sale of printed calicoes and figured muslins? We think that one would be quite as wise a stroke of national policy, as the other. Suppose the circulation of this History in the United States to be 100,000 copies. In order to secure Mr. Alison the benefit of copy-right, the readers of the work would have been taxed from one milbon to two millions of dollars upon this single book. The increased expenses of international copy-right would, of course, make the circulation of every work much more limited, and therefore would operate as a tax upon general knowledge and popular instruction here, for the benefit of the privileged few abroad. There would be no such thing as reciprocity in international copy-right-even if authors were as fruitful on one side of the Atlantic as they are on the other. We, who read the most, would pay the most, and those payments would be made, not to our own citizens, but to others.

The so-called liberality of allowing American authors in England the protection of copy-right, is altogether illusory. The privilege was granted, not for our sakes, but for her own purposes. The law was passed to induce foreigners, to bring | tion, of avoiding the commission of many crimes their works there for publication -- in order that amid the stormy scenes to which it rapidly brings the type-founder, the paper maker, the engraver, them. It is not difficult to perceive the final cause and other artizans and tradesmen, might be en- of this law of Nature, or the important purpose it couraged and protected. England allows Ameri- is intended to serve in the moral government of can authors to print and publish them upon the same the world, by expelling from society, through the primeiple and for the same reasons, that she allows force of suffering, passions inconsistent with its cer cotton, and not our corn, to come there. It existence; but it is a consideration of all others seeks her convenience, and promotes her views. 'the best calculated to inspire ferbearance and mode-

44 less than one tenth. Here then, is a practi- | And those who argue for the passage of an intercal and striking illustration of what this country national copy-right law in this country, upon prininternational copy-right. The materials for book that because she admits our raw cotton at little making are quite as cheap, if not cheaper—bar- or no duty, we should reciprocate, and receive

But to return to Mr. Alison's charming work. The Messrs. Harper have published 4 numbers-The question then comes up,—how far, there will be 16 in all. The period embraced in these four, extends from the convention of the establishment of the French Republic in 1793. This period embraces the history and vast changes

> The second opens with the strife of the Gironquent struggles of the now exhausted factions till the establishment of a regular military government by the suppression of the revolt of the National Guard of Paris in October, 1795. This period embraces the commencement of the war; the immense exertions of France during the campaign in 1793; the heroic contest in La Vendée; the last efforts for Polish independence under Kosciusko; the conquest of Flanders and Holland; and the scientific manœuvres of the campaign of 1795. But its most interesting part is the internal history of the Revolution; the heart-rending sufferings of persecuted virtue; and the means by which Providence caused the guilt of the Revolutionists to work out their own deserved and memorable punishment.

> "If there is any one opinion which, more than another," says our author, "is impressed on the mind by a minute examination of the changes of the French Revolution, it is the perilous nature of the current into which men are drawn who commit themselves to the stream of political innovation, and the great difficulty experienced by those engaged in the contest, even though gifted with the greatest intellect and the most resolute determina-

actions of others placed in such trying and calamitous circumstances, and to exemplify the justice of the sacred precept, 'to judge of others as we would wish they should judge of ourselves.' Inexorable and unbending, therefore, in his opposition to false principles, it is the duty of the historian of such times to be lenient and considerate in his judgment of particular men; and, touching lightly on the weakness of such as are swept along by the waves, to reserve the weight of his censure for those who put the perilous torrent in motion."

There are few periods in the history of the world, which, in interest and importance, can be compared with that which improves the rise, progress, and termination of the French Revolution. Many of the scenes of those awful times, are drawn with great skill and power by Mr. Alison, and we propose to give an extract here and there, more in illustration of the powers and philosophical deductions of our author, than with the view or the hope of presenting anything new to our readers.

This is the view which he takes of slavery: "The universality of slavery in the early ages of mankind is a certain indication that it is unavoidable, from the circumstances in which the human species is everywhere placed in the first stages of society. Where capital is unknown, property insecure, and violence universal, there is no security for the lower classes but in the protection of their superiors; and the sole condition on which this can be obtained is that of slavery. Property in the person and labor of the poor is the only inducement which can be held out to the opulent to take them under their protection. Compulsion is the only power which can render labor general in the many ages, which must precede the influence of artificial wants, or a general taste for its fruits. Humanity, justice, and policy, so powerful in civilized ages, are then unknown, and the sufferings of the destitute are as much disregarded as those of the lewer animals. If they belonged to no lord, they would speedily fall a prey to famine or violence. How miserable soever the condition of slaves may be in those unruly times, they are incomparably better off than they would have been, if they had incurred the destitution of freedom.

"The simplicity of rural or patriarchal manners mitigates the severity of an institution which necessity had first introduced. The slaves among the Arabs or the Tartars enjoyed nearly as much happiness as their masters; their occupations, fare, and enjoyments were nearly the same. To this day, the condition of a slave in all the Eastern empires differs but little from that of a domestic servant in modern Europe; and even the enfranpeasant. Succor in sickness, employment in health, changes which were to follow it.

ration, in forming an opinion of the intentions or tages even in the best regulated states: during the anarchy of early times their value is incalculable." And this is the view which he takes of the servile

insurrection of St. Domingo. "The second catas-

trophe, more extensive in its operation, yet more terrible in its details, was the revolt of St. Domingo. The slaves in that flourishing colony, agitated by the intelligence which they received of the levelling principles of the Constituent Assembly, had early manifested symptoms of insubordination. The assembly, divided between the desire of enfranchising so large a body of men, and the evident dangers of such a step, had long hesitated on the course they should adopt, and were inclined to support the rights of the planters. But the passions of the negroes were excited by the efforts of a society styled "The Society of Friends of the Blacks," of which Brissot was the leading member; and the mulattoes were induced, by their injudicious advice, to organize an insurrection. They trusted that they would be able to control the ferocity of the slaves even during the heats of a revolt; they little knew the dissimulation and cruelty of the savage character. A universal revolt was planned and organized, without the slightest suspicion on the part of the planters, and the same night fixed on for its breaking out over the whole island. "At length, at midnight, on the 30th October,

the insurrection broke forth. In an instant twelve hundred coffee and two hundred sugar plantations were in flames; the buildings, the machinery, the farm-offices, reduced to ashes; the unfortunate proprietors hunted down, murdered, or thrown into the flames by the infuriated negroes. rors of a servile war universally appeared. unchained African signalized his ingenuity by the discovery of new and unheard of modes of torture. An unhappy planter was sawed asunder between two boards; the horrors inflicted on the women exceeded anything known even in the annals of Christian ferocity. The indulgent master was sacrificed equally with the inhumane; on all alike, young and old, rich and poor, the wrongs of an oppressed race were indiscriminately wreaked. Crowds of slaves traversed the country with the heads of the white children affixed on their pikes; they served as the standards of these furious assemblages. In a few instances only, the humanity of the negro character resisted the savage contagion of the time; and some faithful slaves, at the hazard of their own lives, fed in caves their masters or their children, whom they had rescued from destruction."

In alluding to the sanguinary and ferocious character of the French Revolution, our author argues thus: "It arose, not from any peculiarities in the disposition of the people, or any faults exclusively chised poor of France and England would find owing to the government, but the weight of desposomething to envy in the situation of a Russian tism which had preceded, and the magnitude of the It was distinand maintenance in old age, are important advan- guished by violence and stained with blood, be-

cause it originated chiefly with the laboring classes, and partook of the savage features of a servile revolt; it totally subverted the institutions of the country, because it condensed within a few years the changes which should have taken place in as many centuries; it speedily fell under the direction of the most depraved of the people, because its guidance was early abandoned by the higher to the lower orders; it led to a general spoliation of property, because it was founded on a universal insurrection of the poor against the rich. France would have done less at the Revolution, if she had done more before it; she would not have so unmercifully unsheathed the sword to govern if she had not so long been governed by the sword; she would not have fallen for years under the guillotine of the populace, if she had not groaned for centuries under the fetters of the nobility.

"It is in periods of apparent disaster, during the suffering of whole generations, that the greatest improvements on human character have been effected, and a foundation laid for those changes which ultimately prove most beneficial to the species. The wars of the Heptarchy, the Norman Conquest, the Contests of the Roses, the Great Rebellion, are apparently the most disastrous perieds of our annals; those, in which civil discord was most furious, and public suffering most universal. Yet these are precisely the periods in which its peculiar temper was given to the English character, and the greatest addition made to the causes of English prosperity; in which courage arose cut of the extremity of misfortune, national union out of foreign oppression, public emancipation out of aristocratic dissension, general freedom out of The national character which we regal ambition. now possess, the public benefits we now enjoy, the freedom by which we are distinguished, the energy by which we are sustained, are in a great measure owing to the renovating storms which have, in former ages, passed over our country. The darkest periods of French annals, in like manner, those of the successors of Charlemagne, of the English wars, of the contests of religion, of the despotism of the Bourbons, are probably the ones which have formed the most honorable features of the French character; which have ingrafted on the slavish ject of their exultation." habits of Roman servitude the generous courage of modern chivalry; on the passive submission of of Bonaparte: "During the terrors of this agifeudal ignorance, the impetuous valor of victorious tating day, (when the palace was forced by the mob pezriotism; which have extricated, from the collision of opinion, the powers of thought, and nursed, amid the corruption of despotism, the seeds of liberty. Through all the horrors of the Revolution, the same beneficial law of Nature may be discerned; and the annals of its career will not be thrown away, if, amid the greatest calamities, they teach confidence in the Wisdom which governs, and inspire hatred at the vices which desolate the she had nothing to fear; that the people were come world."

And, tracing the effects which the American Revolution had upon the public mind, and the cause of civil liberty in France, he says: "While the minds of the people were in a state of ferment, arising from the concurrence of so many causes of dissatisfaction, the imprudent policy of the French government in engaging in the American War, lighted a spark which speedily set the train on fire. From jealousy of the English power, and a desire to increase the difficulties of that country in the contest with her colonies, Louis XVI. took the dangerous step of aiding the insurgents. The consequence was, that the French soldiers, who were sent over to support the cause of transatlantic freedom, imbibed the intoxicating ideas of patriotic resistance; language unknown in their own country grew familiar to their ears; from being parties in a strife in which the authority of legitimate government was resisted, they became zealous in the cause of independence; from proving victorious in a contest in which royal power was overthrown, they easily passed over to the admiration of republican institutions. The success of the Americans shook the foundations of despotism in the Old World, and the throne of Louis tottered from his efforts to overthrow that of the English monarch. Not that the French king contemplated any such change, or was even convinced of the expedience of engaging in the contest. On the contrary, his secret correspondence proves that, when he gave orders for the commencement of the war, he yielded against his better judgment to a passion in the public mind which appeared to him at least irresistible.

"The early leaders of the Revolution, accordingly, were men who had signalized themselves in the cause of American independence. Marquis La Fayette, and many other young noblemen of talent and consideration, returned from the other side of the Atlantic, with a warm admiration of republican institutions, and an ardent desire to hold them up to the imitation of their countrymen. The friends of liberty were roused by the triumph of independence in the New World, and the flame rapidly spread among an enthusiastic people, who had so many more real causes of complaint than the patriots whose success was the sub-

Mr. Alison thus alludes to the first appearance in '92,) the queen and the princesses displayed the most heroic presence of mind. As they were retiring before the furious multitude, the Princess Elizabeth was mistaken for the queen, and loaded with maledictions. She forbade her attendants to explain the mistake, happy to draw upon herself the perils and opprobrium of her august relative. Santerre shortly after approached and assured her to warn, but not to strike. He handed her a red

cap, which she put on the head of the dauphin. sometimes enjoyed the savage pleasure of beholding The Princess Royal, a few years older, was weeping at the side of the queen; but the infant, with the innocence of childhood, smiled at the scene by which he was surrounded.

"A young officer, with his college companion, was a witness from the gardens of the Tuileries of this disgraceful scene. He expressed great regret at the conduct of the populace, and the imbecility of the ministry; but when the king appeared at the window with the cap of liberty on his head, he could no longer restrain his indignation. 'The wretches!' he exclaimed; 'they should cut down the first five hundred with grapeshot, and the remainder would soon take to flight.' He lived to put his principles in practice on the same spot; his name will never be forgotten: it was Napoleon Bonaparte."

These were the times when "France had got drunk with crime to vomit blood." And while the scenes there enacted, put in requisition the worst passions of the human breast, they also called forth and exemplified some of the most beautiful traits of our nature. Of the first, was the "massacre of the prisoners."

"Four and twenty priests, placed under arrest for refusing to take the new oaths, were in custody at the Hôtel de Ville. They were removed in six coaches to the prison of the Abbaye, amid the yells and execrations of the mob; and no sooner had they arrived there, than they were surrounded by a furious multitude, headed by Maillard, armed with spears and sabres, dragged out of their vehicles into the inner court of the prison, and there pierced by a hundred weapons.

"The cries of these victims, who were hewn to pieces by the multitude, first drew the eyes of the prisoners to the fate which awaited themselves: seized separately and dragged before an inexorable tribunal, they were speedily turned out to the vengeance of the populace. Reding was one of the first to be selected; the pain of his wounds extorted cries even from that intrepid Swiss soldier as he was hurried along, and one of the assassins drew his sword across his throat, and he perished before reaching the judges. The forms of justice were prostituted to the most inhuman massacre; torn from their dungeons, the prisoners were hurried before a tribunal, where the president, Maillard, sat by torchlight with a drawn sabre before him, and his robes drenched with blood; officers with drawn swords, and shirts stained with gore, surrounded the chair. A few minutes, often a few seconds, disposed of the fate of each individual; dragged from the pretended judgment hall, they were turned out to the populace, who thronged round the doors, armed with sabres, panting for slaughter, and with loud cries demanding a quicker supply of victims. No executioners were required; the people despatched the condemned with their own hands and

sometimes enjoyed the savage pleasure of beholding them run a considerable distance before they expired. Immured in the upper chambers of the building, the other prisoners endured the agony of witnessing the prolonged sufferings of their comrades; a dreadful thirst added to their tortures, and the inhuman jailors refused even a draught of water to their earnest entreaties. Some had the presence of mind to observe in what attitude death soonest relieved its victims, and resolved, when their hour arrived, to keep their hands down, lest, by warding off the strokes, they should prolong their sufferings.

"The populace, however, in the court of the Abbave, complained that the foremost only got a stroke at the prisoners, and that they were deprived of the pleasure of murdering the aristocrats. It was, in consequence, agreed that those in advance should only strike with the backs of their sabres, and that the wretched victims should be made to run the gauntlet through a long avenue of murderers, each of whom should have the satisfaction of striking them before they expired. The women in the adjoining quarter of the city made a formal demand to the commune for lights to see the massacres, and a lamp was, in consequence, placed near the spot where the victims issued, amid the shouts of the spectators. Benches, under the charge of sentinels, were next arranged " Pour les Messieurs," and another, " Pour les Dames," to witness the spectacle. As each successive prisoner was turned out of the gate, yells of joy rose from the multitude, and when he fell they danced like cannibals round his remains."

Does it not appear strange, even among the inconsistencies of human nature, that among such people, and in such times, materials should exist for such a picture as the following? It is drawn in the most simple and beautiful style of our author: "A young man, named Girey Dufocé, was brought to the bar of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The president asked if he had been a friend of Brissot. "I had that happiness." "What is your opinion of him!" "That he lived like Aristides, and died like Sidney!" was the intrepid answer. He was forthwith sent to the scaffold, where he perished with the firmness of his departed friend.

"Rabaud St. Etienne, one of the most enlightened and virtuous of the proscribed deputies, had escaped seen after the 2d of June from Paris. Tired of wandering through the provinces, he returned to the capital, and lived concealed in the house of one of those faithful friends, of whom the Revolution produced so many examples. His wife, influenced by the most tender attachment, incessantly watched over his safety. In the street, one day, she met one of the Jacobins, who assured her of his interest in her husband, and professed his desire to give him an asylum in his own house. Rabaud, being informed of the circumstance, and desirous

assigned an hour of the night for him to come and remove him from it. The perfidious wretch came accompanied by gens-d'armes, who dragged their victim, with his friendly host and hostess, to the Revolutionary Tribunal, whence they were sent to the scaffold. In despair, at having been the instrument, however innocent, of such treachery, his wife, in the flower of youth and beauty, put herself to death.

"Madame Roland was the next victim. This heroic woman had been early involved in the proscription of the Girondists, of whom her splendid talents had almost rendered her the head. Confined in the prison of the Abbaye, she employed the tedious months of captivity in composing the memoirs which so well illustrate her eventful life. With a firm hand she traced, in that gloomy abode, the joyous as well as the melancholy periods of her existence; the brilliant dreams and ardent patriotism of her youth; the stormy and eventful scenes of her maturer years; the horrors and anguish of her latest days. While suffering under the fanaticism of the people, when about to die under the violence of the mob, she never abandoned the principles of her youth, or regretted her martyrdom in the cause of freedom. If the thoughts of her daughter and her husband sometimes melted her to tears, she regained her firmness on every important occasion. Her Memoirs evince unbroken serenity of mind, though she was frequently interrupted in their composition by the cries of those whom the executioners were dragging from the adjoining cells to the scaffold.

On the day of her trial she was dressed with sexupulous care in white. Her fine black hair fell in profuse curls to her waist; but the display of its beauty was owing to her jailors, who had deprived her of all means of dressing it. She chose that dress as emblematic of the purity of her mind. Her advocate, M. Chaveau Lagarde, visited her to receive her last instructions; drawing a ring from her finger, she said, 'To-morrow I shall be no more: I know well the fate which awaits me; your kind assistance could be of no avail; it would endanger you without saving me. Do not, therefore, I pray you, come to the tribunal, but accept this as the last testimony of my regard.' Her defence, composed by herself the night before the trial, is one of the most eloquent and touching monuments of the Revolution. Her answers to the interrogatories of the judges, the dignity of her manner, the beauty of her figure, melted even the Revobetionary audience with pity. Finding they could implicate her in no other way, the president asked her if she was acquainted with the place of her She replied, that 'whether besband's retreat. she knew it or not, she would not reveal it, and crime, they moved the gates of hell in impotent that there was no law by which she was obliged, in rage against the King of Heaven, the Almighty

of saving his generous host from farther danger, a court of justice, to violate the strongest feelings informed the Jacobin of his place of retreat, and of nature.' Upon this she was immediately condemned. When the reading of her sentence was concluded, she rose and said, 'You judge me worthy to share the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavor to imitate their firmness on the scaffold.' She regained her prison with an elastic step and beaming eye. Her whole soul appeared absorbed in the heroic feelings with which she was animated.

"She was conveyed to the scaffold in the same car with a man whose firmness was not equal to her own. While passing along the streets, her whole anxiety appeared to be to support his courage. She did this with so much simplicity and effect, that she frequently brought a smile on the lips which were about to perish. At the place of execution she bowed before the gigantic statue of Liberty, and pronounced the memorable words, 'Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in your name!' When they arrived at the foot of the scaffold, she had the generosity to renounce, in favor of her companion, the privilege of being first executed. 'Ascend first,' said she; 'let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood flow.' Turning to the executioner, she asked if he would consent to that arrangement. He replied, 'That his orders were that she should die first.' 'You cannot,' said she, with a smile, 'I am sure, refuse a woman her last request?' Undismayed by the spectacle which immediately ensued, she calmly bent her head under the guillotine, and perished with the serenity she had evinced ever since her imprisonment.

"Madame Roland had predicted that her husband would not long survive her. Her prophecy was speedily fulfilled. A few days afterward, he was found dead on the road between Paris and Rouen; he had stabbed himself in that situation, that he might not, by the situation in which his body was found, betray the generous friends who had sheltered him in his misfortunes. pocket was contained a letter, in these terms: 'Whoever you are, oh! passenger, who discover my body, respect the remains of the unfortunate. They are those of a man who consecrated his whole life to be useful to his country; who died as he had lived, virtuous and unsullied. May my fellowcitizens embrace more humane sentiments: not fear, but indignation, made me quit my retreat when I heard of the murder of my wife. I loathed a world stained with so many crimes."

But with the blood-drunken populace, it was not enough to burn and to kill. It makes the warm blood grow chill in our veins to read of the frightful excesses of the times. The graves were broken up, and the dead dragged from their restingplaces, to be outraged by the people. Mad with Jehovah himself. With all the wickedness of man, the King of Heaven as well as the monarchs of it remained for the French Revolution, to exhibit the earth.' To accomplish this design, they presuch a picture as this:

| vailed on Gobet, the apostate Constitutional bishop

"The execution of the Queen was an act of defiance by the National Convention to all the crowned heads in Europe. It was immediately followed by a measure as unnecessary as it was barbarous—the violation of the tombs of St. Denis, and the profanation of the sepulchres of the kings of France. By a decree of the convention, these venerable asylums of departed greatness were ordered to be destroyed; a measure never adopted by the English Parliament even during the phrensy of the Covenant, and which proves that political fanaticism, will push men to greater extremities than religious. A furious multitude precipitated itself out of Paris; the tombs of Henry IV., of Francis 1., and of Louis XII., were ransacked and their bones scattered in the air. Even the glorious name of Turenne could not protect his grave from spoliation. His remains were almost undecayed, as when he received the fatal wound on the banks of the Lech. The bones of Charles V., the saviour of his country, were dispersed. At his feet was found the coffin of the faithful Du Guesclin, and French hands profaned the skeleton before which English invasion had rolled back. Most of these tombs were found to be strongly secured. Much time, and no small exertion of skill and labor, was required to burst their barriers. would have resisted forever the decay of time or the violence of enemies; they yielded to the fury of domestic dissension.

"This was immediately followed by a general attack upon the monuments and remains of antiquity throughout all France. The sepulchres of the great of past times, of the barons and generals of the feudal ages, of the Paladins, and the Crusaders, were involved in one undistinguished ruin. It seemed as if the glories of antiquity were forgotten, or sought to be buried in oblivion. The tomb of Du Guesclin shared the same fate as that of Louis XIV. The sculls of monarchs and heroes were tossed about like footballs by the profane multitude: like the grave-diggers in Hamlet, they made a jest of the lips before which nations had trembled.

"The monumental remains which had escaped their sacrilegious fury were subsequently collected by order of the Directory, and placed in a great museum at Paris, where they long remained piled and heaped together in broken confusion: an emblem of the Revolution, which destroyed in a few years what centuries of glory had erected.

"Having massacred the great of the present, and insulted the illustrious of former ages, nothing remained to the Revolutionists but to direct their vengeance against Heaven itself. Paché, Hebert, and Chaumette, the leaders of the municipality, publicly expressed their determination 'to dethrone' ever, when a bomb fell into an ammunition wagon,

vailed on Gobet, the apostate Constitutional bishop of Paris, to appear at the bar of the assembly, accompanied by some of the clergy of his diocese, and there abjure the Christian faith. He declared 'that no other national religion was now required but that of liberty, equality, and morality.' Many of the Constitutional bishops and clergy in the convention joined in the proposition. Crowds of drunken artisans and shameless prostitutes crowded to the bar, and trampled under their feet the sacred vases, consecrated for ages to the holiest purposes of religion. The sections of Paris shortly after followed the example of the Constitutional clergy, and publicly abjured the Christian religion. The churches were stripped of all their ornaments; their plate and valuable contents brought in heaps to the municipality and the convention, from whence they were sent to the mint to be melted down. Trampling under foot the images of our Saviour and the Virgin, they elevated, amid shouts of applause, the busts of Marat and Lepelletier, and danced round them, singing parodies on the Hallelujah, and dancing the Carmagnole."

We shall close our notice of the first part of this elegantly written and valuable history, with the author's account of the reduction of Lyons, waiting till the issue of the 2nd part, for a notice of the period to which it relates:

"But all these heroic efforts could not arrest the progress of a more fatal enemy within its walls. Famine was consuming the strength of the besieged; for long the women had renounced the use of bread, in order to reserve it for the combatants; but they were soon reduced to half a pound a day of this humble fare. The remainder of the inhabitants lived on a scanty supply of oats, which was daily served out, with the most rigid economy, from the public magazine. But even these resources were at length exhausted; in the beginning of October, provisions of every kind had failed; and the thirty sections of Lyons, subdued by stern necessity, were compelled to nominate deputies to proceed to the hostile camp.

"The brave Precy, however, even in this extremity, disdained to submit. With generous devotion, he resolved to force his way, at the head of a chosen band, through the enemy's lines, and seek in foreign climes that freedom of which France had become unworthy. On the night of the 9th of October, the heroic column, consisting of two thousand men, the flower of Lyons, set forth, with their wives and children, and what little property they could save from the ruin of their fortunes. They began in two columns their perilous march, guided by the light of their burning habitations, amid the tears and blessings of those friends who remained behind. Scarcely had they set out, however, when a bomb fell into an ammunition wagon.

by the explosion of which, great numbers were pense of these demolitions, which continued withkilled. Notwithstanding this disaster, the head of the column broke the division opposed to it, and forced its way through the lines of the besiegers, but an overwhelming force soon assailed the centre and rear. As they proceeded, they found themselves enveloped on every side; all the heights were lined with cannon, and every house filled with soldiers; an indiscriminate massacre took place, in which men, women and infants alike perished; and of the whole who left Lyons, scarcely fifty forced their way with Precy into the Swiss territories.

"On the following day the Republicans took possession of Lyons. The troops observed strict discipline; they were lodged in barracks, or bivouacked on the place Bellecour and the Terreaux: the inhabitants indulged a fleeting hope that a feeling of humanity had at length touched the bosoms of their conquerors. They little knew the bitterness of Republican hatred: Lyons was not spared; it was only reserved for cold-blooded vengeance.

"No sooner was the town subdued than Couthon entered at the head of the authorities of the convention, and instantly reinstated the Jacobin municipality in full sovereignty, and commissioned them to seek out and denounce the guilty. wrote to Paris that the inhabitants consisted of three classes: 1. The guilty rich. 2. The selfish 3. The ignorant workmen, incapable of any wickedness. 'The first,' he said, 'should be guillotined, and their houses destroyed; the fortunes of the second confiscated; and the third removed elsewhere, and their place supplied by a Republican colony.'

"'On the ruins of this infamous city,' said Barrere, in the name of the committee of Public Safety, when he announced that Lyons was subdued, 'shall be raised a monument to the eternal glory of the convention; and on it shall be engraved the inscription, ' Lyons made war on freedom: Lyons is no more.' The name of the unfortunate city was suppressed by a decree of the convention: it was termed the 'Commune Affranchie.' All the inhabitants were appointed to be disarmed, and the whole city destroyed, with the exception only of the poor's house, the manufactories, the great workshops, the hospitals, and public monuments. A commission of five members was appointed to inflict vengeance on the inhabitants: at their head were Conthon and Collot d'Herbois. The former presided over the destruction of the edifices, the latter over the annihilation of the inhabitants. Attended by a crowd of satellites, Couthon traversed the finest quarters of the city with a silver hammer; splendid square. Fouché then exclaimed, 'The be struck at the door of the devoted houses, exclaiming at the same time, 'Rebellious house, I | We swear before thy sacred image to avenge thy strike you in the name of the law!' Instantly the death: the blood of the aristocrats shall serve for agents of destruction, of whom twenty thousand its incense.' At the same time a fire was lighted were in the pay of the convention, surrounded the on the altar, the crucifix and the gospel were comdwelling and levelled it with the ground. The ex- mitted to the flames, the consecrated bread trampled

out interruption for six months, was greater than it cost to raise the princely Hotel of the Invalids: it amounted to the enormous sum of £700,000. The palaces thus destroyed were the finest private buildings in France, three stories in height, and erected in the richest style of the buildings of Louis XIV.

"But this vengeance on inanimate stones was but a prelude to more bloody executions. Collot d'Herbois, the next proconsul, was animated with an envenomed feeling towards the inhabitants; ten years before he had been hissed off their stage, and the vicissitudes of the Revolution had now placed resistless power in the hands of an indifferent provincial comedian; an emblem of the too frequent tendency of civil convulsions to elevate whatever is base, and sink whatever is noble among mankind. The discarded actor resolved at leisure to gratify a revenge of ten years' duration; innumerable benefits since conferred on him by the people of Lyons, and no small share of their favor, had not been able to extinguish this ancient grudge. Fouché (of Nantes,) afterwards so well known as minister of police under Napoleon, the worthy associate of Collot d'Herbois, published before his arrival a proclamation, in which he declared 'that the French people could acknowledge no other worship but that of universal morality; no other faith but that of its own sovereignty; that all religious emblems placed on the roads, on the houses, or on public places, should be destroyed; that the mortcloth used at funerals should bear, instead of a religious emblem, a figure of Sleep, and that over the gate of the cemetery should be written, Death is an eternal sleep.'

"Proceeding on these atheistical principles, the first step of Collot d'Herbois and Fouché was to institute a fête in honor of Chalier, the Republican governor of Lyons, a man of the most execrable character, who had been put to death on the first insurrection against the rule of the convention. The churches were next closed, the priests abolished, the decade established, and every vestige of religion extinguished. The bust of Chalier was then carried through the streets, followed by an immense crowd of assassins and prostitutes, exclaiming, 'A bas les aristocrates! Vive le guillotine!' After them came an ass, bearing the Gospel, the cross, the communion vases, and all the most sacred emblems of the Christian worship; the procession came to the Place des Terreaux, where an altar was prepared amid the ruins of that once blood of the wicked can alone appease thy manes! under the feet of the mob, and the ass compelled to drink out of the communion cup the consecrated wine. After this, the procession, singing indecent songs, traversed the streets, followed by an ambulatory guillotine.

vengeance, Collot d'Herbois prepared a new and simultaneous mode of punishment. Sixty captives of both sexes, were led out together, tightly bound in a file, to the Place du Brotteaux; they were arranged in two files, with a deep ditch on each side,

"The Revolutionary Tribunal established under such auspices, was not slow in consummating the work of destruction. 'Convinced, as we are,' said Collot d'Herbois, 'that there is not an innocent soul in the whole city but such as was loaded with chains by the enemies of the people, we are steeled against every sentiment of mercy; we are resolved that the blood of the patriots shall be revenged in a manner at once prompt and terrible. The decree of the convention for the destruction of Lyons has been passed, but hardly anything has been done for its execution. The work of demolition goes on too slowly: more rapid destruction is required by Republican impatience. The explosion of the mine or the ravages of fire can alone express its omnipotence; its will can admit of no control, like the mandates of tyrants: it should resemble the lightning of Heaven.' 'We must annihilate at once the enemies of the Republic; that mode of revenging the outraged sovereignty of the people will be infinitely more appalling than the trifling and insufficient work of the guillotine. Often twenty wretches on the same day have undergone punishment, but my impatience is insatiable till all the conspirators have disappeared; popular vengeance calls for the destruction of our whole enemies at one blow; we are preparing the

"In pursuance of these principles, orders were given to the Revolutionary Tribunal to redouble their exertions. 'We are dying of fatigue,' said the judges and the executioner to Collot d'Herbois. 'Republicans,' replied he, 'the amount of your labors is nothing to mine: burn with the same ardor as I for your country, and you will soon recover your strength.' But the ferocity of their persecutors was disappointed by the heroism which most of these victims displayed in their last moments. Seated on the fatal chariots, they embraced each other with transports of enthusiasm, exclaiming,

'Mourir pour la patrie Est le sort le plus doux, Le plus digne d'envie.'

"Many women watched for the hour when their husbands were to pass to execution, precipitated themselves upon the chariot, locked them in their arms, and voluntarily suffered death by their side. Daughters surrendered their honor to save their parents' lives; but the monsters who violated them, adding treachery to crime, led them out to behold the execution of the objects for whom they had submitted to sacrifices worse than death itself.

"Deeming the daily execution of fifteen or twenty such persons too tardy a display of Republican

simultaneous mode of punishment. Sixty captives of both sexes, were led out together, tightly bound in a file, to the Place du Brotteaux; they were arranged in two files, with a deep ditch on each side. which was to be their place of sepulchre, while gendarmes, with uplifted sabres, threatened with instant death whoever moved from the position in which they stood. At the extremity of the file, two cannon, loaded with grape, were so placed as to enfilade the whole. The wretched victims beheld with firmness the awful preparations, and continued singing the patriotic hymns of the Lyonese, till the signal was given and the guns were discharged. Few were so fortunate as to obtain death at the first fire; the greater part were merely mutilated, and fell uttering piercing cries, and beseeching the soldiers to put a period to their sufferings. Broken limbs, torn off by the shot, were scattered in every direction, while the blood flowed in torrents into the ditches on either side of the line. A second and a third discharge were insufficient to complete the work of destruction, till at length the gendarmerie, unable to witness such protracted sufferings, rushed in and despatched the survivers with their The bodies were collected and thrown sabres. into the Rhone.

"On the following day, this bloody scene was renewed on a still greater scale. Two hundred and nine captives, drawn from the prisons of Roanne, were brought before the Revolutionary judges at the Hotel de Ville, and, after merely interrogating them as to their names and professions, the lieutenant of the gendarmerie read a sentence, condemning them all to be executed together. In vain several exclaimed that they had been mistaken for others—that they were not the persons condemned. With such precipitance was the affair conducted, that two commissaries of the prison were led out along with their captives; their cries, their reclamations, were alike disregarded. In passing the bridge Morand, the error was discovered upon the prisoners being counted: it was intimated to Collot 'What d'Herbois that there were two too many. signifies it,' said he, 'that there are two too many; if they die to-day, they cannot die to-morrow.' whole were brought to the place of execution, a meadow near the granary of Part Dieu, where they were attached to one cord, made fast to trees at stated intervals, with their hands tied behind their backs, and numerous pickets of soldiers disposed so as by one discharge to destroy them all. At a signal given, the fusillade commenced; but few were killed; the greater part had only a jaw or a limb broken, and, uttering the most piercing cries, broke loose in their agony from the rope, and were cut down by the gendarmerie in endeavoring to escape. The great numbers who survived the discharge rendered the work of destruction a most laborious operation, and several were still breathing on the following day, when their bodies were mingled with quicklime, and cast into a common grave. Collot d'Herbois and Fouché were witnesses of this butchery from a distance, by means of telescopes which they directed to the spot."

INVOCATION TO THE SOUTHERN MUSE.

Lyre of the sunny South, awake, That 'neath the myrtles lull'd so long, Dost dream the dulcet hours away, And hide thee from the toils of song.

Awake! for by the fitful strain That thrills us with its cadence sweet, I know thou hast a soul of fire, Let the wild winds thy voice repeat.

Born, where so strong, 'neath favoring skies The germs of eloquence did swell, Where Henry's hand impassioned struck Of Liberty, the sounding shell;

Where Marshall plac'd, with classic pen, His Country's name on History's scroll, And round his stainless memory, wreath'd The virtues of a godlike soul;

Born where so many a lofty mind Look'd kindling forth, from eyes of flame, Where many a ruler of our realm Enwrapp'd them in their robes of fame;

Born where Mount-Vernon's precious dust A Merca-shrine for Earth doth rear, Breathe boldly like a passion-gust Strains which an unborn race shall hear.

The northern harp 'mid breezes cold Doth fondly list thy sister-lay, No longer let inglorious rest Thy noblest birthright steal away:

Lyre of the South,-awake !--awake !--That 'neath the myrtles lull'd too long, Hath dream'd away the dulcet hours,-And hid thee from the toil of song.

L. H. S.

THE MUFFLED PRIEST.

A SCENE IN ROME.

The aisles of the chapel, lately thronged with many worshippers, were silent. The sounds of prayer which had echoed through the groined roof, were hushed. The assembly which had knelt in solemn, but erroneous devotion, had disappeared; and the stone image—the senseless object of their adoration-smiled grimly in the gloomy loneliness, as his chiselled features displayed themselves in the temple, erected by superstitions wealth, to his

But one individual remained, a long robe of sombre hue concealing his person, who leaned, as if in deep thought, against the pedestal, on which stood the deity. He was the deity.

A long shadow was cast on the floor, and instantly afterward, a tall gaunt figure appeared at the door; a mantle of spotless white overhung his shoulders, scarcely concealing his broad and ample chest. The erectness of his carriage, the thee, and shared his all with thee. Through his dignity of his attitude, the fire of his eye, the bold- high influence, when accused before the senate, ness of his step, and the proud curl upon his lip, thou saved thy name, thy honor and thy life. Alproclaimed him to be a man of rank and ambition. though thy junior, thou soughtest him for advice,

A contemptuous sneer played upon his countenance-As he cast his eyes about the sanctuary, he glanced towards the stern deity itself, as its deformed features seemed to assume an expression of indignation at the audacity of the intruder. The stranger then turned toward the altar on which, in a golden vase, richly studded with jewels, burned an offering of frankincense, emitting a pale blue smoke, which rose and festooned from pillar to pillar, disseminating its perfume through the adjacent space. None of these, however, seemed to produce either awe or respect in the mind of the Roman; for, striding past the shrine, he cried:

"Priest! dost sleep?"

The individual whom he addressed slowly turned his head, muttered, "'tis he!" then drawing his robe more closely about him, answered:

"No, I sleep not. The Priest of this deity is not as other men, he needs no sleep."

"Cease this folly," cried the senator impatiently; "well I know all tricks and jugglers of thy craft; save thy precious trash to dose the vulgar-reserve thy lectures for the fools who kneel to this thing of stone !"

"Beware! rash man," returned the Priest, "how, in the sanctuary of this house, you brave his vengeance; what thou thinkest stone, may possess power to strike terror to even thy stubborn heart!"

"Forbear this idle talk," exclaimed the other. "Idle talk!" repeated the Priest, with deep so-

lemnity of manner, "obdurate as thou art, this deity, through me, can disclose that, which would make thee tremble!"

"I would fain witness the skill of which thou vauntest," said the senator, in a more serious manner; for, he was unconsciously imbibing a portion of the awe which pervaded the place.

"Thou shalt be gratified," returned the Priest. "What I now tell, thou thinkest buried in thine own bosom, unknown by others; if I disclose it to thee, doubt not that he who presides here, can read the hearts of all who approach him, whether to worship or to scoff."

"Proceed, proceed," cried the other.

"Twenty years since, Armonius, thou wert a general, the commander of a legion -

"Well done for the omniscience of thy god," cried the Roman, jeeringly; "my many triumphs have chronicled the truth of thy remark in the archives of the republic. Is this thy wonder !"

"Interrupt me not," answered the Priest, calmly; "when I finish, speak what words thou'st mindtill then, listen. Twenty years since, when thou wert a general, thou had'st a friend-ha! start'st thou now! Twenty years since, I too had a friend, but I do not tremble. Thy friend loved thee, served

tory. When surrounded by barbarians, and the pilum taken from one of thine own band, was hurled at thee, his buckler warded off the well-directed blow-but," and his manner became more impressive, his voice more melodious, "that friend, alas! loved an Italian girl, soft, pure, and lovely as the sky which arches over her native land-See, thou start'st again; did I not tell thee I would make thee tremble? Yes, he loved the girl, not with the vile feeling which tempted thee to gaze upon her charms, and admire her for them alone. His fondness was for herself, her rich angelic mind, more than even her dazzling beauty. Treacherously thou strovest to supplant him in her affections, by the splendor of military rank, knowing, as he had confided to thee, that their vows had been exchanged. Thou found'st thy arts useless and did'st change thy love to hatred. The girl became thy friend's wife, when thou, falsely accusing him of crime, did'st use thy power to tear him from her armssell him into bondage-confiscate his property, and strike his name from the list of citizens. His wife survived her miseries, but a year, while thou did'st return to the capitol loaded with the spoils of the enemy. Yet with the red hot hand of guilt, grasping thy conscience, and even now, proud and ostentatious before the world, the god tells me in thy chamber, thou'rt a coward-starting, in alarm, if the least noise breaks on the midnight."

"Who art thou that dost know all this?" cried the Roman, in evident alarm.

"I am the Priest," answered the other, "of the deity, who can unnerve even the Roman senator!"

A paleness overspread the face of Armenius, as throws herself into his arms—his lip the looked first on the graven image, and then on his oracle; but, by a violent exertion, resuming his embrace, declares them to be lovers. Wonted carelessness of demeanor, he said:

Stealing noiselessly into the deep

"Well, if it is so, let it rest—though 'tis all false, as thou hast said, yet here is a purse: I present it to thy god, or thee: I suppose it's the same thing—I will to-morrow add another. He may be all thou'st represented him, but I believe neither in stocks nor in stones—however, I have an object; but first, Priest, can'st thou keep a secret!"

"Why ask! have I not formerly done so for thee!"

- "Tis true! but this is of more importance."
- "So shall my lips be surer guarded."
- "Priest, I am rich!"
- "Thy gifts to me have proved it."
- "I am bountiful!"
- "Yonder jewelled vase attests it."
- "Well, then, I will trust thee; serve me well, and I will erect a sanctuary to thy deity, the proudest in Rome."
- "My ears are open, and my heart prepared to meet thy words," said the Priest.
- "Tis this," continued Armenius: "The proud Augustus, our new censor, is about to make him-

and using it did'st bind thy brow with laurels of victory. When surrounded by barbarians, and the pilum taken from one of thine own band, was hurled at thee, his buckler warded off the well-directed blow—but," and his manner became more impressive, his voice more melodious, "that friend, alas! loved an Italian girl, soft, pure, and lovely as the sky which arches over her native land—See, thou start'st again; did I not tell thee I would make self prince of the senate, and I would thwart him. I have no line of noble ancestors, on whom to base my claims; it is superstition that must aid me; that thou can'st command. Thy temple is the resort of the rich and the poor of the city—of the high and the low; by thy aid, and that of yonder stone, my desires may be accomplished; if thou wilt, and I succeed in my designs, I swear to keep thou start'st again; did I not tell thee I would make

The Priest consented; when the two, having consulted measures for the furtherance of their scheme, the aspiring senator withdrew; while the Priest, drawing aside a veil, entered an inner apartment, and the shades of night enveloped the capital of the world.

The multitudinous noises of the gay metropolis had subsided; the twilight had passed away, and the moon shone brightly in the cloudless firmament—'twas midnight.

Each pillar reared its graceful capital distinct in the silvery flood which illumined the earth, with nearly the brilliancy of sunshine, save where its rays were caught and reflected back by the pale marble, which rose in tasteful intercolumniation, around the princely mansion of Armenius.

One object only gave animation to the scene, and even he appeared scarcely living, for in the darkness of a deep shadow, he stood, as if transfixed, and made no motion, save now and then the hand, which was laid upon his breast, would contract, as if with nervous action.

Another figure is added to the scene—she glides on tip-toe, and rapidly flies to meet the youth; she throws herself into his arms—his lips meet hers—the sudden transport of delight—the impassioned embrace, declares them to be lovers.

Stealing noiselessly into the deeper shade of an adjacent wall, they are concealed from every eye, save that of Him, who cannot look upon such love, so pure, so fervid and so disinterested, but with pity on the sad fate which seperated them.

"Agricola, love," whispered the maid, "have I lingered too long from thee? Thou wilt forgive me; it was to avoid detection that I tarried."

The youth seized her tapering fingers in his own, and pressed them to his bosom.

- "No, love," he cried, pressing her hand to his lips, and bathing them in the sea of agony, which was rushing from his eyes. "No, alas! thou hadst not lingered long enough; would that thou hadst never come!"
- "Say not so, Agricola. Wherefore dost thou weep thus?" she inquired soothingly.
- "Because," he replied, "this is the last time that we meet, Maria, and may I not consecrate it by a tear, as one of fond remembrance?"
- "The last, Agricola!" sobbed the tender girl"Oh, name it not, we never will part again."
 - "Alse! what would'st thou?"

- "Live with thee; die with thee; Maria would be thy wife."
- "No, no!" exclaimed the youth, as a pang of grief darted through his soul; "no, Maria, it may not be!"
- "Then," said she reprovingly, "thou dost not love me, or thou would'st not cast me off."
- "Love you!" cried he, "it is that I love well, too-"
 - "Then, why not listen to my prayer !"
 - "Alas! it is I love too deeply."
- "No," cried the girl, "no, Agricola; didst thou love like me, like me, adore! thou would'st cast aside these fears."
- "Fears!" repeated the youth, dropping his hand, and flashing a fire from his eye, which illuminated the space about them; "fears, Maria! thou dost not know me; to me, fear is a stranger. 'Tis not that which influences me; but recollect, girl—Agricola is a slave!"

The momentary sternness which he had assumed, did not, however, damp the ardor of the girl! It seemed to render him still dearer to her. She placed her fragile arm about his manly neck, and in a tone of gentle reproach: "Rebuke me not, my love," she said, "thou knowest Agricola is a slave; Cynthia, would share his bondage with him. Her love should make his slavery sweeter far than freedom."

- "Desist, I pray thee," responded the youth, encircling her waist with his arm, with respectful tenderness, and softening his tone; "remember your father is a Roman!"
- "I know it well," she answered, eagerly, "yet still I love thee."
- "I know it, Maria; alas, too well; but were I to wed thee, it would draw his indignation on us both. For myself, I care not; but for thee—the gods know, sooner would I give my head to the executioner, than those bright eyes should lower before the frown of an angry father. Maria, it must not be;" and clasping his hands in agony, he added, "let me remain a slave, though I love the worthy daughter of a Roman."

"Cruel as thou art, I still will love thee," she whispered through his ears; "none but thee I live or eare for. My father's wrath I heed not, so that I possess thee: I care—"

"Hist," said her lover, as he carefully leaned toward the spot they had just quitted; "when last we met, I heard a noise, like that which just struck upon mine ear—Maria, away!"

"Never," cried the girl, filled with love's desperation, and clinging more closely to him; "never, till thou'st promised. I will die with thee, Agricola, but will not lose thee!"

A faint noise resembling a foot-fall, broke on the silence, as Agricola strove to disengage himself from the virgin, who twined her arms wildly about his neck.

- "Begone, Maria, I beseech!"
- "Till you promise, never!" she articulated, nearly choaked with emotion.

Again, the noise was heard—If they were discovered, ruin would befall the idol of his heart, and he be degraded by the lash. A moment more; it would be too late; he put his lips to her ear—"I promise."

In the next instant, the light form of the maid was lost among the columns, and her lover, looking hastily about, saw the shadow, evidently that of a man, cast on the pavement near him, but so instantaneous was the disappearance, that it had vanished ere he was fully aware of the reality. He kneeled and placed his ear on the stones, but all was silent, save the short beatings of his heart.

The immovable features of the pagan idol were dimly visible in the breaking day, that stole through the portice of his temple, while equally inflexible, the Priest sat at its feet, his face hid in the ample folds of his mantle, presenting only the undefined outlines of a man.

As the gray haze of morning yielded to the strengthening dawn, the senator, with a deep frown settled on his brow, walked in and saluted the Priest, who rose to receive him.

- "Why here, and so early?" demanded the latter.
 "I could effect nothing in the short period since we parted yesterday."
- "'Tis not for that I sought thee," answered the visitor.
 - "Then why this visit?" returned the Priest.
 - "For vengeance!"
- "Thou shalt have it," replied the Priest, gathering his robe about him.
 - "Thou knowest not what I mean, foolish Priest."
- "Still thou shalt have vengeance;" and a dry cough, like a death rattle, sounJed in the throat of the Priest—it might have been a laugh.
- "Silence," said the senator, sternly laying his clenched hand upon the altar; "the new made laws have deprived us of our innate right to punish our slaves with death—yet I have a slave must die!"

An involuntary shudder passed over the heather Priest, but he pulled his robe more closely about him, and the start passed unobserved. Armenius continued:

"I have a niece, my brother's daughter. She lives with me, my adopted child. This slave has dared to love her. I could let that pass, but she, the daughter of a freeborn son of Rome, forgetting her birth, returns his passion. I heard her swear it to him at the last midnight. That seals his doom, and the slave shall die! Were it not that suspicion resting on me might blight my brilliant hopes, this hand had done the deed; but I am unused to tricks, I leave it too thee; thy trade is craftiness, and thou canst lull suspicion. That's but my fee,"

reward shall make thee rich."

"'Tis well," muttered the Priest, "how callest thou the slave?"

"Agricola," said the other.

The sudden start and half word which escaped the Priest, caught the other's attention.

"Why startest thou?" he demanded.

"I started!" answered the Priest, recovering himself, and stretching forth an arm, much withered and shrunken, "because this hand was never dipped in blood."

"A wise Priest," said the senator, scornfully. " I see thy object; well, be it so," and he threw another purse upon the altar.

"Thy words must be my law," said the Priest in a low tone-"but away! the people come to worship."

The senator cast a searching glance on the muffled face of the Priest; he drew his robe about him, and casting a disdainful look on the throng which now commenced kneeling about the image, left the chapel.

When the worshippers had concluded their devotions, they retired, and soon the Priest was left alone with one person, who still knelt at the altar: The Priest having carefully fastened the doors, the devotee rose, and casting aside the gray mantle which disguised him, exhibited the fine form of Agricola the slave.

"Father," said he, "I crave thy blessings. Thou hast been ever kind to Agricola; but he is poor, and all that he can return, he now presents to thee, the love that springs from his heart."

"'Tis all I ask," cried the Priest, casting aside his mantle and embracing him; "the love of the good is the greatest treasure. But, my son, thou hast failed in confidence to me, and dangers beset thy path, ranged thicker than the pikes of the Macedonian."

Agricola blushed, and sank his head upon his in an instant exclaiming,

"It is true," he replied, "that I have not told thee all-but now-"

" Mind it not now—I know all;" the youth glanced incredulously into his face, when the Priest taking his hand, continued; "yes, all-thou lovest thy master's daughter, and she returns thy love. Is it not so ?"

"Alas, alas! too rightly hast thou said," answered the young man despondingly.

"Say not alas!" cried the Priest, his eyes brightning with delight, "she shall be thy wife!"

"My wife?" repeated Agricola, retiring a few paces, regarding the other with astonishment, " and I a slave!"

"Fear not! if thou would'st be happy, obey me. At midnight, fly hither with thy bride, and I will unite thee."

he said, casting a bag of gold upon the altar; "my | many conflicting emotions; "the populace will slav thee, if thou dost unite a slave to a freeborn girl!"

> "Leave that to me. Obey my instructions. Now away! return at midnight."

> At the same hour as on the previous morning, Armenius repeated his vist, but the Priest met him at the altar; and, as he was about to speak, said in a bolder tone than he had hitherto used:

"The deity has again spoken of thee!"

"Hast thou punished the slave?" demanded Armenius, eagerly.

" First, must I relate the words of the god I serve, then to my question."

"Be speedy with thy fooleries," said Armenius, haughtily; "I have weighty business to-day, and a few moments to spare."

"Last night," said the Priest, "the god spoke to his servant, and said, the friend Atticus, whom Armenius exiled, yet lives. Start not, senator of Rome-Atticus yet lives, and in disguise has returned to Rome, found proof of thy baseness, and received honors from Augustus. He has learned, too, that before her death, his wife was delivered of a child-that thou didst seize the infant, and didst bring him up as thy slave, that thou mightest feast thy hellish hate in seeing the son of thy rival eat with thy bondsmen."

" Hast thou ended!" asked the auditor.

"I have," answered the Priest.

"Then know, thy god or thou speakest false, for of a surety I know that Atticus is long since dead. Now answer me, bast thou slain the slave!"

"To satisfy thyself how faithfully I have executed my commission," said the Priest; "raise yonder veil and behold his body."

The senator strode in the direction pointed out; and, drawing aside the curtain, beheld Agricola with Maria in his arms. He recoiled at first, but

"Wretch, thou hast deceived me!" unsheathed a jewel-gilted dagger from beneath his robe, and was bounding forward, when the Priest caught his

"Hold, murderer," he cried, "nor dare to shed a freeman's blood!"

"He is not free. He is my slave," cried the senator, striving to free himself from the Priest, who held him with an iron grasp, while he exclaimed, "'tis false-he is my son"-then casting aside his robe, he discovered his person decked in full senatorial costume, while he added, " and I am Atticus, a Roman senator;" then wresting the dagger from his hand, he threw him from him with gigantic strength, crying, "thy treason has reached the ears of Augustus. Guards, seize the traitor!"

As if by magic, the chapel filled with legionaries, who, tearing his robes from the crest-fallen "But, remember," said the youth, tertured with Armenius, conducted him to a neighboring prison; and estates, with Agricola and his lovely bride, were escorted triumphantly to the palace of Au-

FLORETTA: OR, THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRY IV. From the German of Henry Zschokke. BY G. F. STRUVE.

THE YOUNG PRINCE OF BEARN.

There was a great fête at Nerac, a pretty little village in Gascony; it lasted several days in consequence of the arrival there of the King of France, Charles IX., with his splendid court, on a visit to that of Navarre; an account of which still exists in the old chronicles of Nerac, under ferred looking on the hopeful young Prince of date of the year 1566.

The visit was friendly. The King of France brought to the Queen of Navarre, her young son, Henry, whom he had educated at the Parisian court. The Queen now wished to have him with ber. One may therefore imagine, what rejoicings it caused, when the mother pressed her child again to her bosom. The Queen's name was Johanna; and, she was not only a tender mother, but a perfect heroine. It is known throughout the world, how she acted when she gave birth to her darling judges of human nature. Henry. Her father, Henry of Albert, King of Navarre, with a golden box in his hand containing a long chain of the same material, stepping up to ber bed on that occasion, said, "behold, my little daughter, if you will sing me some pretty ditty at your accouchement, you shall receive this with its contents." Which she duly performed. He placed the golden chain round her neck, and with it gave ber the box. "But," said he, taking her new born son in his arms, "I shall keep this in return." The mother, however, refused to part with him.

Now, Henry was much grown; though scarcely fifteen years of age, he might have passed for a youth of eighteen, he had become so tall. There was indeed not the least appearance of down on his chin, and his complexion was a beautiful compound of red and white; but he possessed the courage of an old blade; his hands and arms were rendered strong and muscular from the use of the sword, and by all kinds of severe exercise, in which he prided himself. He was a perfect rattlebrain, and withal, a spirited fellow; he could ride, hunt, feace, dance, and climb hills and rocks with the ease of a Chamois. His teacher and governor, the learned Lagaucherie, had at times much trouble with him. But the young Prince was so amiable, so witty, and so kind, one could not feel otherwise than prepossessed in his favor. And, if he were

while the new senator, restored to all his power of duty and honor, he could, in a few moments, with these two words, be made as tame as a lamb. This is saying a great deal for a young man who had a kingdom for an inheritance. For, at the present day, a spoilt son of a merchant can scarcely be brought to reason with such words as duty and

> The people of Nerac, therefore, preferred gazing on the wild, handsome, kind Henry, than on all the pomp of majesty of the King of France. And what is there, indeed, to see in horses, coaches, gilded postilions and lackeys, body guards, Hungarian soldiers and other such baggage? Saddlers, taylors, wheelwrights, manufacturers of lace, and such people, who wish to learn something in their trade, may gaze at them. The higher class rather look on that, which deserves the most respect; not on that to which the most honors are shown. Hence it was, that the better class in Nerac pre-Bearn, viz: young Henry, than on the King. The latter, moved along in a demure and majestic manner, scarcely recognizing the salutations which were offered to him; while Henry smiled, in a friendly manner, right and left, and willingly returned their greetings, and in his smile, there was much sweetness of expression. At least, all the young women and girls at Nerac, with knowing looks, unanimously testified to it. In such things, young ladies are indisputably sure critics, or rather

> There were in the suite of the King, many young men-handsome, intelligent and brave: for instance, the Duc de Guise, who was three years older than the Prince. However, they only looked on him as a friend, and he on them. The young Duke was well aware of it; it often displeased him, which was probably the reason that he was not over fond of the King of Navarre's son. They had been playmates and companions from their childhood; they seldom, however, agreed. The King of France had continually something to settle and arrange between them. It was, therefore, fortunate that they were to be separated, and that Henry was to remain with his mother. They were almost on the eve of another quarrel before their parting at Nerac.

THE CROSS-BOW SHOOTING.

Among other festivals, that also of cross-bow shooting was celebrated. The King himself was a good marksman. Unfortunately he was so. It is no doubt known, how he, six years after the festival of Nerac, on St. Bartholomew's day, in Paris, shot at his own Hugenot subjects. At Nerac, he practised the art somewhat more innocently. Then an orange placed at a measured distance, was the mark.

When a King or a Prince prides himself on his only reminded, when he went beyond the bounds excellency in any art, one does not easily presume occasion. No courtier ventured on hitting the golden fruit with his arrow, so as not to rob the King of the honor, or rather, of the conceit, that he was the best shot under the sun. Thus indeed are great men often deluded, and one afterwards ridicules them in secret. The Dag de Guise was likewise a good marksman, but also an excellent courtier. And his arrow flew far away from the mark. Many spectators, both male and female, from the castle, as well as from the city, were in attendance to witness the sports. The good people believed, in reality, that the King was a perfect master in the art, as he had very nearly grazed the orange with his arrow. However, they did not pretend to a knowledge of court archery.

Now was the cry-" the Prince of Bearn forward!" Young Henry then presented himself with his cross-bow, got ready, took aim, and at the first shot, clove the golden apple in twain. A murmur of approbation was heard among the spectators; the handsome women smilingly whispered in each other's ears. This was, however, far from pleasing to the King. His countenance looked soured and almost dark.

According to the rules of the game, Henry wished to begin again, and take the first shot at the next orange that was staked. The King however thought, "I am King!" He did not wish to be superceded in the first shot, and exclaimed; "It is to go according to order." Henry replied, "certainly, it is to be done according to rule." Kings however, when they become displeased, seldom attend to the rule of observing rules. As Henry, however, in spite of this took his stand, and was on the point of taking his aim, the King pushed him very unceremoniously aside. He ought not, however, on that account, to be too harshly judged, as he was young, and about the age of the Prince of Bearn. Henry, however, being naturally hotheaded, sprung some few paces back on receiving the push, stretched his bow-string, and laid on his arrow against the King.

His majesty got frightened, immediately retreated, and concealed himself behind the stoutest of his courtiers. The fat fellow, who already imagined he felt the arrow in his body, cried, murder! murder! and extended his hands as far as he could across his stomach. Henry, though much provoked, could not contain his laughter at the sight of this fat creature, who stood, as a trembling rampart, before the King; he laughed heartily. The young girls of Nerac, when they saw the young Prince laughing so immoderately, began also to titter; and all the women soon followed their exladies, truly contagious. And as Eve, in former then back to the shooting place. times, seduced Adam to the eating of the forbid-

to understand it better than he. So it was on this did not well know what kind of a face to put on this affair. It was, however, no laughing matter to the King, nor to the man who stood in front of "Take the Prince of Bearn aside," cried he. him.

> Fortunately, the prudent Lagaucherie, Henry's tutor, was present. He took the young Prince by the arm and conducted him to the castle. Henry was heard at some distance for a long time after, laughing heartily.

> This little dispute between Charles and Henry, was, as may be well imagined, soon settled. War was not immediately declared for such a trifle. Henry was a thoughtless youth; he made an apology, and there it ended.

THE ROSE AND THE ARROW.

The following day, the cross-bow shooting was continued. All the marksmen, the young ladies, the little girls, as also the men attended. The spectators were, on this occasion, much more numerous than on the previous day; for, they were in hopes they would every day have something to laugh at. The King was probably the only person not present. He remained at home under some pretence or other; probably he was detained on account of some great affairs of state.

On this day, the archers were much more expert than on the preceding one. The people of Nerac could not conceive how the courtiers had become, in a body, so skilled in one night. The oranges were soon all shot away. The mark was placed further off. Still it was attended with the same good luck. The Duc de Guise in particular, was a perfect master of it. He shot at the last orange and hit it.

This was very vexatious to Henry, as there were no more oranges at hand. And he would willingly have shot at one more with his rival, for a wager. He looked around, right and left, for something with which to make a mark. He discovered among the spectators, a young girl, of about his age (15 years,) a very beautiful creature. There she stood in her simple garb, her sweet countenance concealed beneath her bonnet, looking as charming as love itself, and as harmless as innocence.

He advanced with hasty steps towards the little Venus. He did not indeed wish to make her the mark for his arrow, but the rose which she wore in her bosom. The rose, half closed in its sweet bud, its deep red centre delicately arched around with pale leaves, was the picture of the maiden herself. Henry asked her for the flower, and extended his hand towards the youthful bosom which it adorned. The little Venus blushed, and gave, with a smile, the flower, an image of herself. ample. Laughing, like crying, is, among young ran with it to the mark; stuck the rose on it, and

"Now, my lord Duke, you are the victor. There den fruit, they, on this occasion, seduced the men is a new mark. To you belongs the first shot." to laughter. All laughed, except the courtiers, who Thus exclaimed Henry, almost out of breath, wiping the blood from his finger which a thorn had; fore! He then looked sideways towards the beau- be seen. tiful prototype of the rose, from whom he had received the pleasing pain.

Guise got ready, aimed—the arrow flew and missed. Then Henry stepped forward, sprung his could he well help hearing otherwise at the Paribow, aimed, glanced once more over his arm, in the direction whence his pain came, and then again towards the rose, and let fly. The arrow pierced the heart of the flower.

"You have conquered!" exclaimed Guise. as the young Prince of Bearn wished to be convinced, he ran up to the mark. He drew the arrow from the board. The pierced rose adhered to it as firmly as if to its stalk. He flew with it to the pretty girl for the purpose of returning it to her. With a slight bow, he offered the rose to the beauty, and with it, the victorious arrow.

"Your present brought me luck!" said he.

"Your good fortune, however, is linked with the ill fortune of the rose," replied the little maiden, endeavoring at the same time with her tender fingers to free the flower of the arrow.

"In justice, therefore, I leave the guilty arrow with you."

"I require nothing from it," replied Floretta.

"I really believe you; you wound with sharper arrows," retorted Henry, and gazed on the beautiful innocent, who stood confused before him, and as she looked up was dumb, with her cheeks suffused with blushes. His cheek caught the contagion, and he held his hand involuntarily across his breast, as if he wished to shield it from some misfortune. Hec ould not utter another syllable; he bowed and returned to the shooting post.

The game was over. The marksmen retired to the castle which lay in the plain towards the dark green Braize, which flowed almost imperceptibly along; the spectators dispersed. The young girl, with the pierced rose on her arrow, also departed with her companions. Her playmates were very talkative, and envied her on account of the arrow. She was, however, silent, and only eyed her wounded flower; and she looked as if her own heart had been pierced.

As the marksmen stood on the castle steps, Henry once more looked towards the company which was scattering off. He sought after one person among them. But she was no more to be seen.

"Who was that pretty little girl from whom I took the rose !" said he, to a nobleman of his mother, Queen Johanna's household.

"She is daughter to the gardener of the castle," answered the nobleman, "and does honor to her father's, as well as to her own name."

"What is her name!"

Flon."

"Floretta!" said Henry, without knowing himwounded. His finger pained him, but not half as self what he said. He once more cast a glance much as ---- he knew not well what or where- around him, though he knew there was nothing to

THE SPRING OF GARENNE.

Henry had indeed oft heard talk of love, and how sian court, unless he had been deaf? He, however, understood as little about it, as he did of the Arabic or the Chaldean which he had likewise understood were said to exist in this world. He, however, in the mean time, learnt what love was, much easier than he did Arabic; and he became in a shorter time more experienced therein, than was exactly conducive to his fame. One has heard of his battles and victories which, in time, procured him the throne of France, and which are more easily to be summed up than are his amours and their consequences. At the present day are still heard sung the praises of the beautiful Gabriella d' Estrée, of the captivating Henrietta, of Belzac d' Entragues, of Jacquelina de Beuil, of Charlotte d' Essarts, who, through life, strewed the thorny path of Henry the Great with roses. And yet, among all those he ever loved, there was none like Floretta de Nerac; none handsomer; nay, that I should not say, thereby perhaps offending others, as every one is at liberty to use his own judgment in that respect; still none was more worthy of being loved, if the degree of worthiness of love is enhanced, by a faithful reciprocation of it.

Such was Floretta. As the pierced arrow, so also was her heart pierced; and as Henry gave her the arrow, the burning look which went forth from her beautiful dark eyes swimming in sweet revenge, shot another arrow into her unguarded heart.

These children from henceforward began to feel miserable, and neither of them knew what had affected them. Floretta could not awaken from the dream of the moment when Henry stood before her with the arrow, and she slept none throughout the whole night. Henry repaired to the castle gardens as soon as he could get at liberty, and examined the flowers with the greatest love and attention, to discover something in their appearance that betokened that Floretta had either planted or watered them. Any person would have wagered that he wished to become a botanist, who had beheld him standing before the flower-beds with his arms crossed. He would, however, have preferred becoming a gardener by the side of Floretta. And as he wandered, with his head cast down, his eyes fixed on the ground through the broad paths between the flower beds, one would have again wagered that he wished to become a philosopher, and was in search of the philosopher's stone. He was, however, endeavoring to discover in the sand of "She is now called Floretta, and when older, the garden walks, the little footsteps of the pretty child.

He was seized with a sudden thrill, when he discovered at the end of the large castle garden, near the spring of Garenne, footsteps which must be hers. He had, indeed, scarcely seen Floretta's little feet, much less measured them; but Henry had the keenest eye-sight, and an admirable gift of calculation; which he proved in later years in many a battle-field. And as he followed the track, he penetrated through the thicket to a small bridge over the quiet stream of the Braize. On the other side of the waters, stood a pretty little white dwelling. He would willingly have inquired to whom the little house belonged, or who lived there. Nobody, however, was to be seen; only the arrow with the rose which stood in the window of one of the rooms of the little hamlet. He became frightened on beholding it, as if it were some monster at the window, turned quickly about, ran back into the garden, and was seized with a palpitation of the heart-Still no one pursued him.

In the evening, he returned again to the garden. It was already becoming dark, but he had keen eyes; he saw from a distance, at the Garenne spring, a young maiden, neither taller, nor shorter than Floretta. She drew up a pail of water, raised it to her head, and carried it through the bushes to the little habitation.

Her figure was now flitting before him, the whole evening. A little ball was arranged at the castle; the Princesses, the nobility, all, danced. But no nobleman's daughter in his estimation, danced as prettily, as the gardener's daughter did with her pitcher on her head through the bushes round the cliff. And when he danced with them, his eyes were oftener turned towards the door where stood the spectators, than on his partner. He, however, sought her every where in vain.

THE GARDENER.

The next morning, at early dawn, Henry was again in the castle garden. He proceeded with the spade on his shoulder towards the Garenne spring. Then, round about the beautiful spring, every thing looked a great deal too wild and neglected; probably, because no one came that way but such as wanted water. The spring was too far distant to be of any use, but to the gardener's house which was adjacent to it. That also made it perhaps more agreeable to the young Prince of Bearn.

He dug a broad circle around it in the green sod, and continued spading the whole morning. The perspiration rolled from his forehead. And when he became fatigued and dry, he went to the spring which flowed in a pure silvery stream, and there quenched his thirst. When he had laved his lips in the cool fluid, he fancied no wine as sweet. No doubt, thought he, Floretta had at times drunk at the spring. After his work, he returned to the castle. There he sat in sadness in his small apartment, with its little arched windows.

Had he remained a quarter of an hour longer, he would have had a spectator, as Floretta came to the spring. And when she beheld the large circle dug in the sod, and the planning of a new flower bed, she thought, father must have risen early; or perhaps he had this done by some of the hirelings.

As she returned home, and inquired of old Lucas, he was much astonished, and knew nothing about it. He repaired to the Garenne spring, saw th ework, and said, angrily, "My boys have done this without my orders." He sent for the garden boys, and questioned them, but no one of them would confess that he did it. This puzzled Lucas, and he could not conceive who had ventured to interfere with his duties in the garden. He therefore determined to be on the watch; this he did carefully the whole day, but discovered nothing.

The royal family had gone on a visit to a neighboring castle, and only returned late in the evening. The young Prince would willingly have remained at home. Next day was another festival, and he could not absent himself. He therefore devoted the first hours after sunrise to his gardening; arranging, and raking the new beds; he removed the flowers from where they were too thickly planted, and placed them around the spring. Nobody saw him, and what was still more grievous, he saw nobody, at least not her whom he would willingly have seen.

He took an indirect course back to the castle. The next by-path led him through an extensive avenue of trees opposite to a neat little habitation. There he glanced towards a window, in search of a certain arrow. Oh! how it pierced his heart; for a certain young maiden stood at the open window: the whole heavens appeared to open.

Floretta stood at the open window, twisting the tresses of her long black hair round her head. Her young bosom lay bare; her white neck shone like snow beneath the dark ringlets, which were floating around it. Before her, lay some flowers which were probably destined to deck her hair, or her hat, or to adorn her bosom. Henry saluted her with a most cordial air as she stood at the window, and she from within returned his salutations. He mounted a small bank, so that he was almost on a level with Floretta, and stood facing her at the window.

A beautiful crimson crept over her innocent, angelic countenance, and over her bright alabaster neck, like unto the rosy morning clouds at the dawn of day. He asked her—"Shall I help you to decorate yourself?" She replied, "Are you then such an early riser, my young Lord?"

He thought it was by no means early, and she thought she required no assistance. He fancied, she needed no other ornament than her own person, to be handsome; and she thought he was a quiz, which did not at at all become him. He insisted that he had never in his life spoken more

truth than now; that since she had given him the rose, he had not been able to forget her. She maintained, that at so cheap a price, it were then an easy thing to be kept in his memory. He regretted, that he had returned her the rose; that he would rather have kept it in memory of her. She regretted that the flowers she had just culled, and which were lying before her; were so indifferent; still she would willingly give them to him, if that would afford him any pleasure. He averred, as he pressed them to his bosom, that the most common flowers acquired value from the donor. And she protested, that she thought the flowers were now really pretty, as she held them to him.

Both would have thought, believed, regretted and protested much more, had not old Lucas from an adjacent room, called to Floretta. The young maides inclined herself with a lovely smile towards the young Prince, and vanished. Henry returned to the castle. But as he moved along, he felt not the earth under his feet—it appeared, as if the Heavens were swimming around him. And when he returned to the castle, he found they had been in search of him—this he was, however, perfectly indifferent about.

THE WATCH.

When old Lucas returned at noon from the castle garden to his dinner, he said, "Who has been again playing this trick on me? That officious gardener has been again at his work, divided off the beds, and levelled them, and already commenced setting in some flowers. At an early hour this morning, when I left home, the work was completed, and the gardener no where to be seen. I have been again watching the whole morning, and to no purpose. There is something wrong in this. He no doubt works at night by the light of the stars."

In the evening, when Floretta went with her pitcher to the spring, it, for the first time, occurred to her, that most probably the young Prince might be the gardener; for, he came near about from that direction the morning that he approached her window from the garden.

When the court returned at sunset from the fète, Henry had nothing more pressing, than to wander through the garden. He came to the spring; there he found Floretta's hat lying; he picked it up, pressed it to his bosom, and kissed it. He gathered the handsomest flowers he could find in the dark; he procured a beautiful sky-blue ribbon from the castle, and wound the flowers in a wreath round her hat. He then proceeded to the gardener's house. All the windows were closed. All slept. He suspended the bat to her window.

The following morning, Floretta, contrary to the custom of the house, and to her own, rose before sunrise; for, she had resolved in her own vicinity of the spring.

mind, to afford her father a pleasure, and to dis-

truth than now; that since she had given him the rose, he had not been able to forget her. She moreover felt personally some little curiosity about maintained, that at so cheap a price, it were then an easy thing to be kept in his memory. He regretted, that he had returned her the rose; that he would rather have kept it in memory of her.

As she was dressing herself in the silent stillness, she beheld the hat with the sky-blue ribbon, encircled with the wreath of flowers. She then, for the first time, recollected having left it lying the previous evening at the spring. She at first smiled on beholding the ribbon and the flowers, and then frowned.

"Oh!" she exclaimed with a sigh. "He has certainly risen earlier than I. He has been then already here."

Whom she really meant by he, she did not say. She looked again on the flowers, removed them, and placed them in a vessel of fresh water, rolled up the ribbon and added it to the rest of her simple ornaments. Then she mounted the window sill, stepped from the window to the little bank without, and thence to the ground. It is true that the little tenement was provided with a proper house-door, but that was still closed, and could not be opened without some noise.

She then crossed the small bridge, and there stood, irresolute. "I am certainly come too late. Father says that he can only work by the light of the stars. The stars have already all disappeared, and the sun is on the point of rising. The bushes are already glowing with the morning red." Thus she thought, and concluded on returning, yet continued advancing slowly from the bank of the Braize, towards the garden.

"Were he in reality there, what would he then think of my coming so early! Would he not imagine that it was on his account! Still that he ought not to think. He might—no, I will return home, and bring the pail with me as if I were going to draw water, and he will not then think that I came on his account." Thus she mused within herself, and determined on returning; still she continued moving slowly onwards, towards the spring.

She already heard the splashing of the water. She beheld through the bushes, the newly arranged garden beds around it. Yea, with joyful fear, she discovered a spade in one of the beds.

"He cannot, however, be far away, as his gardening utensils are still there. Yet he cannot be there; otherwise, I could see him. Perhaps he may be gone to dig up some flowers to transplant them here. I will conceal myself; I will watch him." Thus thought Floretta, and she stepped lightly over the dewy grass behind a grove of green elm trees, through the foliage of which, she could see, unobserved, every thing that was done in the vicinity of the spring.

As she lay concealed there, her little heart beat

lightly in the leaves, she thought she perceived the motion of some one approaching. And if a bird hopped and fluttered through the coppice, she thought she perceived somebody roving about. Her alarms were, however, vain. She could see no one approaching.

THE SURPRISE.

Shortly afterwards, two hands were gently laid over her eyes and kept them closed; but they were stranger hands and not her own. The poor child became much frightened. And a voice whispered in her ear: "Now, Floretta, guess who it is."

She might easily have guessed; for, as she endeavored to remove the stranger hands, which came from behind her, from off her eyes, she felt the ring on the finger of a youth. Still, she did not utter her thoughts, but said smiling-" I know you well. You are Jacquelina, and on this finger is the ring which Lubin gave you."

"You are mistaken," whispered a voice from behind. "And as you have not guessed me, I have the right to punish you." And the lips that whispered this, implanted a kiss on Floretta's beautiful neck. The punishment seemed in reality quite annoying to her, as she wished immediately to extricate herself, but she was so well secured that she could not stir.

As she found her endeavors vain, she said: "Let me go, Minette, you wicked girl; now I know you. You wish to return me the joke, when I, on a sudden, about three weeks ago, covered your eyes when you were in the most agreeable conversation with your Charles."

"You are again mistaken," the voice whispered, and transformed itself again into three kisses on her beautiful arched neck.

Floretta shrunk back as each kiss was imprinted. and begged to be released, which was not granted. She, however, did not appear over anxious for her liberty; otherwise, why did she not name him whom she knew it to be? Again, it might have been obstinacy, for pretty girls are sometimes Enough, she provoked her punishvery wilful. ment a third time, and said-" It can then be no one else than Rosina Valdes, the most wicked and mischievous creature in the whole village and neighborhood, at whom I yesterday threw, whilst sitting alone in her room, a handful of almonds through the open window, when she was thinking on, God knows whom. You mischievous thing, you were so terrified at the shower of almonds, that you believed the very heavens had fallen in."

"Far! far from the mark!" whispered the voice, and now the kisses that fell on her neck were innumerable, they followed each other as quickly, as

with emotion; for, as the morning breeze played | and the head of the little prisoner was released. turned round. There stood Henry. There stood Floretta. The latter, smiled in secret-lifted her finger in a threatening manner, accompanied with a bashful smile, and said; "Could I have believed that you would have behaved thus improperly? One must beware of you, my young lord."

He now asked forgiveness for his boldness. Had he not done so, the offence would equally have been pardoned. As he, however, begged for mercy, she immediately concluded that none ought to be grant-One should have heard what soothing words he uttered to move her heart; one should have seen how serious and displeased she looked, and as she half turned from him, what cross words she uttered. One should have seen how humbly he advanced a step towards her, and then again receded; how he folded his hands within each other as if he wished to beseech her; how she, her head cast down, plucked with her pretty fingers, the elm leaves from the coppice, and then tore them in pieces. At last tears gushed from Floretta's eyes, so much did she feel offended at his insolence, her voice trembled much, and she seemed almost suffocated with grief. He said much to her in a most humble way, and she uttered very little in a similar tone; she did not even appear to heed him in the least, plucked all the foliage from the nearest branches and pressed the leaves firmly on the palms of her little hands.

As he, however, perceived that all his endeavors were vain, he observed; "I will leave you, beautiful Floretta, since my presence is so disagreeable to you. I will leave you, and never again cross your path. Farewell. Still let me not depart from your presence without satisfying me that you are not angry with me. Only speak that one word, I am not angered;" he sighed forth and fell to his knees.

She gazed, sweetly smiling through her tears, on the handsome, kind youth, in silence. It appeared to her that he showed her too much deference on She could not withhold her laughter. his knees. and strewed the leaves which she held in her little hands over his head, so that he was perfectly covered with them, and ran off laughing.

He hurried after her; they now both became quite friendly. "Now confess to me," said Floretta, "you have taken up my father's occupation, my young Lord, and are making here a new garden."

He readily confessed and added, "when Floretta comes to the Garenne spring, she shall think of me in spite of herself-I will there surround her with the most beautiful flowers I can find or purchase. Could I buy all the joys of the Heavens for her, I should encompass her with them.

"Really kind," replied Floretta; "but my young the shower of almonds she had just described. Lord, my father is far from being pleased with you. With a shout, the stranger hands were withdrawn, You disturb his garden, and transplant the flowers out of season, so that they must die. You have not once watered them."

"If I only had some vessel."

"That you might have found about twenty steps hence at the door of the grotto, in the cliff, had you taken a little trouble to seek for one."

Hereupon they both ran there; they found the watering pots. They both in turn watered the flowers and consulted together how the spring might be improved.

Thus time flew, when Floretta hurried back to her father's house.

THE EVENING.

The Prince now worked during the day also at his garden. He was allowed this pleasure. Lucas assisted him. Floretta was not absent; she went to and fro, gave good advice on the occasion, and in the evening watered the newly planted flowers. Queen Johanna even came herself to see, what her son was doing. The King of France found little pleasure therein, the Duc de Guise still less, which made it the more agreeable to the Prince of Bearn.

He had indeed, in after life, enjoyments of a more brilliant, a more luxurious, and a more glorious kind, but none sweeter than in the simplicity and quiet of his garden life, rendered delightful by the charm of his first love. Floretta and Henry regarded each other with that unconstrained pleasure which innocence alone can give. They sported together like children; were as familiar towards each other as brother and sister. They enjoyed the present, without a thought of the future, and their harmless passion knew no limit. Floretta never for a moment had the thought, that she had become enamoured with the son of a Queen. She only beheld the rosy, healthy, open-minded youth. He was like her. In his gray jacket, in his simple dress, which he wore like other country people, he never thought on his origin or his destiny. Henry cared neither about the great nor the beauty of the court. None but Floretta appeared handsome in his eyes; nothing great in comparison to the ecstasy he felt in beholding her. Whilst spading, his eye was continually fixed on her beautiful form, and his work was often but indifferently performed, and seldom finished. But who could help admiring her youthful charms! Her figure was beautifully formed; each motion and turn of her body was lovely; each word she uttered fixed itself with inexpressible force on his mind.

There was one thing with which they neither of them were satisfied, viz: that the days spent in the garden were much shorter than those out of it. To lengthen them, they were compelled to call the evening to their aid; no work could indeed be done by the light of the moon and stars; but they could at least rest themselves and pass away their time conversing together.

"I will return for a short time to the spring, after supper!" Henry quietly observed to Floretta, as he was kneeling down by her, planting the flowers! "And you, Floretta!"

"But my father retires to bed at that hour," rejoined Floretta.

"And you, Floretta?" He again whispered, eyeing her with a most beseeching look.

She nodded her little head—" If it is a fine clear evening."

At nine o'clock, Henry was again at the spring. But the sky looked threatning. Floretta was not there. "If it is a fine clear evening," said she. She will therefore not come! thought he. He heard some rustling among the bushes. Floretta made her appearance, carrying her watering pail on her head. Every thing looks clear and serene to successful love. He removed the pail from off her head. He thanked her, and uttered a thousand tender words to her; they soon forgot that the heavens were overcast. Serenity dwelt in their happy bosoms.

Some scattering drops fell from the heavens, but they felt them not. The warm May shower began to wet them more, which made them seek refuge in the grotto behind the spring. They were obliged to remain there for a full half hour, which little inconvenience they bore without a murmur. As the moon peered forth again from behind the clouds, they came out hand in hand. Henry carried the pail of water on his head. Floretta walked by his side with her arm in his. Thus they proceeded to old Lucas' dwelling. He was already asleep—Henry handed the pail to Floretta, and she thanked him for his trouble. "Good night, sweet Floretta," he softly murmured. "Good night my dearest friend," she gently replied.

THE WET CAP.

Of an evening, they neither of them seemed to pass their time tediously at the spring. Whether the heavens looked clear or cloudy, they never failed meeting each other at nine o'clock.

Thus four weeks of the most delightful spring were passed. And every evening the Prince bore the pail of his beloved to her home.

Floretta's father had not observed, since the first evening, that she seemed to take a delight in making her trip generally of an evening to the spring. Lagaucherie, however, at last discovered that his royal pupil regularly as night approached, disappeared, and that the top of his cap was every evening wet, though not a drop of rain had fallen. He was for a long time unable to account for this. The young Prince never said a word about his doings; he therefore avoided asking him any thing about them. Still this appeared to him very singular, and the wet cap excited his curiosity.

For the purpose of gratifying this, he one night tracked this night-walker. He fellowed him at him. He saw him at the Garenne spring, and by him than the regal one at Bayoune? with him, a female figure. Both disappeared. The tutor now became able to solve a part of the riddle. Still, it yet remained unexplained to him, why the Prince's cap should thereby become wet. He had already waited a long time. He glided nearer and nearer; he heard their whispers. After some considerable time, he saw the Prince of Bearn with a pail of water on his head, supporting the young girl on his arm, proceed towards the little house of the gardener, and thence run at full speed to the castle.

The Mentor shook his head in a thoughtful manner. He communicated his observations to the Queen. The mother felt embarrassed and displeased. She wished to give her son a severe lecture.

"No, gracious Madam," observed the wise Lagaucherie. "You cannot extinguish a passion by preaching. By punishment and persecution, you only increase its charm. By restraint you will only tend to strengthen the current. One overcomes temptation most successfully by flying from it. You may destroy a passion, by depriving it of nourishment, or by exciting a more noble one."

Thus spoke Lagaucherie. The Queen concerted with him as to the measures to be adopted, fully agreeing with him on his views of the subject.

Lagaucherie went the following morning to the have departed!" Prince, and reminded him that the world now expected deeds of him; "that he must form himself for a ruler; that he, in the conflict, be it in opposition to fate, or his own free will, or with enemies in the field of battle, could have but one motto which was the foundation of all religion and all fame, namely: Victory or Death."

With this preface, Lagaucherie went on to inform him, as it were carelessly, that on the following day, the Queen, with the whole court, were going to the castle of Pau; that Henry would remain but a short time at his place of nativity, but would shortly proceed to Bayoune for the purpose of being present at the coming of the King of France with the Queen of Spain.

Henry listened in silence to this communication from his teacher. His countenance betrayed much embarrassment. Lagaucherie observed it, but acted as if he were not in the least aware of it. turned in an easy manner the conversation on other topics, and distracted the mind of the Prince with various stories and narrations, so that he had scarce time to think on that which he so much dreaded. The Queen, on her part, acted after the manner of Lagaucherie. She said a great deal about the splendid assemblage which was to meet at Bayoune; of the fêtes that would take place there; and also of the renowned men whom Henry would see there. rac. How could he dare say, that the meeting at always there—always there."

such a distance as not to be easily discovered by the Garenne spring was infinitely more esteemed

THE FAREWELL.

As the evening star appeared in the Heavens, the young Prince of Bearn stood at the spring in the Castle Garden. Floretta soon approached. When he, however, announced to her the coming separation, she almost pined away with grief. Who could describe her despair; who could picture what Henry suffered? Firmly clasped in each other's embrace, they shed tears, lamented, and comforted each other.

"Now you leave me, Henry!" said she sobbing; "you will forget me. I am alone in this world. Now that you leave me, my dearest life, nothing will be so welcome to me, as death."

"But," said he, "I do not leave you forever. I will return. Whom do I belong to, if I belong not to you? I am no longer my own property. I am yours now and forever. What could I preserve in my memory, if I could forget you! You are indeed the very idol of my dearest recollections. When I forget you, I will have forgotten to breathe."

"Oh, Henry, you will never return; and if you do, you will not recognize Floretta again. I will wither like the flower deprived of dew; you are the light of my existence; how can I thrive when you

"Nay, Floretta, you are happier than I. You will still be in possession of the theatre of our bliss, of this spring, of this garden. I live for you, in all these flowers. But to-morrow; when I will have lost you, I will be, as if an outcast from Paradise. I am in another world, in a wilderness, solitary, though in the midst of thousands. On that account! my desire to return will be more ardent. Oh! one single flower that had blossomed at the foot of this spring, would enrapture me when far away. Though those who surround me should hate or fear me, you will be encompassed by those who love you. Oh! you are so beautiful! Who could help loving you? Other men will meet with you, and worship you; Ah! you will find others more worthy of your love."

Thus they, for a long time, conversed together. Tears, protestations, caresses, fresh doubts, and consolations, followed on each other in rapid succession, till the clock of the castle tower called the Prince away, and reminded them both that they

Then Floretta grasped Henry's hand vehemently, pressed it to her heart, and said: "Do you see the spring of Garenne? There—there you will ever find me; always, eternally as to-day! And, Henry, will you be always as to-day. Behold, as the spring courses its inexhaustible life, so will my love be What could Henry reply? He could not for a mo-eternal. Henry, I may cease to live, but not to ment indulge in the idea of remaining alone at Ne-love you. You will find me again ever as to-day, She departed.

THE MEETING AGAIN.

The diversions attendant on the Prince's journey were of service to his mind. He overcame his The first fifteen months which followed immediately on the last moments spent at the Garenne spring, soon filled up his mind with other cares. Amidst the tumult of faction, with which France was at that time torn, in the midst of the battlefield, all his activity and his heroic genius were developed, which gained him his immortal name in after times. The young hero had already become the wonder of all brave men. And Katherine of Medicis, the young maid of honor at the court, comforted him, more than was necessary for the loss of

The amiable Floretta heard of the fame of her beloved, and like the rest of mankind, praised him. He was no longer the gardener, who planted flowers at her side. He was the hero who was wandering about, earning laurels. She had only loved Henry, not the Prince of Bearn. The glittering changes he was undergoing, excited less her astonishment than her grief. For she was also apprized of how the belles of the court beset him, and how he, in but too fickle a manner, belonged at one time to the one and then to the other.

Floretta had loved but one man in the world; this was Henry. And now she lost, with her confidence in him, her trust in all the human race. And for that reason, she was broken-hearted. What had already happened and must still happen, her judgment had vainly predicted.

When on his marches, he returned to Nerac. She one day beheld the Prince of Bearn, taking a promenade with the beautiful lady of Ayelle, among the groves in the garden. She could not resist the desire of confronting them.

Floretta's countenance, which though pale and afflicted, was still handsomer in her melancholv, than when formerly in the splendor of her joy, quickly rekindled in the young Prince's breast, all the recollections of his first love. He became uneasy. The lady at his side, and the proximity of his courtiers, prevented him from yielding to his wishes. But the following morning, when he saw old Lucas in the garden, he slipped up to his house. He found Floretta alone. Her father's too sudden return prevented him from conversing long with her. He requested of her but a short hour at the Garenne spring. She replied, without raising her eves from her work, "at eight o'clock to night I will be there."

He burried away. He was again his former self. His whole soul burnt for Floretta. He could scarcely await the hour.

It became dark, the hour of eight arrived. He

The youthful Prince staggered repaired by a private door of the castle, that he back, sobbing and miserable, through the castle might pass unobserved to the spring, through paths and groves well known to himself. His heart palpitated. Floretta had not yet appeared. He waited some minutes. The whistling of the leaves in the night air, caused him several times to feel a joyful fear. He already extended his arms to fly and meet her, and press her to his heart. But it was not she. He walked about impatiently. He then observed in the darkness, something white, near the spring, as if it were a part of her dress. He hastened thither; it was a sheet of paper with the arrow and the pierced rose. The paper was in-The darkness of the night prevented him scribed. from seeing the writing.

> Frightened, disturbed, agitated, he flew back to the castle. And sighed forth, "how! she comes not? She returns me the arrow, for she no longer loves me."

> He read the writing-only these few words: "I promised you, you would find me at the spring. Perhaps you have passed me by, without seeing me. Search better; you will certainly find me. You no longer love me, and I no longer live. my God, forgive me!"

> Henry guessed the meaning of the words. palace resounded with his cries. They ran up at the shrieks of the Prince. Servants with burning torches accompanied him 'to the Garenne spring.

> Why protract the sad tale? The body of the beautiful maiden was found in the pond, formed by the water from the spring. She was interred between two young trees.

> The grief of the young Prince knew no bounds. Henry IV., is still the idol of the French nation. He achieved great things. He experienced, he won, and he lost much. But he never won again a heart as pure, as true, and as faithful as Floretta's. And he never lost the painful remembrance of this angel.

> Such was the first love of Henry IV .- the only Thus he never loved again.

LINES.

BY L. A. GOBRIGHT.

"Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."-John c. xiv., v. 5-6.

> Thou art the e'er enduring Way, The Path that leads to endless day-The Star that cheers earth's gloomy night, And leads from darkness to the light. Thou art the Way that leads to God, In which the Holy Prophets trod, And found, at last, a peaceful rest Upon their dear Redeemer's breast!

Thou art the Truth—they, who believe, Crowns of bright glory shall receive, More precious far than victor's bays That perish with the world's vain praise. Thou art the Truth—let error flee Afar from all who know not Thee, And bid their hearts in love incline Towards Thy Mercy-seat Divine!

Thou art the Life—the cheering ray
Inviting us from Death away,
To dwell with Thee in realms fore'er,
Where hearts no sorrowing aspects wear;
Nor friends, nor kin, 'midst deepest gloom
Descend into the algid tomb;
But where perennial glory reigns,
And God his perfect love proclaims!

Thou art the Life—no man can flee
Unto the Father but by Thee,
And only through Thy precious blood
Can we approach Jehovah—God!
Then, blessed Saviour, be our Guide—
Our Way, our Truth, our Life beside—
O! fill our breasts with holy love,
And grace, that cometh from above!
Washington, D. C., 1842.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

DEAR SIR: I have lately chanced to read some of Lord Lyttleton's beautiful Dialogues of the Dead. To the lover of the pure stream of good old English undefiled, and of noble sentiment, nothing in our language presents greater attractions. It occurred to me that the analogy between the characters of Queen Elizabeth of England, and Isabella of Spain, presented an appropriate theme for such a dialogue. An admiration for bold Queen Bess, is, I am afraid, a sort of superstition with the Angle Saxon race, which it would be as dangerous to offend, as their love of one Will Shakspeare. Should the odds, however, he against me, I shall rely upon the ladies, God bless them, to defend me. To Prescott, in his most admirable book, the "Life of Ferdinand and Isabella," I am indebted for the analogy. hope that the accompanying dialogue may tempt some of your more capable contributors to do ample justice to the same subject. The scene is, by acknowledged poetic license, in Elysium of course.

Elizabeth. How happens it, Isabella, that I am doomed to a lower place in Elysium than you—that I, who won a vast world's applause, and read my history in a nation's eyes, whose just fame is still dear to the hearts of all good Englishmen, should be more harshly dealt with, by the equal justice of Minos, than you, who were more remarkable for your conjugal virtue and superstitious piety, than for the bolder and more masculine virtues which distinguish me!—Come, let us walk in this fragrant orange grove, and in friendship, discuss this strange problem. You know we are new purified of earth's dross, and can discuss our virtues and foibles without vanity or umbrage.

Isabella. Why, madam, it may be that I oc- blessed instrument of lighting its immortal fires

cupy a lower niche in the temple of Fame than you—that as the loyal spouse of my most princely husband, Ferdinand, my virtues were more quiet and unobtrusive than yours—who wielded in "maiden meditation, fancy free," the far-stretching sceptre of your sea-girt isle. I acted upon that principle which is taught in that Holy Book, which you professed to reverence—that it is not meet for man or woman to be alone;—feeling assured that the happiness of my Castilian subjects, would be secured by it, I united myself to Ferdinand of Aragon, the object of my early love, upon whose strong arm and noble chivalry, I was proud to rely.

Elizabeth. And yet, behold the contrast. You cast your lot with a cold and gloomy monarch, brave and politic, 'tis true, he was, who never appreciated your winning charms, your soft and tender graces, who seemed to value your high resolution of character, your energy and decision in time of danger, your unbounded fertility of resources in the hour of need, only so far as they enabled him to accomplish his noble emprises and schemes of vaulting ambition. In my opinion, he valued you more for the gold in your crown, as Queen of Castile, than as the fond and accomplished wife of the wily Sovereign of Aragon. Behold him insulting your hardly cold remains, by allying himself with the young and beautiful Princess Germaine, who possessed not a tithe of your heroic virtue, and consummate ability. As his Queen, you certainly rendered him invaluable aid in all his martial enterprises, and but for your possessing the qualities of an able Civilian, no civic wreath would have encircled his brow. Your happy art of pouring oil upon the waves of dissension, and of healing the divisions so common among the high-mettled Spanish race, your indomitable zeal and fortitude under reverses, were certainly worthy of great praise. But your sphere was limited. It was for me to present to the gaze of astonished Europe, and to applauding ages, the splendid spectacle of a maiden Queen, for the good of her beloved people, hardening her heart against the tender emotions which spring up in the female bosom, like the beautiful flower before the balmy breath of spring. Inheriting the ardent temperament of my noble sire, bluff Henry VIII., I withstood the united entreaties of lover and subject. For me was reserved the rare glory of being as bold and successful in war, as I was firm and judicious in peace. Before my masculine energy, the pride of Spain's chivalry was made to bow, and the boasted invincible Spanish Armada vanished into thin air. men, profound philosophers, and elegant poets, illustrated and adorned my long and glorious reign. The Elizabethan era of English history has become synonymous with all that is refined in literature, and wonderful in mighty events. lustrious bulwark of the Protestant religion, as the upon the altars of Old England, I feel that I can, piety actuated you in maintaining the Protestant without arrogance, claim a meed of praise, which religion. It was an affair of state, and to maintain you, as the protector and founder of the dark hor- it, you resorted to measures more despotic than rors of the Inquisition, can never aspire to. The those which I most reluctantly yielded to. My baleful fires of that most diabolical institution have been extinguished by the torrents of blood which it shed, while the Protestant religion, we are told by those who have recently come among us, (you recollect our conversation the other day with that strangest of all contradictions, a clever French woman, Madame De Stael,) is shedding the mild lustre of its regenerating beams, o'er the face of the wide globe, and lighting up its most benighted corners with its redeeming rays. You have no such consolation.

Isabella. You seem to pride yourself much, my worthy namesake, for you know that my name rendered into English, is Elizabeth, upon your boasted celibacy, and your stern endeavor to dry up the fountains of womanly feeling. That you were a very wonderful woman, I do not deny-that you were resolute, prudent, and politic, in the government of your people, and the selection of your ministers, is certainly true. To have wielded the sceptre of Britain with the lofty resolution which so eminently distinguished your reign, is in itself a high eulogium. There was, in truth, a singular asalogy between our destinies. Both encountered foul ingratitude in early life, from those who should have cherished and nourished us-both had to stem the torrent of trials and hardships, from which most women would have shrunk with horror. But you found the materials of a most stately and imposing edifice of regal grandeur, all ready for the magic of your genius to work upon. Far otherwise was it with me. The energies of my people were locked up in cold icy lethargy.

> " Darkness o'er the nations curled, And crown and crosier ruled a coward world."

You are pleased to taunt me with my having united myself with Ferdinand. The heart of woman was formed for affection. It seeks this fond and tender support, as naturally as does the frail and pliant ivy cling to the lofty, sturdy oak. My attachment for him was formed in early youth, and continued unabated to my last hour. The Spanish menarchy could never have attained the triumphant glery which it reached under the blended sway of Castile and Aragon, but for this ill-assorted union between us, as you are pleased to regard it.

That you were a kind and generous patron of literary merit; and that you were judicious in the choice of your ministers, the pages of history testify. Your treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh, the mirror of chivalry, and a miracle of warlike and Inquisition, savors of injustice and intolerance. interary accomplishment, and your elevation of In this, my feelings leaned to virtue's side. It was Hatton and Leicester, men destitute of moral worth, through the medium of my love of religion, the to the first offices of state, are painful exceptions. religion of my sainted mother, and by means of a I must be permitted to doubt that a true spirit of vow extorted from me in early youth, by one of my

worst enemies have never doubted the sincerity of my conduct, as a pious and devout Catholic. Your best friends have never denied that you were haughty, irascible and revengeful. Since I have been an inhabitant of these blessed shades. I have seen much reason to lament the influence which my ghostly advisers acquired over me. The fires of the Inquisition have long since ceased to burn. This I rejoice to know, and feel consoled for my unfortunate agency in kindling them, when I am accosted by those who fell victims to its persecutions during my reign, who freely forgive me, and acknowledge that I was misled by those who should have set me a better example.

It cannot be said, that I did not encourage merit. The mighty names of Columbus, Gonsalvo, the great captain, and Cardinal Ximenes, are enduring monuments of my keen penetration and queenly munificence. How do you defend yourself from the charge of having sacrificed your beautiful and accomplished kinswoman, Mary, Queen of Scots, to your vindictive jealousy?

Elizabeth. It was an affair of state policy.

Isabella. Ah, Elizabeth, a poor subterfuge for the malicious revenge of mortified vanity-" The multitudinous seas," in the language of your favorite Shakspeare, cannot cleanse your hands and purge your heart of this foul and leprous spot.

Elizabeth. Mary was endeavoring to subvert my government; and by plots and conspiracies innumerable, endangered the peace of my kingdom. As you seem disposed to make charges against me, allow me to ask how you justify the cruelties which you allowed to be practised towards the inhabitants of the new world?

Isabella. In this you do me gross wrong. The truth upon this subject was most studiously concealed from me. In my last Will and Testament, having reason to suspect that those poor beings were maltreated, I most earnestly recommended that they should be converted to the Christian faith, and treated with kindness and humanity. No, Elizabeth-crimination and recrimination suit not the air we breath. We are now cleansed and purified of our earthly infirmities. The mantle of charity has been cast over them. We are allowed to raise it up, and to contemplate ourselves as we were before we "shuffled off our mortal coil"—to quote again your favorite Shakspeare, without being obnoxious to the charge of conceit. The accusation of having, with improper motives, countenanced the

[MARCH, known to human vision. The lone forest-bird, with rich and gorgeous plumage, who was wont to utter her soft accents in the top of a thickly clad elm tree, and to mingle her tender notes with the soft zephyrs that whispered around, had left her favorite spot-forgotten her vocal charms-her young and tender brood, and was now standing, with fallen wing and drooping crest, drenched by the rain and wearied by her flight, in the door of a deserted cottage, which moss-covered and decayed. was fast mouldering away under the stayless and destructive hand of time. When gazing on such scenes, and at such a time, sad thoughts insensibly possess the mind, and tales of sorrow that had been long since forgotten, again come up to our memories with greater force and redoubled vigor. One such is even now heavily on my heart. Listen. and we will briefly rehearse it.

It was on a quiet morning in May, when the bright orb of day, in cloudless majesty, peeped from the summit of a cliff, that I left my native spot; my kindred and friends-the endearments of the social circle, and a pure, healthy clime, to take up my residence, for a limited period, in one of the extreme western counties of Virginia. The feelings that came over my heart, when I beheld the blue-outlines of a towering peak fading from my view, together with the enchanting scenes that encircled it, were of a peculiar and melancholy nature. The familiarities of my childhood; the crystal rivulet that dashed over snowwhite pebbles, beside whose waters I had delighted to sport in my more youthful days, could no longer be seen to inspire me with sublime and delicious sentiments—to kindle in my bosom a love for the past, and a remembrance of the flight of time. My feelings can be compared with those of the unfortunate mariner, who, without chart or compass, commits himself to the mercy of the waves which imperceptibly bear his vessel to some distant strand. Soon after reaching the place of my destination, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. I met her first in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped. Her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowersher long rich hair, as black as the "raven's wing," dangled gracefully on her neck, and nature's rosy blush, added a beauty to her cheeks almost unearthly. The gay crowd mingled their voices together in the dance, and enjoyed the fellowship of the learned and fashionable. My attention was called to the tender and anxious gaze of Helen, who had retired to an adjacent room, to enjoy the morning," leaving the same angry cloud reposing sweets of silent meditation. Her thoughts seemed on the summit of a neighboring mountain, to empty to be directed to the study of some unforeseen evil, its floods with the limpid waters of a quiet stream which would render her the victim of despairbelow. The woods around stood skeleton-like, the creature of disappointment, or rob her of an while the cruel gale plucked its verdant foliage, earthly treasure dearer far than life with all its

pious advisers, that I was tempted to wink at an | bearing it off on its desolating wings to heights uninstitution which was a stain upon my better na-But true piety, with its divine radiance, illumined my whole life. Whatever errors of judgment I may have committed, it was always my most fervent prayer to the great giver of all things, in discerning and performing my duty. It was my blessed fortune to combine with the masculine energy and indomitable fortitude of the other sex, the softer shades and more delicate attributes of my own. As a Queen, I was bountiful and benevolent to my subjects, sacrificing my comfort and resources to their welfare and the public good. As a wife, mother and daughter, in all my private relations, my heart overflowed with the most tender sensibility. We were both martyrs to the keen sensitiveness of our tortured spirits. But far different were the causes which snapped the chords of our existence. Before time had furrowed my brow, I was doomed to endure the most painful of human woes-my children, the idols of my soul, were snatched from me, and died in their beautiful prime. This froze the genial current of my soul, and canker sorrow thus corroded my sorrowing heart. You too pined in hopeless despondency. But your love of parade, your heartless, if not criminal, levity-your deep dissimulation-your fondness for dress and splendor, all conspired to make your heart the seat of warring passions, which destroyed you in their conflict. In gloomy despair and sullen dejection, you died of mortified vanity, writhing under the agonies of a mind riven by remorse, uncheered by those demonstrations of affection which gild, with their parting rays, the last hours of the good and great. The blessings of old age, "Love, honor, obedience, and troops of friends" were denied to you. It was my fortune, it is true. to die of a bruised and broken heart; but the consciousness of the undying affection of my subjects, of the splendid moral triumphs of my happy and prosperous reign, and of the wide-spread reverence for my exalted virtues, all enabled me to look upon the fading glories of this transitory life, without a sigh of regret, and to gaze with the eye of lively faith, upon the dawning splendors of a brighter and more enduring existence. "C."

THE FADED FLOWER.

The morning was dark and gloomy. The rainbow, which had promised at twilight's hour to span the blue arch on the coming day, had slumbered, as it were, in his tent, "forgetful of the voice of ring gaze, with the anxious hope of seeing a smile brighten her countenance, and arouse her from a sleepy lethargy under which she appeared to be laboring-for indeed at such time the young are seldom melancholy. But, alas! the hope proved vain and fallacious. The happiest days of her existence were passed; the cup of felicity had been dashed from her lips by the hand of misfortune, and she doomed to live but for a little while, and then to leave for a higher and better world; but she began to know something of the consolations of religion, and in the midst of her distress, she passed from "darkness into light," and felt a full assurance of a promised reward in a region of eternal bliss. The cause and circumstances of her dejection were communicated to me, bringing terror and pity, but not amazement to my mind; for long reflection had caused me to conceive of something dreadful, I knew not what, that had befallen her. Love had become a portion of her existenceit burnt with a pure and holy flame in her bosom. The object of it,—he, in whom she had centered all her affections, was fast moving onward to the "land of forgetfulness." Consumption—that awful disease, whose sting is death, and which sleeps not 'till its work is finished-had seized him, in all its hideous forms of darkness and vengeance, and promised a work of total consummation. Ah! let him who has experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship—who has wept, and still weeps over the memory of departed innocence—who has seen the bright hopes of the young and innocent blasted forever, and who has seen their consolations plucked by the ruthless hand of fate, enter into this solemn reflection. Days and weeks passed away, but the ravages of this deceitful disease carried steadily on its work of destruction, until the physician turned away from the bed-side of his dying patient, with not a ray of hope to cheer him in his ministerings, and with the firm belief that he could never arise to enjoy the society of her that be most loved, or to experience the delights of social intercourse. In the mean time, I was requested by a friend to accompany him to the residence of this unfortunate lady. On arriving there, I heard not a whisper, but all was wrapt in silence. Not a sound was to be heard. The sun, rejoicing in the Western skies, was gradually withdrawing his genial light, and the soft tear of twilight, with the dim flickering of distant stars, shed around us a pale light, which greatly added to the solemnity of the occasion. On entering the room, I saw Helen seated alone, beside a few dying embers of are, wrapt in profound meditation, with her handkerchief to her eyes, which was moist with many tears. I took my seat on the sofa, and debated with myself as to what subject I had best intro- sank from her chair, like a lifeless corpse, to utter dace: in the meantime she spoke, but her voice, her cries, and to breathe out her distresses. She once clear and strong, was now weak and tremu- looked as if she could, out beneath the quiet stars,

Upon her angelic form, I fixed my admi- lous-her thin delicate lip had lost its coral hueher sparkling eye, once as clear and bright as the polished gem, no longer retained its beauty, but spoke volumes of the suffering that had fallen, like mildew, on her spirits. The time for my departure arrived; and what fearful forebodings came over me, when I took my last, lingering glance. Amazing change! Hoping, when I first saw her, that she would live to bless him whom she adored, and that they would be united beyond the power of separation -- at least on this side of the grave: but how uncertain are human calculations-how prone is man to forget his weakness and his frailties, and to view the bright side of life, forgetful of the blackness that is pictured on the other. The dread hour came, and the sad intelligence of her lover's death was contained in the following lines.

161

Dear Helen: It is with feelings of the deepest regret, that the painful duty devolves upon me of announcing to you the death of my dear brother. He breathed his last this morning at half past nine o'clock; and thank God, we have good reasons to believe that he died with the full assurance of a glorious immortality. The Rev. Mr. Johnson was with him last evening, and was delighted to find his mind perfectly composed, so that they could hold sweet communion together. About four o'clock yesterday, he was freer from pain than at any other time during his illness, when he expressed an anxious wish to bid you farewell. The family are all, particularly father, dreadfully distressed, at so terrible a blow, but we all hope, dear Helen, that you will compose yourself as much as possible, remembering that the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and not for us to question.

Your devoted friend, ELLENORE A

"He seemed to love her; and her youthful cheek Wore, for a while, the transient bloom of joy; And her heart throbbed with what she could not speak, New to delight, and mute with sorrow."

The lovely flowers display for a season their primitive lustre, and emit all their natural fragrance; for a long interval, a sickly delicacy marks their decline; but still they occasionally brighten with more than original splendor-still their odor is ineffably sweet; and while we fondly gaze on the trembling gems and drooping leaves, hoping that the next gleam of sunshine will invigorate and revive them, the sun wraps himself in clouds-the wind of the desert passes over them, and they are gone-gone forever. In this hour of bitter anguish-with no pleasing anticipation to pour its balm into her bleeding bosom-with no bright hopes to shed even their glimmerings on her troubled mind-with this letter in her hand, which sent a blighting spell to the inmost shrine of her soul, she have laid her head down on the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountains of life and purity. What rendered the scene still more melancholy was, that the sun had performed his daily round, and the pale-faced moon could be seen climbing the starry vault, and casting her silvery beams on the form of the fading beauty. Her best friend had withdrawn from this "vale of tears," and exchanged an earthly life for the joys of heaven. Frequently, at twilight's hour, when day and evening met, would they steal from the family circle to hold pensive and deep communion, with the shadowy scenes of evening. Love breathed over all, and touched with melancholy softness—

"The waving wood and the evening sky."

But they enjoyed the highest luxury of emotion on those evenings (always dear to fond attachment,) when the heavens presented one canopy of lucid crystal blue—when the bright stars, in solitary distance, twinkled in the depths of ether, shooting their cold and uncertain beams on "tower and tree:" while the moon, walking in her vestal glory, pursuing, as from the bosom of eternity, her calm and destined way, poured down the silver of her smiles upon all of lovely and sublime which the forest exhibited to their enchanted view.

For a long season the happy pair lived on each other's thoughts; thoughts, which required not words to express them, - which would have lost all their freshness and their power, in passing the deep gulf, which, in the solemn season of profound and exquisite feeling, divides the tongue from the heart. What a change had a few months wrought! She looked around her for him with whom she had taken her evening walks, but saw him not; his body lay perishing beneath the "clods of the valley," over which an aged willow tree waved its graceful branches. In this state of dread terror and misery, she found herself travelling in his footsteps to the "ocean of eternity." She was almost left alone. She at least thought so. Affliction, that once knew her not, was now her companion—her path, once cheered with the warm summer light of earthly joy, was now cumbered with thorns, and rendered dark, by misery's overhanging cloud. She thought of her lover constantly. At midnight's hour, when the world had hushed its voice, his bright form would come up to haunt her musings, and to startle her with hopes that could never be realized. Her felicity was sinking to the horizon of the tomb. Even when life glows upon us with all its radiance, we cannot be happy,

"Without those hopes, that, like refreshing gales At evening, from the sca, come o'er the soul, Breathed from the ocean of eternity."

And I am sure I may repeat the exquisite lines, adding, at the same time, my testimony to their moral truth and beauty—

"And oh! without them who could bear the storms
That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waters
Of agitated life? Then hopes arise
All round our sinking souls, like those fair birds,
O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no power,
Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness,
And wiling us with gentle motion, on
To some calm island, on whose silvery strand
Dropping, at once, they fold their silent pinions,
And, as we touch the shores of Paradise,
In love and beauty walk around our feet."

Soon after leaving Helen, my mind dwelt with bitter anguish over the recollection of that painful hour, which presented to my sight scenes that can never be forgotten; and, what was calculated to render the picture more revolting to the tender feelings of humanity, is the despairing state into which she immediately fell upon hearing of her lover's death. The condition of her health, in a little while, well justified the foreboding apprehensions of all who knew her. "She was evidently waning to the tomb." Her countenance, once bright and rosy, as that of Hebe, now exhibited only the hectic, fitful bloom of some insidious malady, which, like the canker-worm at the root of beauty, completes its fatal ravages, ere the beholder is aware of its existence. What rendered the occasion more afflicting was, that her old, infirm mother, whose brow was whitened by the frosts of seventy winters, stood by her bed side, firmly believing that her indisposition was but temporary, and that she would soon arise, in the possession of health and spirits, forgetting, in a great measure, him over whose memory she was then weeping. But was this hope, as bright as the morning sun, realized in all its beauty? Did she see the fair bud recover, as it were, from the wounds of a passing gale, and give new evidences of vivification? Did she see her pale, bloodless cheek grow bright, with freedom from mental pain-the purple vein on her delicate hand lose its sickly hue, and assume a natural color? No. Her case became daily more hopeless, and her pulse had in a measure lost its strength-growing feebler and weaker. She was the pride of the neighborhood, and tenderly beloved by all who knew her. Her room was thronged from morning to night with the friends of the family, who rendered all the assistance that they possibly could. Weeks passed, and it was believed by every one that her lovely form was fast fading away. As the dove will clasp its wings to its sides, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pange of wounded affection. Like some young and tender tree, the pride and beauty of the forest, but with a sleepless worm preying at its heart; at a time too, when it should be fresh and luxuriant. extending its broad and healthy limbs to catch the first rays of the morning, ere its leaves, as i tainted by autumn's withering breath, drooping is

silence to the earth-its tall form shrinking, and finally falling to the ground, as if stricken down by the axe of the woodsman. The herald of God! had come, with glittering armor and outstretched arms, to remove her to a world where she would experience no more sleepless nights-to a region of "blessedness and peace," where she would bask forever in the eternal splendors of celestial light. On the morning of the seventeenth of July, when nature seemed to dress in all her charms the beauteous wilderness, Helen's spirit escaped from this frail tenement without a struggle or a groan. agony was over-her heart no longer throbbed with the principle of vitality, and her pulse had ceased Pale, emaciated, lifeless, her snowy neck rested on the bosom of her maddened mother. She looked like an angel, who, in the midst of the music of the heavenly hosts, had dropped to sleep from the melody of the strain. Her mother shrieked aloud, and in that parching hour of anguish, found nothing on which memory could dwell that would south the pangs of separation. The tears that streamed down her cheeks, recalled to mind the uncertainty of life, and the disappointments and miseries that are incident to it. Let those who have had the portals of the grave closed between them they most love,—who have seen all that was most dear to them sink into the cold embraces of the tomb, enter into this solemn reflection. man the disappointment of love may occasion awful and bitter feelings-wounding his tenderest feelings, and filling his bosom with emotions too mighty for utterance; but he is an active being, can mix with the busy crowd-go out amidst the strife of the world, and lull to rest the melancholy workings of his heart. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, a meditative life-enjoying the pleasures of coming events, either of a temporal or spiritual nature, and when robbed of hope and its charms; when her prospects are clouded, and disappointment draws its sable curtain over her beart-its tenderest chords vibrate, when she beholds, as it were, the sun of her happiness cease to warm her soul, and its life-stirring beams depart forever, carrying with them hope, peace and happiness. R.

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THE MASTER PASSION.

The favorite studies and amusements of the learned La Mothe le Vayer consisted in accounts of the most distant countries. He gave a striking proof of the influence of this master-passion when death hung upon his lips. Bernier, the celebrated traveller, entering and drawing the certains of his bed, to take his eternal farewell, the dying man turning to him with a faint voice, inquired, "Well, my friend, what news from the Great Mogul?"

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA. John De La Valette,* of the language of Provence, was born in 1494, of a good family; and took the habit of the Hospitallers at the early age of twenty. After becoming a Knight, he never returned to France; but, serving at Rhodes, Vitenbo, Naples and Malta, he passed, step by step. through all the grades of office in the convent, until he was unanimously called to preside over its destinies, on the twenty-first of October, 1557. Prior to his election to this sovereign rule, he had been governor of Tripoli, bailiff of Lango, grand prior of St. Gilles, and lieutenant general of the forces at the siege of Zoara. And so celebrated had he made himself in many engagements, that the soldiers called him their father, and said that whenever he was present in battle, there was no danger of defeat. La Valette was so much respected in Germany and the Venitian States, that on his application to have the authority of the order acknowledged in those countries, his wish was immediately complied with, and the revenues which had been long withheld, were, at his request, as quickly restored. The Grand-Master, by one of his first acts. reinstated La Vallier in his former rank. And so well persuaded was he of the injustice of the sentence, which had condemned this Monk to a long imprisonment, and to the loss of his mantle, that, in full council, he declared him innocent of the crimes of which he had been accused, and named him grand bailiff of Lango; a situation which, as we have observed, he had himself formerly held.

John De Lacerta, Duke of Medini Celi, and Viceroy of Sicily, anxious to signalize his administration by some remarkable deed, begged of Philip the II, of Spain, to allow him to make an attempt on Tripoli. This proposition was graciously received by the King, who ordered the Duke to get his gallies in readiness, and to ask the Knights of Malta to counsel him by their advice, and assist him with their presence, when, at any time, he should make an attack on his Infidel enemies. Although La Valette was well aware that great preparations were making at Constantinople for a descent on his order, still he willingly engaged in this expedition, and offered Lacerta a body of "four hundred monks, fifteen hundred soldiers, and two hundred pioneers," would he but stop, and take them under his command, when on his way to Barbary. So great, however, had been the delay in

* This sketch of the first eight years of the reign of La Valette was thrown out of its proper chronological position, by the miscarriage of the original manuscript—a duplicate of which, has since been transmitted to us, by the author. Although the chain of events is thus somewhat interrupted, yet the interest of the subject is not diminished; and it is certainly due to the memory of La Valette, the founder of the capital of the island of Malta, that the broken link even at this interval, should be supplied.

preparing the Christian fleet, that when it appeared | which obliged Lacerta to put before the wind, and off Malta, the winter season was so far advanced, and the weather had become so boisterous, that the Maltese monks wished the Viceroy to return to Messina, and defer his visit to Tripoli, until the weather should moderate with the coming spring. When Lacerta heard how strongly Dragut had fortified his castle, which he was present in person to defend, and how well he had provided it with all the munitions of war, his ardor was damped, and he in his turn proposed to the Chapter, that, not to remain so long idle, they should commence their operations by making an attack on the island of Jerba. This proposition met with no favor, either from the Grand-Master or his council. The Knights declined to engage in any enterprise, where the result, even if they were victorious, could be of no possible service to the convent; more particularly at a period when the Ottoman emperor was threatening to raze their fortifications, and destroy their existence as an order. Lacerta, swearing by the life of the King his master, and by the head of his son Gaston, that let the consequences be what they might, he would make an attack on Tripoli, the Maltese gallies were added to his force, and the united fleet left Malta on the tenth of February, 1559, for their destination on the African coast. Dragut, hearing that the Christians were coming in great strength to lay siege to his fortress, sailed out of the harbor with two ships to discover their And well was he repaid for his daring, by the success which attended his efforts. The Viceroy, observing the Infidel Corsairs having, in the distance, detached a portion of his squadron, to give chase, and attack them. But the Neapolitan commander, more desirous of plundering a few Egyptian merchantmen who were in sight, than of executing his instructions, Bragut escaped, and, at night-fall, sent a messenger in a fast sailing bark to Stamboul, to inform the Sultan that his enemies were at sea, and that he was in want of assistance to enable him to repel their invasion. Although the Christians had made their voyage in safety, which, at this season they could have hardly expected, and taken up a good position before the walls of the town they had gone to reduce, still the Duke was unable to make an assault, owing to the suffering condition of his seamen and soldiers, from the want of water. The Sicilians, who were sent on shore in search of wells, failed in their object, and as a last resource, commenced digging in the sands of Palo for a supply. Coming upon some springs which were of a sweet taste, and beautifully clear, the casks were filled, and taken on board. But the water proved so unwholesome, that all who drank of it were taken seriously ill, while very many soon died from its poisonous effects. It hap-

scud even to the island of Jerba, whither he would first have gone, had he not been prevented by La Valette and his council. This was certainly a singular incident, and one which the Viceroy had shrewdness enough to turn to his advantage. Saying that God had willed the destruction of the place, for it was only by His interposition that they had been driven to Jerba, he took his ships into port and brought them all to anchor. A large force was soon on shore, but the soldiers, unwilling and unfit to engage in a conflict, left their officers in a tumultuous manner, and roamed over the island in search of water, to quench their parching thirst. Wells were soon found, but the water was so bitter from the leaves of the aloe, and other noxious herbs, which the natives had thrown in them, that the men were unable to drink it, and were obliged to return to their camp, suffering more from thirst, than when they had landed from their ships some seven hours before. Fortunate it was for the Christians, that the Arab Cheyk, who commanded the town, was advanced in years, and broken by infirmities; for had it been otherwise, they might have been attacked, while wandering about in unarmed parties. As night came on, the Sicilian camp was kept in a continual state of alarm by a number of delirious soldiers, some of whom straggling without the lines, and unable to give the watchword when hailed by the sentries, were fired upon, and killed by their comrades. Others gathering in groups, commenced singing and dancing, while a few, more deranged than the rest, discharged their muskets at each other, and brought the whole army to arms. While the Sicilian and Maltese soldiers were thus kept in such a feverish excitement, a large body of Arabs issued from the fortress upon them. A deadly fight ensued, and as no quarter was shown by either party, the vanquished were sure to die. Whenever an Arab was killed, his victor fell on the earth beside him, and drank the blood as it oozed from the wounds of his enemy. And as the savage heart becomes more ferocious by the sight and taste of blood, so these Christian warriors were, on this field of battle, but as wild animals, prowling about among the wounded and slain, to revel in misery, and quench their thirst with human gore. One poor Infidel was allowed to return to the town. But he went without a summons to the governor, as the Viceroy supposed that his statement alone of what he had seen, and suffered, would be sufficient to terrify the Cheyk into submission, and bring him the keys of his cas-He was right in his conjectures. At the tle. dawn of day, the same man appeared with a flag of truce, and brought a letter to Lacerta, in which it was stated that the garrison had not only surrenpened, unfortunately, that while so many were ill, dered to his victorious arms, but had become conleaving hardly well men enough to navigate the verts to the Catholic faith, and claimed his protecgallies, a heavy gale sprung up from the Eastward, tion as the subjects of Spain. This declaration saved their lives, though it did not protect their idiers in the citadel of Jerba, would not surrender property. When the Sicilians entered the town, his post to the Infidel General, but for three months every house was broken open, and every thing carried out of it, which would recompense the pillagers for their trouble in removing it on board of their ships.

The Viceroy, wishing to make Jerba a permanent possession of his master's crown, only that it might serve as a monument of his conquests, soon informed Doria, the Spanish admiral, and Tessieres, the Maltese commander, of his intention to erect numerous fortifications, and to leave a force in them, which, under any circumstances, would be sufficient for their defence. These officers, well aware of the motives which had influenced the Duke to come to this determination, strongly expressed their disapprobation of a measure, which should cause such a waste of time, and so much useless fatigue to their soldiers; adding also, that it was far more advisable to sail for the Levant, and attack the Turkish fleet, which they had every reason to suppose was at sea. This sage advice was unheeded by the Duke, and grievously did he pay for his obstinacy, by the loss of his army, navy and conquests. Tessieres, obeying the instructions which he had received from La Valette, to the effect that he should not remain inactive in port, left one galley with the viceroy, and sailed with the rest of his squadron for Malta. And Lacerta, contrary to the carnest advice of his friends, and with a stubbornness which no one can excuse, continued to labor on his fortifications even after he had heard that the Ottoman admiral had been seen off Gozo, on his way to attack him. On the 14th of May, at early dawn, Kara Mustapha entered the harbor of Jerba, with eighty-five gallies, having on board eight thousand five hundred Janizaries, who were commanded by Piagli Basha, one of the Sultan's favorite officers. Bringing his ships to anchor near those of his enemy, a desperate fight ensued. But it was of short duration, as many of the Christian gallies, being in shallow water, and on shore, could not be well defended. The crews, unable to bring their guns to bear on the Turks as they approached to board, sword in hand, could only haul down their flags, and with their arms reversed, surrender themselves as prisoners of war, which, in those days, was nothing else than to save their lives for a time, to linger out their existence in slavery. Doria exclaimed in his affliction, "the obstinacy of one man has ruined us all:" and flying with Lacerta to the eastern part of the island, where he had a small beat concealed in a cove, got on board, and, favored with fine weather, safely arrived at a small haven, on the southern coast of Sicily. McDonald, a Scotchman, as we should judge by his name, who commanded the Maltese galley, fought his way through the Turkish fleet, and carried the news of this sad defeat to Malta. Don Alvarez de Sande, other monks following the Grand-Master's example; who had with him a gallant body of Sicilian sol- the squadron of the order, was never more power-

combated with the Turks, most valiantly. After losing many men by death and desertion, he bravely headed the few who remained, and making a sally on his enemies, tried to cut his way down to the gallies, hoping to overcome the Turkish seamen, and thus make his escape to sea. But his intention having been made known to Piagli Basha by a Spanish renegade, Alvarez with all his comrades were made prisoners as they issued from without the gates of their fortress. Kara Mustapha carried with him on his return to Constantinople, "twenty-eight gallies, fourteen store-ships, and twelve thousand slaves," as the fruits of his victory. Such was the unfortunate termination of the Viceroy's expedition against the island of Jerba, known as the Lotophagites of the ancients.

Would that we could now turn our attention to the narration of other incidents, not of such a fiendlike character, as those which we have recently recorded. But as every event which happened at this period, appears to have been decided at the mouth of a cannon, or to have been chronicled by the point of a Turkish scimetar, our wishes are not to be gratified, and we must continue to describe deeds of barbarity and bloodshed, which as much disgrace the Knights who performed them, as they are a blot on the age in which they occurred. What were these cruises of the Maltese Monks but piratical excursions, and what prompted these defenders of the Christian religion to make their descents on Infidel towns, but the worst feelings of our nature? Were men to commit such crimes at this day, the cross which they might carry in their hands, or wear embroidered on their habits, would not protect them. They would be called pirates and murderers, and justly be doomed to suffer, either on the gallows or at the yard-arms of their own piratical craft.

On the twelfth of August, 1560, we find Cosmo de Medicis, Duke of Tuscany, entering the lists against the Turks, and instituting a naval order, under the protection of the Pope, which was to be governed by the same laws as that of Malta, save that the Knights could marry, and retain their property, either for their own use or that of their families. Baccio Martelli, who commanded four of the Duke's gallies, falling in with a Maltese squadron at sea, saluted the admiral Gonzago with nine guns, and asked permission to cruise in company. This being granted, they remained several months together; and being fortunate in their cruises, filled their vessels with plunder and slaves. Indeed, such immense wealth was brought to Malta by Gonzago, that La Valette built two gallies at his own expense, and hoping his admiral's good fortune would not desert him, placed them at his disposal. Several ful, or more feared by the Mussulmen corsairs than | marks, he begged that the holy synod would be So well had the Maltese established at this period. their character in Europe for seamanship, and courage, that Philip of Spain requested La Valette to name an officer to take command of his Sicilian fleet, saying, that where all were so distinguished, it would be unkind in him to make a selection.

We have now to record a daring act performed by Romegas, who, not long afterwards, became one of the most distinguished captains of his time. This brave monk, when cruizing on the coast of Sicily, discovered a sail to windward, which was soon made out as a Turkish frigate, and of a superior force. Nothing daunted by her appearance, Romegas plied his oars, and was quickly within gunshot range of his enemy; and after a sanguinary action of five hours, during which anxious period the vessels were along side, and it was often doubtful how the fight would terminate, the Infidels were conquered, and their flag hauled down. The prize had on board at the commencement of the fight, two hundred slaves at the oars, three hundred and fifty Janizaries, and was commanded by a noted Calabrian renegade, named Izuph Concini. cruelly had this corsair treated the Christians in their servitude, that when released from their chains, they tore his flesh from his body with their teeth, and before they finished with him, he was left with hardly the frame of a man, as many of the smaller bones were missing, which they in their revenge had devoured. The vessel belonged to the chief black-eunuch of the Seraglio, at Constantinople, and was laden with treasure.

About this time, La Valette received an invitation from Pope Pius IV., to attend a council at Trent which he had summoned to legislate on the affairs of his church. But being unwell, and unwilling to leave his convent, he named the famed Villegagnon to go as his envoy on this occasion. He, however, while making preparations for his departure, being taken suddenly ill, was succeeded by Royal de Portal Ronge, a monk of great policy, talent, and courage. When the Maltese ambassador arrived at Trent, some difficulty arose among the councillors, as to whether he should be entitled to a seat with bishops, all of whom were present as the representatives of crowned heads. After some discussion, this delicate point was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, and Portal Ronge rose in his turn to address the assembly on subjects which were of vital importance to the interests of the Chapter, which he had been honored to represent. He stated, that if the Knights were not so much distinguished for their martial achievements, as their predecessors had been, it was wholly owing to their misfortunes in having lost many of their best revenues by the seizures of protestant Princes, and to the encroachments on their ancient rights in other countries, where they had not expected such treatment. And in concluding his re- flag, as the Christians were boarding their vessel.

pleased to take these just matters of complaint under consideration, and to decree that all those privileges sould be restored to the order of which it had been deprived, in countries where the authority of the Pope was still acknowledged. The proctor answered to these requests, in general terms, and nothing was ever done to meet the wishes or expectations of the Maltese envoy, who shortly after returned to his convent.

La Valette, hearing in 1564, that the Spaniards were intending to attack the strong fortress of Pignon de Velez, on the coast of Barbary, sent two gallies and a galleon to assist in that expedition. By the intrepidity of the Knights, the place was captured, after only a few hours' bombardment; although it is recorded, that only two years before, the whole Spanish army had been routed by its garrison. This citadel was so inaccessible, from the nature of the ground on which it was built, and could be so well defended, that the Christians thought it impregnable, and it certainly would not have been taken so soon, had not the governor been a coward, and deserted a post which he might long have held against all the force of his enemies. It is worthy of remark, that every fortification held by Philip II., at this time, on the African coast, had been reduced by the Knights of Malta.

During the summer of this year, while Gion, the Maltese admiral, with five gallies, and Romegas with two, belonging to the Grand-Master, were cruising together in the channel of Corfu, they fell in with a large Ottoman galleon, commanded by Beizan Ouglu, a celebrated corsair, and having on board two hundred Janizaries, all trusty soldiers, to defend it. When the Christians were bearing down to attack their enemy, they wisely agreed to keep up a continual fire from their united batteries, upon him, but Gion being in the fastest galley, and led on by his courage, ran under the stern of the Turkish vessel, and would certainly have been sunk "by the heavy stones which were thrown on his deck," had not Romegas gallantly advanced to share the conflict, and defend him in his dangerous position. After the fight had been continued for several hours, the galleon was successfully boarded, and taken. It was, however, a dear bought victory, as upwards of a hundred of the Maltese perished; and among them, many monks who were noted for their intrepidity and nantical knowledge.

* The daring, and courage displayed by Beizan Ouglu, in this engagement, is beyond all praise. Although he saw seven gallies approaching to attack him, some of which were larger than the vessel which he commanded, still scorning to fly, he lay on his oars to await their coming, and give fight to all. Even when surrounded by his enemies, and with the most of his soldiers slain, he would not surrender, but continued the unequal conflict, until he was brought insensible to the deck, by a gunshot wound in his head. The Janizaries, dispirited by his fall, hauled down their

was laden, belonged to the Sultanas at Constantinople, its loss was severely felt, and brought upon the order the hatred of Selyman, and caused that memorable siege which we shall now narrate.

When the news of this capture was received at Stamboul, the Sultan called his princes, priests and officers around him, and made known, in words to this effect, his intention of declaring war against the Knights of Malta. He stated, that his enemies had been too long allowed to interrupt his commerce, to insult his flag, and to make their plundering descents on his coast; that the lamentations of mothers for their lost children, and of wives for their absent husbands, had reached him, and called aloud for his vengeance; and that the wish which he had entertained for more than forty years, of driving these pirates from their fastnesses, was now, by the will of God, and with the assistance of Mahommed, about to be gratified. This declaration was received with shouts of applause. Only one officer of any rank raised his voice in opposition to the measure, and he was an Arab chief, who well knew the Maltese, and the strength of their fortifications, from having been a prisoner among His advice being unheeded by the council, Selvman sent instructions to the king of Algiers, and to his governor in Egypt, to get their squadrons in readiness to assist him in his invasion of Malta, which he should undertake as soon as the winter weather had past.

La Valette, hearing of the Sultan's intention to exterminate his order, sent envoys to ask assistance of the Pope, and of Philip II, of Spain. He also ordered all the Knights who were absent, to return, and defend their island, against the force which he expected would be present in the spring to attack it. So readily were these orders obeyed, that in the brief space of three months, more than six hundred monks had left their abodes in Europe, and returned to the convent, bringing with them two thousand Italian soldiers, several hundred Spaniards, and a large quantity of provisions, and warlike stores, which their friends had given for their support and defence. Many, who from their bodily infirmities, were unable to appear in person at Malta, "sold their jewels," and sent the proceeds to the treasury. The Pope gave "ten thousand crowns," with a promise of further help; and Don Garcia, the Viceroy of Sicily, was instructed by king Philip to hold himself in readiness, with "twenty thousand men," to assist the Maltese, whenever the Turks should land on their island, to molest them.

La Valette appointed three monks of courage and experience; an Italian, surnamed Imperator; Borneas, a Frenchman; and Quattrius, a Spaniard, to be his colonels and chief in command, in any serwice where he might send them. By their orders, part of the fortifications it would be most advisable

As the rich merchandize, with which this prize | paired. Much praise is due to these officers for the activity and skill which they displayed at this trying period. By their personal exertions, the Islanders were stimulated to labor, and by their military knowledge, the untaught peasants soon became good soldiers.

On the 22nd of March, (A.D.,) 1565, the Turkish fleet left Constantinople, and after a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days, came in sight of Malta. It consisted of one hundred and sixty gallies and galleons, and was commanded by Piall Basha, the Lord High Admiral of the Ottoman fleet. Mustapha Pasha, an aged warrior, well known for his hostility and cruelty to the Christians, was in command of the land forces, which had been drafted from all parts of the Mussulman empire. He had with him an army of thirty thousand men, a great number of slaves, and a body of sixteen hundred fanatics, who had taken leave of their relatives at Stamboul, and sworn to die in defence of their religion. To cope with this large force, La Valette had with him seven thousand five hundred Italians, French, Germans, Spaniards and Maltese, with a thousand knights, priests and squires, to command them. In the different fortresses of St. Elmo, St. Michael and St. Angelo, where these troops were principally stationed, and also at Medina, the capital of the island, there were provisions and warlike stores of every description, and in the greatest abundance.

On the afternoon of May 18th, a body of Janizaries attempted to land from twenty gallies, which had come to anchor in Marsasirock. But Gion, the same person, whom we have before mentioned for his bravery, sallying out upon them with a few companies of harquebusiers, caused them hastily to embark in their boats, and returned again to their ships. No other attempt was made that night. But at an early hour on the following morning, the whole Ottoman fleet having entered the port, twenty thousand men were put on shore, and commenced erecting their entrenchments, and planting their batteries. During the night, some three hundred Turks who had concealed themselves by the admiral's order among the rocks, near the castle of St. Thomas, unfortunately surprised two small patrolling parties, killing and capturing all of which they were composed. La Riviere, the leader of one guard, being taken before the Basha, was questioned as to the number of soldiers on the island, the strength of the different fortresses, and whether any assistance was expected from Europe. Answering in a firm and unsatisfactory manner, he was put to the torture, which he bore for a time with the greatest fortitude. But feigning at least, as if he would give the desired information, would they but remove him from the rack; he was again taken before the general, who, demanding against what the troops were drilled, and the fortifications re-1 for him to commence his attack, La Riviere

promptly named the borough and port of Castile. | who was naturally of a timid disposition, and with The wily Turk doubting his statement, had the French Knight taken with him to Mount Calcarra, and on finding the Castilian post was, of all the others, the best defended, he struck the Christian to the earth, where he was instantly killed by his retinue. When the Ottoman commander had pitched his tents, he sent several large parties in different directions to ravage the island. All the poor Maltese who fell in their hands were condemned to death—and all their property stolen or destroyed. The Grand-Master, anxious to prevent these excesses, sallied out with a body of volunteers, and cut off fifteen hundred of these roving infidels, with a loss to himself of only eighty men, and one "Florentine, named D'Elbene." In this sortie, Confelinus, an Italian, and a Spaniard, whose name is not mentioned, were greatly distinguished. Entering into the midst of the Janizaries, they slew a standardbearer, and carried off his ensign in triumph. La Valette at first encouraged his garrison to make frequent sallies on their enemies, wishing to try their courage, and to accustom them to the shouts and cries which, the Turks always made when they engaged in battle. But when he saw how bravely they conducted themselves, he recalled his Marshal, who always went in command, on these occasions, saying, that he did not wish any longer to expose a man in open fight, while he could be protected within the gates of his fortress.

Mustapha, having summoned his chief officers together, for the purpose of commencing the siege. found himself opposed by the Admiral, who said that the orders which he had received from the Sultan were positive, and to the effect that nothing should be done, until Dragut was present to assist them in their operations. When, however, the general had firmly expressed his opinion that a longer delay might cause a total failure of the expedition, as was the Sicilian fleet to arrive and attack their ships while lying in an open roadstead, it must be to a great disadvantage, whereas, was fort St. Elmo reduced, which he thought might be done in fortyeight hours, they could be brought safely in port, and be well protected, all the members of the council coincided in his views, and Piall Basha readily consented to an immediate action. "In less than six days" after the Ottoman army had landed on Malta, Mustapha had succeeded in erecting a fortification, from which, he opened a fire " of ten guns, sending shot of four pounds weight each, with two culverins of sixty, and a huge basilick throwing marble balls of an enormous size," all within a short distance, and directly bearing against the fortress of St. Elmo. The bailiff of Negropont, who commanded the garrison, well persuaded that with his small force, he could not long hold out against such a terrible fire, sent Lacerta to the Grand-

the terrible scenes of slaughter, from which he had recently escaped, strongly impressed on his mind. gave to the convent so feeling a decription of the sufferings, and dangers of his friends, that La Valette in order to counteract the effects which his dismal account might have on their minds, rose, and reprimanded him in the following language: "You represent the castle to me before all these commanders, as a body quite emaciated, and exhausted for want of strong remedies. I myself will go and be its physician, and if I cannot cure you of your fear, I will at least prevent the Infidels from taking advantage of it." Thus saying, he called out a body of troops, and was in the act of taking the command, when some brave Knights stepped forward, and begged the honor of leading them to their destination. After much deliberation, the Grand-Master consented to intrust Gonzalls de Medoan and La Mottee with this reinforcement, which, "under cover of the guns of St. Angelo," he dispatched in boats to defend their dangerous post. tress of St. Elmo is so situated on the point of Mount Sceberras, that not a vessel can enter either of the harbors without being exposed to great danger, from being swamped by its shot. To reduce it, therefore, was of the utmost importance to the Ottoman general, and to this sole object was his whole attention directed.

One aged Monk, La Mirande, is particularly named, who joined the garrison with a small party, and by his personal daring, contributed greatly to the defence of this shattered fortification. Piall Basha, who was in the trenches with eight thousand men, conducting the operations of the siege, rashly advancing with two others to reconnoitre, was mortally wounded by a splinter from a rock, which had been struck by a shot from St. Angelo. This dreadful blow to the Turks, causing a cessation of hostilities for a few days, the Grand-Master improved the opportunity to send Saluagus on his second embassy to the Viceroy of Sicily, begging his immediate help. The brave Knight having arrived safely at Messina, and obtained a promise from Garcia, that the Italian troops should be at Malta by the middle of June, took with him two gallies, and set sail on his return. Arriving before the port and finding it blockaded by the ships of his enemy, Saluagus ordered his friends to seek their safety in flight, while he, hovering in the distance till night fall, gallantly made for the harbor, and brought his ships safely to anchor. The news from Sicily so much encouraged the commanders of St. Elmo, that they, in company with two hundred others, sallied out upon the Turks, and at first gained some signal advantages. The Janizaries, however, rallying in strength, became in turn the attacking party, and not only drove the Christians Master, begging for a reinforcement, to enable him before them, but made a "lodgement on their forto maintain his position. The Spanish Knight, tress;" a circumstance truly distressing to the Maltese, as their enemies soon succeeded in erect- trance into the citadel, still the tottering walls were ing a battery, from which, their sharp shooters all the time yielding to this terrible fire, and the under cover themselves, could bring down any one Knights, well aware that the place must soon be who exposed himself to their view.

Such was the position of the hostile forces, when Dragot arrived with thirteen gallies, and twelve hundred Algerines, to assist his countrymen in the reduction of Malta. This corsair fearlessly declared in council, that had he been present when only be retained at the imminent risk of those who the siege was commenced, he should have advised a totally different course from that which they had taken. Why, said he, have you not, before this their recall. Should this fortress be abandoned, late day, attacked the capital, from which our ene- the "Viceroy of Sicily will not come to our aid," mies get their supplies? And why have you not and bound as we all are by our oaths to court erected some batteries, to prevent these continued death, rather than yield to a Mussulman power, let reinforcements from being thrown into a fortress, me urge you to say to your comrades, that it is exwhich has already caused the destruction of so pected they will prepare for the worst, and at all many of our friends, and will as many more, be- hazards, defend the fort which is left in their charge. fore we shall be able to reduce it? Dragut having If necessary, La Valette observed, he would take planted some artillery on a headland which bears his place among them, and share their fate, firmly his name to this day, advanced with a large body believing as he did, that on the retention of St. of the army, to make an assault. Although the Jani- Elmo, greatly depended the safety of the island, zaries were received so valiantly by the Knights, and the preservation of his order. When Methat the ditches were soon filled with their dead, drian delivered this stern message to his brother yet they would not retreat, and as soon as one Monks, the eldest among them submitted in pious aquadron was cut down, another advanced to take resignation to the will of their superior. But its place, and continue the fight. In this way alone the younger brethren, to the number of three were the Christians wearied out, and at last com- hundred and fifty, assembling in a tumultuous pelled to take shelter in the citadel, leaving the out- manner, drew up a letter to the Grand-Master, in works to be held by their enemies. Five Knights which they declared that they were not satisfied of distinction perished at this time. Masius of with his decision, which must bring them to cer-Narbona, Contilia, a Spaniard, Somaia, a Floren- tain destruction, and added, "that if boats were not tine, Neinec, a German, and Guardamps, a gallant sent for their removal," they would, sword in hand Frenchman. This last, when mortally wounded, make a sortie in the Turkish camp, and quickly would not permit his companions to leave "their meet that death, to which they had been so cruelly posts to assist him, but crawling in agony to the doomed. La Valette, though inflexible in his dechurch," died when alone, at the foot of its altar. termination of keeping a garrison in St. Elmo, yet

the greatest anxiety, no sooner perceived that the doned his friends to their fate, sent three commiscitadel of St. Elmo was held by the Turks, than sioners to examine the state of the fortress, and he sent a reinforcement of two hundred of the or- whose report, on their return, was to be given in der, and as many soldiers, saying, that cost what it full council. Two of the commanders who went might, the fortress must be held. The boats which on this mission, candidly declared to the garrison, carried over these succors, were on their return, that were the Turks to make a general assault, St. filled with disabled soldiers. Sent to the convent Elmo must fall in their hands. But the third, by the commanders Desguerras and Broglio, who, Castriot, a brave and gallant soldier, ridiculed their though themselves desperately wounded, would fears, and sneeringly remarked, that if those who not leave their post, preferring an honorable death were present were afraid to remain at their post, in the fortress, which they had so long defended, he would ask the Grand-Master's permission to the only one who seized this occasion to leave raise some recruits, and relieve them. This dechis quarters, was Lacerda, the Spaniard, whom we laration so enraged the Knights who had drawn bave mentioned once before for his cowardice. Having only a trifling "scar to serve as an excuse leaving the Castle, they collected near the outer for his desertion," he became as much despised by gate, and forbid him to pass, saying, that if it was those whom he abandoned, as he was by the Grand- so trifling a matter to defend St. Elmo, he had Master, who, on his coming before him, expressed, better remain with them and partake of their idle in the most marked manner, his disapprobation of fears; adding, also, that it was very easy for one his cowardly conduct. Mustapha kept up an inces- when out of danger himself, to term others cowsant bombardment on St. Elmo, for a period of ards, whereas were he exposed, his opinion might four days; and although he could not effect an en- soon be changed. Lamiranda, to quell this tumult,

captured, unless assistance was given by the Grand-Master, sent the Chevalier Medrian, "whose courage could not be doubted," to give this information to the Convent.

La Valette said he well knew the castle could had been sent to defend it. But dangerous as was the position of his friends, he could not consent to La Valette, who had witnessed the action with that it might not be said, that he heedlessly abanup the letter to La Valette, that when Castriot was

had the drums beat to arms. alone, were the Knights called from their wrangling, and the commissioners enabled to escape. Castriot having stated to the council all which had transpired on his visit to St. Elmo, asked permission to go with some soldiers, and defend the place. This was readily granted. And the bishop furnishing him with sufficient money to tempt the Maltese to enlist on this perilous duty, a large force was soon collected, and commanded by gentlemen who volunteered their services on this urgent occa-La Valette, having summoned the new levies before him, addressed them in a most encouraging manner. He said, that the fearless character which they displayed was highly honorable, and as such would be remembered in the annals of the order. To Castriot, on his departure, he gave a letter, in which he ordered, that those Knights who had expressed so much fear, should immediately return to the Convent, inasmuch, as by so doing, they would not be exposed to any further danger, and he would be relieved of his anxiety for the preservation of his fortress.

When the Monks became acquainted with the instructions which had been sent for their removal, they quickly saw the error they had committed, and begged Lamiranda to intercede with the Grand-Master, to allow them to remain where they were, swearing to blot out the stain which they had in a moment of excitement thoughtlessly brought on their characters, by the blood which they would lavishly shed in defence of St. Elmo. La Valette, after some hesitation, granted them a pardon, and recalled Castriot and his party, to man the guns of St. Angelo. It has been thought that this whole movement was a feint to bring the garrison to a sense of its duty, and that it was never intended to intrust the defence of so important a post to a company of raw recruits, when it was so difficult a task for the choicest soldiers to prevent its falling into the hands of their enemies. If this supposition is correct, it well answered its purpose.

Dragut, on the 16th of June, at midnight, ranged his gallies on the seaward side of the castle, and at early dawn commenced bombarding with all his artillery, consisting of "thirty-six pieces of heavý ordnance," against its weakened walls, which were in many places soon razed to their foundation. Mustapha approaching from the land at the same time, bravely mounted the outerworks, and planted several standards on their ruins. The Maltese, who were unable to oppose this advance, without becoming exposed to the "cross fire of five thousand Turkish harquebusiers," suffered dreadfully, as they gallantly sallied forth to prevent their enemies from getting a foot-hold within their lines.

By this manœuvre cruelty and stubbornness. At midday, however, the Knights were compelled to fall back, and enter the castle. The Janizaries, who pursued, attempted to scale the walls, but missed their object, and were in their turn grievously repulsed. In this assault, upwards of two thousand Infidels perished, while of the garrison, seventeen Monks and three hundred men died of their wounds, or were killed in action. The Turkish general, finding that the batteries which he had erected did not answer the purpose for which they were intended, called a council of war, and declared that so long as the communication between the castle and the borough remained uninterrupted, all their efforts to conquer it would be useless. For as soon as one garrison was destroyed, another would come to take its place, and in this manner would their time be lost, and the flower of their army perish. That this reasoning was correct, was evident to all. And the council unanimously determined to fortify a position, which would command the passage by sea, between the two places, and send a large force to maintain it. Dragut and the chief engineer, entertaining a different opinion, as to the selection of a site for this new fortification, fearlessly advanced beyond the trenches to reconnoitre. Serving in their exposed situation but as a mark to be fired at, they were both cut down by a single shot from St. Angelo. Dragut lingered for several days, but his companion was instantly killed.

On the morning of the 21st of June, a battery being planted, which would prevent any volunteers from passing into St. Elmo, Mustapha ordered a general assault to be made on the Castle, at every assailable point. Bravely did the Janizaries advance, and obstinately were they met by the monks of St. John. No quarter being shown on either side, the conflict, throughout the day, was but a scene of general slaughter. And so hand to hand, was the fight maintained, that it oftentimes occurred when both the turbaned Turk and helmeted Knight fell dead, transfixed with each other's spears. It was only when the darkness prevented the combatants from seeing each other, that their work of slaughter ceased. Five thousand Ottoman soldiers got their troubled sleep among the slain, on the spot which they had so dearly won. The few Maltese who were left, repaired to the chapel, and after binding up their wounds, administered the sacrament to each other, and passed their time in prayer. Some few Christian warriors made an honorable attempt to get to the assistance of their friends in St. Elmo, but being discovered, and meeting with some loss, were sorrowfully compelled to return to the Convent, and leave their doomed brethren to die. On the following morning at early But as the assailants and the besieged seemed dawn, the Turkish general, by the sound of his animated with but one common wish, either to trumpet, called his army to arms; and after a short be victorious, or seek an honorable death, the but desperate struggle, the standard of the Order fight was a long time maintained with the utmost was pulled down, and the flag of the Crescent was

seen waving on the ruined tower of St. Elmo, when "every man" of its garrison "had been slain or disabled in valiant fight." Mustapha, when entering the fortress, exclaimed, " what hopes can we have to conquer the father, when to take the son we have lost the best part of our army?" The bodies of those Knights who had the most signalized themselves during the siege, were by the general's order, tied by their feet, and left to putrify, while hanging over the walls in such a position as to be seen by La Valette and all the members of his Convent. Others of less note, "being gashed on their stomachs and backs, in the form of the crosses which they had worn," were fastened on planks and thrown in the sea. Several of these corpses were carried by the current to the foot of St. Angelo, where they were recognized, secured and bonorably interred. The fate of a few monks, who, although desperately wounded, survived the capture of the place, was far more horrible than that of their brothers, who had been killed outright in open fight. Even while yet living, their hearts were torn out and shot from the guns which they had so well defended, in the direction of the borough, where the Knights were looking upon them and witnessing this barbarous deed.

La Valette, giving way to an unchristian spirit of revenge, commanded that all the Mussulmen prisoners whom he held should be massacred, and his cannon, when loaded with their bleeding heads, to be discharged in the Turkish camp.

During the thirty-five days this siege continued, twelve hundred and seventy soldiers of the cross perished, and two hundred and eighty monks, among whom, we would particularly name, as the most distinguished for their talent, courage and experience, the governor Monserratus, Lamiranda, De Medran, La Mottee, De Vagnon, Gazas and the aged bailiff of Negropont. Of the Infidels eight thousand were slain. Two of their three noted warriors fell; Piall Basha, and Dragut, the fained Algerine corsair. The last lived long enough to hear of the reduction of the fortress, at which, though speechless and dying, he expressed his satisfaction with a smile.

POETRY.

In all ages, (says D'Israeli,) there has existed an anti-poetical party. This faction consists of those frigid intellects incapable of that glowing expansion so necessary to feel the charms of an art, which only addresses itself to the imagination,—or, of writers who, having proved unsuccessful in their court to the muses, revenge themselves by reviling them,—and also of those religious minds who consider the ardent effusions of poetry as dangerous to the morals and peace of society.

NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS BY THE BLIND.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

DEAR SIR.—It is my fate, at an early age, to suffer under one of the greatest of human misfortunes. I allude to the deprivation of sight. For the purpose of whiling away my lonely hours, my attention is occasionally directed to composition; but I fear with little success. I send you, however, a few verses, which if possessing sufficient merit to entitle them to a place in your columns, I will thank you to publish.

A year, a long long year of pain, At length has past away, And dark and dreary comes again Another New Year's day.

Ah, merry day! for me thou hast No sweet delights in store, The joys and pleasures of the past Exist for me no more.

The sun, with his effulgent light,
No more illumes my way;
The dreadful mist that clouds my sight
Defice the god of day.

Ambitious hopes once throbbed my breast;
But ah! those hopes have fled,
And clouds of care and sorrow rest
Dark brooding o'er my head.

Deprived of hope—of sight bereft,
What charms has earth for me?
A wreck, a hopeless wreck, I'm left
On life's tempestuous sea.

O Time, thy pace, how cruel slow!
On! on with rapid flight,
And bear me from this world of woe—
These dismal realms of night.

J. W. R.

Clinton, La., January 1843.

FEMALE REVENGE.

A tale founded on some incidents from evenings with Prince Cambaceres.

CPAPTER I.

"And dost thou love me, ma belle Marie, with all the devotedness of a woman's heart?"

"Canst thou doubt it, my own Adolphé?" said the lovely and confiding girl, to whom these words were passionately addressed.

"Is thy heart susceptible of no change, my own one! hast theu never dreamed of some gay cavalier, who would make thee soon forget me!"

"No, Adolphe, I never knew happiness until I beheld thee; and, knowing thee, I could never love another."

"But, Marie, among the unnumbered suitors who sought thy love, there were those upon whom a maiden's heart right well might have bestowed the rich treasures of its love; the fame of thy beauty brought the bravest, the wealthiest, the noblest at thy feet! How strange, dearest, to choose a rough soldier, whose blunt address and unpol-

ished mien were ill calculated to win so fair a sacrificed to man's direct foe. Most truly and flower!"

"And now, Adolphé, be generous; question no more the true and devoted love I bear thee; more, a maiden could not say, than I have said, to prove my heart is all thine own. I have ever confided in thy devoted tenderness, and never doubted thy constancy."

"But, Marie, suppose some treacherous friend should whisper in thy ear aught against him, who loves thee with more than human affection, and would persuade thee, that I loved another, would'st thou not condemn me, and cast forever from thee one whom a false friend had wronged?"

" No, Adolphé, I scarce would believe an angel from heaven-thou surely could'st not wrong me, even in thought-but if I knew thee to be false to me and to thy vows, I would hate thee, even as I love thee now. I would be revenged upon thee even unto death, and on her to whom thou would'st proffer a faithless heart." She uttered these words with a frenzied energy-a change came over her beautiful face-for a moment a fiendish expression destroyed its exquisite beauty; that moment sufficed to show the heart of a demon.

As the dark and malignant glance of her eye met his. Adolphé's heart sank within him-he turned away, and she saw not his look of surprise and agony, as he heard her impious declaration. Her countenance, now radiant with love and tenderness, beamed upon him. Adolphé felt that the spell of her beauty was o'er him. Could he forget the agony of the preceding moment? Alas, no! he was changed, and forever! He had seen the shrine of his purest love desecrated by unholy passions; jealousy and revenge profaned that temple of loveliness; he might admire its exceeding and peerless beauty, but he loved no more. 'Tis strange, that our passions will so overwhelm the soul and plunge it into a sea of vice. We should guard against those wild bursts of feeling, which destroy our finer sensibilities, weaken our virtues, and spread desolation in their fearful course. Once passion's slave, years of repentance will not give back to the heart its early and pristine beauty. The demon once roused within us, imprints, in indelible characters, his wild and stormy ravages. Even in bright and beautiful faces, we can discover that the fell destroyer of all that is generous and noble. has passed over the spirit. The dark and lowering brow, the haughty and malignant curl of the lip, the momentary flash of the angry eye, are eloquent, though painful, attestations of passion's reign. Mysterious visitings of sin and sorrow, which leave not unscathed even the young and lovely! What a bright and happy biding place would this beautiful earth be, were it freed from

beautifully does the poet express its withering and blighting influence-

- " Poor race of men, said the pitying spirit,
- "Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
- "Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit

"But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

Is there an era in our lives, that is not marked in bitterness? If we trace our sorrows to their source, ungovernable passions present themselves as the cause of all our miseries. Either as the aggressor or the patient victim, we still writhe under the primeval curse. In the happy moments of childhood, in the days of joyous and expectant youth, in maturer years, yea, even in hoary age, when death points us to the gloomy mansions of his realm, we still obey the remorseless tyrant, and worship him, even though despair and bitter anguish be our portion. Has the blight passed over any, and harmed not? How much beautiful morality is there in that exquisite appeal of Hamlet-

" Give me that man

"That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him "In my heart's core; aye, in my heart of hearts."

CHAPTER.IL

It was a bright, mild evening, in sunny June; the air was balmy and delicious—all nature breathed joy and peace. The exquisite beauty of the evening tempted the young friends to enjoy a stroll along the banks of the Seine. As they proceeded in their walk, one appeared to be absorbed in deep reverie; the other regarded her companion with a look so earnest and penetrating, that the former at last abruptly inquired, "Well, Victorine, why do you look, as if you would read my inmost thoughts; are you endeavoring to divine why a maiden's brow should be clouded thus ?"

" No, Marie, (for it was she,) I know not why you should be sad; you are one of fortune's favorites; have you a wish ungratified? Is not wealth, rank and beauty yours? Do you not possess the affections of one, brave, noble and generous, the distinguished favorite of our idolized Napoleon!"

Marie's face turned crimson, as her friend alluded to her lover-Victorine felt her hand, which was now clasped in hers, tremble as she replied. "I will be frank with you, my friend, and breathe to you, what no mortal else should hear from me: I fear Adolphé does not love me as I would wish to be loved; I fear he has changed of late."

"What reason. Marie, have you for indulging in this foolish fancy ! I am sure he is often with you, and could have given you no cause for believing him untrue."

"Is there the slightest change, the quick eye of love cannot discover? He has given me no cause the primeval curse; were peace and love and joy that you, my friend, would deem a justifiable one, for to reign, and still forever, in their quiet calm, all entertaining what you call a foolish fancy, and you unholy passions. Virtue, happiness, and truth are would say I was weak, were I to tell you what tri-

fing causes, have given me hours of bitterness | virtuous principles; I was won by her exceeding and sorrow-His eyes look not the love they were wont to express; he is ever restless and uneasy when with me-a shade of melancholy oft flits over his brow, that tells of a heart ill at ease; and," she continued, with bitterness-"this is the happy betrothed of the admired Marie, the chosen one of the peerless beauty, the fortunate aspirant to the rich heiress."

There was a wildness in her look and manner that startled her companion. She endeavored to soothe and comfort her. "No, no, Victorine, 'I have set my life upon the cast, and with determined devotion, will abide the hazard of the die.' Adolphé loves me not, and scorns my love, then farewell peace and happiness-welcome disgrace and death!"

Victorine gazed on her with astonishment. could dream of no cause, that could justify such a burst of uncontrollable anguish and despair. She could not trace the dark feelings in the heart of the unhappy girl, who had never been taught to govern even her most sinful emotions. She had been brought up under the guidance of a parent who abhorred religion and its beautiful precepts-who had taught her to scorn a belief in the divine truths of revelation, as weak and ridiculous.

He was a follower of the impious Voltaire, and instilled his dangerous principles into a mind but too sasceptible of the errors of atheism. her feelings been properly directed, she had been happy-but she had never curbed her slightest wish, nor governed her naturally impetuous dispo-Deprived, when young, of a mother's watchful care, she had lived, unrestrained, under a father's idolizing devotion-He died suddenly, and left her the uncontrolled mistress of an immense fortune: her brother having early deserted his parental roof to follow the fortunes of the illustrious Napoleon, whose glory had won his youthful and exthusiastic soul. Time rolled on, bringing no pleasing dissipations to the gloomy forebodings of Marie's jealous mind. Tired at length with solitude and the bitter thoughts that intruded themselves, she went is did not soothe, at least diverted her from the sadnainre.

As she entered the door of the saloon, she heard voices in a contiguous apartment; her attention was arrested by the following words-" No, Victorice, it is impossible for me to show what I do not feel. I have ceased to love Marie, and cannot act the hypocrite."

"But, Adolphé, Marie loves you with more than a woman's tenderness; she idolizes you; cannot you appreciate her affection! Your professions of attachment to me-will they not prove as faithless

beauty. I dreamed not that so fair a form held aught but what was bright and heavenly."

." Even could I accept your love, are you not betrothed to her? Could I be untrue to my friend?"

"Victorine, you mistake my feelings-I have ever worshipped your virtues. I was won by you, before I was bound by the spells of a Circe. Do you think. I could unite myself to one whom I could not respect? I would rather drink of the poisoned cup, than wed her whom I do not love. I would not allow her to be the scorn of the world by deserting her; but she must discard from her heart, one who has ceased to love her. from this, she must know that my feelings have changed."

Marie heard no more; she retreated hastily through the door of the saloon. By a violent effort, she commanded her feelings sufficiently to proceed by another and remote entrance to the room, in which were her friend and lover. Though calm and collected, her determination had been instantly made; and, deadly as was the nature of her contemplated revenge, no trace was on that face; now radiant with apparent joy and affection-Such was the command she assumed over her own violent nature. With a gayety that ill suited the anguish of her heart, she accosted her friends. After a playful conversation of a few minutes, she told Victorine that her birth-day was approaching, and that she came to request the pleasure of her society on that day-Turning with a bright look to Adolphé, she requested him to come also. "I shall indeed enjoy a day of uninterrupted happiness."

On returning home, Marie flew to her apartment, and there gave vent to the agony of her spirit. She wept long and bitterly, but hatred had taken possession of her heart. No mercy was there; she had invited her friends, the day on which Adolphé had intended to have declared his altered feelings.

CHAPTER III.

All was eastern magnificence in the boudoir of forth to seek the society of her friends-which, if the fair Marie: curtains of the richest and costliest damask shaded the windows, and threw a rosy ness which had taken possession of her impassioned light around the apartment, having the exquisite effect of the glowing but softened light of the setting sun. Ottomans and fauteuils of delicious softness invited to repose. A harp, placed in the recess of the window, was gently breathed upon by the passing wind, and gave forth low sounds of melody that seemed almost celestial-Marble stands were tastefully placed through the saloon, in which were arranged flowers of the richest fragrance and beauty-A soft and delicious perfume was exhaled from an urn of beautiful workmanship—the gift of Adolphé. Books were thrown carelessly about, as if the impatient fair one had in vain sought to di-"My love for Marie was not based on firm and rest her mind to their perusal. And where was

she, the beauteous and bright one? Reclining on a | from her you do love,-go, join your beloved in divan, her face shaded with her hand, Marie was struggling to subdue every trace of emotion; a dark cloud would ever and anon flit across her brow and mar its exquisite and childlike beauty. Since the fatal day of her visit to Victorine, she had not enjoyed one moment's tranquility. had fully realized those words of the poet-

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing, And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

"They come! they come!" she exclaimed, as she heard footsteps in the adjoining apartment. "Oh, God! that it were over."

Marie was soon in the embraces of her friend. Why did not the icy and tremulous pressure of those treacherous lips, warn Victorine of her danger? They were soon joined by Adolphé. Marie led the conversation with a wild and reckless The day passed off joyously. As evening approached, Marie became even more gay and brilliant-of late, she had been sad and dejected. So different was she now that Adolphé feared her maddening mirth was but the effect of temporary excitement, as he knew opium was used to a fearful extent by many of the gay and fashionable. wild, strange light gleamed in her eye. Adolphé's heart thrilled with indefinable emotions, as he involuntarily recurred to the fatal declaration she had once made him.

The evening banquet was prepared in a Grecian portico. Wreaths of roses and jessamine embraced its slender pillars, and breathed a delicious perfume; a lamp of Carrars marble, suspended from the ceiling, threw a moonlit and softened radiance o'er the fairy scene. At the close of the repast, Marie gaily requested her friends to drink a cup of wine to her honor. The chased and golden goblets were filled; neither Victorine nor Adolphé noted the savage look of triumph which lighted the countenance of Marie, as they quaffed the rich and sparkling liquid. An hour had scarcely elapsed, when Victorine complained of excessive drowsiness. Her eyes, which a short time before, beamed bright, with joy and happiness, were lustreless and sunken-her lovely face was blanched with the hues of death: in a few moments, the struggle was over; the delicate cords of life were broken, and Marie beheld the corpse of her friend stretched at her feet, beautiful even in death. Adolphé looked on with horror and amazement; he had attempted to reach the dying girl, but he felt his strength fast deserting him. As Victorine breathed her last, he turned to Marie and saw a demoniac triumph depicted in her countenance-"Unhappy girl," he exclaimed, "what hast thou done ?"

"You would sooner drink of the poisoned cup

that paradise where I have sent her. I had too much regard for your happiness to separate you even in death."

As the last words rung in his ear, he endeavored to speak; a ghastly change came over his noble face, and death claimed another victim. rushed to him, impressed a long and passionate kiss on his cold, and livid lips, and fled from the portico.

CHAPTER IV.

It was in one of those magnificent rooms in the fashionable hotel of the Rue de L'Universite, that four young men sat playing ecarté. They were evidently taking no interest in the game, and played to divert time, and chase away ennui-They were a gay and dashing set. One of them was strikingly handsome; his youthful and slender form was exquisitely moulded; his glossy dark hair fell in rich profusion over a forehead of dazzling whiteness-bis eye was dark, but somewhat restless and fiery; a bitter and scornful smile often destroyed the fair and almost feminine beauty of his face. He was known in Paris as the young Count M-They had played until past midnight. The young cavalier became restless and uneasy; wine was called for; his countenance brightened. Unobserved, he threw a powder into each glass as his companions filled it with the rich and glowing vintage. An hour more elapsed, and the young cavalier had left the apartment.

A strange cry of horror aroused the inmates of the hotel from their morning slumbers. They rushed to the spot whence the sounds proceeded—a domestic had opened the room, and found the bodies of three young men. No mark of violence was discovered; the healthy look of the bodies precluded the idea of poison-The only one who could have thrown a light on the subject had suddenly left the hotel, the young Count M-; guilt was attached to him-a search was made, but no trace of him could be discovered.

Mysterious murders were daily perpetratedthe same singular circumstances attended them; no marks of violence were visible. In all the accounts of the murders, the young Count Mwas ever found to be present; but he disappeared as if by magic, and defied the most vigilant search. Bonaparte, alarmed at the peace of the city being so disturbed by these horrible and frequent murders, ordered the minister of police to leave no means untried to discover the diabolical perpetrator.

The vigilant Fouché soon discovered, by frequent post-mortem examinations, that death was inflicted by a blow on the temple, dexterously given by some small and effective instrument. He who never failed in bringing to light the darkest and than marry her whom you do not love. You would most hidden transactions, resolved that death should sooner drink of the poisoned cup than be separated overtake the wretch who could so wantonly deprive

no design of robbery, revenge or defence, to account for conduct so horrible and sanguinary. Fonché had spent several months in his praise-worthy, though fruitless search, when a gay young party was assembled at the hotel of the Marquis de B. There was a stranger present, whose penetrating ere frequently rested on a young and handsome man. who appeared to be the gayest of that gay party. The evening passed away in mirth and revelry. The stranger still watched every movement of the young cavalier, with an earnest and undivided attention; and yet so guarded was every look, that the young man himself was not aware of the interest he elicited. The exhilirating wine circulated freely; the wild jest and the gay laugh resounded through the apartments-all restraint was thrown aside. The stranger observed the young envaluer take advantage of this moment of reckless gayety. He walked rapidly round the table and threw a dark powder into each glass. It was a powessel narcotic, he imagined, as he observed, in a few moments, the merry party were overcome with drowsiness, and soon fell into a deep and dream-The stranger partook not of the less slumber. wine-burying his face in his hands, he feigned sleep. He heard a laugh of exultation, and a few low words caught his ear-" Revenge indeed is sweet; eleven, and all mine own." He watched the speaker take cautionsly from his breast an instrument resembling a hammer, and removing the tark and glossy curls of the Marquis de B----, he aimed a well-directed blow at his temple: ere his hand descended, it was forcibly arrested; the stranger seized his arm. The young man gave a look of horror and amazement; he struggled in vain to free himself from the powerful and sinewy grasp of his adversary. The stranger gave a loud command; in a moment, the apartment was filled with agents of the police; he was a minister of Fouché, and had sworn to discover the mysterious murderer.

"Unhand me, I am a woman,"

"Thou art a fiend, and shalt not escape justice." For a moment the eye of the prisoner rested on the crowd which had assembled around; a look of surprise and agony followed that glance-"My brother, Oh! my brother, do not now forsake me."

There was a stir; the mob respectfully gave way. A young lieutenant of the consular army approached-" Marie, my beloved sister, is it thus l behold you !"

She leaned on him for support: some low words passed between them, of which only a few were mdible. "Yes, my brother, I have worshipped tevenge, since that fatal day I swore to make it my god. Oh! fearfully and well have I kept my vow. I have worn men's apparel while perpetrausg marders of which I am even now proud. I es-

his fellow-beings of life. There appeared to be is thus I die." She plunged a dagger in her bosom ere her brother could arrest the fatal blow.

> Thus died the idolized, the beautiful Marie! Had she been sustained by religion in the first moments of trial and temptation, her fate had not been thus dark and horrible. She followed the promptings of her own evil and revengeful natureshe had ever obeyed its dictates—she had ever been a slave to her passions-she had forsaken her God, and he forsook his erring and ungrateful creature.

Occoquan, Virginia.

E. M. D. C.

A WALK ABOUT ROME.

I left Naples in post with two countrymen, whose acquaintance I had formed in that enchanting city. At Capua, near the ancient town of the same name, so celebrated for Hannibal's destruction, we were annoyed by the rascally impositions and detentions of the Neapolitans. Some money, and more patience, however, got us through; and we were soon upon the Via Appia.

Mola is a small town, seated in the bite of the bay of Gáéta, whence there is a view of the fortress and city, the site of which is both singular and pretty. There is a villa in this neighborhood, which once belonged to Cicero, and which contains a structure, supposed to be the great orator's cenotaph, marking the place of his assassination.

After passing through Fondi, which is remarkable for nothing save some romantic story concerning one of its Countesses and Barbarossa, the pirate, we reached the Papal territories.

On the custom-house gates at Terracina, were the usual signs, but the many quarterings of the Neapolitan Bourbon were exchanged for the keys of St. Peter, and the tri-crowned tiara of his titular successor.

The road now passes through the famous Pontine marshes. The malaria engendered in them has, during all time, caused a large surrounding country to be uninhabitable. The ancient Romans undertook the Herculean task of draining them, and, in part, succeeded; and the French, during their occupation of Italy, in the time of Napoleon, very nearly effected the tremendous work.

At present, for a considerable portion of the year, they are not unhealthy, and the immense fertility of the soil which has been reclaimed, offers strong temptations towards its settlement and cultivation.

Albano, with its lake, is the only place of any note between the marshes and the city. It possesses many antiquities of interest; but with Rome almost in sight, nothing short of Rome herself could caped the vigilance of my pursuers, by again as- detain us. At midnight, the post-chaise stopped. suming the dress of my sex; I am discovered. It The first question I asked, as I awoke from a deep

sleep, after a fatigueing drive, was, "Are we in therefore, be delightful for the romance and poetry Rome !"

"Seguro Eccellenza," answered the courier. The question is very common with the traveller. It is difficult to realize the situation. I must say, however, that for my own part, my inquiry arose from a strong disposition to turn in, which I accordingly did, in a very comfortable chamber in Nell' Albergo di Grau Bretagna. In the morning, we found our Hotel was in the Piazza del Popolo, a fine square, adorned with a lofty Egyptian obelisk, thousands of years old. I could readily believe that I was in Rome-the city of the Pope-the fountain head of the Catholic church, and a modern Italian town; for, as such, she excited no extreme interest with me; but, without much sentiment of disposition, I did not find it so easy to persuade myself that I was actually in that old Rome we used to hear about at school, and which had cost me so much from the master's birch.

" And I am there!

Ah, little thought I, when in school I sate, A school boy on his bench, at early dawn Glowing with Roman story, I should live To trend the Appian, once an avenue Of monuments most glorious; palaces, Their doors sealed up and silent as the night. The dwellings of the illustrious dead-to turn Toward Tiber, and beyond the city gate Pour out my unpremeditated verse, Where, on his mule, I might have met so oft Horace himself--or climb the Palatine, Dreaming of old Evander and his guest," &c.

- "Oh, Rome! My country! city of the soul! The orphans of the heart must turn to thee, Lone mother of dread empires, and control In their shut breasts their petty misery."
- "The Niobe of Nations! there she stands, Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe, An empty um within her withered bands, Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."
- " Dost thou flow. Old Tiber! thro' a marble wilderness? Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!"

One may be excused, under such circumstances. for quoting a little poetry, especially such beautiful and such illustrative poetry, although I do not think Rome is the place to be sentimental or romantic. Give me Venice for that. Let any one get into a gondola on the grand canal; and, gliding under the Rialto bridge, to the rude though not unharmonious song of the gondoliers, and alighting in St. Marks Square, stand and contemplate the Ducal palace by moonlight, as I have done, ruminating upon the characters and scenes produced by. Otway, Radcliffe, Shakspeare, and Schiller, and the incidents of her own eventful story, and there is no help for it; be that one what

of its character, Rome is interesting beyond conception. It is like returning, after a long absence. to one's home, and meeting old friends, and revisiting the scenes of our childhood. The names everywhere around us were familiar as household words. I walked to the Forum Romanum-stood where Cicero may have stood, and felt, beyond all doubt. that I was where the conscript fathers consulted on the fate of the world two thousand years ago. One can understand history with such a map before Here was Tiberius Gracchus murdered; there Cato spake—but it is entirely too grand a theme—there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and I fear that is to be taken, in contrasting Rome and my attempt to describe it. Ma Coraggio—andiamo.

In every direction are the remains of her former magnificence-huge mounds of earth, prostrated columns, cornices, parts of temples, with two or three marble pillars standing-an arch of triumph dedicated to Caracalla and Geta, the inscription on which, eulogistic of the latter, was removed after his murder by his brother. Like monuments to their memories, stand the shattered remnants of the temples of Concord, of Jupiter Tonans, and of Jupiter Stator. It was from the last that Plutarch tells us, Catiline was expelled the Senate. Half-buried shafts, richly carved Corinthian capitals, and costly marbles lie strewn about the forum, marking the grandeur which once was there, and which almost seems to be again, from the interest the place excites. Rome is physically dead-people, porticoes, temples, all. Every thing, however solid, and however vast, is too frail for time-but, in the mind, still those temples stand-still her citizens live-still her forum echoes with their eloquence. Yet are her arms led on to victory; her eagles fly triumphant; her empire, now and forever, will exist, with growing greatness as time rolls on. It is all indelibly fixed in the imagination. Her sway is not now over the liberties, the interests or the passions of men, but over their reflections.

I strolled along the Via Sacra, so named from the Romans and Sabines having made peace there by the beautiful intervention of the women whom Romulus and his followers had seized, throwing themselves between their husbands and their brothers, and forcing them, by a woman's best art, persuasion, to a reconciliation. Between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, are many situations and objects renowned in Roman story. pointed out where Curtius, the Roman knight, is said to have sacrificed his life to appease the gods, by leaping his horse into the fathomless chasm which opened in one night in the forum, and imit may, he, she, or it, must have the feeling—a mediately closed on him. The eye becomes weary, very dog would begin to bay the moon. "But and the mind confused, in beholding so many and stop, I run before my horse to market." If Venice, such deeply interesting objects. One after the

the tribunals of justice, the curule chair, &c .the temple of Antoninus Pius and his wife Faustina, some unintelligible ruins of the temple of Peacethe still splendid remains of Constantine's palace, called the Basilica-those of the temples of Venus and Roma-a triumphal arch, almost perfect, dedicated to the Emperor Titus by the senate and people, as the inscription tells us, in those magical letters S. P. Q. R.; and round a corner, uprises in all its state, the Ultimus Romanorum, "the greatest of them all," at the present day. The Flavian amphi-theatre, built by Flavius Vespasian, and generally called the Colisœum, "from a colossal statue, 120 feet high, of Nero, in the character of Apollo." This is the grandest antique building in Rome; and is famous, not for the history connected with it, but for its preseryation and immense size. Five thousand wild bears are said to have been slain in the arena the first time it was opened. It is 157 feet high, and 1641, (considerably over a quarter of a mile,) in circumference. The arena, in shape, is oval, and proportionately large with the rest of the structure. Upwards of an hundred thousand spectators could be seated in this immense slaughter-house. In the midst of the arena, where once "man was slaughtered by his fellow man," and "murder breathed her bloody stream," stands the emblem of peace, and of the religion which inculcates its practice. The Pope has been obliged to consecrate the place by the erection of a cross, and by converting some of the arches into chapels to prevent its destruction. One third of the modern city has been constructed, so the ciceroni tell you, from stone taken from the Coliseem. Unquestionably, a large portion of the materials came from this building. To enjoy the whole to the best advantage, I went there one clear night, with Childe Harold as my only companion. The moon was out, and glanced through and through the arches. Every thing was perfectly quiet, except the solemn, dull tread of the sentry on post. He was a Roman soldier too—but such a Roman! Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis-well may the Quiriter of the present day, exclaim: The courage and discipline of Cæsar's tenth legion are not more famous, than the want of them with the troops of the Papal See. In 1832, twelve hundred French grenadiers drove out about 9000 Romans from the fortifications of Ancona, with only the butt ends of their muskets. The contrast between this sentinel and one of the old centurions of Germanicus, together with the melancholy ruins surrounding me, called up, instantly and forcibly,

other, come the temples of Remus, Castor and Pollar, and of Saturn—the ancient treasury, the column of Phocas, the rostrum whence their orators harangued the people, the comitium where were the tribunals of justice, the curule chair, &c.— the temple of Antoninus Pius and his wife Faustina, some unintelligible ruins of the temple of Peace— the still splendid remains of Constantine's palace, Canto is the best guide-book of Rome.

Hard by the Colisceum, on the Palatine Hill, stood the palace of the Cæsars, built by Nero, and from the summit of which that senseless tyrant is said to have played the fiddle, while Rome was burning. It is on a ruinous condition, without any vestige of its former splendor. The top of the Capitoline Hill, where once stood the citadel, is occupied by a museum. It contains the best equestrian bronze statue yet discovered. It is the image of Marcus Aurelius, of whom more memorials exist than of any other emperor or citizen. The celebrated Dying Gladiator was, to me, the most interesting object in this collection. We were conducted through an ill built street to a small house, with "Roccha Tarpeia," on the sign. Ascending some steps, we entered a garden, and found ourselves on the Tarpeian Rock. The Gauls and the Geese, Manlius Torquatus, "the traitor's leap," all in an instant were with us. It is difficult, at a distance, to imagine how exciting these scenes become, associated as they are with our earliest recollections and ideas. The eminence is not now over sixty feet, and is almost perpendicular. In consequence of earthquakes, or some convulsions of nature, the face of Rome has been extremely changed. The seven hills are now very low; some of them indeed are not easily ascertained to be hills at all. Near Nero's palace, was the house and garden of the patron and friend of Horace, Macœnas, a name immortalized by his dependant in his first ode.

The street and little piazza of the Campo Marzo are all that now remain of the once famous Campus Martius. Divest these places of the associations connected with them, and they are nothing. But their very names act like talismans on our feelings. The most perfect edifice, both for architecture and preservation, is the Pantheon. Time has blackened its once white marble walls; and it stands in an awkward and secluded spot, as if retired, and in mourning for its brethren. The houses, which, without the least regard to appearance, have been built around it, preclude any perfect view of its beauties. It has been converted into a Christian church, and its austere simplicity destroyed by the tawdry gew-gaws of Monkish taste.

tween this sentinel and one of the old centurions of Germanicus, together with the melancholy ruins surrounding me, called up, instantly and forcibly, the comparison between the present state of Rome and what it had been. I found, however, on looking at the book, that the poet had done the same,

It is a miserable, muddy little stream, her poorest priests has a garment half so thread-

[MARCH,

Tiber. without a smack upon its bosom. I could not bare as that she wears herself. fancy the greatness of Rhea Sylvia's feat in stemming such torrents. The sources of this river, like the sap of some ancient oak, have failed since the days of Roman vigor, or the far-famed exploits performed upon its waters would be unworthy of our admiration. For my own part, I have never the building, strange as it may seem, mar the efbeen able to convince myself of the truth of many fect. The proportions are so gigantic, that, to of the great deeds of ancient heroes. "That undefinable, but impressive halo, which the lapse of be at a distance, when the whole edifice, dome and ages throws around men and their actions in olden all, are visible. Nor, in like manner, does the intetimes, exaggerate them in our eyes. The wars rior meet your expectation; but, it is only after of Cæsar, of Alexander, of Darius and Xerxes wandering about amidst its aisles and recesses, and were not comparable, in importance and slaughter, ascending to the top of the dome, and looking down, to those of the Turks, of the age of Louis XIV., that its immense magnitude, the beauty of its archition of the last and greatest captain of the world. The Persians never could have invaded Greece with the millions of which her historians speak. would tell a different tale. The modern Greeks, and I speak from personal observation, resemble their ancestors in their characters—the principal features of which, are intelligence, courage, cunhimself, who have had opportunities of ascertaining the Greek character, do not perhaps despise it, but they certainly detest it. The Romans had many better traits than they; but their pride, intolerance and despotic sway detract from the glory arms established; and their subsequent luxury, tyranny and effeminacy make us ultimately rejoice at their fall.

Turning from these remnants of passed greatness, and the reflections arising therefrom, we wancontrast strongly with the miserable dwellings of things under the Pontifical government. Splendor and wretchedness meet here in extremes. lower classes are entirely sacrificed to the pleasures and power of the great, and to the mainte-The streets are thronged with the gilded coaches of cardinals and priests, with their five are worthy of Canova's chisel. and six servants, in splendid liveries, behind and before. Miserable soldiers, the worst looking in the Vatican, the palace of His Holiness. the poor people drag out an existence as wretched diminished. of the most tyrannical government can make them. Rome, like the Bourbons, and some of our own gated with every color of the rainbow.

The first sensation on approaching the great cathedral of St. Peter is disappointment. The large place in front, surrounded by circular colonnades, with an Egyptian obelisk, fountains, &c., together with the immense height of the front of view the structure to the best advantage, it should and perhaps those of Charles V., not to mention the tecture, and the exact proportion and keeping of tremendous conflicts brought on by the French the whole, are appreciated. The Mosaics surpass Revolution, and continued by the boundless ambi- any thing of the sort elsewhere. They are copies of scripture scenes, from the most celebrated pictures, and are of colossal dimensions. The statues and tombs which fill the recesses and niches Can it be possible that such hosts were defeated by of the church, are fine works of art. The altars the handful of men they pretend? Persian history are magnificent—richly carved and gilded, and decorated with the most beautiful parti-colored marbles. Near the great altar sits a black marble statue, once, I believe, intended for Cæsar, but now representing St. Peter-the toe of this image has ning and falsehood. All travellers, even Byron absolutely been kissed off by the faithful devotees.

Among the many monuments to the Popes, and some few foreign Princes, I noticed that of the eccentric Christine, the abdicating, religion-changing Queen of Sweden, and that "ultimorum proles regiæ Stuartis"-the work of Canova-with the which their original simplicity, liberty, arts and busts of the Pretender James III, his gallant son, the Chevalier Charles Edward, and of Cardinal York.

With all their faults, I have always felt an interest in this fallen family. Perhaps their expulsion from the throne in the Revolution of 1688, dered about amid the slovenly streets of modern politically, was a wise, if not a necessary mea-The stupendous churches and palaces sure; but the advantage which the people of England have derived from the change is problematithe poor, and afford a good idea of the state of cal. No unprejudiced person can read the history of those days, when the highland chieftains, with The young Charles Edward at their head, "were out in '45," without some feelings of regret at the disastrous termination of his expedition at Culloden. nance of the grandeur and authority of the Holy The tomb to their memory in St. Peter's is simple and beautiful—the two angels weeping at its base,

Leaving this august temple, we passed over to the world, on guard at every corner, and insulting its contiguity to the enormous and magnificent caeverybody not clad with some authority, while thedral, the effect of its own size and splendor is At the entrance stand a guard of as their own degraded feelings and the oppression soldiers, habited in an antique and fantastic costume, fashioned in the oddest manner, and varietobacco lands, is absolutely worn out. Not one of only weapon is the partisan of feudal times.

179

resemble strongly the "Beef Eaters" of the Bri-

In the Vatican, of course, the principal object of attraction is the magnificent gallery. We wended our way through its many halls and along its noble corridors. The apartments are constructed with great taste, and the lights are perfectly calculated. The number, beauty and value of this grand collection set any description, short of a catalogue, at defiance. All the statues which the French conveyed to Paris were returned by treaty stipulation at the peace. The gallery of the Vatican has therefore recovered, at the expense of the Louvre, her treasures. These statues, vases and costly ornaments of every description, prove the magnificent luxury of ancient Rome. There is study for an antiquarian's life among the inscriptions on the marbles and columns which fill these halls. There is a degree of nervous elasticity about the famous Apollo, in the Belvidere apartment, which surpasses any thing ever cut from marble. The truly fine statue of Perseus with the head of Medusa, by Canova, and somewhat in the same style, which, a few moments before I saw the Apollo, I had greatly admired, sunk absolutely into insignificance before the majesty of the marble god. "This, indeed, is these exquisite works, while they give you the other by Praxiteles. figure and attitude of the original, do not carry with them the expression. That in the nostril of the Apollo is so true, that you can almost see him breathe after the discharge of his arrow. So with the Medici Venus at Florence, and with the Laocoon, &c. The fault of this last group is in the little, old-man look of the sons-instead of being children, they are minikins. Among others of great celebrity in this museum are the Meleager, the Torso, and Canova's Boxers. The collection of pictures is not very extensive, though all are by the great masters. Raphæl's Transfiguration, universally conceded to be the greatest painting in the world, is here. It requires hours of contemplation to appreciate its merits. As I encountered, on leaving this chef d'œuvre, in the ante-room, Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of King George IV., I could not repress a smile. It looked like one of the signs of the times.

Italy, beyond all countries, is the land of painting; but, by the time the Anglo-Saxon traveller gets from Naples to Milan, his taste and his temper are pretty nearly exhausted. Some of the best galleries are in the private palaces—that of Prince Borghesi is very well known, and is rich in master-pieces. One of them contains the portrait of the beautiful and criminal Beatrice Conci. Her story, which has been published, is terrible; and some years since, a tragedy, founded on this tale, was prohibited from performance in the Theatres at her sons, in a foreign land, now proudly exclaims, Paris, in consequence of the immorality and horror | "Quiris Sum!" of the plot.

Among the sights which our indefatigable cicerone and valet de place forced us to see, was the mausoleum of the Emperor Adrian, now the castle of St. Angelo. There is nothing of interest about it. There are a number of obelisks from Egypt all over the city, and the column of Trajan is very splendid-the bassi-relievi sculptured round it represent the principal events of that great monarch's reign. A statue of St. Peter or St. Paul stands upon it, in lieu of the effigy of Trajan; and without irreverence to the character of the apostle, one cannot but regret the change made, at the expense of all classical feeling, by popish bigotry. The modern city has enough places dedicated to God's service, without such infringements of the monuments of former days. So inappropriate and out of place is it, that the Catholic religion absolutely looks contemptible in the pantheon; and I have turned away with a feeling akin to disgust, on seeing the Host sweep through the streets leading to the forum where Cæsar once rode in his triumphal car. They cannot be reconciled.

The squares in Rome are numerous and handsomely embellished. In the centre of the piazza, on the Esquiline Hill, is a fountain with colossal figures the Apollo," you involuntarily exclaim. Casts of of men holding two horses—one by Phidias, the Their history I did not

"The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now."

On the Appian way, about a mile's distance from the city, is a sort of cavern, which was, and is, for monuments last long, the family cemetery of the Scipios. The body of the great hero, Africanus, however, was never placed here, but was interred most probably at Liternum, where he died. The investigation of the inscriptions, is by torch light, under ground, and they are illegible enough to be very antique, but they are supposed only to be copies of the originals which have been removed.

As the carriage whirled us rapidly away from Rome, I turned rather a melancholy glance upon the departing city. She who had once given laws to the world, was lying prostrate before me, a prey to civil dissensions and tyrannical oppression. As the head of the dominions of the Church, she has the pain of witnessing her territories hampered with foreign troops, suffering under the nefarious administration of their affairs, and rising periodically in rebellion. As the source whence the Catholic religion emanates, she finds much to flatter her pride; but the recollection of her pristine glory and the injury she sustains from the government of her hierarchy, must more than counterbalance the sickly splendor of the Pontifical See. Which of

MY BOYHOOD.

Often does faithful memory, Recall the scenes of days gone-by; And pleasures past, crowd on the mind, When thus it turns its thoughts behind.

If in youth, a tear dimm'd my eye, Or mists of grief obscur'd my sky, 'Twas then that ever pleasing hope, Reach'd out to me her telescope.

Then pleasures lasting, pure and new, Were placed before my raptur'd view; And to my eyes, I saw unfur'd, A beautiful and happy world.

But when forever boyhood's sun Had set, and manhood was begun, I found alas! the world was not Such, as my youthful hope had taught.

Ah! no indeed, for it is rife, With malice, hatred and with strife; And there is not in it a joy, That is not mix'd with some alloy.

And happy, yes, thrice happy he, Who is from its contentions free, And upon whose too youthful breast, Its weighty cares have never press'd.

Happy was I, when I did roam In youth, around my native home; And though I often did complain, When my kind parents would restrain,

Yet they did with a watchful eye, Survey each tear—each long-drawn sigh, And with affection did impart, Rich consolation to my heart.

My spirit then, was free as air, Free from destructive grief and care, And happiness indeed did shed, Its sacred halo 'round my head.

But these bright scenes could not abide;
For time with a resistless tide,
And rapid rolling stream, pass'd on,
And boyhood's joys fied one by one.
Nottoway, Va.
Co

CORYDON.

MESSOPOTAMIA AND ASSYRIA.*

This is No. 157 in the series of the Family Library, by these enterprising publishers. The work is well written, the subject highly interesting, and the selection of such a history for the Family Library, is both wise and judicious. On the plains of Shinar, the presumptuous sons of Noah were put to confusion, and thence scattered over the face of the earth—they were also the scene of the grand exploits of the "Mighty Hunter," and the culminating point of his ambition. Two of the greatest cities that ever adorned the ancient world, were watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris. Nineveh—that "great city," and Babylon, the "glory of kingdoms" were there—There Daniel prayed and prophesied—and there too, did Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego display the might of Divine power. There too, did Cyrus

* MESSOPOTAMIA AND ASSYRIA, from the earliest ages to the present time; with illustrations of their natural history. By J. Baillie Fraser, Esq., author of an Historical and Descriptive account of Persia, &c.; with a mass of engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers—1842.

flourish and plant that splendid empire, which, on the field of Arbela, was overturned by the Macedonian conqueror. Nor have the plains of Messopotamia been less noted as the scene of great or grand events: there occurred the catastrophe of Cunaxa, and there the indomitable "ten thousand" displayed their gallantry: there Crassus perished and Mark Anthony retreated: and there fell the apostate Julian, and there also the bold Heraclitus met his changing fortune. Events like these, brilliant and various, wonderful and miraculous, invest the places of their occurrence with deep and thrilling interest: these events are faithfully recorded, and that interest well kept up in this admirable little volume. Students of Theology and those interested in the study of the Bible, will find it a valuable acquisition to their libraries.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.*

In our last, we noticed the first and second parts of this valuable and cheap republication, and strongly commended it to the favorable consideration of our readers. A " Part" is promised on the 1st and 15th of every month, at the rate of 25 cents, till the whole work in the twelve parts be complete. And the Messrs. Harper, punctual to their promise, are issuing them regularly in good print and paper, and remarkably free from errors. We observe with pride, the solid and useful character of many of the cheap works now issued from the press of these extensive publishers. It speaks well for the reading community in America. That they can afford to publish so voluminous a work as the Encyclopædia at the very cheap rate of \$3, is the surest index we can have of its immense circulation. That our readers may form just conception of the scope and character of this multum in parvo-for it is really a magazine of knowledge-we propose to give a few extracts from time to time and as the work is issued. By this means, our friends will be enabled to judge for themselves, whether or no, we overrate the value of the work.

We extract from it, under the headings of COLONY and COMMERCE.

"COLONY .- Colonies are establishments formed in foreign countries by bodies of men who voluntarily emigrate from, or are forcibly sent abroad by, their mother country. Various motives have, at different periods, led to the formation of colonies. Sometimes, as in the case of most of the Greek colonies of antiquity, they were formed by citizens driven from their native country by the violence of political factions; sometimes, as in the case of the Roman colonies, they were formed for the purpose of bridling subjugated provinces: the latter, indeed, were a species of camps of military stations, forming, as it were, the advanced posts of that mighty army which had its head-quarters at Rome: and sometimes, again, as in the case of the Phœnician colonies, and of most of those established in modern times, they have been formed for commercial purposes, or in the view of enriching the mother country, by opening new markets from which she might, if she chose, exclude foreigners.

"The nature of the connection that has existed between colonies and their mother countries has been exceedingly

*An Encyclopædia of Science, Literature and Art: comprising the history, description and scientific principles of every branch of human knowledge; with the derivation and definition of all the terms in use: illustrated by engravings on wood. General Editor, W. T. Brande, F. R. S. L. & E., of her Majesty's Mint. Professor of Chemistry, &c. &c.: New-York—Harper & Brothers.

rarious. Most of the Greek colonies being founded by private adventurers, who received no assistance from the government of the parent state, were really independent; the duty which they owed to their metropolis being such only as is due to kinsmen and friends, and not that due by subjects to their rulers. The Roman colonies, on the other hand, being founded by the state for an important political purpose, always maintained an intimate connection with, and dependence upon, Rome. They formed the great bulwarks of the empire; nor was the conquest of any province ever supposed to be completed till colonies had been established in it, and roads had rendered it accessible to the legions. The colonies established for commercial purposes have generally been subjected to such regulations, as were deemed most for the advantage of the parent state. Their growth has thus in many instances been retarded; and they have been rendered less serviceable to their founders than they would have been, had they been treated with greater liberality.

"The very narrow limits within which this article must be compressed make it necessary that we should limit our statements to a few remarks, having more particular reference to those questions of colonial policy most interesting to the English reader.

"The advantages supposed to result from that monopoly of the colony trade, which all modern countries, possessed of colonies, have endeavored to enforce, seem to be altogether imaginary. The ties of kindred, and the identity of language, customs and manners, give the merchants of the mother country great advantages, and enable them, provided their goods be about as cheap as those of others, to supply the colonial markets in preference to every one else. But all attempts to establish a monopoly in favor of the mother country, by prohibiting the importation of the produce of other nations into the colony, are necessarily either useless or prejudicial, not merely to its interests, but even to those of the mother country. If the latter can produce the artieles required by the colony as cheap or cheaper than others, she will command the supply of the colonial markets, withsut any interference whatever; and if she cannot do this, unless by excluding the cheaper products of others, then it m plain the goods sent to the colony can only be produced by diverting a portion of the capital and industry of the mother country into comparatively disadvantageous chansels, or into businesses in which she is excelled by others: is plain, too, that no artificial monopolies can be maintained, except in the case of small and easily guarded colomes. The British merchants have at present the supply of by far the greater part of the manufactured goods required by her North American possessions; because the goods they send to them are generally cheaper than those sent there by other parties. But were competitors capable of underselling her merchants to appear in the field, they would have very little difficulty indeed in depriving them of these markets. Cheap goods are sure to make their way through every barrier; and the frontier of her North American colomes is so very extensive, and the impossibility of guarding it so obvious, that the smallest saving in point of expense would occasion the clandestine introduction of proabited goods in unlimited quantities. In such a case costom-house enactments are good for nothing. All the tyrasnical regulations and sanguinary punishments of Spain and Portugal were unable to prevent their transatlantic possessions being deluged with the prohibited commodities of Bntain, France, and Germany. The ability to supply it with comparatively cheap goods is the only means by which as possible to preserve any market. It is this that secures for England at this moment the same superiority in the markets of the United States, that she possessed in then when they were her dependencies; and the moment we lose this advantage we shall not merely lose their venience, from an interruption of the friendly intercourse

market, but, with it, the markets of all our colonies. thing, therefore, can in reality be more futile than to found colonies, or to retain them in a state of unwilling dependency, in the view of monopolizing their trade. If we can undersell others, we shall command their markets without any sort of interference; and if we cannot do this, the attempt to force, upon them comparatively dear goods is sure to be defeated: or if, unhappily, it should have a partial success, it would be injurious alike to the mother country and the colony.

"A colony might be advantageous, and might contribute to increase the wealth of the mother country, if it yielded a greater revenue than was required for its government and defence; but this is rarely the case. Most colonies require a heavy outlay on their first foundation; and when they attain to any considerable importance, all attempts to make them contribute directly to increase the income of the mother country are very apt to excite discontent, and probably even rebellion: an unfortunate attempt of this sort led, in fact, to the American war. To obviate all chance of any such disastrous event occurring in future, we have distinctly renounced all pretensions to make our colonies contribute any thing, unless it be towards defraying the expense of their local government and militia. All the troops and squadrons required for their protection and security are furnished gratuitously by England; and, instead of deriving any revenue from our colonial possessions, they cost us annually, in time of peace, a direct outlay of about 2,500,000l. (Official Account, 18th of August, 1836.) In time of war, or when dissatisfaction prevails in any important colony, the direct outlay may be twice or three times as great.

"A colony may, however, be advantageous in a pecuniary point of view, even when it costs the mother country a considerable direct outlay, provided it afford great facilities to individuals for making fortunes, with which to return to the mother country. A large sum is annually brought in this way into England from India; but our colonial possessions are, in this respect, of little advantage. Few, comparatively, of those individuals who acquire property in the North American colonies return to England; and but few situations under the colonial government give the means of acquiring fortunes.

"If a colony enjoy a natural monopoly of any product or article in extensive demand, it is supposed that, by laying a heavy duty on its exportation, a considerable advantage may be made to accrue to the mother country: but this does not really appear to be the case. Ceylon possesses a monopoly of the trade in cinnamon; but the enormously high duty (3s. per lb.) laid on the article when exported has restricted the demand for it to the narrowest limits, and reduced its culture, and the revenue derived from it, to a comparatively trifling amount. Most of our readers have no doubt heard of the immense profits made by the Dutch on spices, of which the possession of the Moluccas gave them the monopoly. But these high profits were wholly a consequence of the limitation of the quantity sold; and to prevent a fall of price by an increase of the supply brought to market, the Dutch occasionally destroyed a portion of the produce! There is no longer, however, so much even as the shadow of a doubt that they were heavy losers by this oppressive and short-sighted policy. The sales were confined to an amount hardly sufficient to employ the capital even of a single merchant; and the total sum realized by the government is not supposed to have amounted to the tenth part of what it would have risen to, had the trade been left free, under a moderate duty.

"When a nation derives the whole or any considerable portion of any important article from abroad, it is necessarily exposed, especially when the supply comes from one or a few foreign countries, to the risk of more or less inconsubsisting with such countries. When such important articles are furnished by a colony, their supply is somparatively secure; and, in such cases, colonial possessions may be very valuable. At this moment any interruption of the trade between England and the United States would most probably, by interfering with the supply of raw cotton, be productive of the most calamitous results; and there can be no doubt that if the whole, or any considerable part of the supply of cotton, were derived from a colony, it would be an important advantage. This, however, is not the case. It is not improbable but that, at some future period, India may yield abundant supplies of cotton; but at present the cotton she sends to Europe is neither considerable in amount of good quality.

"It was long supposed that the West Indian colonies were peculiarly valuable from their furnishing Great Britain with a secure and abundant supply of sugar, an article now become a necessary of life, and yielding a very large revenue. We doubt, however, whether there was ever any good foundation for such an opinion; but, whatever may have been the case formerly, there is none now. Sugar is not produced in one or a few countries only; but is a staple product of almost all intertropical regions; and it is now largely produced even in the northern parts of Europe. So far, indeed, is it from being true that England is indebted to her West Indian colonies for abundant supplies of sugar, that the fact is nearly the reverse. Foreign sugar is, and has long been, excluded from her markets by oppressive discriminating duties; and were these repealed, and the duties on all sugars placed on the same level, it is exceedingly doubtful whether she would continue to derive any considerable portion of her supplies of sugar from her sugar colonies in the west.

"Great stress is frequently laid on the advantage of colonies established in unoccupied countries, in affording a field for the ready and beneficial employment of the surplus or unemployed population that occasionally abounds in old settled and densely peopled countries; neither can there be a doubt that this is of very material importance. But it is pretty obvious that, having founded a colony, it is unnecessary to retain it in a state of dependence, if it wish to become free, to realize the advantage referred to. Labor, in such colonies, is always in great demand, and a regard for their own interests always disposes the colonists to give every fair facility to the immigration of laborers. Notwithstanding the advantages occasionally held out by the British government to encourage emigration to her North American colonies, the great current of emigration has always been directed to the United States; and, even of the emigrants that sail from Great Britain to Canada, scarcely a fourth part remain in the province, but immediately leave it for the contiguous states of the Union. It is idle, therefore, to attempt to excuse the policy of attempting to retain colonies in a state of reluctant dependence on the mother country, on pretence of their affording a profitable outlet for poor or unemployed persons. The interest of the settlers will keep this outlet open, and will secure every real advantage that could, in this respect, be derived from the most complete colonial domination.

"We beg, however, that it may not be supposed, from any thing now stated, that we regard the foundation of colonies as inexpedient; on the contrary, their establishment has been highly advantageous to that, as it has been to most old settled countries in all ages. It is not their foundation, provided they be placed in proper situations and judiciously managed, but to the needless interference with their government, the trammels imposed on their industry, the prevention of their free intercourse with other people, and the attempt to govern them after they are able and determined to govern themselves, that we object. A nation that founds a colony in an unoccupied country, or in a country occu-

civilization to, it may be, an indefinite degree. Such colony not only forms a desirable outlet for the redundant or unemployed population of the mother country, but it forms a new and rapidly increasing market for its products and those of other countries. No one can doubt that Europe has been signally benefitted by the discovery and civilization of America; but the advantages thence arising, how great soever, would have been incomparably greater, but for the various impolitic regulations imposed by the mother states on their colonies. The British colonies, though fettered in various ways, enjoyed a much greater degree of freedom than those of any other country; and, in consequence, their progress, both before and since the sera of their independence, has been proportionally rapid. The colonies of Spain, on the other hand, though occupying the finest provinces, had their progress thwarted by the blind jealousy and short-sighted rapacity of the mother country, and were kept as much as possible in a state of pupilage. The government was entirely administered by natives of Old Spain; the colonists were carefully excluded from every office of power and emolument; one colony was prohibited from trading with another; and had foreigners presumed to settle amongst them, they would have been liable to capital punishment. In consequence their progress was very slow; and when at length they succeeded in throwing off the galling yoke of the mother country, they became, from their inexperience in self-government, a prey to all sorts of disorders. It is very questionable, whether her South American colonies were of the least service to Spain; and it is, at all events, certain that they have not conferred either on her or on other countries a tenth part of the benefit they would have done, had they been treated with greater liberality, and permitted freely to avail themselves of all the advantages of their situation.

"The American war seems to have decided, in so far as experience can decide any thing, the question as to the policy of retaining colonies in a state of dependency that are determined to govern themselves. No colonies were ever reckoued half so valuable as those which now form the republic of the United States; and it was generally supposed, that their emancipation would be decisive of the fate of Britain,-that her sun would then set, and forever! But has great Britain really lost anything by that event? Has her trade, her wealth, or her power, been in any degree impaired by the independence of the United States? The reverse in distinctly and completely the fact. The notion that Great Britain could have continued for any length of time to retain such rapidly growing countries in a state of dependence, or that we could have been advantageously united in a federal union with vast regions situated in another hemisphere, is too wild and extravagant to require examination. But notwithstanding its independence, England has continued, and will necessarily continue in all time to come, to reap all the advantage she can reasonably claim as founder of this mighty empire in the wilderness. Englishmen will necessarily always command a preference in the American markets. And while England is diseacumbered of the impossible task and enormous expense attending the government and defence of all but boundless countries 3,000 miles distant, her intercourse with them grows with their growth; and she is as much benefitted and enriched by them, as she would have been, had they coatinued in the same state of dependency as Australia or the Cape of Good Hope.

managed, but to the needless interference with their government, the trammels imposed on their industry, the prevention of their free intercourse with other people, and the attempt to govern them after they are able and determined to govern themselves, that we object. A nation that founds a colony in an unoccupied country, or in a country occu- and maritime nation that takes a just view of its real interpretation.

strong-holds.

"Neither are the previous remarks meant to apply to the conquest and occupation of foreign countries, in the view of increasing national opulence and power. Such policy may be either good or bad, according to the peculiar circomstances affecting each particular case. Our remarks apply only to colonies strictly so called; that is, to the case of foreign territories, peopled principally or wholly by emigrants, or by the descendants of emigrants, from the mother country, and not held as a mere military station.

"Sometimes, in order to carry on a trade with a colony, it is necessary to give its products peculiar advantages in the markets of the mother country; and consequently at the expense and to the prejudice of the consumers in the latter. We rather think that no small portion of the trade of England with the West Indies is forced in this way; and that were the discriminating duties on foreign sugar abolished, she would derive a considerable part of her supplies from other quarters. But whatever may be the case with the West India trade, this, at all events, is the case with the Canada trade. It employs a large number of ships and seamen, and seems to a superficial observer highly valuable. In truth and reality, however, it is very much the reverse. Two-thirds and more of this trade is forced and fictitious; originating in the oppressive discriminating duty of 45s. a load imposed on timber from the north of Europe, over and above what is imposed on that brought from a British settlement in North America! This obliges her to resort to Canada, whence she imports an inferior article at a comparatively high price. The disadvantages of this impolitic system are numerous and glaring. To a manufacturing country, having a great mercantile and warlike navy, timher is indispensable; and yet, instead of supplying herself with it where it may be found best and cheapest, she loads the superior and cheaper article with an exorbitant duty; and thus does the most she can to make her houses and ships be built and her machinery constructed of what is inferior and dear! But the mischief does not stop here. By refusing to import the timber of the north of Europe, she proportionally limits the power of the Russians, Prussizes, Swedes, and Norwegians to buy her manufactured goods; while, by forcing the importation of timber from Canada, she withdraws the attention of its inhabitants from the most profitable employment they can carry on,—that is, from the cultivation of the soil,-and make them waste their energies in comparatively disadvantageous pursuits! Such, either in a less or a greater degree, is the uniform result of all attempts to interfere with the natural order of things, and to force a trade, whether with a colony or a foreign country matters not, that would not otherwise be carried on.

"But the existing state of her relations with Canada affords other matter for serious, and not very pleasant reflection: that colony is not, and never has been, of advantage to England. Were the duties on Canada timber reduced to the same level as those on Baltic timber, we question whether it would be found to possess a single article that could be advantageously exported to Great Britain, or that she might not buy cheaper and better elsewhere. It no doubt affords an outlet for emigrants, and is in so far useful; but in all other respects its occupation has always been, and will most probably continue to be, productive of lattle except loss. And even as respects emigration, it is, as already explained, by no means clear that the field would be at all narrowed by Canada becoming independent, or sected with the United States.

-But useless as Canada has been to England in time require whether the Canadians have good grounds for the of the neighborhood of other colonies founded by rival

ests will always take care to possess itself of some such | dissatisfaction that prevails so generally amongst them. It is enough to know that it exists; and that nothing but the presence of a large British army is able to maintain a nominal ascendancy in that province. While this state of things continues, the prosperity of the colony must be at a stand; emigration to it will cease or be greatly narrowed; and the distresses in which the settlers will be involved will give additional strength to the party wishing to break off the connection with the mother country. The people of Britain would do well to reflect dispassionately on the state of the Canadian question. There are not, perhaps, a dozen men of sense in the empire, who are not ready to admit, that in some ten or twenty years Canada will be independent or be incorporated with the United States. But if so, what should be the policy of England in the mean time? Is she resolved to maintain an army of 10,000 or 15,000 men in Canada?-to expend, directly and indirectly, some three or four millions a year in preserving a mere nominal ascendancy in a colony, her connection with which is really a loss? If such be her determination, it may be doubted whether she has profitted much by the dear-bough t experience afforded by the American war. National pride may prevent her relinquishing this costly and barren dominion; but good sense, and the most obvious views of expediency, would seem to suggest the policy of voluntarily anticipating what there is every reason to think must in the end necessarily happen, and of providing for the independence of Canada under a system of friendly and mutually beneficial relations.

"The explanation given by Dr. Smith in the Wealth of Nations (book iv. cap. 7.) of the causes of the rapid growth and prosperity of colonies founded in advantageous situations, though impugned by Sismondi (Etudes sur l'Economis Politique, iv. cap. "Colonies") and others, seems to be consistent alike with principle and historical evidence. When a colony is founded in an uninhabited or but thinly peopled district, each colonist gets a large extent of the best land; he has no rent, and but few if any taxes to pay; and being able to procure supplies of manufactured articles from the mother country, or one equally advanced, he applies all his energies to agriculture, which under the circumstances is most productive. The demand for labor in such colonies is very great; for the high rate of wages, combined with the cheapness of the land, speedily changes the laborers into landlords, who in their turn become the employers of fresh laborers. In consequence, population and wealth advance with unusual rapidity; and in some instances, as in that of the United States, they have continued for a lengthened period to go on doubling every twenty or fiveand-twenty years!

"But in stating that the facility of obtaining supplies of fertile and unoccupied land is the principal cause of the rapid progress of new colonies, it is not meant to affirm that it is the only cause. An advantageous situation for the prosecution of commercial pursuits, and great superiority in navigation, may enable a colony to advance at its outset, though without any considerable extent of territory, with even more rapidity than if it enjoyed an unlimited command of fertile land. This seems to have been the principal cause of the speedy extension of the Greek colonies in antiquity. The most famous of these, as Syracuse and Agrigentum in Sicily, Tarentum and Losri in Italy, and Ephesus and Miletus in Asia Minor, were amongst the principal emporia of the ancient world. They were all sea-port towns: were founded in the most advantageous situations for carrying on an extensive commerce, and owed, in fact, their wealth and greatness mainly to trade and navigation. Owing, however, to the limited extent of st, the connection with it will, in all probability, become their territorial acquisitions, a consequence partly of the sch more onerous in time to come. We shall not stop to difficulty of subduing the indigenuous population, and partly

states, their power rested on no very broad or solid foundation; so that the fall of the capital city and the annihilation of the state were all but synonymous.

"The colonies founded in modern times have been placed under very different circumstances. The countries in which they were planted were either so very thinly inhabited as to be almost deserts, or they were occupied by a feeble and inferior race unable to oppose any effectual obstacle to the diffusion of the colonists; so that the latter easily spread themselves over a large extent of country, and have had in general more of an agricultural than of a commercial character. But while this has given them greater strength, it has not, after the difficulties attendant on their first establishment were got over, in any degree impeded their progress, but the contrary. The most flourishing of the colonies of antiquity will not bear to be compared in respect of rapidity of growth, magnitude and power, with the United States; and the slower progress of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies is not owing to the colonists having distributed themselves over a wide extent of country, but to the oppressive interference of the mother country with their domestic arrangements, and the vexatious restrictions laid on their intercourse with foreigners.

"A very great degree of equality prevailed among the free settlers in Greek colonies; and in consequence the lands acquired by the colonists were distributed amongst them in nearly equal portions. But in modern times it is very different. Owing to the vast extent and almost desert state of the countries in which they have been principally planted, the poorest individuals have generally succeeded in acquiring slips of land; while the superior class of colonists, or those who had influence with the colonial government, or with that of the mother country, frequently succeeded in getting grants of vast tracts of land, not in the view of cultivating, but of holding them till in consequence of the increase of population in the vicinity they had acquired a considerable value. These large reserves, by interrupting the communications between different parts of the colony, and increasing the difficulty and cost of conveyance, have frequently proved not a little injurious to its interests. But there are various ways in which an abuse of this sort might be obviated; and perhaps the best would be to apportion the land according to the available capital of the settlers, it being stipulated that no individual should receive above a certain number of acres, and that it should revert back to the public unless certain improvements were effected upon it within a specified time after the grant was made."

"But not satisfied with attempting to put down an abuse of this sort, we are now told that all the difficulties incident to colonization have originated in the too great dispersion of the colonists; and that to obviate them, and to ensure to all new colonics the acme of prosperity, we have merely to compel the colonists to keep close together by exacting a high price for the surrounding waste or unoccupied land; in other words, by making the colony as like an old settled country as possible! Perhaps such a crude project was hardly worth notice. If, on the one hand, the price set on the waste land were inconsiderable, it would not prevent the purchase of large tracts of land on speculation, and the entailing on the colony all the disadvantages that have resulted from the making of injudicious grants; and if, on the other hand, the price demanded for the land were pretty high, it would go far to oppose an insuperable obstacle to the progress of the colony. Rich men do not leave their native country to expose themselves to the inconveniences and hardships attending the establishment of new settlements in the wilderness. This, if it be done at all, must be done in time to come as in time past, by individuals in straitened circumstances, and anxious to improve their for-

from such persons would, by sweeping away the whole or a considerable portion of their capital, deprive them of the means of clearing and cultivating the land, and proportionally retard their progress and that of the colony. The plan of letting lands by fine is admitted by every one, who knows any thing of agriculture, to be one of the worst that can be devised; and this colonization project is bottomed on the same principle, and will no doubt be as pernicious. "It is said that in consequence of the exaction of a price for the land, and the concentration of the colonists, their employments, being more combined and divided, will be prosecuted with a great deal more success than at present. All this, however, proceeds on the false and exploded assumption that the colonists are not, like other individuals, the best judges of what is for their own advantage. Smith says truly, that it is the highest impertinence for kings and ministers to attempt to direct private people how they should employ their capitals. But it is, if possible, a still greater impertinence to attempt to direct them where they shall employ them. A regard to their own interest will draw people sufficiently together; and to enact regulations in the view of concentrating them still more, is in every respect as contradictory and absurd as it would be to set about increasing the public wealth by regulating the sort of employments to be carried on, and the countries with which, and the commodities in which, to deal.

"We have already sufficiently explained the principal cause of the rapid progress made by some of the Greek colonies; it should, however, be borne in mind that these colonies had great numbers of slaves, who carried on most part of the more common employments. Hence, in Syracuse or Tarentum, every rich individual might have as many obsequious servants as he pleased, and all sorts of luxurious accommodations were to be had in the greatest profusion. But in those modern colonies where slavery is abolished, the different ranks and orders of men are more nearly assimilated, less by the depression of the rich than by the elevation of the poor. What is wanted in refinement and attention is far more than compensated by the well-being and comfort of the lower classes.

"It is a part of this new project, on the supposed excellence of which much stress is laid, that the sums got by the sale of lands in the colony are to be expended in defraying the expense attending the conveyance thither of laborers. This is a species of bait held out to tempt capitalists to buy land, by making them believe that though land be artificially dear, labor will be artificially cheap, and that on the whole they will be very well off! This, however, is merely attempting to repair an injury done the capitalists, by inflicting a still more serious injury on the laborers. In arcolony where a large portion of the capital is swallowed up in the purchase of land, the demand for labor must be comparatively limited; and this limited market is to be glutted by throwing upon it crowds of paupers transported gratis from England! We say crowds of paupers; for few laborers, aware of the facts of the case, who can afford to pay for a passage to the United States, will voluntarily go to a colony where land is to be artificially raised to a high price, and labor artificially reduced. The whole scheme seems, in fact, to be little else than a tissue of delusions and contradictions, and it says little for the discernment of the public that it should have attracted any notice.

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absurd as can well be imagined."

"COMMERCE, is the exchange of one sort of produce or service for some other sort of produce or service.

"Exchanges of this description have their rise in the nature of man and the circumstances under which he is placed, and their origin is coeval with the formation of society. The varying powers and dispositions of different individuals dispose them to engage in preference in particular occupations; and in the end every one finds it for his advantage to confine himself wholly or principally to some one employment, and to barter or exchange such portions of his produce as exceed his own demand, for such portions of the peculiar produce of others as he is desirous to obtain and they are disposed to part with. The division and combination of employments is carried to some extent in the rodest societies, and it is carried to a very great extent in those that are most improved; but to whatever extent it may be carried, commerce must be equally advanced. The division of employments could not exist without commerce, nor commerce without the division of employments: they mutually act and react upon each other. Every new subdivision of employments occasions a greater extension of commerce; and the latter cannot be extended without contributing to the better division and combination of the former.

"In rude societies, the principal business of commerce, or the exchange of one sort of commodities for some other sort, is carried on by those who produce them. Individuals baving more of any article than is required for their own use endeavor to find out others in want of it, and who at the same time possess something that they would like to have. But the difficulties and inconveniences inseparable from a commercial intercourse carried on in this way are so ohvious as hardly to require being pointed out. Were there no merchants or dealers, a farmer, for example, who had a quantity of wheat or wool to dispose of, would be obliged to seek out those who wanted these commodities. and to sell them in such portions as might suit them; and having done this, he would next be forced to send to, perhaps, twenty different and distant places, before he succeeded in supplying himself with the various articles he might wish to buy. His attention would thus be perpetually diverted from the business of his farm; and while the difficulty of exchanging his own produce for that of others would prevent him from acquiring a taste for improved accommodations, it would tempt him to endeavor to supply most things that were essential by his own labor and that of his family; so that the division of employments would be confined within the narrowest limits. The wish to obviate such inconveniences has given rise to a distinct mercantile class. Without employing themselves in any sort of production, merchants or dealers render the greatest assistance to the producers; they collect and distribute all sorts of commodities they buy of the farmers and manufacturers the things they have to sell; and bringing together every variety of useful and desirable articles in shops and warehouses, individuals are able, without difficulty or loss of time, to supply themselves with whatever they want. Continuity is in consequence given to all-the operations of industry; for, as every one knows before hand where he may dispose to the best advantage of all that he has to sell, and obtain all that he wishes to buy, an uninterrupted motion is given to the plough and the loom. Satisfied that they will have no difficulty about finding merchants for their produce, agriculturists and manufacturers think only how they may improve and perfect their respective businesses. Their attention, no longer dissipated upon a variety of objects, is fixed upon one only. It becomes the object of every individual to find out machines and processes for facilitating the separate task in which he is engaged; and but the last price is greater than the former, because the

but in all other respects they seem to be as impolitic and | while the progress of invention is thus immeasurably accelerated, those who carry on particular businesses acquire that peculiar dexterity and slight of hand so astonishing to those who live in places where the division of labor is but imperfectly established. Facility of exchange is, in truth, the vivilying principle, the very soul of industry; and no interruption is ever given to it without producing the most ruinous consequences.

> "The merchants or dealers, collect their goods in different places in the least expensive manner; and by carry. ing them in large quantities at a time they can afford to supply their customers at a cheaper rate than the latter could supply themselves. Not only, therefore, do they, by enabling every employment to be carried on without interruption, and the divisions of labor to be perfected, add prodigiously to the powers of industry, and, by consequence, to the wealth of the community, but they also promote the convenience of every one, and reduce the cost of merchandising to the lowest limit. According as commerce is extended, each particular business becomes better understood, better cultivated, and carried on in the best and cheapest method: where it is far advanced, the whole society is firmly linked together; every man is indebted to every other man for a portion of his necessaries, conveniences, and enjoyments; every thing is mutual, and reciprocal; and a large country becomes in effect, from the intimate correspondence kept up through the medium of the mercantile class, like a large city.

> "The annihilation of the class of traders would deprive society of all these advantages. The difficulties that would then be experienced in selling and buying would oblige every one to attempt, in so far as possible, directly to supply his own wants; the division of employments would be contracted on all sides, and Great Britain would gradually relapse into a state little, if at all, superior to its state at the Norman conquest.

> "The celebrated Italian economist, the Count di Verri, has defined commerce to be the conveyance of commodities from place to place (transporto delle mercanzie da un luogo a luogo.) This definition has been adopted by M. Say, who contends that commerce does not consist in exchanges, but in bringing commodities within reach of the consumers (il consiste essentiellement à placer un produit à la portée de ses consommateurs). But this is plainly to confound the means with the end; the preparations for an exchange with the exchange itself. The conveyance of commodities from place to place is necessary to enable commerce to be carried on; but unless they be conveyed in the view of being sold or exchanged for other commodities, and unless that exchange actually take place, there is no room or ground for considering the conveyance in the light of a commercial operation. It is obvious, too, that though the Count di Verri's definition were not erroneous in this respect, it is not sufficiently comprehensive. Suppose that a hat manufactory is established in Regent street, and that a shop is attached to it, where the hats are sold; no one doubts that those employed in this shop are engaged in a commercial undertaking, and yet they have nothing to do with the carringe of commodities. Whatever, therefore, may be the particular sort of commerce carried on, whether the commodities have been brought from a distance or produced on the spot, its object and end is an exchange; when this end is not attained, no act of commerce can be said to have taken place.

> "The erroneous definition of commerce which M. Say has adopted has hindered him from rightly appreciating its influence. 'In commerce,' says he, 'there is a genuine production, because there is a modification productive of utility and value. The merchant, after buying a commodity at its current price, sells it again at its current price;

merchant has brought the commodity into a situation which | has really augmented its price, and the society is enriched by this augmentation.' (Cours d'Economie Politique, t. ii. p. 213.) But though this be true, it is not the whole truth, nor even the greater part of it. Suppose that a hat-maker and a shoe-maker live in contiguous houses; if the one exchange his hats for the other's shoes, society will not certainly gain much by the change in the locality of the commodities, but it will notwithstanding be materially benefitted by the transaction; for, in consequence of the exchange, each tradesman will be able to confine himself to his own business: the hat-maker will not be obliged to waste his time in clumsy attempts to make his own shoes, nor will the shoe-maker be compelled to make his own hat. It is in this that the peculiar advantage of commerce consists. What an individual gives for anything is, speaking generally, the fair equivalent of what he gets. But the facility of exchanging allows every one, as has been already seen, to apply his entire time and energies to some one department; and in this way occasions the production of an incomparably greater quantity of all sorts of wealth than it would otherwise be possible to produce.

"The mercantile class has been divided into two leading classes,—the wholesale dealers and the retail dealers. This division, like the divisions in other employments, has grown out of a sense of its utility. The wholesale merchants buy the goods at first hand of the producers; but instead of disposing of them to the consumers, they generally sell them to the retailers or shopkeepers, by whom they are retailed or distributed to the public in such quantities and in such a way as is most suitable for them. The interest of all parties is consulted by this division. Had the wholesale dealers attempted also to retail their goods, they could not have given that undivided attention to any part of their business so necessary to ensure its success. A retailer should be constantly at his shop; not merely that he may attend to the orders daily sent to him, but that he may learn all that transpires with respect to the situation of his customers, their wants, and their circumstances. But wholesale dealers being obliged to attend to what is going on in different and distant quarters, cannot give this minute attention to what happens in their immediate vicinity; and though they could, the capital required to carry on a wholesale business would not be sufficient for that purpose, were the business of retailing joined to it. Were there only one class of merchants, the capital and the number of individuals employed in commercial undertakings would not probably be less than at present; but the merchant, being obliged to apply himself principally to one department, would have to leave the chief share of the other to servants; a change which, as every one knows, would be productive of the most mischievous consequences.

"There can, therefore, be no doubt that the separation in question has been highly advantageous. The classes of merchants, like those of artificers, are mutually serviceable to each other and to the public. Without this subdivision, commerce would have been impeded in its operations; particular branches of it would have been comparatively neglected; nor would any branch have been carried on with the same economy and attention with which all are now conducted.

"In a highly civilized country like Great Britain, the trade in every commodity in considerable demand, as corn. sugar, tea, timber, &c., affords employment for a separate class of traders. But for all purposes of general inquiry, it is sufficient to consider commerce under three heads, viz:—1. The Home trade, or that carried on between individuals of the same country; 2. Foreign trade, or that carried on between individuals of different countries; and, 3. The Colony trade, or that carried on between the inhabi-

tants of any particular country and its colonists. We subjoin a few remarks upon each of these heads.

"I. Home Trade.-It has been already seen that the varying capacities and dispositions of different individuals occasion the introduction of a division of employments, and the practice of exchange or barter. But the external circumstances under which different individuals are placed vary still more than their natural powers or tastes. One set inhabit a rich fertile plain, suitable for the growth of corn and other culmiferous crops. Another set inhabit a mountainous district, the soil of which is comparatively sterile. but which is well fitted for rearing cattle; another set are planted upon the margin of a river, or arm of the sea, abounding in every facility for carrying on the business of fishing; and so on. Now it is so obvious, that though the individuals belonging to any particular district had not established a division of labor amongst themselves, it would be highly for their advantage to establish one with those occupying other districts; the productions of which are materially different. When the inhabitants of Newcastle (Eng.) apply themselves principally to the coal trade, those of Essex to the raising of wheat, and those of the highlands of Scotland to the raising of cattle and wool, each set avail themselves, in carrying on their employments, of the peculiar powers of production conferred by Providence on the districts they occupy; and by exchanging such portions of their produce as exceed their own consumption, for the surplus articles raised by others, their wealth and that of every one else, is immensurably increased. It is in this territorial division of labor, as it has been happily designated by Colonel Torrens, that the main advantage of commerce consists. In commercial countries, each individual may not only enter at pleasure, on such pursuits as he deems most advantageous, but the entire population of districts and provinces are enabled to turn their energies into those channels in which they are sure to receive the greatest assistance from natural powers. Suppose England were divided into separate parishes, or even counties, surrounded respectively by Bishop Berkeley's wall of brass, and having no intercourse with each other, in what a miserable situation would they be! Instead of 1,500,000, London could not under such circumstances contain 15,000 inhabitants; and these would be exposed to numberless privations of which we have not the slightest idea. Unless the territorial division of labor were carried to some extent, the division of employments amongst individuals occupying the same district, could be but very imperfectly established, and would be of comparatively little use. It is only when one is able both to gratify his taste and to avail himself of the varying capacities of production given to different districts that the benefits of commerce can be fully appreciated, and that it becomes the most copious source of wealth as well as the most powerful engine of civilization.

"'With the benefits of commerce,' says an eloquent writer, 'or a ready exchange of commodities, every individual is enabled to avail himself to the utmost of the peculiar advantage of his place; to work on the peculiar materials with which nature has furnished him; to humor his genius or disposition, and hetake himself to the task in which he is peculiarly qualified to succeed. The inhabitant of the mountain may betake himself to the culture of his woods, and the manufacture of his timber; the owner of pasture lands may betake himself to the care of his herds: the owner of the clay pit to the manufacture of his pottery; and the husbandman to the culture of his fields, or the rearing of his cattle; and any one commodity, however it may form but a small part in the whole accommodations of human life, may, under the facilities of commerce, find a market in which it may be exchanged for what will procure any other part, or the whole; so that the owner of the clay pit, or the industrious potter, without producing any one article immediately fit to supply his own necessities, may estriking to require any lengthened illustrations. obtain the possession of all that he wants. And commerce, in which it appears that commodities are merely exchanged, and nothing produced, is nevertheless, in its effects, very productive; because it ministers an encouragement and facility to every artist in multiplying the productions of his own art, thus adding greatly to the mass of wealth in the world, in being the occasion that much is produced.'-(Ferguson's Principles of Moral and Political Science, vol. ii. p. 424.)

"II. Foreign Trade.-The trade carried on between individuals of different countries is founded on precisely the same circumstances—the difference of soil, climate, and productions, on which is founded the trade between different districts of the same country. One country, like one district, is peculiarly fitted for the growth of corn, another for the cultivation of the grape; a third abounds in minerals; a fourth has inexhaustible forests; and so forth:-

'Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uve, Arborei se tus alibi, atque injussa virescunt Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores, India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabai? At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus Castorea, Elindum palmas Epiros equarum? Continuo has leges atternaque foedera certis Imposuit natura locis .- Geor. lib. i. lin. 54.'

" Providence, by thus distributing the various articles suitable for the accommodation and comfort of man in different countries, has evidently provided for their mutual intercourse. In this respect, indeed, foreign trade is of far more importance than the home trade. There is infinitely less difference between the products of the various districts of the most extensive country, than there is between the products of different and distant countries; and the establishment of a territorial division of labor amongst the latter must therefore be proportionally advantageous.

"'As the same country is rendered richer by the trade of one province with another; as its labor becomes thus infinitely more divided, and more productive than it could otherwise have been; and as the mutual interchange of all those commodities which one province has and another wants multiplies the comforts and accommodation of the whole, and the country becomes thus, in a wonderful degree. more opulent and more happy; so the same beautiful train of consequences is observable in the world at large, - that vast empire, of which the different kingdoms may be regarded as the provinces. In this magnificent empire, one province is favorable to the production of one species of produce, and another province to another. By their mutual intercourse, mankind are enabled to distribute their labor as best fits the genius of each particular country and people. The industry of the whole is thus rendered incomparably more productive; and every species of necessary, useful and agreeable accommodation is obtained in much greater abundance and with infinitely less expense.'-(Mills' Commerce Defended, p. 38.)

" But to enable the advantages of foreign commerce to be rightly appreciated, it will be proper to consider it under the following heads :- viz. 1. Its influence in supplying us with useful and desirable articles, of which we should otherwise be wholly destitute; 2. Its influence in multiplying and cheapening the peculiar productions of our own country; 3. Its influence in making us acquainted with foreign discoveries and inventions, and in exciting invention by means of competition and example; and, 4. Its indirect influence upon industry, by increasing the sources of enjoyment.

-1. With respect to the first of these influences, or the effect of commerce in furnishing every people with commodities not otherwise attainable, it is too obvious and

Great Britain is as abundantly supplied with native products as most countries; and yet any one who reflects for a moment on the nature and variety of the articles we import from abroad, must be satisfied that we are indebted to trade for a very large part of our superior accommodations. Tea, sugar, coffee, wine and spices; silk and cotton, the materials of our most extensive manufactories; gold and silver; and an endless variety of other highly important articles, are sent to us by foreigners. And were the importation put an end to, what a prodigious deduction would be made, not from our comforts and enjoyments merely, but also from our means of supporting and employing laborers! If foreign commerce did nothing more than supply us with so many new products, it would be very difficult to overrate its value and importance.

187

"2. But such is the benificent influence of commerce, that while it supplies an endless variety of new productions, it multiplies and cheapens those that are peculiar to every country. It does this, by enabling each separate people to employ themselves, in preference, in those departments in which they enjoy some natural or acquired advantage, and by opening the markets of the world to their productions. When the demand for a commodity is confined to a particular country, as soon as it is supplied improvement is at a stand. The subdivision and combination of employments is, in fact, always dependent upon and regulated by the extent of the market. Dr. Smith has shown, that by making a proper distribution of labor among ten workmen, in a pin manufactory, 48,000 pins might be produced in a day; and since his time the number has been nearly doubled. But had the demand not been sufficient to take off this quantity of pins, the divisions and improvements in question could not have been made; and the price of pins would in consequence have been comparatively high. This principle holds universally. The most important manufacture carried on in Great Britain-that of cotton-is entirely the result of commerce. Supposing, however, that cotton wool had been a native product, we could never have made such astonishing advances in the manufacture had we been denied access to foreign markets. Notwithstanding the splendid discoveries in the machinery, and the perfection to which every department of the trade has been brought, the vast extent of the market has prevented its being glutted, and has stimulated our manufacturers and artizans to persevere with unabated ardor in the career of improvement. Our cotton mills have been constructed, not that they might supply the limited demand of Great Britain, but that they might supply the demand of the whole world. And in consequence of the extraordinary subdivision of labor, and the scope given to the employment and improvement of machinery by the unlimited extent of the market, the price of cottons has been reduced to less, probably, than a fourth part of what it would have been had they met with no outlet in foreign countries. The hardware, woollen, leather and other manufactures, exhibit similar results. The access their products have had to other markets has led to important improvements in their production; so that, as was previously stated, commerce not only supplies us with a vast variety of new and desirable articles, but it also cheapens the staple productions of the country, and renders them more easily attainable by the great mass of people.

"3. The influence of commerce in making the people of each country acquainted with foreign inventions and discoveries, and in stimulating ingenuity by bringing them into competition with strangers, is obvious and powerful. It' distributes the gifts of science and art, as well as those of nature. It is the great engine by which the blessings of civilization are diffused throughout the world, the intercourse to which it gives rise making every one acquainted

the remotest corners of the globe. Were any considerable improvement made in any important art either in China or Peru, it would be very speedily understood and practised in England. It is no longer possible to monopolize an invention. The intimate communication that now exists amongst nations renders any important discovery, wherever it may be made a common benefit. The ingenious machine invented by Mr. Eli Whitney, of the United States, for separating cotton wool from the pod, has been quite as advantageous to the English as to the Americans, and the inventions of Watt and Arkwright have added to the comforts of the inhabitants of Siberia and Brazil, as well as of England. The genuine commercial spirit is destructive of all sorts of monopolies. It enables every separate country to profit by the peculiar natural powers and acquired skill of all the others; while on the other hand, it communicates to them whatever advantages it may enjoy. Every nation is thus intimately associated with its neighbors. Their products, their arts, and their sciences, are reciprocally communicated; and the emulation that is thus excited and kept up, forces routine to give place to invention, and inspires every people with zeal to undertake, and perseverance to overcome, the most formidable tasks. It is not possible to form any accurate notions as to what would have been our state at this moment, had we been confined within our own little world, and deprived of all intercourse with foreigners. We know, however, that the most important arts, such as printing, glass-making, paper-making, &c., have been imported from abroad. No doubt we might have invented some of these ourselves; but there is not the shadow of a ground for supposing that we should have invented them all; and without foreign example and competition, we could hardly have carried any of them beyond the merest rudiments.

"4. The influence of commerce upon industry, by its increasing the number of desirable articles, though not quite so obvious, perhaps, as the influences already specified, is not less powerful and salutary. Industry is in no respect different from the other virtues, and it were idle to expect it should be strongly manifested where it does not bring along with it a corresponding reward. In the early stages of society, before artificial wants have been introduced, and men are satisfied if they can avert the attacks of hunger, and procure an inadequate defence against the cold. industry is confined within the narrowest limits; and provided the mildness of the climate renders clothing and lodging of little importance, and the earth spontaneously pours forth an abundant supply of fruits, the inhabitants are immersed in sloth, and seem to place their highest enjoyment in being free from occupation. Sir William Temple, Mr. Hume, and some other sagacious inquirers into the progress of society, have been struck with this circumstance, and have justly remarked that those nations that have labored under the greatest national disadvantages have made the most rapid advances in industry.

"But in civilized and commercial societies, new products and new modes of enjoyment, brought from abroad, or invented at home, stimulate the inhabitants to continued exertions. Their acquired tastes and the wants which civilization introduces, and custom and example render universal, become infinitely more numerous, and as urgent as the tastes or wants of those that are less advanced. The passion for luxuries, conveniences, and enjoyments, when once excited, becomes quite illimitable. The gratification of one desire leads immediately to the formation of another. 'The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope to hope.' The happiness of a civilized nation is not placed in indolence or enjoyment, but in continued exertion; in divising new

with the processes carried on and the inventions made in , still further the boundaries of science, and increasing their command over luxuries and enjoyments. The remark of the Abbé Mably is as true as it is forcibly expressed:-'N'est on vue riche? On veut être grand. N'est on que grand? On veut être plus riche. Est on et riche et grand? On veut être plus riche et plus grand encore.' (Œuvres, t. iv. p. 76.)

"Without commerce this progress would never be realized. The commodities possessed by particular nations are but few, and may be obtained by comparatively little labor. Generally speaking, a man may easily supply himself with corn, cloth, and beer; and if the utmost exertions of ingenuity and the most laborous efforts of industry could only furnish additional quantities of those articles, they would very soon cease to be made. Men do not practise industry and economy for their own sakes, but for the advantages that result from them; and the more, consequently, that these advantages are multiplied, that is, the greater the variety of wants they are made to supply, and of gratifications they are made to command, the greater will be the energy displayed in their prosecution. Le travail de la faim,' as Raynal has well observed, 'et toujours borné comme elle; mais le travail de l'ambition croît avec ce vice (vertu?) méme.

"And hence the true way to render a people industrious is to endeavor to inspire them with a taste for the luxuries and enjoyments of civilized life; and this will be always most easily done by giving every facility to the cultivation of foreign commerce. The number of new articles, or in other words, of new motives to stimulate, and new products with which to reward the patient hand of industry, is then prodigiously augmented. The home producers exert themselves to increase their supplies of disposable articles, that they may exchange them for those of other countries and climates; and the merchant, finding a ready demand for such articles, is stimulated to import a greater variety, to find out cheaper markets, and thus constantly to apply new incentives to the vanity and ambition, and consequently to the industry of his customers. Every power of the mind and hody is thus called into action; and the passion for foreign commodities-a passion which some shallow moralists have ignorantly censured-becomes one of the most efficient causes of industry, wealth, and civilization.

"IV. Colony Trade. - For some remarks on this head, the reader is referred to the article COLONIES.

"Principle and Influence of Restrictions on Commerce. The commercial intercourse carried on between the inhabitants of different districts of the same country, and those of different countries, is founded on the principle which prompts each member of the same family, or each inhabitant of the same village, to apply himself to some one business. It would therefore seem that that freedom of commerce which is universally admitted to be productive of the most beneficial consequences when established between the occupants of different districts of the same country must be equally beneficial when established between those of different countries. It appears to be generally believed, that to occasion a commercial intercourse, nothing more is necessary then to remove such legal or physical obstacles as may interpose to prevent it. But this is not hy any means enough. A of Yorkshire does not sell to or buy from B of Kent, merely because there is nothing to hinder him from doing so; he must further believe that his interest will be promoted by the transaction: unless he do this, the utmost facility of exchanging will be offered to him in vain ; nor will the finest roads or the speediest conveyances occasion the least intercourse. We neither buy nor sell for the mere pleasure of the thing. We do so only when we believe it will be a means of promoting some end, of procuring some peculiar advantage for ourselves, that we could contrivances to overcome new difficulties; in extending not so easily procure in any other way. If any one supposed he could better attain his object in entering upon a | vented from disposing of it in any way, not hurtful to others, commercial transaction with some particular individual by entering upon a similar transaction with some one else, or by any othes means, he would most certainly decline engaging in it. We may, and often do, make a false estimate of what is for our advantage; but its promotion is the mainspring of our actions; and it is it, and it only, that we have in view when we buy of a particular individual, or resort to a particular market, in preference to others.

"Unless therefore it could be satisfactorily established that princes and rulers have a better understanding of what has a tendency to promote the wealth and industry of their subjects than themselves, it is difficult to see on what ground any restriction on the freedom of commerce is to be vindicated. The person who buys French wine or Polish core, does so only that he may benefit himself; and the fair presumption is that he does what is right. Human reason is, no doubt, limited and fallible; we are often awayed by prejudice, and are apt to be deceived by appearances. Still, however, it is certain that the desire to promote our own purposes contributes far more than any thing else to render us clear-sighted and sagacious. 'Nul sentiment dans Thomme,' says M. Say, 'ne tient son intelligence eveillée autant que l'interêt personnel. Il donne de l'esprit aux plus simples." The principle, that individuals are, speaking generally, the best judges of what is most beneficial for themselves, is universally admitted to be the only one that can be safely acted upon. No writer of authority has latterly ventured to maintain the exploded and untenable doctrine, that governments may advantageously interfere to regulate the pursuits of their subjects. It is their duty to preserve order, to prevent one from injuring another; to maintain, in short, the equal rights and privileges of all. But it is not possible for them to go one step further, without receding from the principle of non-interference, and laying themselves open to the charge of acting partially by some, and unjustly by others.

"'The statesman,' says Dr. Smith, 'who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could safely be trusted not only to no single person, but to no council or senate whatever, and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself fit to exercise it.' (Wealth of Nations, p. 200.

"In every discussion as to any point of public economy, it is essential to bear in mind that the legislature abandons its duty, or rather acts in direct opposition to it, the moment it begins to legislate in the view of promoting the interest of particular classes. The question never ought to be, whether any proposed measure or regulation has a tendency to benefit agriculturists, manufacturers, or merchants; but whether its tendency be to benefit the public. Certain individuals or classes may be benefitted by what is prejudicial to others; but it would be a contradiction to contend that a system of policy which enriches A by impoverishing B can be publicly advantageous; and it is upon this latter consideration that the attention of the legislature should always be fixed. Whatever has any tendency to increase the security of property, to perfect the divisions of labor, to stimulate industry and ingenuity, and to increase the wealth and comforts of all classes, deserves the encouragement of government. But when it goes further, and interferes to prohibit individuals from carrying on certain branches of trade that others may be promoted, it arrogates to itself that authority the assumption of which is so justly censured by Smith. Such prohibition is, in fact, quite subversive of the right of private property; for that

he may think fit.

"It does not therefore appear, considering this question on general grounds, that there is so much as the shadow of a foundation for those commercial restrictions that make so prominent a figure in the policy of all modern nations. If it could be shown that statesmen and ministers were the best judges of the means by which those subject to their authority might improve their condition, the case would be different. But no such pretension is set up, and, if it were, it would be universally scouted. We may safely leave the conduct of individuals to be determined by their own prudence and sagacity. They act under the most serious responsibility; and we have the best attainable security, the plain and obvious interest of the parties, that they will, in the peculiar circumstances under which they are placed, follow that course which is most advantageous for themselves, or, in other words, for the community. All systems of policy that would regulate the pursuits of private persons according to the views of government must be arbitrary and violent in their nature, and any attempt to act upon them could not fail to be productive of the most mischievous consequences. A wise government will confine its efforts to the maintenance of that order of things which nature has established. It will not mix itself up with the affairs of its subjects, but will leave them to pursue their own interest in their own way; to bring their industry and capital into the freest competition with those of others; and will interpose only when they swerve from the rules of justice. Freedom and security are all that is necessary to stimulate industry, and to insure the most rapid advancement in the career of improvement.

"We cannot, however, feel any surprise that these principles should have been so widely departed from, and that commerce, and indeed most sorts of industry, should be every where subjected to restrictions and regulations. They originated in a comparatively unenlightened age, before the genuine sources of public wealth and the limits of proper interference on the part of governments had been explored and defined. The fallacies on which most of them are founded, however obvious that may now seem, were not speedily or easily detected; and, after their hollowness has been exposed, the return to a better system is a work of extreme difficulty. Every regulation affecting the employment of capital and industry, though always injurious to the public, is, for the most part, productive of advantage to a greater or smaller number of individuals. The moment that any change is proposed, these persons lay before gozernment the most exaggerated representations of the injury that would result from the abolition or modification of the regulation; and not satisfied with this, they most commonly enlist a portion of the press into their service, and availing themselves of all the aid that sophistry and ingenuity can supply, labor to make the public believe that the regulation complained of is a national benefit, and that they are interested in its support! This device has very often been attended with the most complete success; and it is to this circumstance, more than any thing else, that the tenacity with which erroneous theories in commerce are supported is to be ascribed, and that sophisms, that have been again and again exposed, are put forward anew with as much seeming confidence as if they had never been questioned.

"All the great branches of industry carried on in every country depend on peculiarities of soil or climate, or on the genius of the people, and not on custom-house regulations. What should we have to fear from the abolition of all prohibitions? We export the produce of every one of dur principal manufactures, as cotton, wool, iron, leather, &c., to every market in the world; so that the possibility of our right is violated, not merely when a man is unjustly de- being injured by the admission of similar articles from prived of any part of his fortune, but also when he is pre- abroad is quite out of the question. Admitting, however,

that the abandonment of the protective system might force a few thousand workmen to abandon their employments, it is material to observe that equivalent new ones would, in consequence, be opened to receive them, and that the aggregate demand for their services would not be in any degree diminished. Suppose that, under a system of free trade, we imported a part of the silks and linens we now manufacture at home; it is quite clear, inasmuch as neither the French nor Germans would send us their commodities gratis, that we should have to give them an equal amount of British commodities in exchange, so that such of our artificers as had been engaged in the silk and linen manufactures and were thrown out of them, would, in future, obtain employment in the production of the articles that must be exported as equivalents to the foreigner. It is idle, therefore, to pretend that the repeal or modification of a restrictive regulation can ever be a means of diminishing the demand for labor. We may, by giving additional freedom to commerce, change the species of labor in demand. and make it be employed more profitably, but we cannot lesson its quantity. Should our imports this year amount to ten or twenty millions more than they did last year, we shall, it is certain, have to pay them by exporting an equally increased amount of our peculiar products. And therefore if exportation be desirable, and the most ardent admirers of the restrictive system admit it to be such, importation must also be desirable, for the two are indissolubly connected; and to separate them, even in imagination, infers a total ignorance of the most obvious principles. Commerce, whether carried on between individuals of the same or of different countries, is founded on a fair principle of reciprocity; buying and selling are in it what action and reaction are in physics, equal and contrary. Those who will not buy from others render it impossible for others to buy from them. Every sale implies an equal purchase, and every purchase an equal sale. Hence to prohibit buying is exactly the same thing, in effect, as to prohibit selling. No merchant would ever export a single bale of goods were he prevented from importing a greater value in its stead. But it is impossible he can do this if foreign commodities be excluded. In whatever degree, therefore, an unrestricted trade might lead us to receive commodities from other countries, in the same degree it would render them customers for our commodities, would promote our manufactures, and extend our trade. To suppose that commerce may be too free. is to suppose that labor may be turned into too productive channels, that the objects of demand may be too much multiplied and their price too much reduced; it is like supposing that our agriculture may be too much improved, and our crops rendered too luxuriant.

"It is often affirmed, though we believe without the least foundation for the statement, that had it not been for restrictions on importation, several manufactures that now furnish employment for a considerable population would most probably never have existed among us. But supposing this statement to be admitted, it would not form any valid objection to the principle now laid down. It is quite as much for the advantage of communities as of single families to respect the principle of the division of labor. The interests of every people will always be best promoted by addicting themselves, in preference, to those branches of industry in which they have a superiority over others; for it is by this means only they can ever fully avail themselves of their peculiar facilities of production, or employ themselves and their capital most beneficially.

"When importation from abroad is restricted, that some new or incipient manufacture may be promoted, government assumes, though perhaps unconsciously, that it knows better than its subjects what is the most profitable line for them to engage in. Never was there an assumption more entirely unfounded. Individuals are always on the alert

to find out what are the most advantageous businesses in which to embark; and though they sometimes, no doubt, form erroneous conclusions, the chances are ten to one in favor of their being right. Were it otherwise the number of well-advised and prosperous undertakings entered upon in all tolerably well-governed countries would not, as is the case, infinitely exceed those of a contrary description. But though it were different, the interference of government would not certainly abate the evil. However wellintended, all attempts to introduce or extend some particular business cannot fail of being productive of immediate injury to others; and, should the object ever be realized, it would most probably not be found to be a national benefit, but the reverse. If, instead of directly producing linens, a manufacturer finds it more profitable to produce cottons or hardware, and to exchange these with the Germans for linen, how ridiculous would it be to attempt to promote the public interests by shutting out foreign linens, and compelling them to be produced at home! It is not disputed that the linen manufacture might be somewhat promoted by such a measure; but it admits of demonstration that other and more advantageous businesses would sustain a corresponding depression. Governments may depend upon the fact, that their subjects are incomparably better informed with respect to these matters than they can ever he. It is not possible for them, do what they will, to interfere to encourage one set of producers, without at the same time, and by the same act, proportionally discouraging some other set. The obvious duty is, therefore, to abstain from all interference with the legitimate pursuits of individuals. To the clamorers for protection they may always answer, that they would be happy to meet their wishes, provided they could do so without injuring others, but that being impossible, they feel themselves bound not to interfere, but to allow every one to reap the profit or abide the loss of the speculations into which he may enter.

"We have not entered in this article into any investigations with respect to that great class of exchanges which consist in the rendering of labor or services for money or commodities. The laws by which they are governed may be more appropriately stated under the head Labor. It is sufficient here to observe, that prohibitions are to the full as injurious and inconsistent when applied to this description of exchanges as to the exchange of commodities.

"Our object in this article has merely been to lay before the reader a brief view of the principles that govern commercial transactions, and of the mode in which commerce contributes to increase private and public opulence."

FIELDS OF HEROISM.

There are people, who lament that the so called "age of Chivalry is gone"; and, with even a sick-lier sentimentality than Burke's, whine over the want of Knights, and tournaments, and of scarfs waved by ladies' fair hands, and of battles with Saracens or enchanters, and of all the other tom-fooleries that made the dark ages much oftener ridiculous than amiable,—much oftener atrocious than respectable.

The male sentimentalists who indulge in this repining, are commonly novel-readers, who see marvellous opportunities for distinguishing themselves, could those good old times return. The female repiners are novel-readers too; who sigh because they are not distressed damsels, lost in some thousand-miles of forest, or shut up in some stupendous | paration of food, the use of fuel, and the arrangecastle, whence one of the aforesaid knights might ment of places for sleeping—in these walks there peradventure deliver them.

I wonder it never occurs to these he and she romancers, that in sober truth, the present age affords many a field, in which prowess far more varied, more wide-sweeping, and a thousand times more beneficent, may be displayed, than was known to the days of Chivalry.

Of the 800 millions who inhabit the earth, probably not above 20 millions are actual Christians; and not above 200 millions are even geographical ones-that is, occupy countries in which Christianity is the prevailing faith. What an arena for beroic enterprise is presented, among the 600 millions,-not to say 780 millions,-upon whose minds gospel light has not yet shone! The heathen quaff eagerly the cup of knowledge, whenever it is offered them with judicious kindness. What task could be more glorious, than that of winning them over to peace, to civilization, to comfort, to happiness? Where is the danger of knights-errant overcrowding one another, or being at a loss for deeds to achieve, in that vast and eventful field? It has enough, both of danger and of glory, to satisfy all the most eager cravings of romance.

Such as do not care to tilt in the lists of religion, may still find, in other directions, "foemen worthy of their steel:" enemies to human happiness, whose overthrow would earn for its achiever a better title to his country's thanks, and to posterity's grateful remembrance, than ever resulted to champion of old, from the slaughter of giants, or the storming of castles.

There is the demon, named Popular Ignorance! Look how he broods, like a cloud big with ruin, over the liberties of this American land! Look how he prepares the way for their destruction, by his several vicegerents-first, Demagoguism-then PROFLIGACY and ANARCHY—then DESPOTISM! Oh, why does not some daring, virtuous warrior, go forth and slay the monster? Alas, it is not one man's work. It will employ multitudes. But these multitudes must have a leader, nay, leaders, to cheer them on, and show them where to strike. yourselves in suitable panoply, then, ye would-be beroes: rally around you the thousands you will need: and show, that if the age of chivalry could return with all the glories your imaginations adorn it with, you would not disgrace it!

The condition of the African race among usboth the bond and the free—the colonizing of them when emancipated—and the question, how far emancipation should be favored, or permitted—amid the intricacies of this one subject, the largest soul might find room to expatiate and toil for a century.

The thousand things that are requisite to promote better health and more comfort among our

is vet room for many a Rumford, and even for many a Franklin.

But you are marvelling, that I name not INTEM-PERANCE among the monsters, against which our modern Chivalry should couch its lance. Oh no! it is impossible to forget Him, who slays his three myriads annually-who wastes more wealth, than all the governments of all our states expend-who peoples the poor-houses, and furnishes to the gaol and the gallows three-fourths of their victims! Him, the great widow-maker, and orphan-maker; who, if he were not far more terrible than the most hideous of Milton's creations, might be taken for

> Moloch, horrid king, beameared with blood Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears!

While he is on his walk, ye sickly whiners after opportunities of distinction, why fold your arms, and let your powers rust in sloth? See you not, that if he be suffered to live, your country's early fate is sealed? Nay, see you not neighbours, friends, kinsmen of your own, daily bound in his chainsthose chains "too light to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken"—and poisoned by his breath? Ah, even yourselves,-are you safe! May you not earn wreaths as imperishable, by delivering a hundred thousand wives and a million of children, from the jaws of this monster, as you could have won by any of the feats of Amadis de Gaul or Orlando Furioso !

Notices of New Works.

ALICE, OR THE MYSTERIES: a Sequel to " Earnest Maltravers," by the author of "Zanoni, Night & Morning," etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is No. 12, in the series of the Messrs. Harper's "Library of Select Novels"-which are put forth in good type and paper, at the surprisingly cheap rate of twenty-five cents the volume. This work is intended as an answer to the few who questioned the moral of "Earnest Maltravers." It is because the errors of judgment and action on the part of the hero of that work, were not yet counterbalanced or amended; it is because his opinions were often morbid and unsound; it is because his sentiments were nobler than his actions, and his pride too lofty for his virtue, says Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, that this volume "is necessary to the completion of his trials, and the consummation of my design."

Like one skilled in the mixture of liquors, the concoction of Bulwer are as hurtful to the reading community as "hail storms," "mint juleps," and "gin slings" are to the drinking community. Though delightful to the palate, are apt to suspect there lurks a poison in whatever comes from the gin-shop, or is poured from the goblet of one famed for "mixing good liquors." Sir Edward is famed for mixing up vice with virtue, and of making even crime to appear in people, than they now enjoy-numberless projects an enticing form. And to carry out the simile, this writer of domestic economy, touching the choice and pre-'is to the novel-reading community, what the renowned "liquor mixer" of the village, is to the youth of the neighborhood, though he may give a pot of "flip" now and then, it is only to what the appetite and make it more greedy for the drug that is to follow. Alice is for sale at the well furnished Bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker & Morris.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, from the Norman Conquest; with Anecdotes of their Courts, now first published from original records and other authentic documents, private as well as public. By Agnes Strickland. Second series—two vols.: Philadelphia—Lea and Blanchard—1942.

These volumes open with the eventful history of the wives of the Plantagenet Kings—Elizabeth of York—who was the consort of Henry VII. She forms the connecting link between the lives of Plantagenet and Zendor. Miss Strickland writes plainly and unaffectedly, though not without good taste and discernment. She has taken great care to present facts in such a form, that her memoirs of all the Queens of Henry VIII., are suitable for the perusal of ladies. For the first time, the lives of three of his Queens—Jane Seymore, Anne of Cleves, and Katherine Howard, are here presented to the public. The work contains the autographs, in fac simile—of five of Henry's Queens—Katherine Howard having left no signature.

The Queens whose lives are sketched in these volumes, are:

Elizabeth of York, surnamed the Good, Queen of Henry VII.

Katherine of Aragon-1st Queen of Henry VIII.

Anne Buloyn 2nd do.
Jane Seymore 3rd do.
Anne of Cleves 4th do.
Katherine Howard 5th do.
Katherine Parr 6th do.

Mary, the first Queen Regent of England and Ireland.

This is a valuable addition to History, and with all is an interesting and well written work. It is for sale at the Bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. This is one of the Republications of which our friend, Joseph Gill, Esq., is the agent. We extract from No. 4 of vol. 2 the following translation:

"THE CYMBALEER'S BRIDE. "FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

- "The duke has summoned his host to the wars— Our good Duke of Brittany; From city and village, from hill and plain, Thronging they come, a gallant train! The flower of his chivalry!
- "There are barons bold, from their fosse-girt forts,
 Each a king in his own domain;
 Stern knights, grow grey amid war's alarms—
 With nimble squires—stout men-at-arms—
 And my love is one of the train.
- "He is gone to the wars—to Aquitaine—And though but a cymbaleer,
 So bright is the hanberk on his breast,
 So stately his mien, so lofty his crest,
 That a captain you'd deem my dear!
- "A weary time—a heavy heart,
 Have been mine since he rode away!

- To St. Bridget I've prayed, till the stars grew dim, To watch o'er the angel that watches o'er him, That he quit him not night or day.
- "On my knees I've besought our priest to pray
 For all soldiers brave like mine;
 And in hopes to quicken the good man's prayer,
 Three waxen tapers, tall and fair,
 I've burned at Saint Gilda's shrine.
- "To our blessed Mother I've vowed a vow,
 'That, let me but look on his face
 Once again, the scallop and scrip I'll take,
 And a pilgrimage to Loretto make,
 In requital of her grace.
- "Meantime, nor letter, nor message of love,
 Has solaced or him or me;
 The high-born dame has her page—the knight '
 His squire for such errands, and absence is light—
 But no squire nor page have we.
- "But the dreariest day must end at last:
 The war is over and done;
 And the duke this day—nay, this very hour,
 Will be here with his host—if you stood on that tower,
 You could see their arms glance in the sun!
- "The duke will be here—and my cymbaleer— How my proud heart beats and burns!
 "Tis proud and happy—and well it may!
 For a lowly vassal he rode away,
 And a hero he returns!
- "Haste, sisters, haste! why linger ye so? For the duke must now be near;
 Our place let us take at the ancient gate
 By which he will pass in his martial state—
 The duke and my cymbaleer!
- "Quick, sisters, quick—and ye will see
 How my true love bears the bell,
 As stately he rides 'mid the conquering bands,
 And quivering under his manly hands,
 The cymbals clash and swell!
- "Proud of his rider, ye will see His war-steed spurn the ground, Tossing aloft the plumes of red With which for this festal-day, his head Will be deck'd at every bound.
- "But, more than all, my cymbaleer
 Himself in all his pride ye'll see—
 My beautiful! my brave! with the air
 Of an earl his shining casque he'll wear,
 And the mantle wrought by me!"

BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN, by Nathaniel Hawthorn—author of Historical Tales for Youth, etc. Boston: Tappan and Dennet.

This little volume contains well told and interesting stories of West, Newton, Sam Johnson, Cromwell, Franklin, and Queen Christina—well calculated to instruct and entertain the young mind. It is a valuable book, and a decided favorite among story-loving children. Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris have the work for sale.

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February, 1843.

EXCHANGE READING-ROOM.

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Terms of subscription for yearly or transient visitors made known by applying at the Reading-Room in the rear of the Exchange Hotel. ANDREW STEVENS.

N. B.—Mr. A. Stevens is authorised to act as agent and receive subscriptions to the Messenger. He will take pleasure in showing a specimen number to any who may wish to subscribe to this popular periodical. Richmond, January 1st, 1843.

THE MARKOE HOUSE,

No. 293 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

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conveniences.

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hotels of this city.

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New-York, January, 1843.

PRINTING OFFICE.

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PLEASANTS & BAILIE have this day sold to Mr. P. D. BERNARD their Book and Job Office. Mr. B. is too well known as a skilful printer, to require commendation from us—therefore, we would only ask that those friends who have so liberally favored us, will continue their patronage to our successor, under the confident belief that ample justice will be done them.

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Richmond, Nov. 9th, 1841.

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September, 1842.

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

This is a monthly Magazine, devoted chiefly to Litterature, but occasionally finding room also for articles that fall within the scope of Science; and professing no disdain of tasteful selections, though

its matter has been, as it will continue to be, in the main, original.

Party Politics and controversial Theology, as far as possible, are jealously excluded. They are sometimes so blended with discussions in literature or in moral science, otherwise unobjectionable, as to gain admittance for the sake of the more valuable matter to which they adhere: but whenever that happens, they are incidental, only; not primary. They are dross, tolerated only because it cannot well

be severed from the sterling ore wherewith it is incorporated.

REVIEWS, and CRITICAL NOTICES, occupy their due space in the work: and it is the Editor's aim that they should have a threefold tendency—to convey, in a condensed form, such valuable truths or interesting incidents as are embodied in the works reviewed,—to direct the reader's attention to books that deserve to be read,—and to warn him against wasting time and money upon that large number, which merit only to be burned. In this age of publications, that by their variety and multitude distract and overwholm every undiscriminating student, IMPARTIAL CRITICISM, governed by the views just mentioned, is one of the most inestimable and indispensable of auxiliaries, to him who does wish to discriminate.

ESSAYS, and TALES, having in view utility or amusement, or both—HISTORICAL SKETCHES—and REMINISCENCES of events too minute for History, yet elucidating it, and heightening its interest,—may be regarded as forming the staple of the work. And of indigenous Poetray, enough is published—sometimes of no mean strain—to manifest and to cultivate the growing poetical taste and talents of our

country.

The times appear, for several reasons, to demand such a work—and not one alone, but many. The public mind is feverish and irritated still, from recent political strifes:—The soft, assuasive influence of Literature is needed, to allay that fever, and soothe that irritation. Vice and folly are rioting abroad:—They should be driven by indignant rebuke, or lashed by ridicule, into their fitting haunts. Ignorance lords it over an immense proportion of our people:—Every spring should be set in motion to arouse the enlightened, and to increase their number; so that the great enemy of popular government may no longer brood, like a portentous cloud, over the destinies of our country. And to accomplish all these ends, what more powerful agent can be employed, than a periodical, on the plan of the Messenger; if that plan be but carried out in practice?

The South peculiarly requires such an agent. In all the Union, south of Washington, there are but two Literary periodicals! Northward of that city, there are probably at least twenty-five or thirty! Is this contrast justified by the wealth, the leisure, the native talent, or the actual literary taste, of the Southern people, compared with those of the Northern! No: for in wealth, talents, and taste, we may justly claim at least an equality with our brethren; and a domestic institution exclusively our own, beyond all doubt affords us, if we choose, twice the leisure for reading and writing, which they enjoy.

It was from a deep sense of this local want, that the word Southern was engrafted on the name of this periodical: and not with any design to nourish local prejudices, or to advocate supposed local interests. Far from any such thought, it is the Editor's fervent wish, to see the North and South bound endearingly together forever, in the silken bands of mutual kindness and affection. Far from meditating hostility to the north, he has already drawn, and he hopes hereafter to draw, much of his choicest matter thence: and happy indeed will he deem himself, should his pages, by making each region know the other better, contribute in any essential degree to dispel forever the lowering clouds that so lately threatened the peace of both, and to brighten and strengthen the sacred ties of fraternal love.

The Southern Literary Messenger has now commenced its ninth volume, and ninth year. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to say. He believes, however, that it falls not further short of them, than human weakness usually makes Practice fall short

of Theory.

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sive quality.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

P. D. BERNARD, PUBLISHER.

YOL. IX.

APRIL, 1843.

NO. IV.

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.	ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES-(CONTINUED.)
1. The Religious Uses of Music. By Rev. E. L. Magoon. Early history of Music; Fondness of the ancients for its uses in Divine Worship; In- fluences of, on natural character; On intellect; Instance—Milton, Bacon and others; Music aided in the Reformation; Luther and the "Old. Hundred." The religious influences of Music; Advantages of as a part of early education	fondness for the Bible; The town library; The advantages derived from it. Binds himself as apprentice to the blacksmith's trade; How he mastered Latin, French, Spanish, and Greek at the anvil; Becomes a sebool-master; Returns to the "Smithey;" Description of; Division of time; Labors 16 hours and studies 3. Good advice
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The Subscriber respectfully informs the friends and patrons of the Messenger, that he will continue its publication, until it can be sold. Those wishing to subscribe for the work, may rest assured that it will not only be continued, but its present reputation shall be sustained.

The Editorial Department will remain under the direction of its present efficient and able Editor, of whose ability, the reader may judge by the present, as well as many of the subsequent numbers.

ILT The whole establishment of the Southern LITERARY MESSENGER, is for sale. To a gentleman well qualified to conduct such a work, it will pay, I believe, about 2500 to 3000 dollars per annum. Any information connected with the establishment will be given by the subscriber.

P. D. BERNARD.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IX.

RICHMOND, APRIL, 1843.

NO. 4.

THE RELIGIOUS USES OF MUSIC.

BY REV. E. L. MAGGON.

In this article we shall endeavor to consider simply the uses to be made of melody in the services of our holy religion; and we remark, in the first place, that Music has uses, because it has power. Whatever is powerful may be made useful, and its utility should be measured by its potency. By this rule let us estimate the value of music, by first examining its capacity to move.

The history of Music is as ancient as the use of metals. By the Mosaic narrative, that primitive document of the human race, we learn that the descendants of Cain possessed both. But by the Music of the Cainites, we are not to understand our own more complicated and sublime forms of melody. Although Music was first applied sometimes to magical, or rather to medicinal, purposes, yet its principal application was to divine uses. All nations and sects have been as unanimous in the religious use of Music, as they have been diversified in their peculiar ceremonials and creeds. The greatest conqueror in the holy nation did not only compose the words of his divine odes, but generally set them to Music himself, and that which he consecrated to the service of the tabernacle became a national treasure, and the stimulant of miversal praise. Even Pagan poets intimate how Music should be applied, when they represent the Mases as surrounding Jupiter, and warbling their hymns about his throne. The holy Scriptures come to us filled with "psalms and hymns and miritual songs." Four thousand of the best musicians in the nation of the Jews led in the solemn temple service. Israel mingled the symphonies of tymbrel and triumphant song with the murmurs of the subsiding billows on the shore of that sea which had just swallowed their Egyptian foe. David made his palace melodious with the reverberations of his imperial harp. Isaiah sang the elegy of Jerusalem's destruction in tones that went resounding to the skies; and the imprisoned Apostles, Paul and Silas, made the jail at Philippi vibrate to the glorious Music which chains could not bind nor midnight conceal. And when "God manifest in the flesh" abolished the ritual of a dispensation which had mainly gone to decay, he recognized and reanimated that which was most divine, its Music, and at the point of transition from dd to new, from obsolete ceremony to perpetual

Instrumental accompaniments were invented to aid the influence of voice and verse, and when all are united in holy league, there is nothing earthly which so effectually presents to our elevated conceptions

> "That undisturbed song of pure consent, Aye sung around the sapphire-colored throne, To him that sits thereon. * * * Where the bright seraphim, in burning row, Their loud, uplifted angel-trumpets blow; And the cherubic hosts, in thousand choirs, Touch their celestial harps of golden wires."

The department of public worship of which we now speak is in harmony with the most universal and pervading element in the physical uni-Every ray of light; every particle of rain, snow or vapor; every blade of grass that grows; every leaf that expands; every rose that blooms; the zephyrs that fan the gossamer, and the bolt that rives the mountain crag; fountains sparkling in the sun, and forests swaying before the storm; the sighing reed and the heaving volcano; the gleaming lake and the thunder of old ocean's roar, are but different notes in the great anthem of nature, which charms the ear of God. In the presence of its Creator, there is Music in every thing that moves, and in every thing that grows. We read how "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God,"-the products of his creative power,--"shouted for joy." It is the sublime expression of Euripides, the Grecian poet, "Thee, I invoke, thou self-created Being, who gave birth to Nature, and whom light and darkness and the whole train of globes and planets encircle with eternal Music." A greater poet than he has added,

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st, But in his motion, like an angel, sings, Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

Architecture has been compared to "frozen Music," and even in such a congealed state it is glorious; but in its more liquid form, Music is beauty to the ear, as beauty is Music to the eye. When it is really well executed, there are no surer wings than seraphic sounds, to lift the soul to heaven. Sounds closely resemble feelings, since both are invisible, and sounds are the very element in which the feelings live and move. Hence Music easily enters the seat of feeling, and while we listen we become melodious with inarticulate rapture, and are borne on the stream of expressive harmony. Music is the revelation of the adoration of heaven; and why should it not form part of the worship of day, he " sung an hymn;" and when he had gone the saints in this world of darkness and death? to Gethaemane, to Calvary, and to Heaven, he left Its more assiduous cultivation and holy use would the melody of rapturous song, to accompany, as it have a wonderful effect in improving our taste, as had commenced, the dispensation of eternal life. well as in creating a more general relish for what in every age has been deemed the most ennobling of pursuits, and the highest of all artificial enjoyments. It is this which

> "—— exalts each joy, allays each grief, Expels diseases, softens every pain, Subdues the rage of poison and the plague; And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd One power of physic—Melody and Song."

Music brightens the blind man's gloom, and revives the veteran's joy. The peasant, as he goes whistling to his task, feels less of his weariness; and the tired slave grows happy, if he can but chime his toils with his animated song. The prisoner, far down in the gloomy mines, can sing his griefs to rest; and when other eloquence avails not to rouse a nation to a sense of its wrongs, Music, piping in cave and tower, will send the inspiration of liberty to the oppressed, and the shrill cry of redress to the abused. The wise are made wiser by its power; and its ennobling influence will leave the traces of beauty even in

"The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain."

In the second place, Music has religious uses, because it is potent in its influence upon natural character, the intellect and the soul.

It is a fact, palpable to the most superficial observation, that Music has a strong moulding influence on natural character. God has constructed us alive to its influence. The love of Music is a sign of a good disposition; the practice of it will improve a bad one. Wonderfully does it possess a humanizing and polishing power. Polybius tells us that this beautiful science was early taught to the children in Arcadia, and by this means that people became the most amiable of the Greeks. Pythagoras used it always before going to bed. The students in the ancient schools of the prophets gave great attention to the cultivation of Music. Hence Samuel said to Saul, at a certain place, "Thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp before them; and they shall prophesy; and the spirit of the Lord shall come upon thee, and thou shalt prophesy with them, and shalt be turned into another man." And in the second book of Kings we find Elisha calling in a devout Levite, to play and sing before him, to calm and raise his spirits, to receive the message of the Almighty. "But now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him." When Saul was exasperated and lashed into fury by his own strong passions, David came before him with his sweet harp condition to receive the calm visions of God.

It is well known, that if a native of Switzerland, when in foreign lands, hears the wild and simple notes of the Ranchez-Vaches, which, played upon the Alpine horn, had charmed him in his infancy, the most ardent and ungovernable longing is excited once more to climb the cliffs and navigate the waters of his native canton. And it has been said by one who well understood the moral effect of Music, that in Germany this delightful science creates for the care-worn laborer another and a better world, a middle region between this earth where wealth and the enjoyments it procures are allotted to the few, while to the many are assigned privations, contumelies, irremediable poverty, and that future world where Equality, that banished exile from the earth, has fixed its only and last abode. It is to that ideal region that the German peasant's mind is gently wafted on the wings of melody, by the soft voices of his wife, daughters and sons, together with the strains of his own flute or hauthoy. The great English poet recorded eternal truth in the lines which declare that there is

"— Nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage, But Music for the time doth change his nature: The man that hath no Music in himself, Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And his affections dark as Erebus: Let no such man be trusted."

Our second remark under this head relates to the influence of Music on the human intellect. All good men, in every age, have felt that this power is great. The prophets, as is seen in the first chapter of Ezekiel, took their station by the side of majestic rivers, that in the stillness and delightful scenery around them, they might, through the soft murmur of the water, be refreshed, enlivened, and prepared for the Divine ecstacies. The testimony of President Edwards will illustrate this position. "I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which often times was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplation of my glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural to me to sing or chant forth my meditations, or to put my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice."

the Lord came upon him." When Saul was exasperated and lashed into fury by his own strong passions, David came before him with his sweet harp and holy song. These were potent to chase away the evil spirit, and calm the ruffled temper. Oppressed by the mournful distress of Israel and Judah, the great prophet called for Music on "an instrument of ten strings" to compose his soul after zealous agitation, that he might be put into a meet condition to receive the calm visions of God.

A like sovereignty over intellect is latent in superior instrumental or vocal Music. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspiration; Bourdaloue used his violin freely before preaching to the intellectual court; Lord Bacon had music often played in the room adjoining his study; and Leonarda de Vinci painted most sublimely when melodious notes resounded most profusely near his studies. Regaling the weary with sweet Music is like besprinkling a close apartment with odorife-

and fragrant energy stimulates the gratified sense. The following are words of truth which Chrysostom, the distinguished Greek father, uttered long ago. "No one of the slothful multitude ever departed from the church retaining a prophetic or apostolic sentence; but verses of the psalms they chant at home, and repeat when passing through the forum. If a man be inflamed with anger, if he be infuriate with rage; -should a holy psalm steal on his ear melodious, tranquil he departs, subdued and harmonized by music's power." This good man had experienced something of that influence which

- comes o'er the ear like the sweet south, That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odor."

It is wrong to suppose that good Music has a tendency to make its admirer effeminate. On the contrary, it is the most bracing and energetic spe-The Hallelujah Chorus in cies of eloquence. Handel's Messiah has often brought vast audiences unconsciously to their feet; and Hayden's Creation, Beethoven's Oratories, and Mosart's Requiem touch at once the intellect and heart with a talismanic power greater than would the light, the seasons, or even the crucifixion, which, through sounds, they represent. To have this effect, however, Music must be deep and honest. Imagination and the skill of profound and spontaneous emotion must verify the agreeable truth that, "as nightingales move in the strains which are designed to move sing sweetest where there is an echo, so do our others. The Marseilles hymn became the migh- hearts speak most audibly where Music is around ty inspiration of the French Revolution, because them." Sacred melody strengthons devotion, adit first sprang from a soul of fire, and was repeated vances praise into rapture, repeats every act of by those who were full of feeling. Sophocles worship, and embalms in the mind more lasting imgave a tremendous effect to vocal thought when pressions, than those which accompany transient he sang to the Music of his lyre in the chorus of forms of words, uttered in homily or creed. The his own tragedies. Solon and Timotheus of Ar- fear, love, sorrow, and indignation which are awacadia, in like manner, produced an overwhelming kened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make influence on large auditories of most illustrious the heart better, and create aspirations based on persons. We have ourselves seen a most thrill- causes the most rational and praiseworthy. Thus ing impression produced on three thousand highly in innocence, pleasure and duty may go hand in cultivated citizens while one gentleman sang "The hand, and the greater our satisfaction is, the holier Angel's Whisper," accompanied by the soft touches may be our religion. Christianity requires us to of his wife's piano. The Spartan troops marched abase ourselves in humility, but not to debase ourto the sound of flutes when they went to the most selves, nor to degrade the noblest cause by a Vandeadly strifes; and moral heroes have found high dal-like contempt for what God in nature and art inspiration in melodious tones.

Mosic was a powerful auxiliary in securing the triumph of the Protestant Reformation. There is principles and practical morality; prayers are the more of Luther's soul in the "Old Hundred" he | medium of acceptable worship; but the nearest composed than in any other single work. It is approach that earthly beings can make to the adosublimely interesting to contemplate that great re- ration of angels, is, when they lift their hearts former with Music for his solace and inspiration, with their voices in solemn thankfulness to Aland the conversion of universal opinion for his mighty God. The old Cameronians, those heroitask. When he could no longer write, by reason cal fathers of Scottish piety, were so fully conof exhaustion, he sang. When he had we aried him-scious of this, that in the midst of the greatest self in struggling with his own great conceptions personal dangers they would unanimously lift up a of truth, or when he was prostrated in antagonizing full chorus in singing their psalms. English sol-

rous water; the heat that enervates is dispersed, with error, he gave utterance to thoughts, otherwise unutterable, through the notes of his flute. He says that the devils fled from his flute. tween Music and martyrdom his great soul vibrated, full of confidence, and entranced with glory; and between these poles of his existence there were more than continents of rapture for him to enjoy. "Come," said he, one day to Melancthon, as the storm of persecution thickened most frightfully, "Come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm: and let earth and hell do their worst."

> The invigorating influence of Music was well understood by Milton, and is thus described by him in Paradise Regained.

- "Go, view The schools of ancient sages; he who bred Great Alexander to subdue the world. Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next; There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power Of harmony in tones and numbers hit, By voice or hand, and various measur'd verse, Ablian charms and Dorian lyric odes."

In the third place, we plead for sacred Music because it has a high use in its direct influence on the soul. Thanks be to God!—there is such a thing in this fallen world as pure, spiritual, sublime devotion, and this should be the soul of all our public worship. Whatever conduces to the cultivation of religious feeling is neither to be neglected nor despised; and it would be well if all cou.d has created beautiful and good.

The sermon is designed to teach theological

diers were frequently by this means guided to the was accustomed to spend whole days alone in the dens and caves where those persecuted Christians were concealed, when the solitude of night on the mountains was broken by peals of melody, poured from hearts that felt, from lips now eloquent in chanting the anthems of heaven.

The empire of Music extends beyond the grave. Its influence is more direct, and perhaps more ennobling than any other of the fine arts. The sister powers indirectly move ideas; this grasps at once with strongest hold upon the soul. Next to divine grace, it possesses the mightiest transforming power. Music doubles our conception of the faculties of the soul, and makes us feel capable of the noblest efforts. It is incapable in itself of expressing meanness, and never utters falsehood. Through its harmony we make the nearest discovery of the secret of the Creator, and most profoundly penetrate the mystery of life. The powers of music have never been exercised in their highest perfection, until they have been devoted to the services of religion. In this, their high subordination, the humble Christian will feel

 such sacred and home-felt delight, Such sober certainty of waking bliss,'

as he never knew before. The effect is inexplicable; and yet we know that judicious singing is much more efficacious even upon the unconverted than ordinary preaching. When the sermon has fallen powerless upon the hearer, melting Music, like the Saviour's tender look on the wayward Peter, has often pierced to the quick; and he who was just now indifferent, becomes

- "All ear, And takes in strains that might create a soul Under the ribs of death."

The most solemn and judicious preaching will generally do no more than fill the fountains of the attentive soul; it is often the prerogative of Music to break these fountains, and give vent to penitence or joy, or both combined. Hence the custom is a very laudable one, to commence public services with a pious chant. It prepares the general mind for the reception of Divine truth. It diffuses a calmness over turbulent feelings, and dissipates those vain and sinful thoughts which prevent a suitable performance of that great duty of thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for the infinite stores of blessings he has bestowed. It would be well for us to profit by the hints in the poet's description of angelic worship.

"Then crowned again, their golden harps they took, Harps ever tun'd, that, glittering by their side, Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet, With charming symphony they introduce The sucred song, and waken raptures high: No one exempt, no voice but well could join Melodious part-such concord is in Heaven."

The influence of such spiritual worship is of the worthiest kind. The good Herbert of England virtuous life.

cathedral at Salisbury, and he has left it on record, "that his time spent in prayer, and church Music, elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth."

The power of cultivating sweet melody is the glorious prerogative of intelligent beings. No animal can keep time in his walk or other motions. The birds do not keep time in their songs. Even the Music of the spheres is irregular; but the supremacy of mind is developed in self-control, and in the harmony of measured praise. The sacred writers have been careful to point out this exercise as a part of religious duty. "Awake up, my glory," said David, "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praises to my God while I have my being." The apostle, addressing the Ephesians, described how they might glorify God in their body while "speaking to themselves in pealms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their heart to the Lord." And there can be no doubt that as long as public worship remains to us a privilege and a duty, we should "serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with singing."

Having thus spoken of the uses of Music, let me, before closing, mention several particulars requisite to render sacred Music useful. These, among others, are expression, distinct accentuation, and profound emotion.

In the first place, much depends upon giving specific expression to what we sing. Every piece of sacred composition has a particular sentiment to be expressed, and regard should always be had to this in our attempts at harmonious utterance. It is the same in that department of God's great choir which is found in nature. Every bird that sings expresses its own peculiar existence by a peculiar note. How different are the tones of the mother-bird, as she mourns the loss of her stolen young, from those with which she ordinarily calls them. Sounds become musical by their richness, clearness, individual fullness; by their relation to each other; by rhythm, time, and melody; by their transitions and expressive modifications.

When this peculiar excellence of public singing is neglected, much of its power is entirely lost. When good sentiments are strikingly expressed, the profligate even will be startled as if an angel spoke. A young wanderer, under the covert of night, was wending his way in New-York to the doors of hell, when he chanced to pass under a window where virtue sang with touching tones that beautiful piece-" Home, Sweet Home." He felt that

"Sure something holy lodges in that breast, And with these raptures moves the vocal air To testify the hidden residence."

Music shattered the obduracy of his heart; he grew penitent as he listened, and immediately returned to God, and found a home in the joys of a There is no more powerful auxiliary to the preaching of the Gospel, than good Music; and there are few obstacles so insurmountable and repulsive as bad pealmody. The most eloquent sermon ever preached may be counteracted by an inappropriate tune, badly sung. A whole week's study and the solicitude of months may be entirely frustrated by discordant attempts at Music, over which the intelligent minister would sit down in his pulpit and weep.

In order to secure the expression so desirable, we must, in the second place, acquire the power of distinct accentuation. The great advantage of vocal Music lies in its capacity of speaking words and sentiments, of instructing while it delights. But this advantage is lost if those who sing do not give proper accent to what they express. This excellence relates to the manner in which sounds are uttered, without reference to their loudness, or softness, or to their pitch in the Musical scale. The same note may be struck on a drum, with a glove or with a stick, but the accent of it will be very different. The note of a harpsichord may be the same as that of a piano-forte, but the accent differs widely, because the sound of one is produced by a quill, the other by a hammer. The object of Music, in the church as elsewhere, is to give increased effect to the sentiments expressed by the words. This requires that every note should be struck with confidence, distinctness, and-

Thirdly, that all should be uttered with appropriate and sincere emotion. Some of the best composers of Music in the world seem to be most influenced by this truth; and, in order to give the right tone to their accompaniment, first commit to memory the thought and language they are to sing. They first give themselves up entirely to the impression produced by the language committed to their skill, and then utter it melodiously to the tune of the spontaneous Music of their enraptured soul. In speaking and singing, we must first deeply feel what we would have strongly move. What we borrow from others must be again, as it were, born in us, to produce effect. Imitation of excellence is always impotent to do good. Art cannot posseas efficiency independent of nature. In eloquence and Music we can give nothing to our fellow men but ourselves.

There can be but little well-grounded hope for the existence of high Musical excellence in this community until Musical education is earlier commenced, more assiduously cultivated, and the harmony of Divine love is more deeply implanted in our souls by the Holy Spirit.

The elements of Music should mingle freely with all other elements of youthful education. Children should be taught to sing as well as to talk, read and pray. Christians in general, and parents in particular, should be watchful over the harmonious education of youth. No recreation is so innocent,

There is no more powerful auxiliary to the and no solace is so sweet, as the soothing and anienching of the Gospel, than good Music: and mated tones of Music.

Musical talent should be more sought out and brought into requisition in the high praises of the sanctuary of God. There is no danger of too much sanctified Music. God is never offended with too highly cultivated praise. Instead of mere sound give us real melody, and it will never be too abundant. We have been accustomed to worship where their was a choir of two hundred, chanting to the mellow thunder of an organ that made the whole house quake, and there was neither confusion, discord, nor oppressive notes in those songs of glorious praise. There is already an evident improvement in the sacred Music of the South, and the cause should be well sustained. The custom of having oratorios is a good one. As the public taste is improved, Music will be more and more appreciated. The most Gothic and disgraceful of all prejudices, is the strange prejudice against harmonious tones,-it always springs from discordant if not degraded souls. Had we more frequent Musical entertainments among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our passions; give our thoughts a holier turn, and cherish those Divine impulses in the soul, which are felt by those who are not stultified in ignorance or stupified by sensual pleasure.

Finally, we need more of the melody of Divine love in the soul, created by the Holy Spirit. This will render the sense of duty acute, and all who feel it will contribute in every possible way to render public worship attractive, and the ordinances of our holy religion productive of universal good. Under its peaceable influence prejudices will disappear; all who can sing will be magnanimous enough to consecrate their talents on a common altar; fickleness will give place to fervency, and one desire to glorify God will possess the public mind.

Let the writer remind his readers that there is one place in the universe of the Almighty where there is no singing. Let him warn you of sin and its dreadful results, and earnestly entreat you who sing on earth, so to utter the accents of contrition and the raptures of renovating love, that you may be prepared forever to sing "the song of Moses and the Lamb."

Richmond, Feb., 1843.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

These are so called from Artois, in France, where they were first used. They are deep, slender bores in the earth, descending hundreds of feet, until they reach some vein of water, which commenced in some higher place than the well's mouth. Of course, this water, tending to seek the level of its source, rises, and runs out at the top of the bore—sometimes in a decided jet. Such a well was finished a few months ago, at Eutaw, in Greene county, Alabama; 224 feet deep, and yielding a large supply of good water.

SOMETHING ABOUT LOAFERS.

We live, it may be said, to make observations. We make them and use them. The various occurrences of life are briefly chronicled in our memories, shaped by our inventions and put into force by our wills. We live too that we may philosophize; at least, the scholastic development of the community do so. Life, therefore, is a very serious affair, and whatever thereto appertains sacred; this is the case with Loafers.

A want of that deep-seated refinement, which refuses to acknowledge the necessity of parts to a well-ordered whole, of a variety of complicated causes to produce an admirable effect, and an absence of that sincerity which sees a something of good in all the various classes of society, has given birth to many unfortunate remarks upon this singular and wide-spread genus of our race. Many a good and profitable thing has thus been The finest arts, cried down by popular indelicacy. the best of sciences, were hooted at by the oracular owls of conservatism, the dissenters from the It needs not to run back excellence of novelties. to the oft-cited cases of Galileo, Fulton, and others, martyrs to the faith that was in them of their own powers, and the bounty of nature in general. Their history is now in the mouths of school-boys. is now admitted that the new is always the butt for the poisoned arrows of malicious wits, and the constant aim of those deplorable geniuses, who, having nothing original in themselves, deny invention to all others.

It were a valuable thing, to know the name of the first man who acted the part of a pure and unadulterated Loafer on the stage of human life; if we could trace the deep benignity to its well-spring in that unfathomable heart, which originally proclaimed to the admiring spectators the obvious glory of hanging out in the sun on a warm morning, and taking it easy. There was that in him, which has sent rejoicing into the minds of a whole cloud of unfortunate individuals, who, having nothing particular to do in this world, would have speedily cut their throats and evanished therefrom, had it not been for the grand discovery of —— loafing.

Look at that unobtrusive person, against the post yonder, at the corner of the street. Observe his quietness. He is as calm as an expiring candle, or a moonlight scene. He is as silent as a man who was born deaf and dumb, or a museum after the hour for closing. The very soul of placidity sits upon the half raised eyelid, the venerable, crownless hat, the long unbrushed hair, and the partially-smoked cigar that protrudes from his serious lips. No restless negro with his active fingers has plied the brush over those antiquated shoes, on which the collected dust of apparent centuries rests. His pantaloons have long since flowered, and are now perfectly seeded; his coat has just

holes enough in it to vindicate its years,—his whole appearance is removed at a great distance from splendor. He is a —— Loafer.

This innocent, unoffending, stationary person, as harmless as the post at his back, or the curb-stone at his feet, would seem to be the only exception apparently, among men, at which satire could not be aimed. To an angel or some good spirit from another sphere, how perfectly absurd, how vindictively savage, an assault upon a Loafer would appear. Attack the shadow of a lamp-post, the immoveable tin spout, or a brick pavement rather than him. He is a denizen of the sunshine when it feels pleasant, and a haunter of the shade when it grows comfortable—a valuable invention for the consuming of half-smoked cigars,—an old-clothes horse,—solemn as a mist—inoffensive as a watering-pot.

The position of Loafers in society is not indefinite. It is frequently said of this class—they hold no place in society; an Ishmaelitish propensity dwells in them to wander and become scarce; they are seen here for a moment and then gone, not like birds of passage that come back at regular periods, but like will-o-the-wisps that flare up brightly one instant, then sink forever. A plague, we say, be in the bones of those who thus revile the character of these gentle wanderers. It is the Loafer's office to produce himself in a great variety of places in a short time. He does not love eternal repose, but occasionally slides off in the shades of evening, and migrates from tavern to tavern; but with so much humility, such pure peacefulness, and so obvious a disregard of splendor, that we consider his migratory habits, economical and to be desired.

Loafers generally, are shadows haunting sidewalks, wharves, museums and the parks. They neither swarm nor congregate. Like the stars they come alone. Their appearance is the sign of peace. In wars they are not to be seen, nor in times of storm, danger or difficulty. They are the grand advocates of the sublime doctrine of social equality, believing in the brotherhood of man. They are not revolutionary or sans culottes; for although ragged, they always wear clothes.

We have not been successful in discovering the religious tenets of this amiable sect. Even if they have any cultus or mode of worship, 'tis doubtful. Their whole lives may be a kind of adoration. They do in a manner offer themselves upon the altar of supreme laziness, and thus, doing nothing with them, is the highest devotion, while among others, it is treachery to the state.

crownless hat, the long unbrushed hair, and the partially-smoked cigar that protrudes from his serious lips. No restless negro with his active fingers has plied the brush over those antiquated shoes, on which the collected dust of apparent centuries rests. His pantaloons have long since flowered, and are now perfectly seeded; his coat has just into cash. Their capital stock consists of splendid

assortments of first rate anecdotes, which they re- | a mischief to the cause of human improvement, by tail with consummate propriety. They, like the the sort of optimism he there inculcates: the docgeneral government, are much given to contracting trines of which, winged by his numbers and pointed loans, principally for "goes" and cigars. Such being the simplicity of their lives they are never known to fail; or if they should ever seek advice of those cunning spiders, the lawyers, it never gets beyond a slight adjustment of trifling difficulties in the police courts, involving the rights of a single gentleman to pass his nights under an awning instead of under a roof, or the legality of smoking a cigar which does not happen to belong to the person smoking it, or something of this like. Loafers never marry, having no desire to participate in the activity required to keep a family in motion: they never are observed on the other hand to commit saicide, or emigrate to Texas. They hold no offices in the government, not being adapted to the transaction of affairs, and too philosophical to pass their lives in trying to get people into trouble, after trying to get them out. Quiet yet not unaffable, polite yet not excessively so, dressed yet not dandies, contemplative yet not speculative, generous yet not profuse, they pass their tranquil lives in sweet obscurity, neither menaced by the frowns of the rich, nor pestered by the importunities of the poor. Fogg.

SLIP-SLOP.

I would not give a button for a man who has reached fifty without ever having had an enemy. It is a sure sign that he has been utterly useless in society—a milksop, without one spark of energy to act, courage to dare, or fortitude to suffer, in behalf of right against wrong. [This remark is not wbolly new.]

Some enthusiasm is indispensable to greatness: and it must be a generous enthusiasm too, which would achieve true greatness. Probably few men have led mankind along any new and eminently good path, who, early in their career, were not looked upon by the cold hearted or the foolish as more or less crazy. Columbus, and Fulton, and Fulton's precursor, Fitch, and every great Reformer,-for instance. Their project haunts their thoughts and crowds their tongues perpetually,a fixed idea-in fact a monomania; until experience teaches them discretion; and they learn that not only a quiet life, exempt from ridicule, but even the success of the darling scheme itself, depends spon their conciliating mankind's regard, by manifesting common sympathies and common sense.

Pope, my favorite, decidedly, among the secondary poets,-indeed, I believe, he affords me more pleasure than Shakspeare or Milton, though he dis- | what, if it were proved, they could only illustrate.

by his wit, are borne, like thistle-seeds, into every clime, and find a lodgment in every mind. The sentiment, running through much of the poem, that "whatever the Creator has ordained, is best," I shall not controvert, if taken in what I deem its true meaning. But if it imports, that all things ought forever to remain as they now happen to be,and there are people, possessed with such a phantasy-I deny and deride it, as at once false, absurd, and mischievous. It would at once, like the head of Medusa, petrify every reform in government, every improvement in society—maintaining kings and subjects, nobles and peasants, rich and poor, unchangeably, in their actual condition. But such is not its meaning. It means no more, than that the universe is ordered by boundless wisdom, and that man should be content with the faculties Providence has bestowed upon him. But it does not exclude the propriety,—nay the imperious duty of his employing those faculties to the best advan-And what boundless scope does not this interpretation give! what susceptibility of improvement! While optimism seeks only to "justify the ways of God to man," let us cherish it; but when it opposes itself as a barrier to man's advance towards that high goal, which his maker designed him ever to approach, perhaps never to reachlet us spurn it, as unworthy of our character, and of our destinies.

Another, kindred doctrine, runs through the poem just mentioned; equally calculated to palsy the energies of beneficence: That there is a fixed chain of beings, from the Almighty down to an atom: and that each link in this chain must forever maintain its place, or else the regular subordination so beauteous to the poets' eye, be destroyed. And to prove his idea (or rather that of the Arabian philosophers, from whom he is said to have borrowed it), he refers to various inequalities established by Nature among the inanimate creation, and among the animate irrational: inferring from the whole, not only that mankind in general need not hope for exaltation of character, or of condition; but that each individual, or set, or tribe, or nation, must acquiesce in the state, absolute or relative, wherein he or they happen to be. Because, by an eternal law, "Jove's satellites are less than Jove," he concludes that the chasm between peasant and King is unalterable: and because the weed does not-cannot-aspire to tower with the oak,-he infers that the classes now sunk in ignorance and want, should never hope for wisdom, wealth, or distinction. To such absurdities are those betrayed, who employ analogies to prove, plays less genius-in his Essay on Man, has done Pope, and those who, perhaps from their school

lessons, adopt his views, forget that inequalities for the ease and comfort of others: of course imin brutes cannot prove a necessary and unchangeable inequality in man; because the vaunted analogy wholly fails in many important particulars. Brutes have nothing within, which prompts to risewhich pants for, and tends to, excellence;—no love of wealth, of ease, of power, of fame,—no selfesteem, patriotism, philanthropy, religion-no remembrance of past, or foresight of future pleasure, or pain-no dread of Hell, or hope of Heaven.

And as to the chain, with fixed, indestructible links,—what has become of the celestial body, which astronomers think was at a recent period sundered into the 3 last discovered planets !-Where are the mammoth, and the gigantic mastodon, and the giants who (holy writ assures us) once existed? Where the numerous tribes of plants, fishes, birds, and shells, now extinct, but which modern research proves to have abounded of old?

Perhaps in combatting these poetry-nursed, if not poetry-born opinions, it may be thought that I have been warring with shadows; but I am greatly deceived if they have not insinuated themselves unawares, and very mischievously, into many a mind. Let them pass.

SERVETUS, it is said [he, whom Calvin burned for his wrong belief about the five points] wrote a book, about 1531, in which he plainly anticipates Harvey, in describing the circulation of the blood. Two paragraphs, containing this description, in their original Latin, are quoted by Taylor [I think that is his name] in his recent book concerning the Eminent Men of Elizabeth's time-chapter on Calvin and the church of Geneva." The book was lately, and perhaps is now for sale in some of the R . . . d book-stores.

At the age of 13, George Washington copied into a sort of memorandum book which he then kept, a set of rules for behavior, the influence of which seems clearly discernible, upon the whole of his illustrious life. One of the most striking and useful was,-" never, in the presence of others, to do any act which might seem to imply a slight, or disregard, of them: but to accompany every movement with a gesture or look of courtesy and respect. at least so as to show a mindfulness that others are present." See these admirable rules in Sparks' Life of Washington.

They ought to be read by all who, in a stagecoach, place their feet upon a seat on which a fellow passenger is sitting-by all who smoke in a stage-coach, or other confined place where other persons are-by all who indicate a contempt for one near them, by humming a tune, or other uncourteous noise-in short, by all the vulgar or rude people, who think their free carriage is blunt hon-For true politeness is nothing but a constant thought not be accompanied with abuse, or blows.

politeness is nothing but a constant thought of our own ease and comfort.

Persons now living, who remember Patrick Henry, expatiate so much upon the magic of his voice and look, as to leave little doubt that those were very important, if not the chief ingredients, in his eloquence.

He was remarkable, they say also, for addressing to every man, discourse relative to that man's calling: to a farmer, about farming; to a tanner, about tanning; to a physician, about medicine; &c. &c. He used to say, that he never met with a man so ignorant, but that he learned something from him.— There is a sensible remark of Sir Walter Scott to the same effect, in the Fortunes of Nigel.

The Athenians not only sang hymns at their greatest festival, in honor of Harmonius and Aris-TOGITON, who had delivered their state from tyrany,-but decreed, that no slave should bear the names of those heroes. How different in America! Numberless slaves among us,—and still more of white men, some of whom deserve to be slaves, have, as christian names, Jefferson, Madison, and even Washington!

Few things are more trying to the good nature of a cleanly person, than to see men spit upon his floor, or carpet, or wall. When the filth, thus ejected, is made worse by a mixture of tobacco juice,—it is an aggravation of indignity, which we may well wonder that either one gentleman should brook, or another should perpetrate. The matter is not much mended, when the apartment thus polluted is the joint one of both parties, or is shared by them with others, whether few or many. gentleman, of no church, lately at a religious meeting, placed his hat upon the floor, under his seat. When he took it up, he found it so nastied by the tobacco-spittle of a professor of religion who sat behind him, that he was obliged to have it washed! And it was with difficulty cleansed. A pretty opinion of religious professors, that gentleman was likely to form-if that was a fair specimen!

The absurdities of Boz, in his late book about us, are on no account so much to be regretted, as because they made us despise almost the only thing in it that was not despicable—his broadside against our habit of spitting .- The necessity of kindness, to the efficacy of counsel, never was more happily exemplified. All the lessons of Boz were lost upon us; as Tommy Merton's endeavors to make the pig love him, were unavailing, because they mainly consisted of his catching it by the hinder legs, and pommelling it till it squealed again. In such a case, all men much resemble pigs. To esty, when in truth it is only a mean selfishness. make either advice or bread acceptable, it should

REJECTED PRIZES.

"Where ought the spirit of Poetry to flourish more freely than in our own country? Stretch forth the Magician's wand, and wake up the Ariels and Fairies of our native land." Dec. No. Messenger, p. 799.

THE SPIRITS OF POESY.

In fairy land, a marble palace stands-A gorgeous pile, the work of fairy hands-Lofty and grand, its noble form it rears, And all unscathed by touch of time, appears. Its countless columns, glitteringly white, Support a dome whose summit 's lost to sight; Of Architecture mixed, it seems to be; And every order blends in harmony. Forth from the front, a sloping lawn extends, To where the streamlet murmuringly wends, Twixt willow-fringed banks its winding course Bending the lily's head with gentle force, And softly gliding on, its home to make In the calm bosom of a sleeping lake. The lawn is decked with variegated bowers And redolent with fragrancy of flowers; Gay fountains send their sparkling jets aloft, And all is bright and beautiful and soft. Far to the right, a shaggy wood appears, Dark with the gathered moss of many years. A deep gloom broods upon the forest rude, Sacred to silence and to solitude; Rearward, gigantic mountains, tow'ring high, Fling their peaked summits to the middle sky; While on the left, the senses to appal, Leaps, bounds and roars, the rushing waterfall. Nature appears to have lent her every grace To deck the spirits of Poesy's dwelling place.

Tis the close of a brilliant day in June ;-Floats over head the unclouded moon. No sound is heard save the murmuring rill, Or the plaintive note of the whippoorwill, Or the gentle rustling of the trees Softly stirred by the summer breeze, That, laden with perfume, gently blows-Nature seems buried in repose.

A stranger youth of gentle mien Is gazing on that fairy scene, With quickened breath and beating heart, Uplifted hand and lips apart, Bewildered look and wondering air, At viewing scenes, so strange and fair. Sudden, upon his startled sight Pours a rich stream of mellow light, A brilliant flood of radiance sent From window, tower and battlement, Reflecting back the flashing rays-The very trees seem in a blaze; And glittering in the gorgeous light, The fountains' spray gleam diamonds bright. Tables are spread with viands rare, Culled from the earth, the sea, the air; And ruhy wine, a sparkling store, The goblet's brim is mantling o'er; Rich bursts of music, such as ne'er Have fallen on listening mortal's ear In clear, full strains are swelling high, Filling the air with melody-A scene of wild enchantment-all Seems decked for some gay festival.

Forth from the opening palace doors A train of lovely women pours; And with gay laugh and gleesome shout Disperse themselves the lawn about. They seem like fawns let loose to play, As wild, as innocently gay; Some choose their partners and advance To mingle in the graceful dance; Some, in mock state, pretend to dine; Some sip the rosy, sparkling wine; Or, seeking what to mirth disposes, Some pelt each other with the roses; All is confusion, mirth and glee, Frolic and joyous revelry.

Then, hidden by a friendly tree, The prying stranger well might see, By voice, by garb, by symbol clear, That one of every clime was here. He knew the laughing maid of France, The lightest in the merry dance; The long descended Teuton fair. Conspicuous by her yellow hair; The "Saya" opened to reveal The haughty brow of Old Castile: While nought was needed, save the eye, To mark the maid of Italy.

But there was one of stature tall, Who seemed the fairy queen of all, Whose bearing proud and lofty grace Gave token of the Saxon race. Upon her queenly brow was set-Mark of her rank,-a coronet. Shakspeare and Milton, Dryden, Pope, Byron and Burns, the bard of "hope," Sir Walter rich in border lore, The gifted Irish minstrel, Moore, Had each contributed a gem To deck that kingly diadem. Soon as this form the stranger saw, He felt a deep, mysterious awe, And urged by feeling in his breast That could not, would not, be repress'd, Forward he came and bent his knee Before her lovely majesty. With cheeks all pale, but flashing eyes, Caused by mix'd anger and surprise, The Queen, at first, with dark'ning frown, Upon the kneeling youth looked down; Then, smoothing o'er her angry look, Lifted him up. and kindly spoke.

- "Whence art thou stranger?"
 - "In the sunny South
- "I passed the early years of joyous youth,
- "Since then, a wanderer, I have seldom seen
- "My native land, named from thy virgin queen,
- "To me, the loveliest, dearest spot on earth,
- "The land that gave to Washington his birth,
- " Famed for her daughters fair, a worthy State.
- "And justly styled the mother of the great;
- "For since she started first in glory's race
- "Five of her sons have held the foremost place " In their country's gift, and from their marble cold
- "Their names still rule their country as of old."
- "We know the land you speak of; you fair girl,
- "Marked by her hazel eye and auburn curl,
- "Her teeth of pearly whiteness, brow of snow, "Her vermeil lips and soft cheeks' rosy glow,
- " Her perfect form and faultless Grecian face,
- " Majestic mien, calm look, and quiet grace, "Who leans so pensively against you tree,

" And lost in gloomy thought, appears to be,

- - --

- " Is thy Country's Muse, and well may'st thou be proud
- "Of one so bright, so beautiful, so good."
- "Come hither, Ninu, sweet one, see !- This youth
- "Comes from thy chosen land, thy own loved South; "Of courteous mien he seems, and well might bear
- "A message to thy faithful votaries there.
- "Hast thou not one to send?"

The lady raised

Her lovely head, and on the stranger gazed, Then, as her harp a mournful cadence rung, 'Twas thus the spirit of Southern poesy sung :

- " No rank have I, 'mong my sisters fair,
- " No leafy chaplet binds my hair,
- " No song from the sunny South I hear,
- "My sad and drooping heart to cheer;
- "My spirits fade, my hopes are flown,
- "I feel neglected and alone.
- " Affords the South no fruitful theme.
- " For the enraptured poet's dream?
- " Has nature from the Southern land,
- "Withheld her ever bounteous hand?
- " Are there not rivers dark and deep,
- "That onward to the ocean sweep?
- " Nor mountains huge, nor forests drear,
- " Fit scene for many a tale of fear? " Nor grain-clad fields, nor valleys fair,
- " Nor fragrant flowers that scent the air?
- " Nor haunted spot nor lonely glen,
- " Fit theme for youthful poet's pen?
- " Nor legend old to wake the lyre
- "Of woman's love, or man's dread ire?
- " Yes, she has all; then, wherefore sleep
- " Her poet sons in slumber deep ?
- "Why am I left to weep and mourn
- " A prey to cold neglect and scorn?
- "Go rouse them, stranger, by this pleading strain-
- "To gen'rous Southern hearts I cannot sue in vain."

She ceased, and shed full many a pearly tear That dimmed the lustre of her beauty bright, When o'er the shaggy mountain tops appear The first faint gleamings of the coming light. The cock's shrill clarion ringing on the night, Heralds the near approach of joyous day, Fades the wild fairy pageant from the sight,

The stranger turns him on his homeward way, And lays before the south, her Muse's melancholy lay.

ODE TO DEATH.

BY E. B. HALR.

She's dead! aye, dead and buried! The gentle Kate-the lov'd-the beautiful: O, she was beautiful! and kind, as lovely! And innocent, as kind! But she has gone-And I, a poor, lone-hearted wanderer, Way-worn and desolate, beside her grave Will sit me down and weep.

Thou, with the crooked scythe and spade! Thou, with the blear'd and sunken eye! Gliding an ever silent shade,

In solemn stillness by !-Pale Death! away! O, is it meet, To link the bitter with the sweet! And wrap us in thy winding sheet, When hope is high!-

And coming years in blooming dress, Glow with the smiles of loveliness?

Ah! is it meet-when heart and heart, And soul and soul together grow-To tear the truthful whole apart, And bid the tear to flow? Why dim the hopes that brightest hung-Why clip the cords that closest clung-Why shut the eye, and seal the tongue, And write thy wo, In gathering tears, and deep distress, Where Heav'n had deign'd the soul to bless?

O, Death! I would that thou could'st weep!-I would the curse of God were thine;-That where the fiery billows sweep, Thou might'st forever pine! I would that on that lurid shore, Where seething flames in vengeance roar,

Th' Eternal God would bar thy door, In wrath divine; And on thy hoary withering head, The curse of endless torment shed!

When Eden lay in pristine bloom-When Time his primal circuit ran-Thy spirit thron'd the darksome tomb, And woo'd the creature Man: And, since the ever mournful day, When Heaven fled from Earth away, And man became thy helpless prey, -His life a span-Thy brooding curse in every clime. Has blasted all the hopes of Time!

O, had the Parent Father known-Had he but seen the dire distress-Had he but heard a dying groan-And felt its loneliness! Had he but seen the waves of wo, Sweeping with dark, resistless flow, O'er all of life and love below, That man would bless, O, he had never stray'd from thence, Nor lost his bright inheritance.

That bitter sin had ne'er been his! The bitter curse had ne'er been ours! The grave, and all its mysteries, Death, and its dreaded powers. But in the Ancient Orient clime-The Eden of the Olden Time-I ween that in their pristine prime-Among the flowers, The sons of earth, in radiant guise, Would walk the groves of Paradise!

I ween that where the Angels sung, When God matur'd his mighty plan; And Heav'n and Earth in unison rung, With love and bliss to man! I ween that there in glory still, Exempt from every human ill, The sons of Earth would roam at will, As ages ran, And brighter in their glory glow In Heav'n above !- and Heav'n below!

But 'tis not thus-regret, away-Mourn not my soul at God's decree; Look forward to that brighter day-And glory's immortality. 'Tis meet that Death should triumph here-'Tis meet that man should shed the tear-And meet that all should press the bierThe bond and free,
And in some lonely quiet spot—
Forget the world, and be forgot.

Tis God's decree. I hear the knell,
Of coming years and Time's decay;
A thousand crumbling records tell
Of glory gone from earth away!
The gorgeous fanes—the splendid piles—
The glory of fair Grecia's Isles!
Where Art bestow'd her sweetest smiles,
And lov'd to dwell—
I see their wreck, but ask not why
Their lofty forms so lowly lie.

But seek we not a foreign shore—
No need to cross the sounding sea,
Or in the depths of ancient lore—
To search, O Death, for thee.
The Earth is thine! and on its sphere,
Thou ridest with the rolling year,
And breathest in the startled ear
Thy dread decree;
And who shall stay thy spirit-arm—
Or shield the stricken heart from harm?

These mounds in wide circumference spread,
Scatter'd throughout this wide domain,
Where rest the long, long buried dead,
Are trophies of thy reign!
Nor these alone—for thou hast been
Amid the busicest haunts of men,

And graven with thy solemn pen,
The words of dread;
Who deem'd a ruin'd Palenque stood
In Nature's wildest solitude?

Oblivion! from thy shrouded grave
Give back the records of the dead!
Why sweeps thy dark resistless wave,
O'er sunny scenes that Time has bred?
Ah. Death! thou ghastly shape, 'tis thou—I read it on thy hoary brow—
Thy lidless eye-balls glaring now,
Destruction crave!
Tyrant, march on; o'erthrow the past—But know thy turn shall come at last!

The shaft thou shalt not always hurl,
Nor feast thy soul on beauty's bloom!
The golden tress—and raven curl—
Ah, why should they bedeck the tomb?
She of the soft and sunny eye—
Pure as the breath of Heaven's own sky—
All bright and beauteous, must she die?
—The priceless pearl—
March on, O Death, a conqueror yet—
But know thy Laneful sun shall set!

Sickness and sorrow both are thine—
The ministers that wait thy will;
And tears to thee are gems of brine—
From anguish wrung—yet sparkling still;
Thou fillest up the cup of pain—
And we the bitter mixture drain—
And drink it o'er and o'er again—
And mourn and pine—
Demon, march on; but know, O know,
That thou shalt drain this cup of wo!
Think'et thou these fleeting pichts and done

Think'st thou these fleeting nights and days Shall ever in their courses run; Shall man, the God-like, never gaze On thy dominion all undone? Ab, yes! the hour is sure and fast!
Sure as the day of th' unchanging past!
Sure as the God who comes at last!
— With songs of praise—
To hurl thee to that nether hell,
Where devils and dammed spirits dwell.

TWILIGHT.

Sweet is the hour, when lingering in the west,
Departing day throws 'round its roseate hue;
When gorgeous vapors on the mountains rest,
And valleys glitter with the falling dew.
When eve's first star over the distant main,
Like a pure spirit from a holier sphere,
Hangs in her beauty, by some hidden chain,
And throws around a radiance mild and clear.

When the pale moon up the ethereal height, In silent grandeur winds her mystic way; Veils with a cloud, her lovely face from sight, And then breaks forth with more refulgent ray—When in the distance, the lone Whipporwill Pours his shrill notes from off some friendly tree; And from the summit of a neighboring hill, Are heard the echoes of the Kata Dee.

The silent hour, when o'er its coral caves,
Old ocean thunders on the lonely shore;
Curls 'neath the cliffs, on which the wild grass waves,
And bows, to hear its everlasting roar.
The home-sick hour, when on the flowing deep,
The sailor, gazing on the "dark sea foam,"
Thinks of the cottage, where the woodbines creep
Around the windows of his happy home.

When wearied man, plodding his toilsome way,
His scanty earnings o'er his shoulders flung,
Sees round his door, his little ones at play,
With words of kindness flowing from their tongue;
Clasps his young wife within his fond embrace,
As forth she hastens with a joyful bound,
The smiles of pleasure beaming on her face,
As husband, children, circle her around.

The mellow'd hour, when pensive lovers stray
O'er wooded hill, and thro' the shaded grove,
Where murmuring brooklets, as they softly play,
Listen delighted with their vows of love.
The spirit hour, when o'er the dewy earth,
Memory comes dancing 'mid her shadowy train
Of hopes that perish'd from their hour of birth.
As vain as fair, and false as they were vain.

To well remembered scenes she sours away,
When 'round the altar of domestic bliss,
Parents' lov'd smiles lit up each opening day,
And children climbed to share the envied kiss.
When the charm'd cup gave forth its dreamy draught,
And wrapt the senses in untold delight;
When morning in the glorious sunshine laugh'd,
And evening revell'd in the moon's pale light.

To golden moments, when the heart heat high,
And music lent enchantment to the hours;
When love was breath'd beneath the star-lit sky,
And dew drops sparkled on ambrosial flowers;
When fears were banish'd, and the heavens were bright;
When tempests slept, and whirlwinds held their breath;
When thunders linger'd 'neath the electric light,
And hope and joy disarm'd the monster death.

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Bright spots, on which remembrance loves to dwell,
As evening shadows drape the world around;
Oases green, which on life's desert tell
That here and there a little rill was found.
Rills of delight! they murmur round the soul,
As twilight brings the lov'd of other years;
Their gushing music o'er the senses roll,
And melt the bosom with delicious tears.

Like healing balm, rich virtue they impart,
When memory, too faithful to her trust,
Unlocks the secret chambers of the heart,
And there surveys the Beautiful, in dust.
The Beautiful, who, tho' they sleep in death,
Whisper at twilight in the curling vine,
Float thro' the air upon a zephyr's breath,
And once the soul their shadowy arms entwine.

We class the phantoms 'neath love's dewy star,
The tell-tale planet of departed joys,
Talk o'er those hopes which glimmer'd from afar,
And met the blast that in a glance destroys—
The blast which scatter'd in its direful wrath
Contagious vapors o'er earth's loveliest flowers;
Poisoned the fountains playing in its path,
And dimm'd the lustre of their silver showers.

These forms ethereal, on the spangled sky,
Teach us a language God has written there;
Show how the stars that gild the vault on high,
His love and glory in their light declare.
They bid Remembrance yield to Faith her wand,
Faith, heavenly maid, wipes every tear away;
Mounting, she bears us to the "Spirit Land,"
And opes the regions of unclouded day.

Delightful prospect! Where eternal noon
Forever shines; "where skies no night e'er wear;"
Where the dim stars and the inconstant moon
No more are seen in waning beauty fair.
But one broad stream of uncreated light
Bursts from the centre; God himself the goal;
Dispensing strength to the immortal sight,
As day succeeds the "twilight of the soul."

ENNA:

OR, THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

The Baron De Stael, (previous to his departure from Sweden) betrothed himself to his cousin, a beautiful girl; but on receiving offers from the Neckar family, which would raise his family from poverty and obscurity—he wrote her, desiring the return of his marriage promise. It was sent blotted with the tears of the broken-hearted one, and in seven weeks after, she was a corpse!

She bent o'er the scroll, and her slight young frame Shook like a leaf by the tempest riven, And the hue on her fair cheek went and came— (As her trembling lips pronounced his name)— And a helpless, hopeless look was given, To the clear blue eye that a moment lighted With a smile of hope—now forever blighted! Long did the Swedish maiden stand Holding his cruel, selfish letter, Who had woo'd and won her with lip so bland— And who now flung back her heart and hand— To blad his own with a golden fetter.

Again and again she read the scroll,
"Till each chilling word was forever graven
On the secret tablet of heart and soul—
"Till a change o'er her mien and spirit stole,—
And utterance to her thoughts were given:—
Deep thoughts, which had strange might to waken
The grief and pride of a heart forsaken!

Peace, peace, my throbbing heart, be still! twas but a haunting dream,

A glory, and a mockery too, that nour'd its marie stream

A glory, and a mockery too, that pour'd its magic stream
Of radiant beauty o'er my Life,—a happiness so brief—
That it vanish'd from my yearning gaze, like Autumn's fading leaf.

A vision of such tenderness, and matchless constancy, That I regret it ever came upon my memory!

Peace—peace! nor even pause to think how it could cross his mind, Vain honors traffick'd for and bought, and love like mine re-

sign'd!
Full and undoubting trust betray'd, at cold ambition's call;
O cease thy meaning sichs my heart! teast team who

O cease thy moaning sighs, my heart! tears, tears—why will ye fall? The Swedish girl should be too firm, and high of heart to

stand
Between the idol of her choice and his adopted land!

Will he not wed a gifted bride, and glory in her fame?
Will not her Genius be the sun to light his honor'd name?
Will not her bounty grant him wealth and power, which

Will not her bounty grant him wealth and power, which well might prove,

How valueless beside such gifts, is first and unfeign'd love?

O! grief—that one so worshipp'd, even from childhood's

years by me,

And reverend for his nobleness, should so degraded be!

But not forever! years shall pass—and he will mourn the snare That lur'd him from his plighted vow, a stranger's lot to

share; The golden prize, for which he now is bartering his heart, Will prove to him a thing in which it hath neither lot nor

part.—

And the truthful spirit will be strong, when his thoughts return to dwell

Beside the lowly grave of her, who lov'd him long and well!

And now, upon this Marriage Pledge my Life's last dream I pour:

All stain'd with tears, from dying hands his freedom thus restore.

Meanwhile I kneel and meekly pray. Earth's happiness for

Meanwhile I kneel and meekly pray, Earth's happiness for one,

Who has imposed the bitterest task, that woman's pride has known!

I bless him, and again I bless the idol of my youth,

And in my wreck of happiness—thus prove unfaltering

truth!

February, 1843.

CHRIST SINGING A HYMN.

"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out to the mount of Olives." (Matt. 20.)

There was silence in Heav'n !—silence more deep Than the breathless hush of the infant's sleep; Not a ripple stirred on the crystal sea, Nor trembled a leaf on the healing tree;

A golden censer was gently waving, Th' emerald throne in its persume laving, Twas the prayer of saints, thus softly stealing, The breath of Heaven, man's woe revealing. The ready strung harps of the seraph throng Those beauteous spirits waked not to song, But with piercing vision they gazed afar, Through the realms of space on a distant star : It twinkled so dimly, I marvelled then What thus in their bliss fixed an angels' ken; But listening, and listening, away-away, Through the depths where glimmered that feeble ray. Such melody stole on my raptured ear, As no mortal before, nor since, could hear!-From the guileless lips, arose sinless praise, And only one being those notes could raise! Twas "the Ancient of Days," the youthful "Priest," Twas the King Almighty, "despised," and "least,"-It was His, the voice of "the Morning Star,"-The "Son of the Blessed," those strains from 'far! And the matchless melody rose on high, While echoed the dome of the eternal sky, Then sweeping along o'er each golden wire, They vibrated,-vibrated,-'til the fire Of sympathy caught all the seraph throng, And forever since do they chaunt that song !-But hark again. in the distance far,-

A cry of agony from that star! The voice of melody hushed in death! Fearful, oh! fearful that parting breath! "The Morning Star," it is quenched in grief;-" The Blessed" is cursed, for mans' relief ;-The youthful "Priest" hath an off ring made, He died the death, and lo, man is saved! That cry of anguish rose to Heaven ;--'Twas heard,-and erring man forgiven.

But a marvel again on the star so dim ;-The guilty, the lost, essaying the hymn, That so lately arose on Olivet, From the sinless lips that in death are set! The trembling voices rise higher and higher, And listen again the angelic choir, While spirits are flitting from earth to Heav'n-From Heaven to earth,—for man is forgiv'n! "Forgiven! forgiven!" they ceaseless cry, "Forgiven! forgiven! though doomed to die!"-The King for his slave hath borne the yoke, But the yoke and the bars of death are broke, And the humble singer on Olivet's brow, He bath risen, and reigns Jehovah now! And lo! where the crystal seas are flowing, The Sun Eternal his light is throwing, And brightly reflects each radiant wave The emerald throne, where the waters lave, While a rainbow spans the heavenly sky,-And words cannot tell of that rainbow's dye ;-And lo! now is the tree of life uprearing Its mighty trunk, and its leaves appearing; Their shadows they spread, where the weary rest, Where the Dove in its branches hath made her nest; And often as pales the waning moon, Forever the ripening fruit is strewn. And lo, again is the censer waving, The emerald throne in perfume laving, And the shining ones on their harps of gold All the matchless story of Love unfold,-While Heaven, with that little twinkling star, No more are estranged in the distance far, But their light and their song all blent in one, The praises on Olivet's brow begun, Come echoing back from th' glory above, Forever, forever, Redeeming Love. H. S.

THE VOW.

"Oft the cloud which wraps the present hour Serves but to brighten all our future days."

It was evening. The pall of desolation seemed to rest on earth; for it was that revolving period of Time when Nature bends her ear to his sad requiem over all that was once verdant and beautiful. The lofty trees around Carlton Park waved to and fro in cadence to the moan of the chilly winds; the long and spacious avenue of spreading oaks no longer gave to view its pebbly smoothness, being thickly strewn with November's most ample tribute; and, as the foot would press the crisped and rustling leaves-how forcibly the heart felt that saddest of truths,

"All that's bright must fade."

But the gloom without, was not greater than that which shrouded the mind of Sir Walter Carlton, as he sat beside the large oriel window in the library of his stately mansion. A strife of conflicting feelings evidently agitated his bosom—for the shadow resting oft and anon on his high pale brow, bespoke the flittering changes of resolution and indecision. Suddenly his deep reverie was broken by the booming of the evening gun from an adjacent village, whose white spires and smoke were plainly discernible in the distance; then, as if to shake off the gathering darkness of that painful mental action, he hastily drew aside the heavy curtains from the window, murmuring-

"It is strange that I now shrink from the disclosure, for it must be made ere I depart. What a weight seems to cumber my spirits-thus fettering my will! Can it be an ominous warning that I am shaping an unwise course for ensuring the happiness of both ?"

A light step caused Sir Walter to turn; the contracted brow was suddenly exchanged for the smile of parental fondness, and the light of holy love beamed from the eye of the nobleman as it rested on his only daughter. He drew her to a low seat near, and pushing back the clustering curls from her face, looked sadly and anxiously on the young being beside him. She was a mere child-but in her face. there gleamed not one ray of that sunny beauty ever belonging to childhood's happy careless time. It spoke of feelings ripened into precocious maturity—and an unusual cast of thoughtfulness seemed entirely to displace all that bounding joyousness which we so naturally look for in one of juvenile years. The resemblance the daughter bore to the father, was striking from this peculiar expression of countenance, and never did it appear more so, than when she raised her face, agitated by wondering expectancy—to hear the reason of his summoning her to his presence at that unusual hour.

"Irene, bring me that casket from yonder escritoir-you have something strange to hear."

The casket was tremblingly placed in his hand-

he drew from his bosom a small golden key and one of your temper and situation. opened it. Some moments passed ere Sir Walter speak of is Mr. Irvin, your mother's brother, now spoke—when he did, the startling sadness of his residing in the United States. I have the promise voice hushed the very breath of the listening child.

"To day ushers you into your thirteenth year, and the time has now arrived for a fulfilment of my promise to the dead." He paused somewhat hesitatingly; then, taking from the casket a small minature richly set in diamonds, he continued:

"Is this a familiar face to you, my daughter?" Irene gazed bewildered on the beautiful picture, then timidly looking into her father's working face, answered:

"I have seen some one very like it-look, dear papa, how sweetly the lips seem to smile, just as brother Earnest's do when we chase the butterflies and gather wild flowers from the hill-side. But then it looks like a lady, and cannot be his; besides his hair is much darker."

Sir Walter's voice was hoarse, his dark eye quivered with an unwonted tear, as he replied, "Irene, you now, for the first time, behold the mother of him whom you have learned to love and call your brother. Start not, when I tell you Earnest Malcolm is only the son of my adoptionnot one drop of my blood courses in his veins, and to different beings do you two owe your births. mystery which I am not at liberty to reveal, obscures his parentage—these papers will solve it but within this casket, they are to remain until he is of manhood's age—when the seal may be broken. This is the promise I made to his dying mother."

The nobleman bent his head upon his hand which clasped tightly the miniature-the tiny fingers of his wondering child were twined in the wavy mass of his once dark hair-for sorrow more than years had scattered her silver tracery not a little through its naturally rich and glossy blackness.

Irene spoke not as she laid her soft cheek on that revered head, for she feared to disturb an emotion, which, young as she was, the sympathizing gentleness of her own heart felt to be too sacred for her curious inquiry. When Sir Walter again spoke, he had regained his usual calmness.

"The precarious state of my health has warned me for some time past to undertake my long anticipated, and now necessary, journey to Italy. For your sake alone, do I desire to use every means, however futile I may deem them, for my restoration, nay, for the prolongation of my life even a few more years, that I may guide your youthful steps in virtue's path and wisdom's way. Heaven alone knows whether this last effort will result in the fruition of my dearest hope-but I cannot quell the dread foreboding that to-morrow I leave England forever. If such should be the will of God, you have only one relation in the wide world, to whom I could commit you, and from whom I feel | I promise to be his wife at all hazards. assured of your meeting with that fostering protection so soothing to the orphan-especially to express great horror at the idea of being forced to

The person I of his faithful guardianship, and believe he is worthy of the sacred trust; but, alas! my child, you must school your heart to endure nameless sorrows, for the pathway of an orphan is generally strewn with many piercing thorns—and often clouded by the fitful storms of blighting disappointments. Yet, thank Heaven, I do not leave you the child of poverty or dependence. You will be the heiress of immense wealth; but remember to prize it not above its price. Ah! did you but know the sacrifices your father has endured to make such your dowry, you would shrink from its basilisk glitter. This all-powerful attraction will render you a target for many a selfish, calculating adventurer, and it is on this subject I now wish you to give me your whole attention, that you may never forget my last injunctions. Earnest has long since been informed that he is not my son; but regarding the circumstances of his birth he is ignorant-and when you should arrive at a proper age, I deemed it necessary to apprize you of the same-why, your innocent mind will ask-heed well my reasons. It has always been the chief desire of my heart to see you united in a more endearing relation to him-he is my sole choice-and could I but have your promise to be the wife of Earnest Malcolm, I should have no fear of your future happiness, and no regret when yielding up my spirit at the final mandate of Heaven."

When Sir Walter gazed upon the upturned face of his daughter, so expressive of sorrowful amazement, an inward voice whispered-"Beware, thy course might involve darkness and misery to her, for whom thou shouldst sacrifice all selfish desires"-but that murmur of conscience was checked; and, like many others, he clung to the hope of the end's oft sanctifying the means.

"Irene," continued he, "you may as yet be too young to feel what is called the passion of lovebut you are not too much so not to comprehend the nature of that position I wish this promise to place you in. I will not be too exacting—but will only bind you thus far-that you remain unmarried until you are twenty-one-during that interim, to cherish Earnest in your heart as your betrothed. Say, will you promise me this ?"

The father's sunken cheek was not more pale, nor his hand more deathly cold, than that of the young Irene's, when he paused for her answer. Her girlish form seemed to swell into the proportions of womanhood-and her head, no longer bent like some tender, yielding flower, was raised erect. with the dignity of feelings just awakened.

"Suppose, dear father, Earnest loves me not, must am a child, but I remember well hearing him often

sult would be a feeling akin to hate."

almost imperceptible sneer curled his lip, when he proudly replied-

"To love unrequited I scarce think will ever be the fate of Irene Carlton. No, my child, if it is a promise involving a mystery of feeling to you, it is not so with Earnest. He loves you with the fervor of seventeen, and in him I see the germ of all that is firm and constant. Did I not think thus, believe me, your father would be the last to fetter you by a bond so heartless—should a change take place either in Earnest or yourself during the interim I have named, you are then freed from a fulfilment of your betrothal. Speak then my child, are, you prepared to make this vow?"

Irene bent her head in silent assent, and as she knelt to receive his parting blessing, the last words that loved parent breathed into her bewildered ear, were, " Remember your vow."

The rosy light of morn was just peeping through the silken curtains of the room, where lay the young heiress of Carlton Park, when Sir Walter lifted the rich drapery of the couch to gaze, perhaps for the last time, on her, that sole link of being which connected him with earth. Her dreams must have been unquiet; for, even in sleep, her young cheek seemed blanched with anxious grief, and the trace of tears rested on its polished whiteness, whilst her small dimpled hands were clasped as if in the attitude of earnest supplication. The father knelt in speechless agony, and over his cold haughty face, coursed drops of remorseful anguishfor in spite of hope or pride, there hung on his heart and mind some weighty indefinable fear; silently his trembling lips brushed away those speaking tears from her cheek-he could gaze no longer, in another moment his proud and stately form passed from the threshold of his princely mansion. was he journeying to that lovely land, regarded by the weary and hoping invalid as the Eden of health, where flowers continually succeed flowers, and summers' verdant beauty lingers in its constant bloom. Although the sun of Sir Walter Carlton's life had just reached its meridian, yet its vigorous warmth was fast vanishing beneath the wasting power of an insidious disease, which was prematurely and rapidly clouding his horizon with the chilly gloom of evening. From dire experience, he had long since found the purest draughts of earthly happiness are not always to be sipped from a golden chalice-nor could the pleasures of science and in-

love those we could not, and that with him the re- dazzling glitter to find that much sighed for elixir of life-oblivion of the past. Only those who Sir Walter's brow was slightly contracted, an have run the same race, and battled in the like conflict, could answer whether the desired goal was won, and the crown of victory other than that of unfading joy-to Sir Walter Carlton.

The lapse of a few short months found Irene an orphan. Ah! what a tale, fraught with sorrow, is often told in those few words! Sir Walter's last look of earthly things was upon the blue skies of sunny Italy. Her soft and perfumed winds then lifted the drooping bloom of the flowers which were placed by other hands than those of kindred or affection over the grave of the wealthy stranger! It now remained for Irene to follow the dictate of her father's will, which was to reside with her uncle until she became twenty-one, with his restricted injunction to "remember her vow." Earnest was to complete his education in England, there to continue until the period named—and if the result was, as he wished, their union of heart and hand, they were to return to their native land, to dwell in the home of their ancestors. Mr. Irvin had arrived; on the morrow, Irene Carlton was to bid adieu to her home, to that beautiful spot which had echoed her first cry of existence, which had witnessed the bounding speed of her childhood step-whose shady groves had so often resounded with the music of her merry laughing voice, and whose fragrant flowers her own tender hand had nourished with so much anxious care. Yes, from all these loved objects was the young orphaned heiress now doomed to part. As Irene gazed forth from the same oriel window of the library upon the broad lands extended before her, it seemed as if to mock the terrible desolation of her own bosom, that all nature was rejoicing in light and life. Every thing around her was bursting with beauty and gladness. It was emerald spring, when bright and laughterloving Flora wields her happy sceptre—and all things, animate and inanimate, obey her genial command to sing aloud and dance with her over the flowery mead-the smiling valley and the green clad hill. Beautiful indeed was the scene which then greeted her eye; a large garden intersected with wide shell-paved walks-grottoes, bowers sheltered by hanging vines of jessamine and honeysuckle-statues rearing high-and every suitable erection of tasteful art, were visible amidst the luxuriant profusion of flowers sweets, and shrubbery But it was not on those that Irene so sadly rare. gazed-from the midst of a small grove of cypress and evergreens gleamed a polished urn of the purest tellectual culture—the meed of fame, or the birth- marble, around which hung a garland—but it was right of titled honors, disperse from that sun those withered and fast fading from the pedestal. It murky clouds which an early disappointment in his was an unusual circumstance for that sacred shrine affections had cast over its bright disk. Irene was to be thus neglected—but alas! the memory of the sole, but idolized offspring of a mercenary mar- her first bereavement, had been almost displaced riage—for the vast dowry of her mother was all by that of her second. Irene could not leave it that the proud nobleman sought—thinking in its thus; and sad, unutterably sad was her heart, as

she descended to the garden for the last time to my destiny. wreath a fresh garland for the tomb of her mother. Aurora in her bright triumphal car never shed more freely her dewy showers over earth's blossoms, than that which fell from the weeping orphan as her hand brushed away all trace of neglectful decay from that venerated shrine. Who could faithfully depict the desolation of that young beingjust about to enter on life's gay stage-a period when all believe this world to be a "world of love and truth"—when it seems filled with spirits bright, and the heart sings with a gleeful revelry! But just as her bounding foot pressed its threshold, alas! the vision melted away like "frost-work in the morning ray," causing her to start at the dreary void-of all that was a short time ago so bright and glowing in her hoping bosom.

Earnest Malcolm was ever near to share and sooth her sorrows; but an undefinable change had come over Irene. She shrunk from every proffer of his sympathy, and it was not until the ship's white sails were fluttering in the breeze, which was soon to convey her to a distant land,-the anchor weighed, and the sailors deep-toned "ahoy" gave signal of an immediate departure, that these unwonted feelings of repugnant sensitiveness vanished. All timid fear was lost in the agony of parting with one so tenderly loved---who had been the adored companion of her childish joys and pastimes since memory's earliest existence. It seemed the fiercest stroke of her destiny as she wildly-

- " Clung to his embrace. Till her heart heaved beneath his hidden face."

The last dread farewell was spoken, and soon the gallant vessel was "walking the waters like a thing of life." Her dark hull grew fainter and more faint to the fixed eye of Earnest, until it seemed like a bird's speck on the horizon-another moment, and, bird-like, it was lost entirely to his view; but long, long were the tearful face and wave of Irene's parting signal visible to the eye of his imagination. How gloomy was the change of his life's picture! The child of mystery-left alone, without one tie of kindred-cast upon the world's vast main without one friendly eye to smile upon him, and no monitory voice to guide him through its deep channel of difficulty and danger. But heavy as was his sigh over the wreck of those visions his sanguine fancy had wrought, he still felt hope's staff was bent, not broken,-and feeling thus, youth rarely fails to lean on it, despite the most despairing thoughts.

"Yes," murmured Earnest, as he turned from the beach, "Irene shall never have a cause to repent her vow-for if, in coming years, she cannot ratify it with her heart's unsullied truth, never, no never, will Earnest Malcolm accept its fulfilment. I must not forget myself in vain repinings,-but

Towards the steep summit of fame, must my ambition now be directed. Roll on, then, many changes of Time's tide! Heaven grant me energy to breast thy fluctuating waves!"

So spake the animating voice of hope in the bosom of Earnest Malcolm. Soar high, thou noble youth, on her fluttering pinions—like the eagle, ever shape thy course heavenwards, so that thine eye may look in the bright rays of the sun of knowledge and wisdom-let virtue be thy ægis, and then wilt thou learn that in the "lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail."

CHAPTER II.

"Away, the winged years have flown To join the mass of ages gone, Another leaf of Time we turn."-Scott.

Happy would our life be, did we possess, in reality as in imagination, that facility of passing over human events, without bearing about us those many weary changes—those searings of the heart which are so incident to man's mutable state! Would that they resembled the phosphoric sparkle on the waves in the wake of the vessel, which no sooner glitters on the smooth surface of the shining waters, than it is gone forever. But, alas! experience, that ruthless, stern teacher, invariably stamps his indelible sear on the brow of Time's voyagers, and none can ever hope his "ceaseless course to roll on" without some impress of his fatal signet. is only then, with the magical power of restless fancy, such desirable leaps of oblivion are granted us; and with her ubiquitary wand, we will bid the past lie unremembered and unnoted, as we glide over an interim of nine years since the close of our first chapter. Irene Carlton was then a sorrowing child: the freshness of her cheeks' bloom was dimmed by grief's fast rain, and as the white cliffs of her native land receded from her tearful eyes, deeply did her young heart feel the sad truth that round her

" Woes seemed to cluster; rare are solitary woes They love a train-they tread each other's heels."

Evanescent as are the bursts of feeling in childhood, they nevertheless shadow forth a fear or hope of what we may expect from the fruition of riper years. Time had not thwarted or turned aside from its own pure ebbings the current of that sensitive gentleness, so early manifested by Irene, as also that of confiding affection, which continued untainted by any murky selfishness or passion, rendering her equally the idol in the mansion of her uncle, as she had been that of Carlton Park. And was her infant promise of personal beauty so fully matured as that of her mind and temper? To gratify our curious interest, we will intrude awhile on the privacy of a certain parlor study to become worthy of one so strangely com- in ---, a magnificent dwelling, on one of the most mitted to my care, and so closely associated with fashionable streets, in that great city of bustle and

may judge for ourselves of those visible changes which the mentioned lapse of years had wrought in the rich heiress. It was on the morning of a bright bird-singing day in February, that two girls sat in the said parlor whiling away those few hours of ease, preceding the time dedicated to fashionable visiting. Every arrangement of the apartment bespoke the blending of female taste with that of luxurious comfort and the highest finish of art. The rich odors of flowers rare, were wasted from the balcony through the scarce open windows-whose roseate curtains were slightly parted, as if to gratify the eye with a cheering glimpse of those fragrant messengers of coming spring-which, together with the chirping music of canaries near, almost wooed one into the belief that they breathed other than the confined atmosphere of a city, and the season other than that of blighting, dreary winter. One of the fair occupants reclined somewhat languidly on a sofa, gazing thoughtfully into the fire. In her full dark eye, there revelled a world of feeling, although that of deep melancholy seemed to have the ascendant expression—one hand pressed the leaves of a richly bound book, whilst the other supported her cheek, whose startling paleness was rendered more so by the contrast of the rich profusion of glistening hair, so matchless black, the raven scarce would own his hue the same. Her brow was high,-of the same pallid hue, and but for the beautifully defined vermillion of her expressive mouth, one would hardly think the warm current of life flowed beatingly on beneath the coldness of her statue-like beauty. The other sat beside a table, busily sketching patterns for embroidery-and it was a relief to turn from the sad face of the former to gaze on the brightness of hers. Not a cloud shadowed its joyousness: there was a smile of dangerous dalliance around her arch mouth-whilst her lips were slightly parted, as if about to give vent to some sally of heartfelt mirth, and as she raised her delicately veined eyelid, your very soul warmed beneath the glance of her clear blue eye. She shook back the light tresses from her soft peach-like cheek, as she somewhat impatiently threw down her pencil, and turning to her cousin, said in a voice—so in accordance with her sunny look--for, it fell upon the ear like the tinkling of those fairy bells, soft, sweet and clear, even calling into play a host of graceful feelings:

"Come, rouse thee, my fair co2, from thy sentimental abstraction—of late you seem to delight in seeing 'castles rise in embers red.' Now, doubtless, a certain Eugene reigns lord of thy 'mind's serial structures.' Dost thou plead guilty to the soft impeachment!"

Never did the daily rose display a deeper blush according to Byron's opinion, the entire want of than that which suffused the cheek of Irene Carlson at her cousin's query; but that spot was rarely tions; yet, I do believe, I had rather be without it

variety—the queen of the Empire State—that we the nestling abode of rosy shades, for it passed so may judge for ourselves of those visible changes rapidly away, one

----"might have thought a form of wax, Wrought to the very life, was there So still she was—so pale—so fair."

"I must confess," continued the gay girl—"I felt a thrust from the green-eyed monster, as I contemplated the very sentimental caste of your face. I shall never cease to quarrel with Dame Nature, for her meagre share of sentiment and romance to my poor self. What a pity a certain Eugene could not likewise have enjoyed the sight of your a la romantique accubation. Had he been present, this book (stooping to pick up one Irene had suffered to fall at her side) would not "so listlessly have dropped down."

"Cease, Olia, your badinage—it is passing strange you should always forget my vow, when you indulge in such thoughtless taunts."

"Is it not equally strange, that the always cold and unsusceptible Irene Carlton should suffer herself to be thus taunted? I verily begin to suspect, notwithstanding all her pride and often vaunted ridicule of what is termed sentiment and romance, she is fast yielding to that destiny, which the authoress of the 'three eras in a woman's life' allots to her sex—viz: to Love."

"I would blush for my good sense and reason, were I to indulge in such a feeling as love. My very situation is at total variance with every theory on the subject—and I deem it my duty to crush every sentiment, which would be inimical to the fulfilment of my destiny, which, alas! offers rather a contradiction to the one designated by the authoress you have quoted."

"But you will not acknowledge the character which the wise judging world assigns you—that of cold heartlessness? Do you know, I have often suspected when hearing you express an utter contempt of romantic love and sentimental susceptibility, that nothing but a perverse pride sharpened your ridicule? Come," added Olia, seating herself on a low ottoman near Irene, "give me your candid opinion and confess the truth of my suspicions."

"I have indeed an utter contempt of what is commonly called romantic sentiment. I always regarded such, nothing more than some lachrymose feeling cherished until it becomes morbid and of sickly hue. It is a decided evil to a woman; for, nothing tends more to destroy the natural freshness and originality of her mind. It renders her unfit for the every day duties of rational life—gilding every thing with a false glitter, and thus circumscribing her sphere of usefulness by giving a meretricious value to persons and things—because imagination alone lends them enchantment. Although, according to Byron's opinion, the entire want of sentiment may diminish tenfold a woman's attractions: vet, I do believe, I had rather be without it

APRIL,

even in a moderate degree, for it is generally more | of our difference of opinion on both, our dialectical or less detrimental to the real beauty of her character."

"Well, you have given me your opinion of sentiment; now, for that regarding your capability of the la belle passion. I will venture a wager, that your panoplized heart will yet be brought in bondage sweet, to-whom shall I say! to the dreaded Malcolm, or to a second Fitz James, the irresistible Eugene ?"

"Would that you could win your wager respecting the dreaded Malcolm," said Irene quickly, "but perhaps I am sacrificing my perverse pride in making such a wish. It is evident he regards his present bondage other than one of 'silken softness'-for nine long years have passed, and yet he delays his coming. His letters recently chill me with their tone of indifference, and seem to breathe more the spirit of compassion, than that of impatient love, or constancy."

Irene had scarcely paused when the porter flung open the door, announcing Mr. Atherton and Mr. Mansfield. Light is not more opposed to darkness than Olia Irvin's nature was to any lasting, serious emotion; and, although over her bright face a transient shade had passed, when she looked on the deep sadness expressed in that of her cousin's-not a trace of it remained, as she started up with the bound of a fawn, gaily extending her hand of welcome to the visitors.

"Your 'entree is peculiarly apropos," said she-"my staid and stoical coz, for my especial benefit and warning, has been lifting the veil from the face of romance and sentiment; probably, Mr. Mansfield, as you profess to be an ardent worshipper at the shrine of such, her wise philosophy may prove a beacon light to you."

Olia's remark seemed to disconcert Irene not a little, as also Mr. Mansfield, probably from sympathy on seeing her evident confusion; for it was some time ere she regained her self-possession.

"When so important a subject is discussed," said he, seating himself beside Irene, "we draw our conclusions from our own experience or by a reference to the opinion of some orthodox theorist-Pray, may I inquire if Miss Carlton drew from the former, or who of the latter did she adopt as her standard?"

"I was merely giving Olia my own unbiassed opinion," replied she quietly-" unsupported by any experience-and as I totally disclaim being the least imaginative, or my taste at all fiction boundof course my views are too common-place for one of her enthusiastic temperament and mind."

"Irene is a perfect anomaly to me," interposed Olia-"she can read of scenes and incidents which transform me into a complete Niobe, without evincing the least appearance of ordinary sympathy. As to her taste about poetry and literature in gene-

powers are necessarily cultivated; for there is not a day, but I am compelled to defend Byron, Bulwer, Landon and a dozen others, who fall under her critical censure."

"I dare say," said Mr. Atherton-"Miss Carlton has the advantage of you in cool calmness, thereby gaining many a point of debate; for, vehement eloquence does not always convince."

"Yes," answered Olia, "I generally fly off at a tangent; especially when she prefers Scott to Byron, and Hemans to Landon. Are you prepared, Irene, to be a bold defender of your faith now, before two so much more competent to enter the field of discussion against you?"

"Surely, Miss Carlton," said Mr. Mansfield, "however eminent you might place Scott on the pedestal of Fame, as a novelist, you could never elevate him as poet, above the immortal Byron! Do give us your estimation of both."

"For fear of the charge of cowardice and heresy from Olia, I suppose I must make my confessionalthough I hardly think a just comparison between the two poets could be drawn. Byron, to me, is one of might and desolation; but he takes too much delight in clothing man with the haughtiest, fiercest passions, and seems to prefer viewing nature in her darkest aspect-whilst to Scott the sweet breeze of morning, the sparkling, quiet stream, and the brown-covered heath are the dearest, and man by him is never deified with God-like attributes, linked with a thousand crimes."

"If Scott is preferred to Byron, pray, how do you rank Moore, Campbell, Milton, Young, Pope, Cowper and Shelley ?"

"I did not say he was my favorite above all poets," replied Irene gently-" Indeed, I would find it a difficult matter to decide upon the relative superiority of any one over the other, as each awakens different feelings and sentiments within my bosom. I yield to a 'creeping awe,' whilst following Milton through his successive scenes of sublimity and grandeur. I lose sight of this world, as I hold converse with those bright inhabitants of heaven, and of the first created earth. Young's Night Thoughts are fraught with splendid passages, but he is too verbose—and if I may use his favorite word, too tenebrious for my entire sympathy. Pope is elegantly harmonious—there is a racy force, a pith in his reasoning which gains the mind's assent immediately, and I must confess, somewhat consonant with my taste. Moore's frank and glowing spirit seems continually to delight in basking in sunbeams. 'He speaks roses,' as Byron saysforever inhaling the balmy breath of summer zephyrs. Campbell is truly the poet of Hope. the burden of his song through all changes: The gentle majesty of autumn-the chilling blast of winter—the capricious tears and sunshine of spring, ral, it is even past being queer. In consequence and the soft voluptuous summer—all seasons are

alike to his hoping nature. gentleness in Cowper, and often a pious fervor breathed by him, when he looks through Nature up to Nature's God. As to poor Shelley, he dwelt too much in an ideal world-one that is vague and shadowy,—in which human nature can find no actual sympathy—and as some poet has said of him, truly he

' Was cradled into poetry by wrong, And learn'd in suffering what he taught in song.'

But," added Irene, her pale cheek glowing when she that moment caught the earnest gaze of Eugene Mansfield, "I fear you will not only charge me with heterodoxy, but also of loving to hear the 'music of my own vain tongue.""

" By no means guilty of either," replied Eugene with much animation; "we only wish the lights and shades of your opinion respecting Hemans and Landon. to acquit you with all due equity."

"Oh! as to L. E. L .-- to feel the full power and force of her poetry, one must have a heart broken by the blight of inconstancy—and with an unstrung ailent lute become forever a victim to green and yellow melancholy. Gifted as I deem her, and dazzled by the successive brilliancy of her gemmed lines, yet she rarely touches a chord within me, that vibrates to the truths she utters-for, you know there can be no real sympathy unsealed by experience. It is different with Mrs. Hemans-there is equal softness, touching pathos and fervor, if not brilliancy of imagination, in her poetry, united with a more healthy, soul-cheering spiritual powerwhich do not breathe their life-giving influence in that of L. E. L.; but I am warned by Olia's threatning brow to pause, for with her no comparison should be made derogatory to her favorite."

The announcement of other visitors provented Olia's cherry mouth from vaunting as usual her dissent in a warm defence of L. E. L. So long as the conversation continued general, Irene maintained her quiet composure of manner-but when the low tones of Eugene Mansfield's voice addressed her ear exclusively—the penetrating eye of one well-skilled in physiognomy, would have detected other changes of expression, mirrored from the heart in her beautiful countenance.

"You seem in a reflective, digestive mood this morning, Mansfield"-said Sidney Atherton on their way home. "Is there too much truth and soberness about Miss Carlton for your chivalrous Hotspor nature and poetical imagination ?"

"I confess there is generally too much apathy and cold reserve about her for my entire enjoyment of her society. At times, I have thought she resembled some automaton, more than one of our Creator's last, best gift-and when brought into contrast with the animated, charming Olia Irvin, she seems doubly so."

There is a plaintive same banner with your humble servant. I must sound a retreat, for it would be perfect madness to rush into battle opposed to one so formidable as the irresistible European, meditative Mr. Mansfield. What has become of your love at first sight—for never did the 'moon gaze upon the water' more earnestly than you did, when you first beheld Miss Carlton! I detected agitation as well as admiration in your every look."

"She certainly possesses beautiful features," replied Eugene, somewhat embarrassed---" which struck me at first sight-but at the second 'we start, for soul seems wanting there.' Her person is decidedly majestic-very graceful and swan-like in her motions-but she wants that flexible and clastic tread which always belongs to a happy, loving nature. Give me a woman with a soul, and that soul swayed by ardent feelings-such a being will make one forget Pandora's box was ever opened."

" I perceive you are not a correct reader of human-or at least of woman nature-else, you could never pronounce Irene Carlton deficient in such feelings. You are aware of the singular situation in which her father's last will has placed her-and if ever a woman held a noble course, she does. I await the denouément with no little interest, as I presume her betrothed will soon appear. He must either be a very timid hero, or an ungrateful heartless fellow, to remain thus indifferent and tardy about securing a prize more than half his own by a fortuitous chance."

. "Probably he might find a conquest of the dearer half, viz. her affections, more difficult to secure. I have heard this Malcolm was regarded more as a Roderick Dhu, than the chosen of her love. I am not surprised that such is the case; for, so perverse are we by nature that the heart always writhes beneath other than a willing chain—and would do so, especially with her, so proud and independent. However, I dare say, no one could be more fitly adapted to the lot of conjugal indifference, than Irene Carlton." The last words were uttered in a tone of deep bitterness, which caused Sidney to bend a glance of curious inquiry on Eugene, as he replied-

"Pardon me, Mansfield, if I doubt you are sincere in what you have just said. Never attempt such a ruse, to deceive a veteran like myself, for I am too well initiated in all the breaks and intricacies of the chase, having engaged in its stirring excitement too often to be easily lured. Has not your experience often proved that a living stream can freely course beneath a frozen surface! My acquaintance with Irene Carlton is of long date, and my intimate knowledge of her true character compels me to pronounce your judgment incorrect, and without just penetration."

"How then, can you account for the same unjust penetration in every one? for, that she is cold, selfish and unfeeling, seems to be the unanimous opi-"I was not aware you had enlisted under the nion. Gladly would I succumb to your more correct judgment, were I to see her even once manifest the least interest in any person or thing."

"Think you, her uncle and cousin could evince so much affectionate devotion to her, were she not worthy, and failed to render unto them the same? I have seen Irene Carlton beside the bed of death, in affliction's darkest hour, and never has she seemed insensible even to the feeblest wail of distressnav. I have known her to be often a watcher at the humble couch of sickness, whilst the charitable world conjectured that her frequent absence from some fashionable rendezvous was attributable alone to a selfish moroseness. No; such a noble spirit as hers never could yield to the galling fetter, or be bound by the least fillet of selfishness."

"You are quite encomiastic," returned the evidently delighted Eugene, pressing the arm of Sidney, as he paused. "'Pon honor, I would not be surprised, if this Malcolm were to find in you a rival more to be dreaded than the monarch. look to the vanquished to estimate the victory; and to overcome you, would be an achievement equally as glorious as the said free mountain youth gained over Fitz-James. Well; I suppose I must surrender my prejudices, to a degree at least-but I profess the sight of the blazing fire is likewise necessary to my complete enjoyment of its heat. There is no object more repulsive to me than a cold-hearted, unsusceptible woman—she forfeits her birth-right, when she becomes such."

"I agree with you; but still, you should remember always to tighten the reins of imagination, and hold those of reason more loosely, when you judge. As every coin has its counterfeit, so has every feeling-and on the stage of life, where the tinsel of disguise is so necessary, we are rarely what the world think us."

How chameleon-like the human heart is! ever changeful and changing, with each reflecting hue of the restless wind. But as mystery in affairs de cour is regarded so indispensable to the maintenance of one's interest, we will not pause to analyze the various emotions evinced by the gratified Eugene.

"Sidney Atherton is perhaps right," soliloquized he, after parting with his friend-"we should indeed be both slow to hear and judge. How baleful and detracting prejudice is to the mind! It is a dread Moloch, at whose shrine innocence and justice have too often been sadly sacrificed. I am at times almost tempted to throw up my cards in despairbut I'll pause yet awhile, and bide the hour of propitious chance, knowing that the brightest day has often succeeded the darkest twilight of an early morn."

CHAPTER III.

"There's naught on earth could charm or force My spirit from its destin'd course,-There's naught could make this soul forget The bond to which its seal is set."-LALLA ROOKH.

It was the benefit night of Miss K-

The theatre was crowded to suffocation—The array of beauty and fashion was dazzling to behold, enhanced by the highest adornment of dress and jewels bright. Many a brilliant eye glanced its soft bewitching ray from the dress circle on some favored lover, either at her side, or detected in the dark moving mass of the jolly free pit. The play was the inimitable Hunchback. Every heart throbbed with intense expectation and anxiety to welcome the celebrated actress, whose soul-like personation of Julia had even far transcended the most sanguine anticipations of the gifted dramatist. It might have been presumed, from the very frequent performance of the piece, that the plaudit of admiration would have become faint, and that the flush of novelty would have waned before the most capricious of all tastes,-that of the dramatic world; but, instead of thus losing its charm, it seemed as if "the soul of Siddons breathed inspiration upon them again," and even the deep-toned enunciation of those fatal words of Julia's, " Do it," was sufficiently fascinating to banish all feeling of satiety or indifference. Besides, it would have been treason of the deepest dye towards the Goddess of Fashion to have withheld the heart's incense of applause or the hand of patronage from her reigning favorite of the season.

Eugene Mansfield's eye had been anxiously bent for some time on the vacant box next him, when the door was opened by Sidney Atherton, who, on finding it unoccupied, was about to leave, but the quick beckon of Eugene arrested his attention.

"Why have you selected this obscure seat behind a curtain, Mansfield? For once in your life you seem desirous of being incog-but," added he, archly, "I perceive your view of a certain box is entirely unobstructed."

"As usual, your sapiency is correct. I came hither for a particular reason, and wish to be unobserved of all observers-not the observed, as you always accuse me of. My mind has weighed, well, certain expressions of yours in our last conversation, and I am determined to indulge a somewhat excited curiosity, which I cannot now ex-

"Oh! you need not, for without much exercise of my guessing powers, I can save you that trouble. remember that famous argument you had with Miss Carlton in defence of the drama, when she acknowledged, although totally opposed to it, yet, if any play could possibly move her sympathy, it was the Hunchback : and I also remember how you denounced her outré taste and double-refined-refinement to me. So you perceive, my manœuvering fellow, I am somewhat of the Argus nature, where you and she are concerned. Pray, how did you know the Irvin party were to be here, for the ladies told me they had not seen you since our last visit?"

"Graham said he was Miss Irvin's escort here brightest and most ascendant star of the drama. to-night—but it is late—I have a boon to ask of you-be silent about my proximity; nay, about | manager appeared, to solicit the benevolent conmember my request."

humor your mysterious humor."

seeching appeal,

-" The hour of sacrifice Is near! Anon the immolating priest Will summon me! Devise some speedy measures To cheat the altar of its victim. Do it."

Instinctively he turned to look at Irene. "lively red" had forsaken her lip-the lustre of her eye was dimmed, as she eagerly leaned to hear Julia's repeated question,

"Is there no way to escape these hated nuptials?"

Answered by Master Walter. There was a rigid compression of her mouth, when she heard him say,

"A promise made admits of no release, Save by consent or forfeiture of those Who hold it. Ere man should say I broke the word I had the power to keep, I'd loose the life I had the power to part with. Present thyself before thy bridegroom, Show him thy heart-And to his honor leave't to set thee free Or hold thee bound."

Irene's head drooped; her dark curls shaded her face, but only for a moment, and when it was raised, Eugene's heart felt chilled more than ever by that same look of apathetic indifference. What a conperfection of sculptured beauty; but it was a beauty

my very presence. See they have arrived-re-sideration of the audience in behalf of two Polish orphans, who would themselves make their vocal "You are an incorrigible, plot-working fellow," appeal as Improvisitores. Hand in hand, they replied Sidney, as he left him. "I suppose I must came forward—the brother and sister, to sing their minstrel tale of sorrow, in their true character, The next moment found Sidney Atherton at the unvarnished by any adventitious display, to enlist side of the pensive-looking Irene; but her usual a charitable sympathy. With the deep pathos of abstraction was almost unnoticed, so charmed was truth and simplicity they described their own beauhe by a certain merry voice near, whose slightest tiful home—the desolation of that home, when detone never failed to fall upon his ear like entrancing prived of their parents—their departure from their music. How Eugene envied his position! The com- native country to escape the horrors of starvation, motion of applause incident to the appearance of a and their subsequent struggles with poverty in a favorite performer had subsided, and a feeling of land of strangers. The eloquence of nature, so breathless interest seemed to prevail throughout assisted by modesty and humility, seemed to touch the audience; but, glowing as every face was with every heart; and in proportion to the entrancing an intensity of excitement, that of Irene Carlton's effect which the recent scenes of fictitious interest retained its cold, passionless expression—not a had had upon all, so was their true benevolence of movement of her beautifully-lined features betrayed feeling excited by the orphan's pathetic appeal. Dothe least effect of an awakened sensibility. The nations were showered upon the stage, and by no fifth act came on. All hearts yearned with anxious hand more willing than Eugene Mansfield, who sympathy for the doomed Julia. Even Eugene's again instinctively turned towards Irene. What eye was withdrawn from Irene, fascinated by the a change had come over that singular face! The fair actress' inimitable histrionic representation; polished paleness of her cheek was suffused with and for a moment he forgot every thing but her be- the brightest color—the languid coldness of her dark eye was banished by the excitement of the heart's true-sympathy; it was glistening with those dew drops of Heaven-mercy and pity-and that mouth, always so unmoved in its exquisite beauty, a feature so often the soul's interpreter, as the eye is its window, was wreathed with a smile "less of earth than Heaven"—whilst those lovely lips,

> -" Like the needle true, Turned at the touch of joy or woe, And, turning, trembled too."

Yes, every feature in that speaking face moved with the deepest emotion. Drawing a diamond brooch from her hair, which had fastened the rich curls from her pale brow, she leaned gracefully forward, and cast it upon the stage. The generous gift was received by the orphans with a look of the deepest gratitude, whilst they bent their heads in silent acknowledgment to the fair donor. Could Eugene for one moment accuse her of a selfish insensibility, or think her beauty expressionless! No; his heart owned her as one of those delicate natures, moved into action by the pathos of real woe, and the sight of unfeigned suffering, whilst all the high-wrought pictures of imaginary distress, even when acted to the very life, failed to disturb trast to Olia's bright face, suffused with a tearful the equable serenity of a mind always regulated emotion, as also that of every one; for, even the most by the dictates of truth. As these soothing con-"stoic eye and aspect stern" seemed to yield to the victions poured their light upon him, dispersing all excitement of the scene. The curtain dropped; and his previous suspicions, which had cast so dark a amidst all the encoring of delighted gratification veil over his judgment, his ear caught some few from every lip, Irene's moved not-she looked the words of a conversation between two ladies near.

"Amelia, did you observe Irene Carlton, when she more repulsive than ever to Eugene Mansfield. threw the orphans that splendid brooch? Methinks if The fashionables were about to retire, when the she be not an heiress, it was rather a prodigal gift, and I dare say she will repent her momentary impulse of generosity."

"Never," was the reply; "she is not one of those impulsive beings whose pure feelings are often counteracted by impure ones. That brooch I know was highly valued by her, for I have heard her say it was the bridal gift of her father to her mother, and she rarely wore any other ornament; but still, valuable as it was, so great is the disinterestedness of her heart, it never hesitates at any sacrifice. Irene Carlton's charity is not the trumpet-tongued, calculating kind, now-a-days so prevalent."

Eugene bent an admiring look on the fair Amelia, and wondered that a face so interesting and animated as hers, should have been so long unobserved by him. With rapturous delight, and a devotion that would have well become a pilgrim when he had secured some sacred relic from Mecca's shrine, did he gaze upon the brooch when he retired for the night. At a considerable price he had ransomed it, but no ransom would have been regarded adequate to its value. Truly love can

"Transpose and give to trifles form and dignity, For it doth add a precious seeing to the eye."

"To win her, I must woo her as she should be wooed," sighed he-" it may be an illusive hopethat gives so bright a hue to my 'native resolution,' strengthening me in the belief that Eugene Mansfield is not an object of indifference to Irene Carlton, although she remembers her vow to Earnest Malcolm."

That heart must indeed have been invulnerable, which could have maintained its serenity unshaken against the powerful artillery of attractions possessed by Eugene Mansfield. There was a matchless bearing of manly beauty about him-a feminine gentleness blended with a winning dignity in his manners, and in his address there was an enthusiastic fervor, a nameless grace of expression, which gave an irresistible power to the "honied eloquence" of his conversation. A greater part of his manhood had been spent in travelling, and gleaning from the great book of human nature that kind of knowledge, so necessary to enlarging and strengthening the mind. He had trod the classic shores of Greece-whilst over his memory poured a tide of melancholy musings as he stood amidst the ruins of Athens, that great Arcanum, "the eye" of science and literature. He had become familiar with the beauty and grandeur of that once proud mistress of the world, majestic Rome, now so fallen in her greatness, and truly the "Niobe of nations." With delighted senses he had roamed through the smiling, vine-clad plains of Tuscany, that fruitful oasis, so cheering to the eye amidst the servile destitution of Italy. Wondering and dazwhere nought but lofty spires, domes and minarets be too great a sacrifice to spend a quiet evening

salute the stranger at his entrance. Curious and entranced, he had penetrated the mysteries of the far-famed city of the Sultan, whose oriental splendor and eternal variety more than fully confirmed the storied traveller's enthusiasm, or the brightest touch of imagination's pencil. But in no place of lyred fame or time-honored memory had Eugene's senses become so fascinated, as while listening to the melody of the merry gondolier, as he glided over the sparkling waters, in which Venice, the home of love and music, lies embedded, like some rare pearl. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that one possessed of so many natural advantages, thus refined by every finish of education, should have been regarded so great an acquisition to the fashionable circles of ---- city, and that the polished young stranger's vanity should have been more than ordinarily elated at the many flattering distinctions bestowed upon him. With no caste of society was he more current than with its fairer portion; and she on whom he bestowed the laurel of his heart, very naturally occupied that dangerous elevation so assiduously reared by gratified vanity, and as assiduously undermined by the machinations of hydra-headed malice, aided by envy's venomed tongue. Notwithstanding his knowledge of Irene's singular betrothal, and Sidney Atherton's oft-repeated warnings of his suit's utter hopelessness, Eugene's devotion to the haughty heiress seemed more exclusive after the benefit night; and in spite of various hopes and rumors to the contrary, it soon became more than an asserted on dit that the fascinating Mr. Mansfield had yielded, like many others, allured by a golden bait-which from time immemorial has proved more successful than all the "smoke of fumes and sighs," created by the fire of a pure love on the heart's sacred altar.

"I think there is something very melancholy in the feeling with which we hail our natal day," said Olia Irvin, seating herself beside her father, who was cozily ensconced in his cushioned fautieul, engaged with his evening newspaper.

"Just think, paps; she whom you used to dandle on your knee but a few short years ago, and call your merry Olly, will be eighteen to-morrow!"

"Well, and are you not my merry Olly still?" said he, parting the sunny curls which

"Hung on her temples like a golden fleece,"

and drawing her fondly to his knee.-" I am sure if you would submit to your former dandling, I do not feel too old to bestow such, nor do I deem you of too sober age to receive it. But really, now-a-days. I scarcely have a glimpse of either you or Ireneand when I do, you are so bedecked in all your fashionable finery, I hardly dare approach you, for fear of endangering your many fixtures-and then again. zled, he had gazed on the gorgeous magnificence your multifarious engagements for balls, soireés, of that city of towering palaces, St. Petersburg, theatre, &c., engross you so much, that it would and you too, my sober Irene?"

"She heeds you not," replied Olia, looking significantly towards Irene, who was listening to Eugene as he read to her-"but I can answer in the negative for her, as well as for myself. How very different parents and children seem to feel and act, in novels, from those of real life! Now, could you, dear papa, ever so school your feelings and pursue such a stoical course with a daughter, as did the Hunchback in the play a few nights ago! I really think human nature must be so glaringly unlike its ideal portraiture, that the danger of fictitious writings cannot be so great as is supposed."

"Ah! my child, there are many passages and events of our real every-day life, that would no doubt challenge a comparison with even those of romance. 'The world is full of poetry,' and we its creatures must be imbued with some of its vivifying spirit to be worthy of enjoying our natural element! Listen, there's the post-man's ring. am glad to hear it, for really I am anxiously awaiting news from Europe."

Mr. Irvin drew towards the light, when several ing circumstances?" letters were placed in his hand.

"One from England," said he, holding it up as he broke the seal with a meaning smile. "I am sure it is high time that truant Malcolm was giving us some notice of his whereabouts. What say you, Irene ?"

Irene's face had been so completely shielded from the soft light of the astral by that small screen in her hand, that not even Eugene was sensible at first of any change in her countenance; but when thus addressed by her uncle, he saw on her cheek an unusual flush, and an expression of the deepest scorn curled her finely curved lip as she replied, "I presume he consults his own will and pleasure in thus considerately extending his probation of desired freedom, and probably that of -

She paused; her face glowed with a deeper color, for at that moment, the eye of Eugene was bent upon her with a strange and inquiring expression. It was singular, that when unembarrassed, life's erimson tide rarely ever kissed her cheek-seeming to centre all its warmth in the rich hue of her hip-but when moved by the slightest agitation (seldom though it was) it rapidly changed its wonted course, leaving an unnatural palor around her mouth. Instead of being more confused when she caught the curious expression of his eye, her self-possession immediately returned, and her voice was perfectly collected when she calmly asked the purport of Mr. Malcolm's letter !

Mr. Irvin handed it to her, saying, "it was merely to announce his speedy coming, for he would sail in a few days after the date of his letter."

"Olia, don't you wish he could be at our gathering to-morrow, on your birth day? Bless me," said voice of Engene trembled with equal emotion when the happy looking old man, as he turned to where he spoke.

with a dull old man. Is it not so, my merry Olly, Olis had been sitting—"the child's motions are just like those of a bird; no sooner do I turn my back, than she wings out of my sight. Ah ha! she is tuning that always untuned harp in the musicroom. I must hear one of my old fashioned songs to-night, for I really feel young again."

> Irene's revery was so absorbing, that she seemed insensible to the presence of Eugene, who had watched her intensely as she read the letter. How deep was that sigh, when she threw it down, murmuring almost unconsciously-

> "Well, by bearing, we may often conquer our She started: an answering sigh fell on her ear—a voice spoke.

> "To love and be beloved, must indeed be the happy fate of one like Miss Carlton, and in the constancy of her own heart, that of her betrothed cannot fail to be reflected!"

> "Ah! Mr. Mansfield, your prediction of the former will never be my fate, and the latter sentiment could hardly be said to form a component part of our compact."

> "But is it not a necessary one under the exist-

"On my part it may be, for you are doubtless aware that I am the plighted, and the one to be released, not the liberator."

"So I know, but did not Mr. Malcolm likewise seal the compact with the unerring truth of a pure love, and think you, feeling thus, man would regard his oath less sacred than a woman?"

"Oh, no!" replied Irene mournfully. "Earnest Malcolm could not do otherwise towards his adopted father, whom he regarded as his dearest benefactor, than to accept the proffered hand of his daughter; and alas! her will was passive, because her heart was ignorant of how much was involved in the fatal promise. Although time and its vicissitudes may have wrought indifference, or some change in his feelings, it still remains with me to beware how I break it wilfully."

"But is it not said 'unheedful vows may heedfully be broken?' And probably you view your compulsion in an exaggerated light; besides, it has ever been the prerogative and province of your sex to cancel or annul all such engagements? Your youth is another plea, which would readily excuse a non-fulfilment on your part."

"True, we were both very young, but young as I was, my father had always taught me to hold in sacredness my slightest word of promise; consequently, I could not disregard that which I have ever cherished as co-existent with my earthly happiness, to wit, my truth. I could never wrestle against the violence of that-so solemnly plighted to him, when I looked my last on his loved face."

Tears like "crushed jewels" lay on the cheek of Irene, as she uttered the last words, and the

"And does Miss Carlton suppose if her affianced were apprized of the dread revolt of her heart, that he could so basely sacrifice her's, as well as his own happiness, by such exacting selfishness? Would not the garland of love be converted into one of deadly thorns piercing his brow forever?"

The gathering sadness seemed to pass away from her face, as if some sudden thought had aroused her with its danger, and smiling faintly she carelessly replied—

"Oh! we can better analyze our feelings when we meet. I am prepared for any change—being well schooled in the heart's stoicism."

"Is it in Earnest Malcolm alone that you anticipate a change? Ah! Irene, how supremely blest must he be, to possess the inestimable boon of your constant love—for if I have read your character aright, methinks when once the fire of such is kindled in your heart, no chilling wind of time could ever extinguish it. Say, have I not read you truly?" He took her hand and looked into her face with the most passionate inquiry.

"Perhaps too truly," replied she, quickly withdrawing her hand, "would to heaven I could think it is Earnest alone who has changed—I would not now feel so sensibly the terrible 'void, the wandering thought,' which ever reigns within my bosom, when memory clings so tenaciously to my vow. Ah! we do not always 'make our own path, and fling our own shadow over it—for alas! over mine, a deep shadow was cast, ere I had passed the threshhold of childhood."

"Irene! (and Eugene's voice was startling from an unusual energy of tone) something whispers, did this barrier not exist—were you not thus fettered, I, nay I, might dare to claim your love. Forgive my seeming boldness, but obey the dictates of your heart, and render unto me the dear confession, were it only to illuminate and dispel the dark clouds of despair, which your fatal vow casts over my hopeless love."

Her face was averted—but Eugene saw that some powerful emotion stirred within, for the livid paleness again returned to her lip. How he shrunk back when she turned her dark lustrous eye upon him—never had it glanced such withering coldness.

"I scarcely deem any answer incumbent upon me; for, such a question should have been restrained as well for your own, as for my sake. You do indeed suspect truly, that mine would be a love not lightly extinguished—but at the same time, you know not the strength of that love, to imagine me easily swayed to and fro by the fitful gust of unworthy passions, when honor and reason demand my heart's subjection. Nature may err, but truth never; the former should be subdued, the latter ever its guide. This has been my aim through life, and it is not for Eugene Mansfield to undermine the arduous work of years, few though they be."

Eugene was left alone. "Strange but faultless being," mused he, "I have sorely tempted you, and I will yet prove a successful tempter." A port-folio of drawings lay open before him; he knew they were sketches of Irene's, and taking it up, a small volume fell from it. Glancing his eye on a page turned down, the pencillings of a sentence caught his eye.

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, But another thing to fall.

"Irene," was traced on the margin near. "A proper and most significant warning," continued he—"but, I will shape another course—pique has ever been a subduing weapon with woman—and cre I throw aside the mask, Irene Carlton shall confess her love for Eugene Mansfield."

CHAPTER IV.

"Brave conquerors! for so ye ara,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the heart's desires."

Shakspeare.

Eugene Mansfield's knowledge of the devious ways of a woman's heart, was more the result of keen observation, than of any practical initiation into its subtle mysteries. When conscious that his course of exclusive devotion had failed to elicit any evidence of Irene's love—that not even a word of betrayal on her part, could his imagination grasp, to hang a hope upon, he resolved to adopt the advice of one well skilled in all manner of successful wooing, viz., to—

"Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes, But not too humbly, or she will despise Thee and thy suit."

Having accidentally made the acquaintance of Amelia Hanson, whose remark at the theatre had. interested him so suddenly, and knowing she was affianced to an old friend of his, he determined to enlist her as an active tactician in the development of his designs. He confided to her his love for Irene; his surmises; nay, hopes of its being reciprocal, though so coldly rejected, and all his various measures for the attainment of his object, which were to win from her at every hazard a confession of her love, even though he was forever resigned for another. Amelia's intimacy with her would greatly aid him in testing the boundary line of his experiment, and it was agreed he should play the devoted lover to Amelia publicly, and she to give him every mark of encouragement that propriety could suggest.

"But," said she, "I warn you of a total discomfiture—perhaps your vanity may be gratified by some evidence of preference, for it is my belief, Irene's heart is not indifferent to you; yet, so great is her firmness of purpose, that I verily think she would yield herself a martyr, ere she would be the first to break her vow to Earnest Malcolm."

"Well, time developes all plots to a successful

or defeated issue-let me but have the slightest assurance that there beats in the cold, panoplized heart of Irene Carlton the faintest emotion of love for Eugene Mansfield, and then let fate do her utmost in sealing her union with Earnest Malcolm."

With what gaping astonishment did the fashionable world and the numerous qui vive gossips listen to the strange notes of Rumor's inconstant voice. It was passing strange, but no less true, that the fastidious Mr. Mansfield should have deserted the far-famed shrine of the titled heiress, to become a worshipper at that of the gay, laughter-loving Amelia Hanson. "Ah!" said the disinterested, "there was too much metallic alloy in his love to abide the process of a constant association with one so haughty and inaccessible."

"And," replied the beautiful, "what a shocking outré taste to select one so very plain, after veering to every point of beauty's compass,"

But, little did the lip of Irene betray what her burning heart too truly felt; and the temptation to murmur against her fate was far greater, when that heart was awakened to the misery of her own unrequited, slighted love, than when assured of being the adored object of Eugene's devotion. when she dwelt with a painful intensity of thought upon those earnest words spoken by him in their last tete-a-tete, her inflexibility seemed more like a species of unnatural, unfeminine cruelty, than it did of that mild, healing sympathy, which should ever be the guiding feeling in the breast of woman. felt that circumstances had indeed moulded her most lamentably unlike the rest of her sex-that she was destined through life to war with two of the most powerful and uncompromising combatants, Love and Pride, beneath whose oppressive effects the heart often sinks to ruin. Although conscience approved of her inflexibility, yet she gradually began to be shaken in her faith, regarding her strict adherence to the sanctity of her fatal vow, and to feel how bitter a thing it was "to look at happiness through another's eye."

"I wonder what is the reason Mr. Mansfield has so entirely withdrawn from our society ! See how he is dashing through the streets with Amelia in his cabriolet," said Olia, going to the window; "they have stopped at our door I declare-he scarcely deserves a friendly welcome from us."

"I have just dropped in to gratify a bit of gnawing cariosity," exclaimed Amelia, as she hurriedly entered the room. "You know I am all in a flutter about the ball to-morrow night, and went to Madame Dupeé's to decide upon matters in general respecting my dress—when lo! as usual, an engagement with the ladies at Irvin house was her plea for not accommodating me. Madame said, she was making two most splendid dresses, entirely recherche, in which Mademoiselle Carlton would look exstyle, as she is always particular about divulging the that its brilliancy enhanced the glossy darkness of

secrets of her high customers' paraphernalis. Now, this insinuation acted so powerfully upon my bump of inquisitiveness, that I accepted Mr. Mansfield's offer to drive me here to have it gratified, and, as he will return for me in half an hour, I must be expeditions in my consultation about the all-important question."

"It was I who enjoined secresy upon Dupeé," replied Olia. "I have a perfect abhorrence of all imitations, and you know when any fashion becomes notorious, it is consequently vulgar. Irene yielded to my choice of a rainbow satin, which would have been entirely too showy for one of her sober unobtrusive taste, and as she appeared so passively indifferent about the matter, I took the reins of decision."

"Well," returned Amelia, "notwithstanding Miss Carlton possesses a carte-blanche for her every will and action—still, her taste in dress is often subject to the ordeal of criticism. Not long since, I heard Mr. Mansfield wonder that she should ever wear blue; he pronounced her bewitching in her black velvet and pearls-for they contrasted so beautifully with her uncommon complexion. really, Irene, you do so continually wear the chilly air of indifference about every thing and every body, that I do not wonder the flower of love so oft lies bleeding when it is laid a votive offering at your shrine. How free must you be from the many weaknesses and frailties incident to our pliant sex."

Irene's quivering lip was compressed, as if to hush with the effort some rising emotion; but it was only momentary, for she calmly replied-

"Truly 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and proud should that heart be, when it can preserve such knowledge from the unsympathizing eye of a cold misjudging world."

It was only in the bustling crowd that Irene had met Eugene since their last and well-remembered interview, and when he called for Amelia, the many changes which had harrowed her mind since then, could not fail to throw into her manner a painful degree of visible constraint as she returned his salutation.

"Speaking of fashionable dressing," continued the gay Amelia, " reminds me of the late style of jewelry, but this addition of apparel Irene always seemed averse to wearing, excepting her cherished diamond brooch. How often have you repented that act of unreflecting generosity, and sighed to look again on its brilliancy—for even De Cotz would find a difficulty in producing its match!"

"Not once," answered Irene quietly, "It was not a gift of heedless generosity, or of prodigal charity. I never had a passion for jewels of any kind, and as you say, always wear them with aversion."

"But you really prized and admired your brooch," quisitely dazzling-but she refused to tell me of what | interposed Olia-" methinks too you were aware your hair. Now confess your regret at having parted with it?"

"Most certainly, had I have had my purse, or any other valuable about me, I would not have given it as a donation; and I do confess there was some slight internal struggle, because of the many endearing recollections connected with an ornament so highly prized. But when I reflected that he is not really charitable who makes no sacrifices, all hesitation vanished, and with its departure ceased every regret."

"Miss Carlton might probably ransom it, as necessity will no doubt convert her gift into something more substantial to the Polish orphans," sug-

gested Eugene.

"I put my veto on that," interrupted Olia, "for the sum expended in a ransom would purchase an ornament more fashionable. Nobody but one of Irene's fastidious, antiquated taste would have worn the brooch so long, merely for its ancestral remembrances. I am sure I would have pawned it away long ago."

"Pawn away a family relic, Olia-my father's bridal gift to my mother, merely for some more fashionable gewgaw! The greatest poverty of my wardrobe could never have induced me to commit

such a sacrilege."

"Ah!" replied Olia, laughing-" I verily believe I should adopt Charles Surface's logic respecting all family pieces—and do as he did with his library, part even with learning, which had been an heirloom in the family for ages past, because of some fashionable requirement or necessity."

"Well," added Amelia as she rose to depart, "tomorrow night will decide a question as important as beauty adorned, or vice versa, inasmuch as your humble servant will offer the latter contrast to you two, in your rainbow brilliancy. Au revoir until then."

"Mademoiselle will please say what style she wishes her hair dressed in to-night," said the obsequious, complaisant coiffeur to the abstracted, sadlooking Irene, as she seated herself to undergo the torturing process of fashionable barberizing.

"Look, coz," said Olia, entering the room, her face beaming with animation and delight, "at this beautiful tiara of jewels I selected for you, from De Cotz. How splendidly these flowers of prismatic tint will correspond with the rainbow satin. I will see you triumphant in novelty to-night, for nothing like this will be there."

"Mademoiselle's hair would look superb, arranged a la Eastern, with this tiara resting on her fair brow," said Monsieur Mauvin, holding up the flashing ornament to Irene's pale brow.

"Don't think me dissatisfied with your taste Olia, when I insist on your wearing it-nor fickle, when I tell you I have laid aside the rainbow satin for another time; as I do not feel brilliant to-night, it would be absurd mockery to appear so."

Olia's eyes opened wide with astonishment as she exclaimed-

"What, expend so much in buying a dress, and then not wear it, because you feel a little distrait? You surely are jesting?"

"Indeed I am not; so, Monsieur, you will please remember the tiara is for Miss Irvin's bright hair, and arrange mine in the very plainest fashion."

When the cousins met in the parlor attired for the ball, Olia gave an admiring look towards Irene. saving-

" No wonder you are indifferent about your dress, for although you have on that odious black velvet, and those often worn pearls, verily thou dost walk in beauty to night-

> 'And all that's best of dark and bright, Meet in thine aspect and thine eyes."

But it was evident that Olia was too much enamored with her own dazzling person, reflected wherever she turned by the numerous mirrors, lining the walls, to observe Irene's blushing confusion at her allusion to the velvet and pearls-nor did any remembrance of Amelia's remark respecting them seem to give rise to any suspicion of the cause of her change of mind about the rainbow satin.

Few hearts were sadder, but no face more serene, than that of the beautiful heiress, as she moved majestically through the crowd that night, "the leading star of every eye." Insensibly had her thoughtful gaze wandered towards Eugene; but his attention seemed solely bestowed upon Amelia, apparently indifferent to the presence of every one, save her, whose happy, joyous nature always delighted, out of every thing

"To extract something beautiful and new."

The throng was so great, that Irene on her way to another apartment, was carried unresistingly along with the pressure of its current, near to the spot where stood Eugene, listening with an animated attention to every word which fell from Amelia's laughing lip, and so immovable was her position that it was impossible for their conversation to escape her hearing.

"Permit me to congratulate you on the success of one ruse at least-the appearance of the black velvet and pearls"-said Amelia, very significantly, "which, together with her restless melancholy gaze, proclaim more than mere premonitory symptoms."

Eugene smiled, though his voice was somewhat sad, when he replied-

"Yes, but my vanity, as you would say, craves something less equivocal—they are rather trifling and perhaps accidental symptoms."

"True, but trifles however light, in the sunshine of hope and love, are often confirmations too strong to be resisted. I charge you to remember, too,

- That we often begin our own harms; And loose the good we might attain, By fearing to attempt."

With a flushed cheek, and a heart swelling high with indignation and humbled pride, Irene glided from the recess, where she was forced to overhear such galling remarks. "Her restless melancholy gaze," murmured she—"fool that I am, and contemptibly weak, thus to betray myself, even by a single glance, to one who evidently exults in her victory, and to him who regards me the victim of mortification at his estranged love. Much as I despise dissimulation and false appearances I will henceforth try the effect of disguise, and to-night, for the first time, disown myself, by wearing false colors."

Wonder filled every bosom on beholding the cold hanteur of Miss Carlton so completely lost in an unwonted buoyancy of manner: her eye glistened with light-hearted mirth. Cashmere's bright rose would have seemed pale beside the rich bloom on her cheek, and instead of that passionless expression of countenance, there gleamed forth the fashes of a most sun-like animation. Who could have boasted of their heart's security, when exposed to the fascinations of one, in whom were so powerfully centred those cardinal points of dangerous attraction, beauty, transcendant beautyriches-mind, and winning manners, all of which the most grudging heart conceded to Irene Carlton's merited possession! The dulcet notes of a harp, waked by some skilful hand, arrested the attention of all, and soon every ear became entranced by a voice following the masterly prelude, "like music over the waters"-it was one even angels might lean from heaven to hear. Eagerly moved the crowd towards the music saloon, curious to know who was the fair musician.

"Can I believe my own eyes," said Olia, "that Irene has aroused sufficient courage to perform before such a crowd! Do you not think, Mr. Atherton, she has completely changed characters with me, for you have just complained of my being dull and dispirited!"

But Sidney looked grave when he gave a silent assent to her question. There was also something penetrating and suspicious in the glance which he directed to Irene, who at that moment gave her hand with a most brilliant smile to be conducted to the banquet room.

"Nothing is wanting to-night but the rainbow eatin to give you perfection's touch," whispered Oliawhen she rejoined Irene. "Ah! coz, hereafter ery 'quits' with inherent, natural melancholy, for really you do injustice to Dame Nature when you, by your stoicism, vanquish her originality."

The hours wore away—still Irene supported her character, as the gay queen of the gay revel, and with the most untiring vivacity glided down the many dance, the admired of all admirers. Being structed to an artificial, but beautiful grove of well arranged flowers and exotics in the spacious entrance hall, she repaired to it to recover somewhat

With a flushed cheek, and a heart awelling high indignation and humbled pride, Irene glided well-nigh overpowered both her mental and physm the recess, where she was forced to overhear sical strength.

"What a fairy-like and enchanting spot this is," said she, lifting the hanging branch of an orange tree to admit her entrance. "I wonder where Olia, is, for this would be a fit abode for one of her romantic taste! Really even I would yield to a sentimental softness—breathing this perfumed atmosphere, which almost wooes my imagination to those starry skies and sunny climes, where nought but love dwells. Do, Mr. Graham, go in quest of Olia whilst I recruit my almost wasted energies."

Irene threw herself upon a lounge—but what caused her cheek so suddenly to pale as she cast her eye around, heaving a deep sigh? An echoing one startled her ear—her gaze rested upon Eugene Mansfield, who, presenting her a small bouquet of flowers, said in a low voice—

"The lines in the envelope may perhaps express more truth than my simple offering of this white rose-bud."

Ere she could reply, he was gone—and Irene saw him no more that night.

The ball was over. The cabs and carriages had almost ceased passing to and fro—the lights had waned from the windows of the surrounding dwellings—and midnight swayed her "leaden" sceptre over all that was a few hours before so noisy with busy life and mirthful bustle. The sickening heart of Irene felt as if the general pulse of not only "nature stood still"—but also that of her own life's free tide; and when her trembling hand laid aside the now hated velvet and pearls, how the purity of the latter seemed to mock that of her own bosom. Truly did she feel some heavy condemnation would justly punish her for having yielded for one moment to a feeling which the sanctity of her honor never

"Pride always has its dread price," murmured she, "and Eugene never indited lines more applicable! What combat is so dreadful as 'the warring against our own affections!' Oh how truly he has read my heart.

"It is not so—it is not so:
Tho' all may think thee gay;
Within thy heart deep feelings glow,
That know no sunny ray.
Tho' round thy lip may dance a smile,
Upon thy brow gleam joy's bright seal,
But ah! within—within, the while,
No answering gladness feel.

"Why is it so—why is it so?

That thou should'at bear a part
In life's gay pageantry of show,
With false and specious art?
Why should'st thou thus so vainly seek.
To conquer memory's hoat;
A strife too vain for mortals weak,
Too great—too great the cost!

"It must be so—it must be so,
Thou need'st some veil to hide
What thou would'st shrink the world to know,
That veil in woman's pride.
Oh! 'tis a bitterness too deep,
To wrestle with a heart,
Where love, her jealous vigils keep,
And pride acts well his part."

CHAPTER V.

"And now to prove that thou art true
"Tis time these features were uncurtain'd too."

Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

It was the hour of twilight, a few evenings after the ball, that Irene sat alone in the conservatory. Alas! the witchery of that soul-subduing hour shadowed forth no pleasing vista of remembrances to her; for on her fair brow the deepest contraction of mental agony seemed to rest—her pallid lips parted,—it was in vain to bid the waters of memory be still, when she poured forth in the silence of solitude the full tide of her soul's deep emotions.

"To-morrow Earnest comes," exclaimed she, wildly crushing a letter in her trembling hand. "Oh how terribly the ploughshare of sorrow hath passed over me since that fatal and never to be forgotten ball, and now the deadliest bitter will soon be added to my already brimming cup of misery. How can I, how shall I meet him, when I have so wilfully yielded my heart to a perjuring weakness?"

The announcement of Earnest's speedy coming had been made in the parlor by Mr. Irvin, and Irene unable to bear the scrutiny of any one, had sought refuge in the conservatory to give vent to those overpowering feelings which, from having been so long smothered and controlled, she felt, when thus finally tested, would overwhelm her with their terrible force. Eugene was present—he had witnessed her agitation—his look of deep penetration, one so full of meaning, haunted her mindhow could he fail to construe her evident terror and distress? Would it not tend to increase his vanity by confirming his already aroused suspicions, which Amelia had pronounced more than merely premonitory? As such humiliating reflections were thus harassing her mind, Irene was startled by the sudden entrance of some one. How soothing to her painfully excited nerves, when her aching eye greeted the benevolent face of her uncle.

"I suppose," said he, approaching the window where she sat—"your happiness is too great to bear the gaze of curious eyes. So you have come hither to indulge in sweet reveries."

He spoke tenderly, and passing his arm around her, looked anxiously into her agitated face.

She answered not, fearing to betray the terrible bitterness of her feelings even to one so affectionately beloved, and in whom she had ever confided without reserve.

"Irene, (his voice was changed,) my child, for to wooing another."

me you have been as one of my own love—pardon what I may now venture to say—but the veil must be rent away—this is no time for concealment—I cannot forbear expressing the fear that you do not love Earnest Malcolm, and that this very moment you feel as if to-morrow brings with his coming the death-warrant of your happiness. Circumstances have recently conspired to enlighten my mind respecting the real state of your affections—nay, start not—but I am convinced you love another, and that other is Eugene Mansfield."

Irene's head sunk upon his shoulder when he paused,—then, in a trembling voice, she replied—
"Spare me, dearest uncle—my best of friends—
I have been weak, but not irrecoverably betrayed.
Oh! did you but know how I have struggled against temptation, you would indeed be lenient towards my weakness. However," continued she, raising her face, and hastily brushing away the tears from her cheek—"although in heart I have erred, yet never have I in word or action compromised my truth.
Alas! my father, how little perhaps did you dream that your last wish would so fearfully seal the misery of your daughter?"

"If such be the state of your mind, it is incumbent upon me to disclose the truth to Earnest ere you meet, and thereby prepare him for the disappointment of his hopes. Believe me, Irene, so long as Eugene Mansfield retains his sway over your heart, he never could with honor or propriety claim your hand."

"Oh no!" exclaimed she wildly, "betray me not. I once believed I was warmly loved by Eugene, but his love was so coldly repulsed, and now it is entirely estranged, for he loves another."

"Do you repent your rejection, and if it were possible would you retract your decision?"

Irene seemed to be in a state of stupid despair, for it was some time ere she roused herself; her reply was as if uttered by one dreaming—

"No, were he to plead again his suit with the renewed ardor of an unconquerable passion—never would I swerve from fulfilling my vow to Earnest Malcolm."

"Think you if Eugene has ever been aware of your love for him—he could regard you spotless and true to another."

"Ah! it would avail me little now to question his opinions," said Irene proudly—though with some emotion—"and happy for me, that he has changed. Earnest is noble, and worthy of a love truer than I could bestow, yet every power shall be exercised on my part to make him happy."

"Your philosophy is dangerous, and may prove fatal to your peace, my child," answered Mr. Irvin sadly, as he rose to leave her. "Would to heaven that Earnest occupied the place in your affections, which Eugene even now does, and God grant you may learn the difficult task of conquering one love, by wooing another." She was alone; how fervently her heart echoed her uncle's parting wish. Unheeded wore the hours away. The night was one of calm magnificence. Love's brilliant queen walked her jewelled heights, smiling in solitary grandeur alone over the scenes of earth. Her azure court needed no twinkling train to give her added brilliancy—each "gem hung in the dome of Nature's temple," lost its brightness, when she, in full-orbed majesty, held her course upon her sapphire throne. But the beautiful repose of Nature in all her splendor was as Erebus to the musing Irene.

"Irene Carlton"—with a faint cry of surpriseshe clung to the easement of the window-for Eugene Mansfield stood before her. "Irene." continued he in a voice of the tenderest depth, "I came hither to cast aside a hated mask; no longer can I support a stoicism opposed to the well-tried truth of my ardent heart. You, and you alone, do I love; and now, in defiance of your chilling repulse, I again dare to offer that love to you. I feel, nay, dearest Irene, I know that were I Earnest Malcolm, you would deem your lot a bless-He sank upon his knee and clasped her hand, which had, panic struck, fallen motionless to her side. Wildly she gazed upon his upturned face, beaming with love and hope, murmuring unconsciously,

"And is it indeed true that I am thus loved by you, Eugene?—but oh! blissful as the confession would be, were I free—yet now it only serves to enhance the repining sorrow of my sad bosom." She paused: the deepest melancholy rested on her face, when she added in a firm voice—"Rise, Eugene, shield me with thy love's compassion, but tempt me no more. It is in vain for me to gainsay the unwelcome truth, that I have loved you even as your exacting heart would wish—but enough! it has passed—we must part forever. Leave me, I implore you, for never can we be more to each other."

"Never, never, until you give me a right to anticipate the claims of your betrothed. Your love is mine; your hand would be without value to another."

"No," answered she, mournfully, "such a right could never be granted to you. It is for Earnest to bestow upon me the boon of freedom, and it remains for me alone not to wilfully break that dread compact, sealed by those fearful words, 'Remember your vow.'"

"Ah! Irene, notwithstanding your confession a few moments ago, I fear there yet lingers some feeling of affection for this dreaded Malcolm. Is it not so—or else how could you remain deaf to the pleadings of such a love as mine?"

"Had we been left free to act, doubtless a happy union might have been the result—but the heart truly rebels against the dictates of mere expediency; and love, given unsought, is better even than that

She was alone; how fervently her heart echoed which is given when wooed. No, Eugene, we must runcle's parting wish. Unheeded wore the hours not meet again until we can both prove invulnerately. The night was one of calm magnificence. ble to temptation—oblivion must be our watchove's brilliant queen walked her jewelled heights, word."

Her hand was hastily withdrawn, and again was she left alone.

The dreaded morrow came. Anxious looked those faces, assembled in the parlor, awaiting the arrival of Earnest Malcolm. Mr. Irvin, more restless than he ever was known to appear, sat in his arm chair, oft and anon glancing towards Irene, who apparently seemed more composed than any one present. Sidney Atherton in vain sought a momentary attention from the excited Olia, whose ear was continually startled by every sound without. Hark! a bustling movement in the hall! The heavy tread of some one on the stairs caused all hearts to leap. "He has come," cried Olia, turning to Irene-but no answering face met her bright look of joy-Irene was gone. The leud murmur of delighted surprise fell harsh upon her bewildered ear in the library, where she had sought refuge from the coming storm-voices drew near-the door opened, but Irene saw not the person who entered-her eye sought not the face of him who dared to embrace her, until a voice attuned to the music of harmonious spheres, whispered-

"Look up, my best beloved." Was she dreaming, alive, or possessed of reason? A meaning smile played over his face, as he added--"And must we now part forever? Yes, Irene, you behold in Eugene Mansfield the dreaded Malcolm, whose unwavering constancy submitted to disguise, that he might win a heart, ere he claimed a plighted The ordeal was severe, but it has faithfully proved that his Irene is not that cold, selfish, unfeeling being, so called by the world, and that her strict adherence to truth could not be shaken even when assailed by the voice of the most seducing of all tempters-love. Had she been the former, he never could have loved her; and to have desecrated the latter, he never could have honored her. Yes, now let oblivion be our watchword, respecting Eugene Mansfield, since it is your own betrothed, Earnest Malcolm, the loved companion of your happy youth, who now claims the fulfilment of your vow."

Carlton Park was no longer the deserted mansion of an almost extinct race. The hand of neglect and smouldering decay was arrested from its lofty walls—the brooding silence of years was banished, for the voices of mirthful gladness resounded far and near their echoes in a joyful welcome at the return of its long absent mistress. Irene, as the happy bride of Earnest Malcolm, again greeted the beautiful home of her childhood—the shadow had departed from her brow—but the lessons of the past had left that impress upon her face, which ever speaks of—

"Sorrows remembered only to sweeten present joys."

They were accompanied by Olia and Sidney giate education. Afterwards, there were many inrenly grace of the former, to be assured of the truth, that the fluctuating course of the latter's love had at last changed its current, and now glided calmly into the peaceful channel of connubial happiness. And now, ere we give to each of them our parting wishes, we must again pause awhile in that same library where we first heard the young Irene breathe her vow. A group of four persons a small casket, from which Earnest drew forth a miniature and packet-upon the first, he gazed sadly-then unfolding the latter, said mournfully-

"Other hidden features are now to be revealed to us-for as yet the whole mystery of my birth and parentage remains to be developed. I only know my mother's maiden name was Eugenia Mansfield-and but for Sir Walter Carlton's benevolence I would have been the child of bitter dependence and misfortune."

The packet was directed to "my son." Earnest's trembling hand broke the seal, but his voice

was more tremulous, as he commenced its perusal-"The eye that now glistens with the tear of maternal fondness—the heart that now yearns with an untold love, and the hand that now bids the utterance of that heart's deep emotions, will each be commingling with their mother earth, when thine eye shall peruse the sad history of thy mother's short life. Oh! my son, would that I had the strength of a ready writer, that I might now pour forth the fulness of my gushing feelings for thee, my only joy, illumining the dreary waste of existence; but the languor of disease and infirmity urge me to be brief. Would that memory had the same power of as easily dissolving the 'hight web of light' around some of those feelings, which she possessed in weaving so insidiously; but with nature's dissolution can such power be granted to us, who so eagerly desire it whilst toiling the rugged ascent of time. I was the child of indulgence, though not descended from a titled line. My father bore on his escutcheons the unpretending device of honesty-neither the blood of heroes nor princes swelled in his veins—but his pride and boast were an upright soul and untarnished honor. His estate lay adjoining that of Sir Walter Carlton's, whose principal possession was a titled name. Such was of countless price to one of his proud nature, though it gave him not his greatest wish-it satisfied not his ambition for that more solid possession, wealth.

"In fortune he was a bankrupt to his, as he thought, most humble neighbor; but, nevertheless, a friendly intimacy subsisted between them. Sir Walter had an only son, several years my elder, who was my earliest companion. Our childish intimacy was unbroken by the least separation, until the period arrived for young Walter to commence his colle-

Atherton. One need only observe the quiet mat- terims afforded us for the indulgence of our soul's mutual overflow of sympathy. We loved, but our love was unsanctioned by parental authority, and when the acknowledgment of our engagement was made, the chilling blight of the deadliest opposition fell upon our hearts-for Sir Walter had destined his son for another. Irene Irvin, his rich ward, was preferred to Eugenia Mansfield—the daughter of a mere landholder. But although young Walter were gathered around a table-upon it was placed inherited some of his father's pride of birth, and some few of his faults, the love of the dazzling metal was then unknown to one of his true nobility of soul. His honor was too dear to sacrifice the happiness of another to the heartless wish of his father; and in proportion to the opposition manifested towards me, so were his love and rebellion increased. When Sir Walter found all his admonitions and entreaties unavailable, his violence resorted to a base persecution towards my father; insult followed insult: the venomous breath of slander was breathed upon his hitherto unstained character, until finally the nobleman's influence proved greater than the integrity of my father, who, although a man of great personal courage, had not the moral nerve to survive the unmerited obloquy which became attached to his name. His spirit sunk under the persecutions and many losses attending the downfall of his reputation; and, although my anguish was so terrible on beholding the gradual decay of his bodily and mental strength, yet I never could be induced to accede to his beseeching appeal to resign all claim to Walter's love. In vain did he urge me to promise never to be his wife—the selfishness of my heart transcended its filial devotion; to have sacrificed the former to the latter, would have been the blotting out of that light, so necessary to existence, hopeand to struggle against its consequent darkness required more philosophy than my uncontrolled nature possessed. Thus stood matters, when Sir Walter, as a last resort, succeeded in persuading his son to accept an appointment in the army at some distant station; and he, burning to be freed from the galling shackles of parental tyranny at home, gladly embraced the opportunity of thus being independent. Then came the agony of part-When we dwelt upon the long separation of years, he so eloquently pleaded to be united to me clandestinely, that I yielded my consent, with a proviso that my father should be a witness. only one objection, which was, the necessity of the ceremony being performed by Mr. Malcolm, our young minister, who had professed the most devoted attachment for me. I grieved to inflict so great a pang upon his noble heart-but when did love, such as ours, heed the injunctions of the golden rule? The evening previous to his departure, was fixed for our union. It came-but so great was my poor father's agitation, (whose objections had been overruled by our earnest persua-|imploring my father's and my pardoning blessing; sions,) he could not leave his bed. This did not shake our resolution; fearless we stood at his bedside, with only one other witness present. Earnest Malcolm commenced the solemn ceremonythe last word of which was scarcely uttered, when the door was burst open, and the infuriated Sir Walter stood before his pale, but undaunted son. What language can depict that scene! I saw the raging hand of the father lifted against that son. I heard his 'deep-mouthed' curse; then memory's sad voice whispered 'thou art the cause-upon thee will the curse fall.' I heard no more, and when I awoke to reason, I found only Earnest Malcolm beside me-my loved Walter was gone. soon learned the cruel blow, which he received, so unmoved, from Sir Walter, had prostrated himhe was ill-but I was refused access to the house, and my sacred claim as his bride was scorned; nay, Accidentally the news of the intention to remove him to London reached me, and ere he could be conveyed thither, I prevailed upon my almost broken-hearted father, to conduct me there, that I might await his arrival. This proved a fatal step-for such was never the intention of Sir Walter; and when I was again clandestinely sought for by Walter, no one could inform him of my movements. In a moment of despair and disappointment, he reproached his father with being the cause of my departure—who, though innocent, suffered him to indulge the base thought, that I had deserted him for another. The absence of Earnest Malcolm somewhat confirmed the unworthy suspicion; and, maddened by such doubts, he immediately accepted his orders, and left his native land. we were parted forever, ere my trembling finger had been encircled by the seal of our trusting love. Year after year rolled away-no tidings came of my soldier bridegroom. My poor imbecile parent still lingered ;-hope, like the last rays of the setting sun, seemed to shed the beam of happiness over his hitherto sceptical mind-for affliction had taught him to place his trust in a Higher Powerand the promise that He, in whom his whole soul confided, would likewise be a father to his orphan child, chased away the gloom of life's last hour. Whilst he was thus imbued, as it were, with a new vigor, I sunk daily into a state of senseless indifference, only to be aroused by an additional stroke of misfortune. News was received that a dreadful malaria had swept away many officers and sol-- station. Then came the private intelligence to Sir Walter that his son had fallen among the number. Too late did that ambitious, hardhearted nobleman feel the deadly pang of dire remorse; and, but for the gentle care of that gentlest of all beings, Irene Irvin, he would have spent his tain of feelings within, was made to tremble with last days in solitary neglect-wanting even those a newly awakened power, when the feeble wail of common attentions which the most humble son of my first-born proclaimed me this day a father. humanity rarely ever sighed for in vain. He died Hope sits brooding over my soul, for another life

and, though my heart was broken, yet 'brokenly it lived on,' for the sake of him, whose life I had so shaded with misfortune and sorrow. But my poor infirm parent did not long survive his relentless persecutor. When his spirit was struggling with man's last enemy, I yielded to his last wish, and became the passive wife of Earnest Malcolm. I had robed myself in the belief that I could, unmoved, bend to any adverse storm of life—that no blast could again seem terrible to me. Truly did it appear my sad destiny to view each friend blotted from the page of existence; for you, my first born, had hardly attained your second year, when my most faithful companion evinced the alarming symptoms of an incipient disease, which soon bore him to an untimely grave. A few evenings before he died, the silence of our chamber was disturbed by the loud peal of the village bells. He started, and asked the cause of such evident joy. A servant, who at that moment entered, answered, 'it was in honor of the young Sir Walter Carlton's return from a foreign land.' Never shall I forget the anxious look of my dying husband, as he turned his face towards me-but the surprise was too great for my shattered nerves. That look was all I remembered for many days. It was the last his eye ever bent upon me-for, after the ravings of a brain fever were stilled, I was told he had died a few hours after the announcement of the news. I felt that the same fiat had gone forth which would soon bid me to rejoin him. One only wish then haunted me. It was to see, once more, my early love, and for the sake of that love, to implore his protection of the child of Eugenia Malcolm. sorrow, more heart-rending than that which shrouded our parting, did we again meet. I found him the unchanged Walter of my youth-and now to him I commit thee, without one fear that he will not prove true to his vow-of being a father to thee-and oh! if there beats in thy youthful bosom one impulse of thy mother's spirit, thou wilt reward him with a kindred love. What wait I now for !"

A few lines were written at the bottom of the manuscript in another hand-

"Three years have swept their changing seasons over the grave of Eugenia. Irene Irvin became my second bride. Her gentle loveliness has won my tender regard—but, alas! with my first, lost love, expired the heart's hallowed flame, and

> 'Oh! what are a thousand living loves To that which cannot quit the dead?" "

"Once more hath joy brought healing on its wings to shade the grief of my desolate bosom-the foun-

has dawned upon me. How various were the workings of my mind as I pressed the velvet cheek of my infant Irene, and with a fervent blessing, bethrothed her to Earnest Malcolm !- Yes, Eugenia, I will indeed be to him a father. Thy last words will never cease their echo in my memory, and faithfully will Walter Carlton 'Remember his vow.'" NASUS.

THE FATE OF THE STEAM-SHIP, "PRESIDENT."

BY WILLIAM P. SHEPHERD.

The steamer "President" sailed from New-York in the year of 1841, bound for England, with a large number of passengers, among whom was the celebrated Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. Cookman. No tidings of their fate have ever been received. All hope of their existence has long since been given up; and the "President" and her unfortunate crew are now spoken of as things that have passed away.

The steamer President, with all her gallant crew, Has spread her canvass high, and waved her long adieu; "Adieu, adieu, adieu, to all we leave on shore"-'Till distance hides her sails, and she is heard no more. While from the crowded shore, adieu is answered back, As still she booms along upon her watery track. She courts the evening breeze, now rising to a gale, And proudly rides the sea both under steam and sail. The gale increases still, as evening shades draw nigh, Until a raging storm commingles earth and sky. The elements combine in all their angry form, And "darkness to be felt," but aggravates the storm. The tempest-tossed sea, into mount and vale is riven. And foaming wave on wave, above the deck is driven. The heaving vessel groans, and rocks from side to side, While through her straining joints the bring waters glide. The ship drives madly on, not guided by their will,-Beyond the helmsman's strength,-beyond the sailor's skill The storm increases still, the steam-ship cannot last,-The crew cry "all is lost,"-the captain stands aghast; From the cabin to the deck is awe and wild dismay, Some faint, some scream aloud, and some begin to pray. Some look out on the storm, and shriek in wild amaze, Wring their cold trembling hands, and at their comrades gaze ;-

But calmly Cookman stands, unheeding their despair. With upraised eyes and hands, in silent, earnest prayer: Calls not on human aid, on sailor's strength or skill, But on the Ocean's King, who bids the waves be still,-"Oh, save the gallant barque! Oh, save her manly crew! Oh, calm the raging sea, or bear us safely through!" But yet she madly drives-that staunch, unguided form,-Until an awful crash is heard above the storm! And then one wilder scream, the human heart to chill; One gurgling, hissing sound, and all on board is still. The plunging steam-ship strikes, with all her treasured hoard,

And sinks in Ocean's caves, with every soul on board!! Deep in the briny sea, secure from all alarms, They slumber side by side, clasp'd in each other's arms. Mother, thy son is there-his face you'll see no more! Widow, thy husband's there-far from his native shore-Now many a darling son-his father's hope and joy, Weeps Papa's long delay-poor prattling orphan boy! Now, too, a sister weeps, and scarce refrains to tell

The anguish of her heart, when brother said "farewell;" For them no beacon-lights, no blazing faggots burn,-The Ocean is their bed; they never can return. There they shall quiet rest, till the command be given, "Sea, give up thy dead"-then, may you meet in heaven. Faber's Mills, Virginia.

LA SALVARIETTA:

OR, THE FEMALE PATRIOT.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

It was after a succession of brilliant victories, that Bolivar, the great father of South-American liberty, was at length defeated by the royalists, and compelled to retreat with the shattered remnant of his army, while Spanish troops again became masters of the beautiful provinces of Caraccas and Venezuela. The great General appeared as a fugitive in Carthagena, where the Congress was sitting; and, notwithstanding his disasters, he received the grateful applause due to one who only needed means in proportion to his abilities, permanently to deliver his beloved country from its oppressors. In the mean time, Morillo, the commanding General of the Spanish forces, was overrunning and reducing New Granada and Carthagena, which compelled Bolivar again to flee to some place of greater safety.

In December 1816, Bolivar proceeded to put those plans into execution, which he had formed for taking possession of the island of Margaretta; where he again raised the standard of independence, and being previously invested with full powers, he issued a proclamation, convoking the representatives of the United Provinces, in order to take proper measures for resisting Morillo, who was rapidly advancing with a powerful army, already elated with recent victory.

It was at this period of the war, that the interesting incidents of the following tale transpired:

Under the command of Morillo, the royalists perpetrated the most savage cruelties and sanguinary deeds that ever have stained the annals of time.

Painful is the task to relate with what inhumanity this simple and inoffensive people were treated. No age, sex nor condition was exempt from the revolting barbarities of this ruthless tyrant. The rack, the sword and the fagot were the common engines of torture. The inhabitants were hunted down like wild beasts, burnt alive in their thickets and fastnesses, and every species of atrocity that ever invaded the human breast, was put in requisition to harass this wretched people. Language is totally inadequate to delineate the character of the petty tyrant, who seemed to take delight in exceeding his predecessor, Monteverde, in degree of fiendish cruelties.

Among them who were the principal objects of

or military talent, opulence or influence; his grand object being to annihilate the leading and more powerful families of the Provinces, by which means their estates would revert to the Spanish crown. The mercenary Morillo thus hoped to obtain the fruits of his labors, and to enjoy the possessions of his enemies, the martyrs of liberty.

One of the prominent objects of his animosity, was an eminent nobleman, Don Almagro De Alvarez, long distinguished for his inflexible adherence and persevering ardor, in the just cause of his country's freedom; all that he held near and dear upon earth was pledged in her behalf; he swore to extirpate the heartless Morillo, or immolate himself upon the altar of his country, still smoking with the blood of thousands.

A castle, which was once an ancient fortress, now repaired in all the elegance and magnificence of modern architecture, was the superbly beautiful abode of this powerful nobleman, and his beauteous daughter. This almost regal palace was situated upon a spacious terrace of shelving rocks, overlooking the mighty cataract of Tequendama, and midway up one of those lofty peaks of the Andes. which range along the western part of the Province.

Stretching far to the north, the eye of the beholder is arrested by an enchanting view of immense upland plains, terminated alone by those cone-like peaks of the Chimborazo, which seem. in the blue distance, to support the cloudless vault of heaven's eternal dome.

Here beauteous nature seems to have revelled in all her magnificence; and, in fantastic confusion. to have piled up these mighty towers of granite, whose lofty heads are clad in shining helmets of eternal snows; glittering in cold grandeur amid the frigid realms of upper air.

Sheltered by those majestic sentinels, (like fabled giants of olden time,) in beautiful repose, lay the sunny woodland at their feet. Here the lofty pines rear their heads; the elegant magnolia waves her umbrageous boughs, shaking a thousand odors from her gorgeous flowers; here is the stately palm, whose pillar-like shafts, with the intertwining of their arms, resemble the ivy-wreathed colonnades of some Pagan temple; and here, the palmetto, with its fluted leaves, "fans the clanging music from its boughs." The never-fading laurel, interlocked with the multiflora rose, breathes its fragrance; and here, abounding in the richest profusion, cluster the luscious grape, the spicy citron, the gold-bound orange, and the pale lemon.

Amidst this gay profusion of fruits and flowers, the orange-crested oriole suspends his downy nest, the parroquet erects his feathered crest, and the loquacious parrot, with glossy plumage, in default of audience, gibbers to himself in praise of his unappreciated oratorical powers. The stately flamingo, in his uniform of scarlet, stalks forth in all the Province were convened at Margaretta, in order

his hatred, were those distinguished for either civil the foppishness of dandyism, and the beauteous bird of Paradise, sweeping its gorgeous train, shyly embosoms itself in the flowery glades.

> The very air was balm; and, but for the dreadful tocsin of war, which invaded these holy solitudes of nature, it might have seemed an elysium of bliss. But, alas! the war-cry was on the breeze: To arms! to arms! was echoed and re-echoed from mountain and valley; the banner of Morillo already floated from the summit of the castle of Puerto Cabello.

> The palace of Don Alvarez was accessible only by a passage, leading through a ledge of rocks, from the top of which might be seen a living landscape, extending afar to the east and south. Away in the distance, the waters of the De Bogota come gliding on in silent grandeur, extending their leaden sheet to the width of an hundred and forty feet, then suddenly contracting within the limits of thirty-five feet, they plunge over the precipice.

> At two bounds the river descends to the depth of six hundred feet; and the thunders of its waters are perfectly deafening.

> To the spectator below, the sight is grand and terrible. The waves seem to bear immediate destruction from the dizzy height, upon the head of the observer, but fall harmless at his feet. ground around him shakes and trembles; the waves boil, hiss and leap up towards the cliffs, in impotent rage; but the sullen roar of the raging element surpasses all attempts at description; it superinduces a feeling of total and immediate annihilation. The hand involuntarily seeks the head, to prevent, if possible, its dread of being compressed into nothingness. The agitation of the atmosphere is such as to produce a tremor of the whole frame; and nothing but a certainty of safety could induce any one to remain for a moment in a place, where every object of sight appears so truly terrible and demon-like. The snowy vapors arise from the waves, forming a beautiful cloud, curling into strange forms and fantastic shapes.

> Viewed from above, the falls and the basin appear more like the vast crater of a volcano, or the heavings and bellowings of the lake of Tartarus. The condor and the mountain eagle soar around the "toppling crags," flapping their wings in the wildness of their transports; then, with sudden flight, they wing their devious course amid the goldtinged clouds, until, as a dark spot upon the mountain, they are lost to view.

> In addition to this romantic scenery, might be seen the now tranquil De Bogota, wending its way far over the southern plains of Venezuela. Still further in the distance, the proud city of Santa Fe De Bogota rears its vaulted domes and glittering spires.

It has been remarked, that the representatives of

to concert the most effective measures for exterminating their enemy.

Meanwhile, the most of the military chieftains had retired to the mountain fortress, there to await the decision of congress, in regard to their next enterprise.

Of the number of those who enjoyed peace and security in the hospitable mansion of Don Alvarez, were the gallant Paez Marino, Jaelot, Menanda, Udineta, D' Eluyar, and many others, among whom was a young enthusiastic American, who, in the spirit of adventure, had wandered far from his home and kindred among the fertile plains of Kentucky, and now found himself among a people, who were struggling, like his fathers had done, against the iron hand of oppression.

Reared amidst a free and happy people, he still preserved within his bosom all his fondness for the institutions of his native land-all his enthusiastic love of liberty. He beheld this beautiful country writhing under the blood-stained sword of the spoiler. He beheld the smouldering ruins of peaceful villages, and saw the terror-stricken inhabitants flying in every direction, to escape the brutal soldiery. His heart sank within him, as he contemplated these appalling scenes; and he felt that he could not remain an uninterested observer of passing events. He thought of the "times that tried men's souls" in his own beloved country; of the generous interference of La Fayette, and many others, in her behalf, and with a nobleness of soul worthy of his country, he resolved to fight the battles of freedom under South-American banners.

Moulton was reclining in the recess of an open window, overlooking the landscape beneath, as these reflections were passing through his mind. The sun was flinging his departing rays through the casement, irradiating the silken folds of crimson drapery, and softening all the surrounding scenery with his mellow light; while nature, by her stillness, in deference seemed to pause at his departure. Suddenly a strain of sweet music rose upon the air. The flute-like tones of a female voice, blending with the soft, rich melody of a guitar, fell upon his ear. He listened with intense interest, while she sang and played a martial air, with exquisite taste and feeling.

Overcome by the excitement of the scene, he hastily arose, in order to seek the retreat, whence those impassioned sounds proceeded. After threading his way through tangled mazes of vines, orange and tamarind shrubbery, and over mounds of gorgeous flowers, such as never before met his northern eye, he at length arrived at an open space. and beheld, with the deepest emotion, the lovely minstrel, in the person of La Salvarietta, the daughter of his host.

Moralists may lecture, ministers may preach; consider it abstracted from warm and breathing nify that redress is at hand."

life, and embodied in cold, lifeless marble, or in the vivid colorings of the painted canvass; or behold it in all the freshness of blooming youth, still, there is a surpassing witchery about it. There are some, of such exquisite delicacy of perception, that they love beauty for its own loveliness. Of this stamp, What then must have been his was Moulton. situation, whose refined taste and practised eye taught him fully to appreciate the noble and beautiful being before him! She had thrown aside her guitar, through whose silvery strings the murmuring zephyrs played, and stood in a thoughtful attitude. Her tall majestic form was drawn up to its full height, and she seemed revolving in her mind some deep resolve. The whole contour of her person was symmetry itself; possessing that roundness, so essential to beauty.

> - "Her upturned eye Was dark, as above us is the sky; But through it stole a tender light, Like the first moon, rise of midnight: Large, dark, and swimming in the stream, Which seemed to melt in its own beam. All love, half languor, and half fire, Like saints, which at the stake expire."

Her dress, of white muslin, was highly picturesque. The sleeves were looped up at the shoulders with diamond clasps. Her jetty and flossy ringlets fell in rich profusion upon her neck. Her complexion was not of that transparent clearness which distinguishes northern women, but of that fine texture, which looks so "softly dark, and darkly pure." But for the proud curl of her lip, she might have been taken for a creature of the most feminine softness, and totally devoid of that firmness and decision of character, for which she was really distinguished. But her commanding brow was that, which gave her a dignity that never failed to inspire the beholder with admiration, if not with awe. Such was she; in perfect keeping with the rich and voluptuous features of her native land, when the eyes of Moulton first rested upon her. She heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed in a voice of the most desponding grief-" Devoted, unhappy Venezuela! Is there none to rescue thee?"

At this moment, Moulton drew near, saluting her with the most profound respect. " Forgive, gentle lady, the intrusion of one, who to yourself is comparatively a stranger, but not to your father's generous hospitality, nor to the wrongs of an oppressed people. I now come to tender my services, and my life, if necessary, in the cause of your bleeding country."

Tears sprang to her eyes, as she replied, "Generous stranger! I trust, that the prayers of orphans and helpless widows have not ascended to Heaven unheard, and that the blood of their fathers and husbands has not been shed in vain; but, that you still beauty is a fascinating object. Whether we are sent, perhaps, as an earnest from heaven, to sigcannot but be victorious at last; especially as Ve- stalked over the land with horrid strides." It was nezuela boasts of men of such stern and uncompromising patriotism as Bolivar and your noble father."

"Alas!" resumed she, "be not too sanguine! Methinks I hear a voice from the dead, crying aloud for justice; and see, as it were, the shades of our slaughtered countrymen stalking amongst us; these," continued she, "are yet unavenged."

"Do not despair!" replied the enthusiastic Moul-"Already is the mighty arm of justice upraised; her flaming sword unsheathed; and the clarion of war has sent its shrill blasts to the breeze; each and every true-hearted patriot is ready to do battle for his country, and to achieve the liberty of her sons. I freely stake my all upon the issue of the contest, being assured that Heaven will not, cannot fail to prosper so righteous a cause."

She smiled despondingly, and they proceeded to the castle. The warmth with which the noble youth had espoused the cause of the patriots, made a deep impression on the mind of the young lady, and promised an able coadjutor to her father.

CHAPTER II.

La Salvarietta retired to her chamber, while Moulton, entering the spacious hall, found Don Alvarez, Marino, and several other distinguished officers, engaged in a warm and animated debate as to their future movements. It was found necessary that commissioners should be despatched to Margaretta, in order to ascertain what measures had been adopted by congress; likewise to represent the deplorable state of that part of the country, and to arge the necessity of raising troops sufficient to meet the main body of the enemy, and thus, at once, to strike a decisive blow.

This resolution being adopted, its execution was found to be one of imminent hazard and peril; but Moulton, anxious to prove the sincerity of his declarations, offered, at once, to make one of the party. Accordingly, an officer of known prudence and cool bravery was chosen leader of about a dozen more intrepul spirits, including Moulton. They took their departure amid the cheering shouts of their brother officers; and, as their nodding plumes waved gracefully in the wind, while they wound their way through the narrow defile leading from the mountain fortress, sensations altogether new pervaded the bosom of La Salvarietta, and unconsciously she heaved a deep sigh.

At the expiration of the time specified for the commissioners' return, they still were absent; and Don Alvarez and his associates at the castle, having gained no intelligence of the proceedings of congress, were forced to act as the emergency of the case demanded. Dismay followed in the footsteps flying in every direction, seeking shelter in grot- nance.

"Surely," replied Moulton, "so just a cause toes and under rocks, whilst "green-eyed Famine revolting to the wild, untamed spirit of Don Alvarez, any longer to remain inactive amid these scenes; nor could he longer resist the appeal of the people for aid; and, in accordance with his feelings of justice and humanity, he set out, accompanied by those chieftains formerly mentioned, it being agreed that the standard of the Liberator and the United Provinces should be planted as the rallying point of the provincial troops.

Thus, then, La Salvarietta was left alone in the castle, except a few domestics and fugitives, whom Don Alvarez left as a defence in case of an attack from those marauders that were daily scouring the country, in quest of booty. In the interval between her meeting Moulton in the garden, and the time of his departure, they had instinctively sought each other's company, and were mutually interested.

The mind of La Salvarietta was of no common order; but, reared amidst the thunders of the Tequendama's cataract, and surrounded by the most sublime scenery in the world, it seemed beautifully to harmonize with wild and lovely nature. Enthusiastically devoted to her father, she entered into all his plans for the welfare of her native Province, and would sometimes sigh to think that her sex prevented her from buckling on the sword, and entering into the midst of the contest. Occasionally there was a sublimity in her ideas; a boldness of conception in her plans, and a strength of judgment in deliberating, that filled even Moulton with admiration at her superior mind, and still more captivated his fancy with the graces of her person. His having proffered his personal services, in assisting to stay the arm of oppression, struck in her breast a responsive chord, which trembled like the string of an Æolian harp. His offers were accompanied by an expression of the eyes, which spoke things "unutterable," but which women alone know how to read. Accustomed to the society, most generally, of military men, the companions of her father, her mind never dwelt upon them with any other feeling than those which cold politeness would dictate, as the friends of her father. But here was one who addressed her, a North-American, a lover of those institutions which she had been taught to venerate, young, and in all the perfection of manly beauty. He was rather taller than ordinary, yet so finely formed that it was imperceptible; and as he raised his beaver, the finest auburn hair fell in wavy masses upon an ample forehead; whilst his eve. that crowning feature of the whole, spoke volumes through its lustrous azure. There was an expression of serenity and calm repose resting upon his features, whilst his heavy brow, indicating a mind of profound reflection, was relieved at times with an arch smile, playing about his lips, of Morillo, and the horror-stricken inhabitants were irradiating, like a sunbeam, his expressive countehe forbore ever to breathe any thing like passion, until an opportunity should offer itself, of earning a reputation, or of winning the victor's laurel, to tracted fancy painted a thousand horrors, and she lay it at her feet. As for La Salvarietta, she was conscious of a vague, undefinable feeling, yet she scarcely chose to analyze it; but her eye had often met his, and her burning blushes too truly told that she did not misinterpret their meaning. was in this state of mind that she saw him depart, and she felt "an empty void left aching in the breast." How little do men, in the active pursuits of the world, think of the vast difference between those who leave, and those who are left; of the still, deep, loneliness of the young heart, whose only consolation is to recall, over and over, the scenes of the past! In this situation was La Salvarietta left, as it were, to endure all the tortures of ennui and suspense; but, at length an incident occurred, which broke, in some degree, the monotony of her life; relieving her of that painful suspense in regard to the fate of Moulton and of the other commissioners, who had been sent to congress.

A young cavalier, who had been accidentally separated from a foraging party, belonging to a detachment of Morillo's army, was unfortunately benighted among the mountains, and in groping his way among the rocks and cliffs, was suddenly precipitated down a steep ravine, some thirty or forty feet; and, but for the intervening shrubbery, he must inevitably have been dashed to atoms. Fortunately, he was discovered by some domestics belonging to the castle, who, on the succeeding morn, were passing that way, and conveyed the unhappy stranger, in a state of insensibility, to the hospitable mansion of Don Alvarez. La Salvarietta, with her wonted kindness, immediately made preparations for the restoration of the suffering youth, and with the assistance of the family physician, succeeded in bringing him to recollection; but upon examination, he was found to be fatally wounded.

From him, however, she gained some very interesting intelligence, of no less import than the capture of Moulton and his fellow commissioners. As they were returning, they were taken by the minions of Morillo, and conveyed to the fortress of Puerto Cabello, the head quarters of the Spanish General. In a few hours, the suffering youth expired, attended by a Catholic priest, who, at the desire of La Salvarietta, celebrated mass for the repose of his soul; and after these religious rites were closed, the tomb received its tenant.

The castle bell tolled the solemn hour of midnight. An unusual gloom pervaded the mind of La Salvarietta. She pondered over the events which had recently transpired, and was deeply distressed at the uncertainty of her father's position. She was anxious to hear, yet almost feared to learn

Although the heart of Moulton was touched, yet | friends and the castle was entirely cut off, and she must necessarily remain in ignorance of the proceedings both of Morillo and Bolivar. Her disalready saw that all was lost.

"And where," said she, "is Moulton, that generous youth? that stranger who has thus voluntarily exiled himself from his native land, and hazards thus his life in defence of bleeding Venezuela! Alas! perhaps immured in the horrid dungeons of Puerto Cabello, loaded with chains, or writhing in agony under the tortures of the rack, to satiate the vengeance of the diabolical Morillo. And can I remain unmoved, and look with apathy on these appalling scenes of danger, suffering and death ?"

The elevated form, contracted brow and compressed lip showed, that some deep resolve and stern purpose were revolving in the mind of the high-souled maiden. "No! no!" resumed she, "it must not be! My woman's arm, however weak, may still do something: I long to mingle in the strife of death. The cannon's roar, the thunder of artillery, and the clash of steel, shall not blanch my cheek; nor shall my heart quail before the grim visages of the enemies of my country! I will release him whose loved idea, save that of Venezuela, is the sole possessor of every thought. I myself will bear intelligence to my father, or perish in the attempt."

Under the influence of these feelings, she entered the apartment, where the apparel of the deceased Cavalier was left, in which she immediately attired herself for her intended expedition. After having shorn her head of those beautiful clustering ringlets which nestled around her neck and shoulders, seemingly for protection, she placed upon it a cap, adorned with a snowy plume, and buckling by her side a keen-edged sword, she mounted a fleet charger of her father's, and set out for Puerto Cabello.

Let the fastidious reader start, and be ready to exclaim, "how shocking!" at what he may consider an outrage upon female delicacy; but, let him consider, for a moment, the extreme emergency of the case, the horrors of death around her, the insecurity of her person. All these circumstances seemed to concur as sufficient motives for her apparently rash undertaking, from which a mind, made of less stern material, would have shrunk in dismay.

She reached the lines of the Spanish army without interruption, in consequence of wearing their uniform, and fortunately finding a pass in the pocket of the dress, she entered the encampment of Morillo.

CHAPTER III.

In the mean time the intrepid patriots had been on the alert, and Bolivar again appeared in the field at the head of a considerable army, raised from the Province of Caraccas; while Don Alvarez, with a strong division of Venezuela's troops, was the fate of Moulton and his comrades. She too rapidly advancing to effect a junction with Bolivar. truly surmised, that all communication betwixt her 'While these eventful circumstances were transpiring, La Salvarietta was exerting all the energies seal my lips, and bid me rather die, than basely of her powerful mind, to put her designs in execution. She had been permitted to pass, as yet, unmolested; each division supposing the youth belonged to the one adjacent, or to the train of some of the superior officers. Instead of finding Moulton and the rest of the commissioners immured in the damp dungeons of Puerto Cabello, to her astonishment and grief she found them in arms against their country, being compelled by the pitiless Morillo to bathe their swords in Venezulean blood.

With much difficulty, she at length succeeded in discovering herself to them, and communicated the object of her expedition. They immediately transmitted to her the necessary intelligence, informing her of the state of Morillo's army in regard to numbers, artillery, et cetera, and laid open his whole plan, for the complete subjugation of the Province. 'These important documents she carefully concealed about her person; and, as soon as practicable, took her departure from their scenes of brutal revelry; but not until she had succeeded in obtaining a promise from Moulton and his companions, that they would desert as soon as possible, it being extremely difficult to evade the vigilance of the guards.

Thus far, all promised a favorable issue; but various are the vicissitudes of fortune. The youth with the snowy plume was met by some plundering troops, and the circumstance of his being alone, and so far from head-quarters, excited suspicion, that all was not right; and he was compelled to return with them, and give an account of himself to General Morillo. But the fortitude of our heroine did not forsake her, even in this hour of peril. She had nerved herself for the trial, and met the searching eye of Morillo with undaunted firmness.

The ill-fated documents were discovered in her possession, and the names of the persons from whom she received them were peremptorily demanded. The hapless girl knew they were still within the power of the tyrant, and she maintained the most inflexible silence.

"Methinks such extreme youth but little becomes such insubordination," said he, in a soothing tone; "disclose but the names of these rebels, and wealth, such as thou hast never dreamed of, shall be thine."

She involuntarily curled her lip, and cast on him a look of disdain; but checking her feelings, she still preserved an obstinate silence.

"What!" cried he, almost choked with rage and disappointment, "dost thou still refuse to comply with my command?".

"My Lord!" said she, "I have never committed an act, which would cause my cheek to burn with self-reproach. I am willing to suffer the penalty I have incurred; but a brave man, or a generous mind, if revealed, would respect the motives which coldly.

betray the confidence reposed in me. I am in your power; I throw myself upon your lordship's clemency; and surely you will not fasten a foul stigma upon your name, by sacrificing the life of one, who has but just entered upon its enjoyment."

A curse trembled on the lips of Morillo. him on the wheel," thundered he, to his attendants; "we will find means to humble the proud bearing of this accursed rebel:" which, having said, he strode out of the apartment.

Although La Salvarietta was prepared to meet death, yet the idea of torture, physical torture, was dreadful; flesh and blood shrank from it; but she determined that the dear names required, should never be wrung from her lips.

With all the devotion of a true Catholic, she prostrated herself in supplication to the Blessed Virgin. "O! mother of our Saviour! I come to thee for consolation and support; thou who didst suffer anguish and sorrow while here upon earth, pity and comfort thy unhappy child, in this hour of mortal agony."

She was rudely conducted by the minions of tyranny to the gloomy dungeon, containing the horrid engines of torture. They proceeded to remove her outer apparel; but while binding her delicate limbs with cords, upon the blood-stained wheel, what was their surprise and confusion at discovering that a female was about to suffer, instead of a rebellious boy. However, as she had incurred the penalty, they proceeded to execute their revolting task. Although her haughty spirit was wound up to the utmost endurance, and not a groan escaped her, yet she fainted long before the time appointed for her release. By the application of proper restoratives, she was, at length, brought to a sense of her extreme suffering, and laid upon a bed of straw, to await the further orders of Morillo.

When the fact reached his ear, that it was apparently a lady of high rank who was his prisoner, a gleam of malignant pleasure darted across his features, and he sent an ancient duenna, a creature of his, to attend upon her, and endeavor to restore her from the violence which she had suffered, and array her in appropriate apparel. The day was one of brilliant splendor, yet no ray penetrated the gloomy prison, to which Morillo descended, to visit its inmate. To his extreme surprise and astonishment, he found her to be the daughter of his inveterate enemy, Don Alvarez.

He had seen her, occasionally, before the commencement of hostilities. "Now," thought be, "that grey-headed old rebel, is in my power;" and assuming a most courteous air, he said, "Lady! in justice to myself, I must say, that I sincerely regret the stern policy which has caused you so much suffering."

"And to whom do I owe it!" answered sha,

name and rank, I would not have ordered the performance of what I considered my duty; -- but I now hasten to make ample amends, by offering you the fullest pardon, on condition that you accept the friendship and protection of one, who is captivated with your beauty. Surely," continued he, (as he cast his eyes upon her, whose expression she could not misunderstand,) "those limbs would repose much softer upon the couch of Morillo than upon that squalid bed of straw."

The roused lightnings of her soul gleamed fiercely from her eyes, as she heard this insolent proposal. "Thou dost not know me!" said she, haughtily; "thou dost not know that I would rather have these limbs loaded with chains, and be forever immured within these walls of stone, than purchase my life and liberty at such a price," and her lip quivered with indignation.

"And dos't thou reject my proffered friendship? Wilt thou not suffer me to hope that thou wilt not lightly cast it away ?"

"Thee, and thy offered friendship, I tell thee, tyrant! I despise! The most loathsome reptile that ever, by its presence, polluted the face of earth, and startled the beholder by its hideousness, I would rather clasp to my breast, than touch thee,-viper as thou art! I would rather have these limbs and this body, whose beauty you affect to admire, torn into a thousand fragments, and cast to the dogs, than be that to thee which I loathe to name."

"Recollect," said he, "that it was in the service of my king, when I gave these orders for thy punishment as a traitor; yet, even now, thy intrepid bravery commands my respect."

" Is it in the service of your king, that you thus insult a defenceless woman? Is it in the service of your king, that you have desolated the fairest Province under heaven, by cold-blooded butcheries? That fire and sword and rapine have been the prehorrid evils, has every where borne unerring testimony of your visits ?"

"Moderate your temper a little, lady! I hardly think an exhibition of it will at all add to your already matchless beauty;" and he offered to take her hand, but she recoiled as from a viper.

"Touch me not! and," continued she, in a tone of deep anguish, "alas! has this dungeon too many comforts, that thou should'st seek to diminish them by thy hated presence?"

He appeared not to notice this remark, but again protested his sincerest desire for her future welfare; and, above all, he affected to regret the necessity of taking up arms against her country.

"Tell this to those who know thee not," said she; "who know not what thy acts have been; but not rels have been won."

"Beware," said Morillo, hoarsely, "how you

"Believe me, gentle lady! had I known your | provoke me. I am not famed for clemency; and remember, you are within my power."

> "I know I am within thy power; thou may'st rack this body, and mutilate these limbs, or incarcerate me in a living tomb; still my spirit—as free as the unchained winds that play around my own native Andes,-is beyond thy power, and now looks down upon thee with scorn and contempt."

"Haughty rebel," said he, "not only thy life, but the life of thy father is forfeited by this obstinacy. We shall find means to curb and subdue this stout spirit, notwithstanding this show of defiance and contempt."

"My father!" said she; "it needed but thy name to make my misery complete; to sting my soul to madness; and this viper hath not failed to supply it; but thy daughter shall not prove unworthy of thy blood, which flows within her veins."

Morillo strode across the dungeon, in evident chagrin: "by St. Peter," muttered he through his teeth, and knitting his shaggy brows, "this is too much! to be thus foiled by a weak girl! Her lips have breathed naught but bitterness and scorn, and she has hurled defiance in my very teeth. Jesu Maria! she shall feel my vengeance before to-morrow's setting sun, or my name is not Don Diego De Morillo." So saying, he withdrew; and the door of the prison, although it separated its unhappy inmate from the loathed presence of a monster, still, as it closed, "grating harsh thunder upon its rusty hinges," seemed to sound the death-knell of all her hopes, and she now painfully realized her situation. "Alone, in the dungeon of an exasperated foe, what can I expect? what can I hope at his hands but insults, tortures and death? And must I die, so young! For what must I suffer? I never yet have done anything for which my conscience has reproved me. If I ever understood what innocence and purity of intention, as well as action, signified, cursors, and famine, with all its attendant train of I am sure I have always at least tried to live so as to infringe neither. My poor country! what will become of thee? I had hoped, in some small degree, to have served thee, but now, I must leave thee. I must die, die perhaps 'ignominiously, and on the scaffold.' Be it so. Be it so. shall be the will of Heaven that my poor life shall be offered up, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice; and come when that hour may, my last prayers shall be for the well-being of my poor, distracted country; but, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country."

She was aroused from these reflections by a summons to appear before a court-martial, to be tried as a spy. Her first glance at her judges unerringly told her these were the creatures of to me, who know full well how thy infamous lau- Morillo, from whose decision there would be no appeal.

Her proud bearing, her peerless beauty, and

romantic adventure, interested the savage soldiery, geance shall come. My death will more accelewho surrounded her with every demonstration of the most profound respect; still her exalted soul rose superior to her misfortunes, as the pearly peak of the mountain, whose base is assailed by the thundering torrent, looks disdainfully down upon the impotent rage of its furious foe, and rears its lofty brows proudly above the storm. The trial went on. The sentence was pronounced, and death was awarded; the disgraceful death of the spy; ignominious death on the scaffold; to be suspended between earth and heaven, as if fit for neither; but Morillo, from motives of policy, changed the manner of the execution, and ordered her to be shot, between the hours of eleven and twelve on the night succeeding the following day; having chosen this hour, on account of the great interest which his soldiers seemed to take in her fate, therefore wishing the execution to take place as silently as possible. In the mean time, the commissioners, after the capture of La Salvarietta, deserted the camp of Morillo, and hastened to join the patriots, who had already taken up their line of march towards Puerto Cabello, to endeavor, if possible, to rescue the heroic maiden from the grasp of the tyrant.

The day that was to be the last to the doomed girl, at length arrived: the sun arose as usual, but shorn of its beams; a supernatural stillness pervaded all nature—the leaves hung dangling from their boughs—the flocks and herds came lowing from their pastures, as though they instinctively dreaded some impending calamity-all noise and revelry was husbed in the camp—the soldiers were reclining in their tents, oppressed with an unusual degree of lassitude, while each one seemed to read, in the rueful countenance of his comrade, the expression of his own feelings. The sun passed his meridian, casting a lurid glare through the murky atmosphere; while, ever and anon, as he approached the horizon, were heard the low mutterings of distant thunder. The portentous day rolled by, and thick darkness enveloped the earth in "Nature gave signs of woe its ebon mantle. through all her works." The dreadful hour, at length, arrived, and the beautiful martyr was led forth to the appointed place of execution. Her face was pale as marble, but calm and collected, as if no passion had ever ruffled it—she moved along with a steady and majestic step, clasping a crucifix to her breast-her coffin was placed for her to kneel upon, but stepping upon it, she exclaimed-"Soldiers and men! how long will you do the bidding of this lawless man! how long will ye be the servile tools of this mercenary, blood-thirsty tyrant? This night I die a martyr to my country; and although you may hush me to an eternal sleep, still my blood will cry out for vengeance, until venrate the liberation of Venezuela, than the longest life, had it been allotted me, could have done; but whilst every mountain and every valley sends forth its patriots by hundreds and thousands, I die satisfied;" and her countenance assuming an unearthly expression, she said in a prophetic voice-"Heaven has given me a presentiment, that the enemies of Venezuela are about to feel the retributive arm of

"Stop that prating woman," said Morillo, gnashing his teeth with rage; but at this moment the bell rang with singular violence, from the tower of the fortress, which was simultaneously repeated by all the bells in the neighborhood. Shouts and cries of dismay and confusion arose from the tents of the soldiers, whilst the beasts ran to and fro, raving and plunging as though they were distracted. At this crisis, Morillo ordered his subordinate officer to draw up the men, to perform their duty; but they firmly refused to obey. He attempted to remonstrate with them, but was unable to speak, as his voice, growing husky, the words died away upon his lips. The faint rays of the flickering lamp gleamed fitfully between the shadows, which soon united with the apparent wall of darkness by which they were surrounded, and falling upon the features of the file of soldiers, chosen to execute the bloody deed, revealed their countenances, wearing a ghastly, cadaverous hue; blanched by dismay, and conscience-stricken at the part they were about to perform.

Those soldiers, whose hearts of steel and iron nerve had never quailed amid the carnage of the battle field, now shrank in horror and disgust from the revolting task of murdering, in cold blood, a young and lovely female.

During these moments of awful suspense, the bells again pealed forth the unnatural chimes with accelerated violence, without the aid of human agency. At the same time, the earth reeled and staggered like a drunken man, and recoiled beneath their feet, as if to shake her unnatural children from her bosom. The spires tottered, and at one moment, separated from the walls which supported them, they seemed suspended in mid-air; at the next, they came thundering to the ground, a heap of ruins. Cries of dismay and confusion again rose upon the darkness, and each one momentarily expected to hear the blast of the trump, which should announce that "time was, time is, but time shall be no longer." Regarding this as a special interposition of Providence, the petrified soldiers rolled in the dust, and sought to hide themselves from the impending wrath of an angry Deity. But the shock had scarcely subsided, before Morillo exclaimed with accumulated rage, "Cowardly poltroons! why do ye wallow like swine in the mire? Dastardly villains! ye shall suffer all the tortures of the rack, for this insubordination. This instant

^{*} Alluding to an earthquake that occurred at this time.

obey, or by the Holy Virgin, I will send you howl- | watch-word which urged them on with redoubled ing to the infernal pit."

This threat had the desired effect; the prostrate soldiers sprang to their feet, and the order being given, they shut their eyes and fired. The kneeling girl fell across her coffin, pierced by but a single bullet from a random shot. The pitying and unwilling actors in this tragic scene were about to place the bleeding body of the unfortunate La Salvarietta in the rude box, upon which she, kneeling, had given her pure spirit into the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and consign it to its last, cold, narrow house, when the alarming cry of "to arms! to arms!" burst upon their startled ears. Disregarding every other consideration but personal safety, each one betook himself with speediest haste to his tent, to prepare himself, as best he might, to repel the coming onset; leaving the victim of relentless ferocity where still, "lovely in death, the beauteous ruin lay."

The army of Bolivar had advanced within the distance of four leagues of Puerto Cabello, where they came to a halt, awaiting night-fall, that they might approach the enemy under cover of the darkness, and attack them by surprise.

With the silence and stealth of a panther, they crept close to the very outposts of the enemy, without being discovered; and, having struck down the sentinels without much noise, they arrived at the very heart of the encampment, before the alarm became general. After much difficulty, Morillo succeeded in rallying his men, and charged upon his assailants, with the fury of a wounded lion. But in vain! he was forced to retreat before the invincible Bolivar, and his men were seen, like spectres, flying in confused disorder, in every direction. By this time, the main body of the retreating army was met, in an opposite direction from that in which it had been attacked by Bolivar, by a divison, under the command of Don Alvarez, who, having previously discovered the dead body of his child, was nearly beside himself with grief and rage. Moulton too was by his side, almost speechless with horror, as he contemplated the bloody deed of atrocity; but he exerted himself sufficiently to give directions to his attendants, to convey the corpse to a place of greater safety.

"My beautiful La Salvarietta! my mountain Dalia! they have murdered thee!" exclaimed the old man in a voice of anguish; "a thousand curses fall upon thy murderers!" Then, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, he grasped his sword, and shouted, with all the fierceness of despair, "revenge! revenge! for the murdered La Salvarietta,-for the martyr of liberty."

"We will avenge her or die," rung from rank to rank along the division; and they met the flying battalion of Morillo, with all the impetuosity of men

fury. With all the phrenzy of desperation, Don Alvarez rushed through the ranks of Morillo, regardless of all impediments-charging upon the cold-blooded murderer of his daughter, with the ferocity of a tiger.

"Die, thou infernal tyrant!" the old man shouted, while his eyes gleamed with insatiable revenge and hatred. He rushed upon Morillo with his sword raised-his grey locks streaming in the wind; and his whole appearance was such as to strike terror into the guilty soul of his mortal enemy. The conflict was long and furious-but right and justice prevailed over wrong and oppression, and Morillo fell under the avenging sword of the bereaved father, uttering the most horrid imprecations. "Now, cold-blooded villain! receive the reward due your damnable crime; now go back to your native hell, loaded with the curses of a father, whose hearth you have made desolate."

The foam of impotent rage rolled from the mouth of the prostrate Morillo, as he writhed under the scathing anathemas of the childless old man, and, clutching his sword with a nervous grasp, he attempted to rise and bathe his hands in the blood of the parent, as he had already done in that of the daughter; but in the effort, life's current gushed forth anew, and he fell back a lifeless corpse, with the fell purpose, engendered in his heart, depicted in all its dark, demoniacal meaning, on his livid countenance, and all that remained, of the hated, dreaded Morillo, was a lump of inanimate clay.

Don Alvarez was now completely surrounded by his enemies, all intent on avenging the fall of their leader; and Moulton, aware of his utter recklessness of life, cut his way through the opposing ranks. and arrived just in time to bear him off the field, covered with mortal wounds. The dreadful conflict was soon brought to a close; and the shouts of the victorious patriots, rising above the groans of the dying, were echoed and reechoed from every hill and dale, while the smouldering remains of the tents and military stores, cast a lurid glare athwart the awful field of death and carnage. Morning dawned, and discovered the banners of the Liberator floating proudly from the remaining towers of Puerto Cabello; while the ruin wrought by the recent shock, combined with the wide-spread desolation of the battle-field, presented the most appalling Don Alvarez expired in the arms of Moulton, after having made him sole heir of his princely domain; and the remains of the beautiful, the accomplished La Salvarietta, which he wept over in uncontrollable sorrow, with those of her father, were conveyed to the mountain fortress, and interred in the family tomb; while Moulton, in his present circumstances, unable to endure the painful recollections of the past events, immediately disfighting both for freedom and for revenge, whilst posed of his immense estates, and returned to the the name of La Salvarietta was the stimulating United States. Time mellowed his grief and disappointment into a placid melancholy, and he married a lady every way calculated to charm his saddened spirits, and imperceptibly to dispel the memory of those tragic scenes which had clouded the morning of his life. He lived to fill with honor some of the most important offices in the gift of a free people.

White College, Oxford, Ohio.

L. A. H.

THE MASSACRE OF SCIO.

This beautiful island was desolated some fifteen or sixteen years ago, by the Turks, who had sought to oppress the whole of Greece by their slavish chains. Soio took no part in the struggling revolution, but passively consented to pay an annual tribute to Mahmoud; to ensure its peace, forty of its most wealthy and influential citizens were held as hostages to the Sultan. But, alas! the fate of no people more sadly verified the fearful truth, "that in the midst of life, we are in death;" for, lo! whilst revelling in their blissful security, the Turks invaded the island, and in one sight barbarously butchered the unprepared Sciotes—without regard to sex, age or condition.

Embosomed in the Ægean sea,
Lay Scio's beauteous isle;
Where odors, breathed by zephyrs free,
Wooed Nature's brightest smile.
And while thro' Greece the din of war,
With clarion peal, fell on the sar—
She dwelt in peace, removed afar
From deadly strife or slavish fear.

Soio! blest home of love and song,
Where Beauty reared her shrine;
And Learning's ray shone bright among
Those gallant sons of thine!
Thy skies so blue, o'er which ne'er past
The darkness of Autumnal gloom;
No blighting Winter's furious blast
Crushed Summer's flow'ret bloom.

But Scio's peace, her wealth had bought—
It hung upon a tyrant's power,
Whose avaricious heart had sought
Thus to secure Greece's fairest bower.
Some forty hearts, all true and beld—
Pledged fearless to resign
Their life-bloed,—if the tribute gold
Poured not in Mahmoud's mine.

Unconscious of the pending storm,
Appeared this bright, green isfe;
Like some rare flower, that wooss the worm,
Tho' blooming fresh the while.
Her struggling, fettered country's cry
Stirred not her blissful rest,
Nor woke one deep, responsive sigh
In Scio's peaceful breast.

The busy hum of veices gay
Were hushed—and twilight's eve
Dispelled the sultry heats of day,
Which o'er the soul a languor leave;
The dewy spray fell soft and light
Upon the young flower's bloom—
While all inhaled with new delight,
Their richness of perfume.

The Ægean sea, so limpid, blue,
A waveleas mirror seemed,
Which to the soul, an emblem true
Whea first of Love it dreamed.
The birds had ceased their warblings light,
Whose varied hues might vie
The rainbow, in their plumage bright;
Their music, dulcet melody.

Evening's soft light soon passed away,
Her stars sunk one by one—
When Cynthia held her gentle away,
All radiant on her throne.
And never had her silvery beams
Glanced on a scene more fair
Than Scio's vales and murn'ring streams—
For beauty lingered there.

Oh! in that soul-subduing hour,
The shadowy past doth seem,
When mem'ry wakes her thrilling power,
Some false and fleeting dream.
The heart seeks always to be blest,
The soul doth restless roam,
Tho' blissful be its present rest—
The future is its home.

Hark! what fearfal sounds were those,
Borne on the odorous air!
The women fair, with shricks arose,
Thes trembling sunk to prayer;
Well might their eyes with terror quail,
On such dread scenes to rest;
They made each blooming check grow pale,
And anguish wring each breast.

The flambeau's smoke, and shooting flame
Curied round the measions fair,
Of those who owned a princely name,
Who trusted wealth's bright glare.
The pond'rous axe and sabre gleamed,
Hurled by the turban'd foe:
At every stroke, there gushing streamed
Some muniered victim's gore,

With raging hate, and savage yell,
Like fiends all unbound,
The Turks on every Sciote felt,
Blood-thirsty as the hound.
Not e'en the infant's feeble wait,
Nor childhood's streaming tear,
Could with the cruel fee prevail,
Throughout that aight of feer.

And often from the mother's breast
Was torn her clinging child:
Which she in fearful anguish prest,
With maniac force all wild.
The next dread moment saw her lie
All gasping by its side;
Fixed on its face her ghastly eye,
While ebbed away life's tide.

With winged speed the maidens fair
Flew wildly through the street,
Like startled spirits of the air—
While crimson terrents laved their feet;
But Beauty's tears, unheeded fell,
No tender voice of lover nigh,
Whose slightest tone, with magic spell,
Could soothe her deepest agony.

The titled, humble, learned and brave, All heaped together, slain; Their bravery found a bloody grave They fought for life in vain As well might man attempt to bind The surging sea with fettered force, As bope within a Turk to find One ripple of sweet mercy's source.

The forty hostages so nobly true, In clanking chains were bound, Whilst by that light of lurid bue Was reared their scaffold mound. In voiceless woe, all mounted high, Each, dauntless, met his fate; The list'ning winds scarce heard a sigh. To die was bliss to captive state.

Their barb'rous shouts of victory No answering echo heard: For Scio's sons of chivalry, Lay in their rest unstirred, As if to chant a requiem o'er Those, whose last couch was earth; The demons, drunk with human gore, Howled loud their song of mirth.

Aurora's rosy, glittering car, Wheeled thro' the East so bright, But still those clashing sounds of war Calmed not with morning's light. Oh! never fell the early dew, Upon such scenes of woe; Long will they haunt sad mem'ry's view, And bid the minstrel's tear to flow.

NASUS.

Fredericksburg, March, 1843.

* The noble forty were all hung-but it was not long afterwards, when an avenging hand doomed their savage murderers to a similar fute.

ELIHU BURRITT.

BY REV. R. W. BAILEY.

There is a very natural curiosity, publicly and often expressed, to know the history of this extraordinary man. He is commonly known by the cognomen "the learned blacksmith." The public attention has occasionally been arrested by productions from his pen of thrilling interest and power. Several literary periodicals have been enriched with translations made by him from the learned and most difficult languages of the present and past times; and recently he has attracted attention as a public lecturer on subjects of science, literature and practical duty. It is the object of this article to gratify the reasonable curiosity of the public on this subject—to correct some erroneous impressions, and do justice to a personal friend.

Elihu Burritt was born in New-Britain, Conn.,

ther's family. Of this family, the mother, one brother, and four sisters are still living.

The parents were religious persons, and educated their children in a strictly religious manner. Properly speaking, they educated their children. They kept a family school. Although they were neither in affluent circumstances, nor occupied the high places of society, yet they comprehended fully their own dignity in the common birthright of the race, and taught their children to feel and act apon it too. They cultivated in their children the moral principle, which taught them rightly to estimate and respect themselves; the religious principle, which bound them to all mankind, and all mankind to the throne of God; the republican principle, which identified their patriotism with the religion of the Gospel. This home education prepared them to feel that they were men, immortal men-and to attempt, and do, and claim every thing that belonged to men. The result made men of them, suited to render the state some service, and to do no common honor to their race. Thus much it is due to say of these honored parents, one of whom has lived to see her children, especially the subject of this notice, honored and respected.

Mr. Burritt, in common with his brothers and sisters, enjoyed the New-England privilege of attending the "District School" for three months every winter until he was sixteen years old, when, by the custom of the country, the prescribed course of common education is finished. But the death of his father, which occurred in his sixteenth year, made it necessary for him to devote his attention to the care of the family, and deprived him of his last quarter at school. About this time, he apprenticed himself to the trade of a blacksmith, and continued to serve under these indentures with very little change of particular interest in his history until the time of his legal majority. The period of his literary efforts may be said then to have

Incidents occurred, however, of a much earlier date, giving indications of character, and calculated to exert an influence in the formation of it. During the period of his childhood, the old soldiers of the revolution, of whom one remained in every house in the neighborhood, were accustomed to assemble at his father's, and relate the stories of the He used to stand in the corner, and listen with deep emotion to these relations, while his post of honor was to draw the cider to help on the inspiration. Here a taste was created and cherished for this kind of stories. When he began to read, it influenced his selection of books, in which the Dec. 11, 1811. His father, by trade a shoe-maker, Bible took the lead. His early disposition to rewas a native of Bridgeport, and his mother was tire with it and read in private, led to the natural Elizabeth Hinsdale of New-Britain. Both bran-inference that he was religiously inclined. But it ches of the family were originally from England, seems his attention was confined to the historical The subject of this notice was the youngest of five parts of it, and was to a great extent suspended brothers, who, with five sisters, comprised his fa- when its stories of surpassing interest were ex-

hausted. It was but a transfer of his youthful en- | sing variety and fill up some intervals of time, he thusiasm from the tales of the revolution to the took up the study of Latin, intending to read Vir-Book of his father's approval, of his mother's faith. It was easy, and almost natural, to pass from the admiration of its enrapturing stories to the embrace of its sublime doctrines. This was the fact, and furnishes a practical lesson to those who have the education of the young in charge. He united with the church of his fathers in the same year he apprenticed himself to a useful trade, and has since lived the life of a practical Christian, as well as that of an industrious mechanic.

He next found access to the town library, in which his father owned a share; and his taste for reading awakened in the family circle, and cherished by the family Bible, now fed and expatiated on the successive pages of this Alexandrine Bibliotheca, which the enterprise of New-England farmers and mechanics has been wont to collect in every village, until he might almost say, as an aged minister of the Gospel once said to me of the Bible-" if Vandal violence should apply the fagot to every page, I could re-write them to the very letter." At the age of sixteen, he had read every book of history in the library. He next proceeded day, after intense application, he had read fifteen to poetry. Thompson's Seasons took his earliest lines, much to his own satisfaction. After this sucattention in this department. From the paucity cessful effort, he determined to go on without a of books, and his love of this kind of reading, he teacher. He accordingly made a systematic dislimited himself to a page a day, lest he should get tribution of his time and studies. He rose at four, through the luxury too soon. His mind fed on it and committed it to memory. Young's Night Thoughts, Pollock's Course of Time, Shakspeare and Milton, were also successively stored away in the niches of his intellect, with the same keen appetite. Thus he went on through the term of his double apprenticeship, playing with the muses at the forge of Vulcan, until he became a good blacksmith, and a master of his trade.

Up to this time, however, his intellectual pursuits had been the result of impulse or a passion. an under current in his tide of life, impelled and guided by no special object. He thought, because it was a part of his nature, and read and studied because it created pleasurable emotions; but he never thought of being a scholar, for he had labored under the conviction that he was not a genius. and was told that among a brotherhood of respectable scholars, he had no native talent. To use his own language, in the year of his majority he celebrated his emancipation from the iron bondage of this unnatural and heathen doctrine. He broke loose from this spell, and became a man.

In the winter of that year, he placed himself under the tuition of his brother, the late Elijah H. Burritt, Esq, a lawyer, and a man of science, who was one of nature's noblemen, favorably known and highly appreciated by scholars both in Europe and America. Under his tuition, he pursued his into execution. He made diligent but fruitless favorite study of mathematics. To make a pleasearch for a vessel bound to the Eastern world.

simple historical details of the Bible, the honored gil for pastime. After some progress in this, he commenced the study of the French, and was surprised at the facility of his advancement. After spending the winter and his small stock of means in this way, he returned to his trade in the spring, and to make up for his winter's recreation, he took the place of two men at the forge, and performed the work that belonged to both. He commenced at sunrise and worked hard for fourteen hours a day for the next six months.

After he could read the French with pleasure, he took up the Spanish. After reading the Spanish with ease, he commenced the Greek, carried his grammar in his hat while at work, and studied at the anvil and the forge. He pursued this course until the fall of that year 1833. He then made his arrangements to devote himself to study for another winter. He went to New-Haven, not so much, as he said, to find a teacher, as under a conviction that there was the proper place to study. As soon as he arrived, he sat down to the reading of Homer's Iliad, alone, without notes or translation, or any other help. At the close of the first and studied German until breakfast, then studied Greek until noon, then spent an hour at Italian; in the afternoon he studied Greek until night, and then studied Spanish until bed time. he continued, until he could read 200 lines a day of Homer, besides carrying forward the other studies in their order. During the winter, he read twenty books of Homer's Iliad, besides studying, with equal success, the other languages in the hours assigned to them.

In the spring, he returned again to his anvil; but an invitation to teach a grammar school, soon after, induced him to take off his apron, and commence pedagogue. He spent a year in teaching. He then travelled nearly two years as an agent for a manufacturing company, during which time his studies were entirely suspended. From that employment, he returned to his anvil and concurrent studies, which have been, ever since that time, pursued in his ordinary manner.

After acquiring the ancient languages, and the living European languages, he furned his attention to the oriental tongues. Casting about in vain for the means of accomplishing this desire, he conceived the bold design of enlisting as a sailor, and getting by travel what did not lie within his reach at home. He left his forge under this resolution, and travelled on foot to Boston to carry his plan While musing under his disappointment, he accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. He immediately proceeded thither, and found, as he says, to his "infinite gratification, such a collection of books on ancient, modern, and oriental languages as he never before conceived to be collected together in one place." He was cordially welcomed, and freely admitted to all the privileges of the library. He immediately made arrangements to work at his trade, to gain the means of support, and spent three hours every day in the library. This he continued to do until he had fully explored this new field, and mastered the most difficult oriental languages.

Besides the ancient languages, Mr. Burritt now reads all the principal languages of Europe and the most difficult languages of Asia, comprising, with their different dialects, more than fifty in number. Among them are the Hebrew, Greek and Latin, Gaelic, English, Welch, Irish, Celtic, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German, Flemish, Saxon, Gothic, Icelandic, Polish, Bohemian, Russian, Sclavonic, Armenian, Turkish, Chaldaic, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, Ethiopic, Indian, Sanscrit, and Tamul.

Mr. Burritt is still a day laborer at the forge. As some curiosity has often been expressed to have a description of his "Smithey," it may be easily gratified. On my first arrival in Worcester, I proceeded directly from the cars to inquire out Mr. Burritt. After two or three directions I arrived at an extensive iron foundry. In a long line of workshops I was directed to that in which Mr. B. was employed. I entered, and seeing several forges, sought for the object of my visit. "He has just left, and is probably in his study," said a son of Vulcan, resting his hammer on his shoulder meanwhile. "There is his forge," pointing to one that was silent. I had but a moment to study Its entire structure and apparatus resembled ordinary forges, except that it was neater and in better order. Mr. Burritt is a bachelor, and a journeyman; and earns a shilling an hour by contract with the proprietor of this foundery. He lives and furnishes himself with books by this laborious application to his trade. Seeing on his table what appeared to be a diary, I read as follows-" August 18. Forged 16 hours-read Celtic 3 hourstranslated 2 pages of Icelandic and 3 pages of German." This was a single item of similar records, which run through the book. To abate my surprise, he told me that this was a correct memorandum of the labors of every day. But the sixteen hours of labor was that which he performed in a job, and for which he was paid by the estimate of its value, but that he accomplished it in 8 hoursthus gaining both time and money by double labor. Eight hours a day is his ordinary habit of labor at the forge.

It has been often asked why he does not relin.

| quish the anvil and trust to his wits. He once answered the question to me by two sober reasons. In the first place, by his manual labor he ensured his health, and then his bread. He gave still another reason—his aversion to separate from the honorable class of men among whom he had been bred—the mechanics; and his wish to demonstrate that a mechanic may be a scholar, and yet a good mechanic. Mr. Burritt is as ambitious to excel in his trade as in letters. It may be said too that there is a necessity that he should work for his daily bread, as he has no other source of dependence. In September, 1841, he assured me that his literary labors, up to that time, had been rewardless, with the single exception of fifty cents generously given him by a poor show-man for translating the French mottoes of his pictures.

Mr. Burritt in person is of a middle stature, rather slender proportions, high, receding forehead, deeply set, steady, greyish eye, thin visage, fair complexion, thin compressed lip, a heetic glow, and hair bordering on the brown or auburn. There is nothing in his frame to indicate a habit of hard labor, except the round shoulder, and an arm and hand disproportioned in size and muscle to the other parts of the body.

Much curiosity has been awakened to know by what process this immense amount of acquisition has been made in so short a time-whether by the force of native genius, or dint of labor, by intuition, by tact, or the detail of ordinary study. In reply, it may be said that Mr. Burritt never suspected himself of being a genius, nor did the world assert it, until the results of a laborious mental labor began to attract towards him the public attention. Among his brothers, all of whom seem to have been intellectual men, he was considered below their par standard of intellect. The public have yet to learn, too, that his acquaintance with the languages is but a single incident in his intellectual history. Mathematics, in its higher branches, comprising demonstrative philosophy, form his favorite studies. In the midst of this field of his chosen labors, the study of the languages became his pastime. If these have subsequently taken the lead in his studies, it has been accidental, and not the result of any predilection, or ability to excel in them, beyond other departments of learning. He is also a poet. This would be easily inferred from his writings. He is highly gifted with what is called the inspiration of poetry, and it only needs that his attention should be given to that species of composition to enable him to excel in it.

Still the question remains—by what mental process has he arrived at this early eminence, and isit within the ability of ordinary minds? He says it has been by dint of labor persevered in, the same way in which he became a good mechanic. We detect in his intellectual character a good memory and a strict habit of classification. By aid of the former, he is never obliged to learn a thing twice over, and by the use of the latter he knows always where to find, placed in its proper relations in the chambers of his intellectual storehouse, whatever he has once made his own. But these mental operations he regards as the result of a judicious exercise of a common endowment, and a persevering application of it to the treasuring and natural arrangement of facts and principles. In acquiring, for instance, a new language, he sets himself to ascertain its points of resemblance or difference to the other languages he has learned. Cognate languages and dialects are, therefore, easily engrafted on their native stock. Language itself, in its great principles and philosophy, was learnt once for all in his vernacular tongue.

Whether the long mooted question, in regard to original genius, is destined ever to be settled or not, one thing is most certain, and that is of most practical importance, viz., that industry, the prerequisite of all, is better than genius, the gift of the few. By the former, eminence is within the reach of all; the latter often proves to be a giddy height, from which the mind that occupies it is apt to be precipitated down a stairless descent. With Mr. Burritt, education has not been the mere evening study of a decade of years since his majority. He began to think on his mother's knee. She poured upon his soul the inspiring baptism of Gospel truth; his father awakened his young imagination with the traditions of the wars of liberty. Veterans in its cause formed the society in which that parent moved. His first thoughts were, therefore, directed to profitable subjects. The necessity of labor held him to a steady course of productive effort. Now, instead of beginning the education of a child at ten or twelve, as is common, let it commence with the first development of mind-make study a pleasure instead of a penalty, and make it also the occupation of all the thoughts instead of a tiresome period of school days and literary leisurethen, if we add to it all the hours of idleness, of dissipation, pleasure, manual labor, recreation, and half the sleep that eat up the life of ordinary men, the wonder felt at Mr. Burritt's acquisitions will be in some degree abated. His mind, like every other mind, has been always thinking. Yet, while others may have been idle or intermittent, his has been profitably employed and severely disciplined since his early childhood. Is it singular, that any man should be learned at thirty with such a mental habit, even though he may not have the aid of genius? The man who bestows but an hour a day on any subject of science, or on the acquisition of a language, will be surprised at the results in a single year. But this may be done with success at the anvil, in the workshop, at the plough, by the sailor during the leisure of calm weather, in the monotony of his long voyages. Every situation admits of it, since the mind cannot cease to think.

Let the apprentice boy in every shop and factory through the land know that Elihu Burritt carried his Greek grammar in his hat, and thus soon got its contents into his head, while he smote the anvil or labored at the bellows. Let the son of the shoe-maker, the blacksmith, and of every mechanic know that true nobility comes not of birth or blood; that there is no royal road to the temple of science; that every boy who aspires to be great or good may become both the one and the other, by the diligent cultivation of his mind and heart. Let the principles and practice of Mr. Burritt be generally adopted, and if every man do not realize all to himself that Mr. B. is at thirty, yet, doubtless, the reading of fifty languages will no longer be deemed a phenomenon in the history of man, nor learning be thought incompatible with labor and a state of poverty. Let any youth at the anvil or shoe-bench, or in the workshop, take his Latin grammar and open it before him, and think while he works for eight hours a day, and he will soon find that he is able to do as much with his mind as with his hands; and his intellectual enterprize will not retard, but give energy to his manual labor. With the fashionable and the gay, the odds and ends of life often come to be its principal, and diminish by more than a moiety its productive results. Let these be all reclaimed and turned to good account, a condition of intelligence and wealth would soon be substituted, instead of ignorance and splendid poverty.

CHAPEL HELL, N. C., February 27, 1843.

Mr. Editor:—A volume of manuscript Poems was lately placed in my hands by their author, George Horton, a negro boy, belonging to a respectable farmer, residing a few miles from Chapel Hill; from which, I extract the following. I have no doubt but that they will prove interesting to the many readers of your valuable "Messenger." Should they meet with a suitable reception, I will continue them for several numbers, together with some aketoh of the life, genius and writings of their author.

G.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

O! Liberty, thou dove of peace, We must aspire to thee, Whose wing the pris ners must release, And fan Columbia free. The torpid reptile in the dust, Moves active from thy glee, And owns the declaration just, That nations should be free. Ye distant isles, espouse the theme Far! far beyond the sea: The sun declares in every beam, All nations should be free. Hence, let Britannia rage no more, Distressing vapors flee, And bear the news from shore to shore, Columbia still is free,

LINES TO MY ----.

I would be thine when morning breaks On my enraptured view; When every star her tow'r forsakes, And every tuneful bird awakes, And bids the night adieu. I would be thine, when Phœbus speeds His chariot up the sky, Or on the heel of night he treads, And thro' the heav'n's refulgence spreads-Thine would I live or die. I would be thine, thou fairest one, And hold thee as my boon, When full the morning's race is run. And half the fleeting day is gone, Thine let me rest at noon. I would be thine when ev'ning's veil O'er-mantles all the plain, When Cynthia smiles on every dale, And spreads like thee, her nightly sail To dim the starry train. Let me be thine, altho' I take My exit from this world: And when the heavens with thunder shake, And all the wheels of time shall break. With globes to nothing hurl'd, I would be thine.

ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.

BY SOLOM BORLAND, M. D., OF MEMPHIS, TENN.

Audi alteram partem.

Animal or Organic Chemistry has hitherto been, comparatively, an obscure and little considered province of natural science; affording, it was supposed, but little scope to the genius of investigation, and tempting to its culture with meagre rewards and empty honors.

The recent and remarkable work of Professor Leibig, of Geissen, has, however, shed a new and dazzling light upon this terra incognita: a light, whether of novelty, of genius, or of truth, may not yet be determined; but which has proven powerfully, and nearly alike attractive to the butterflies of fancy, the owls of dullness, and the eagles of science.

That the general reader—he who, until now, has been occupied with works which served but to warm his feelings and amuse his feacy, should find interest in a subject so abstruse as this, although unusual, may not be wondered at, when the popular style and plausible simplicity of a portion of Prof. Leibig's book, are considered; especially when these are connected with the circumstances of its seeking the popular eye through a channel so unusual to works even remotely allied to science—a channel hitherto peculiarly, if not exclusively, appropriated to the ordinary popular novels and

* Animal Chemistry or Organic Chemistry, in its applications to Physiology and Pathology.

To the man of science, on the tales of the day. other hand,-to him whose life is dedicated to the search after truth, amid the arcana of nature, it offers a natural and resistless attraction, in the importance of even the minor principles involved in its discussion-in the paramount interest of the great ultimate truth sought, and even claimed to be evolved by its solution; discussing, as it does, the phenomena and laws of vitality, and claiming, not indeed with the dreaming adepts of ancient Alchemy. to have obtained the power of perpetuating earthly existence, but to have gone, at once, to the fountain head of all things, and there to have discovered, handled, weighed and measured the very nature and essence of life itself.

Such are the lofty pretensions of animal chemistry, as put forth by Prof. Leibig,—if not in so many words, yet certainly in substance, as may be verified by reference to his book. And, if valid, they are worthy of all acceptation. But are they valid? Does the hypothesis, upon which they rest, serve to explain all the phenomena whose origin and laws it claims to have determined? Is this hypothesis sustained by facts? These are questions whose force and import the superficial inquirer may overlook or disregard; but which are ever present and guiding to the mind of him who looks deeper than the surface—whose business is with nature as she is, and not as he might like her to be—whose idol is truth, and not a brilliant hypothesis.

The disciples of Prof. Leibig have ample cause to be satisfied with the almost universal reading and great publicity his book has obtained. It is but natural and right, then, that others, who are not his disciples, but who are not satisfied of the soundness and sufficiency of his doctrines, should desire to see in print, and generally diffused, some of the reasons for which they question them. Participating in that desire, and finding no one else engaged in its gratification, I propose in this paper, not indeed to discuss at length the chemical hypothesis of vital phenomena, (for that would require a book, and must be left to older and abler hands,) but merely to state, in brief, what I understand to be the fundamental positions of Leibig's hypothesis, on the one hand; and on the other hand, to adduce a few facts which are believed to militate against those positions.

The following, though few in number, are the fundamental, cardinal positions of Leibig, upon which his whole hypothesis rests, and hangs, and turns,—as may be verified by reference to his book; and as nearly in his own words as a summary abstract will allow.

- 1. The vital force is a peculiar, independent force, the source of growth and reproduction; a force in a state of rest, (static equilibrium) in the ovum of an animal, and in the seed of a plant.
 - 2. It is the same in animals and in vegetables.
 - 3. Its static equilibrium is disturbed by the action

of external influences,—as impregnation, the pre-1 vegetable. So, according to this, we have in anisence of air and moisture; and, so disturbed, enproduction of a series of forms.

- 4. The growth and development of vegetables depend on the elimination of oxygen, which is separated from the other component parts of their nourishment.
- 5. The life of the animal exhibits itself in the continual absorption of the oxygen of the air, and its combination with certain component parts of the animal body.
- 6. Assimilation goes on in the same way in animals and in vegetables. In both the same cause determines the increase of mass.
- 7. The first conditions of animal life are nutritious matters and oxygen, introduced into the system.
- 8. And the reaction between these nutritious matters and the oxygen, both produces the vital force and determines its activity.
- 9. The reaction between the elements of the food and the oxygen, conveyed by the circulation of the blood to every part of the body, is the source of animal heat.
- 10. All living creatures, whose existence depends on the absorption of oxygen, possess, within themselves, a source of heat, independent of surrounding objects.
- 11. This truth applies to all animals, and extends besides to the germination of seeds, to the flowering of plants, and to the maturation of fruits,
- 12. It is only in those parts of the body to which arterial blood, and with it the oxygen absorbed in respiration, is conveyed, that heat is produced.
- 13. The amount of heat liberated must increase or diminish with the quantity of oxygen introduced in equal times by respiration. Thus, those animals which respire frequently, and consequently consume much oxygen, possess a higher temperature than others, which, with a body of equal size to be heated, take into the system less oxygen.
- 14. In the animal body we recognize as the ultimate cause of all force only one cause,-the chemical reaction between the elements of the food and the oxygen of the air-The ONLY known ultimate CAUSE OF VITAL FORCE, either in animals or in plants, is a CHEMICAL PROCESS.

Such is the Hypothesis. A cursory examination of it exposes inconsistencies, which, growing the more striking the more they are considered, seem, of themselves, sufficient to condemn it.

Thus:—In position 1, the vital force is declared to be a peculiar, independent force, the source of growth and reproduction; whereas, in positions 8 and 14, the chemical reaction between the elements of the food and the oxygen of the air, is made to ducing the facts, I would remark, that the hypotheproduce this very vital force itself,—and also to be sis, that vital heat results from the reaction bethe only known cause of all force in the animal or tween the inspired oxygen, and the carbon within

mals and in vegetables, a peculiar, independent ters into a state of motion, and exhibits itself in the force—the ultimate cause of all other force; and yet, that itself is made secondary to, and is produced by a chemical process:—the ultimate cause of all force, and yet the effect of a secondary cause! What becomes of an Hypothesis, such as this, which rests on a foundation of mutually destructive elements?

> Again:—in position 2, the vital force is declared to be identical in animals and in vegetables: in 6. assimilation of nutritious matters, in both, results from the same cause; and, yet in 4, this cause is declared to be the elimination of oxygen by vegetables, and in 5, to be the absorption of oxygen by animals. Let him reconcile this palpable inconsistency who can. Nothing short of a miracle can reconcile it; and until one be wrought, in its especial behalf, it must prove fatal to any hypothesis in which it is detected, no matter how plausible in other respects. But, besides these inconsistencies, and yet closely allied with them, there is other ground, against which, as it is more plausible and apparently more tenable, the chief objections, in the way of fact and argument, obtain, and may be urged. Thus:-In positions 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9, the identity of the vital force and the vital heat, is plainly asserted; and again, in 10, 11, and 14, as well as in 2, that is declared to be the same in animals and in vegetables. Here then we have the question in a nut-shell,—the doctrine reduced to the narrowest limits; amounting, indeed, to the reductio ad absurdum. Thus: - Vital force and vital heat are identical principles (and convertible terms)—the same in animals and in vegetables the result (tertium quid) of chemical reaction between carbon and oxygen; and, consequently, that the vital temperature and vital vigor of any living creature, animal or vegetable, is in exact proportion to the quantities of carbon ingested, and oxygen inspired by it. In a word—that Life is nothing more nor less than the putrefactive reaction between a breath of air and a mouthful of fat meat! This is the inevitable result of the enumerated positions of Leibig. And it is against such positions that the strongest facts and arguments should be arrayed. If upon due examination, this mere chemical process be found insufficient to produce all the phenomena of vitality, and to elucidate all its laws,the hypothesis which rests upon it may not claim the assent of the intelligent mind; and, a fortiori, if such chemical process be found directly at variance with many of the well known phenomena and well established laws of life, the hypothesis loses all substantial support, and tumbles to the

> Before entering upon the examination, and ad-

the organism, is not original with, or peculiar to temperature than the adult, is nevertheless about Leibig. It was first maintained by Levoisier and Seguin. Extended, and plausibly improved upon by Crawford, it has, ever since, experienced the varying fortune of other mere hypotheses, and been alternately in and out of fashion. It is now revived by Leibig, still more extended, especially in its applications, and put forward in a much improved and very attractive form.

"If the facts which served as a foundation for this beautiful theory of animal heat, were not false, the deductions would be irresistible." So said Prof. Dunglinson of the theory of Crawford, and so may we, with equal propriety, say of the more modern, more imposing, but no more substantial structure of Leibig; for the basis upon which both structures rest, is essentially the same :-- a prominent and indispensable element in both, being that respiration is combastion. Without pausing here to discuss the merits of this element, or show its discordance with what is known of the process of animal calorification, and maintained by standard authorities in Physiology, I proceed to the enumeration of a few well known facts,-which this hypothesis not only fails to explain, but by which it is directly opposed.

- 1. The inhabitants of the tropical and of the hyperborean regions of the earth, living, as they respectively do, under the very opposite states of a very high and of a very low atmospheric temperature, yet pessess and maintain very nearly the same vital temperature; or where any difference exists between them, in regard to their vital temperature, it is asserted by the best observers, that the higher temperature belongs to the hyperboreans. The former live in an atmosphere of nearly equal temperature with the body itself, and the latter in an atmosphere of ice; the thermal difference of about 84 degrees, being greatly more than can possibly be compensated even upon the chemical hypothesis itself, by the difference between the amounts of carbon ingested and oxygen inspired by them, respectively. It is true that the same animal, exposed to opposite extremes of temperature, undergoes, for the time at least, a change of vital temperature; but, in the warm-blooded animals, even this variation from the normal standard has a very limited range; never yet, by exposure to the lowest atmospheric temperature compatible with life, having been reduced more than 15 degrees, nor elevated, by an opposite exposure, more than 2 degrees, (according to Fordyce and Blagden and Dobson)-and certainly not more than 9 degrees, (according to Berger and De La Roche.)
- 2. The infant, whose lungs are much larger in proportion to its whole bulk,—whose respiration is much more frequent,-and whose food is equally carbonaceous, and much more frequently taken,than in the adult; and which, according to the

2 degrees below the adult temperature.

- 3. Persons in the advanced stage of pulmonary consumption, the greater part of whose lungs (in some instances as much as seven-eighths) is disorganized and impermeable by air, -who, consequently inspire very little oxygen,—who partake sparingly of food,-who, moreover, are reduced and cooled down by colliquative discharges-and who, according to the chemical hypothesis, should be almost entirely without vital heat—do actually possess a temperature above the standard of health. Similar observations may be made of patients ill of pneumonitis, whose lungs are, to a great extent, solidified, whose diet is absolute, and who are reduced by depletion; and who yet manifest a very high grade of febrile reaction.
- 4. Whales, which in proportion to their huge bulk, have very small lungs, breathe very infrequently, (only once in about 15 minutes,) and consequently inspire a very small proportional quantity of oxygen, and subsist on food but sparingly carbonaceous; -yet they, immersed too in the freezing waters of the Northern seas-consorting with icebergs, possess and maintain a vital temperature several degrees higher than that of most land ani-
- 5. Living vegetables, as trees, have their peculiar vital temperature, and maintain it under the variations of atmospheric temperature; being several degrees warmer than the air when that is at 56 degrees; and several degrees cooler than the air, when that is at a temperature higher than 56 degrees. And yet, as according to the chemical hypothesis, vital heat results alone from the absorption of oxygen, and its reaction with the elements of the body which absorbs it; and, as instead of being absorbed by vegetables, it is actually eliminated by them-vegetables should certainly never rise above the atmosphere in temperature. state of the case, taken in connexion with that limb of the chemical hypothesis which asserts the identity of the vital force and vital heat-that they are the same in animals and in vegetables,-presents us with the wonderful double phenomenonof the same cause producing opposite effects, e same effect resulting from opposite causes: as wonderful, indeed, as that light and darkness should both, and at the same time, proceed directly from the sun-or that a thing should be and not be at the same time.
- 6. As already asserted, animals possess the remarkable power of maintaining their own peculiar uniform vital temperature, under a very high as well as under a very low atmospheric temperature. That animals do possess this power, is well ascertained and certain. The earliest recorded observations within my reach, upon this point, are those of Governor Ellis of Georgia, made nearly a hundred chemical hypothesis, should possess a higher vital years ago. He suspended a thermometer under

his umbrella, at the level of his nostrils, and walk- under these circumstances, by evaporation; for ed in the sunshine. The mercury rose to 105 degrees, thus suspended; but upon being applied to the hottest part of his body, it fell to 97 degrees; and he could never succeed in raising it above that point, by the heat of his body. Soon after this, the accidental experiment of Duhamel and Tillet established the power of the body to bear, with impunity, a temperature of upwards of 280 degrees. About twenty years later, this was corroborated by the careful experiments of Dr. Fordyce and Sir Charles Blagden. These experiments consisted in entering close rooms, heated by fines in the floor, to 260 degrees, and remaining "with tolerable case," long enough to boil water, roast eggs, and cook beefsteak to dryness. But during all this while the temperature of their bodies never rose higher than 100 degrees: and, when they breathed upon the Thermometer, its mercury was lowered several degrees, and their breath communicated a sense of coolness to their nostrils and fingers. Besides this, the temperature of the atmosphere of the room was rapidly and considerably reduced by contact with their bodies. In addition to these, I may refer to the experimental exhibitions of Chaubertthe "Fire King," and others who have entered ovens heated as high as from 400 to 600 degrees. and remained with impunity for a long time; and, to the familiar experiment, which any one can make, of immersing the feet and legs in hot water, with the effect, not of exalting the temperature of the flesh, but of cooling down the water.

How can these things be reconciled with the hypothesis, that vital heat is the product of a chemical process constantly going on in the body, during life! If this heat be continually evolved by a mere chemical, and consequently undiscriminating proeess, it must either accumulate in the body, or be expended. Under ordinary circumstances, it might be no violent presumption (whether true or not) that vital heat is thus produced by a chemical process, and that the animal body, like other masses of matter, (a stove for example,) regularly heated from within, maintains a uniform temperature by giving off its superabundance of heat as fact as it is generated, to the cooler surrounding medium or other objects. But under the circuit accs statedthat the body is immersed in a medium greatly hotter than itself, and not only maintains its own peculiar uniform temperature, but actually reduces the surrounding atmospheric temperature,—such a presumption is wholly inadmissible. Here is the pyrogenic process within, heating the body up to 98 degrees, and the atmospheric heat without, rising as high as 600 degrees,--and the body between the two fires! And not only is there no material increase of the heat of the body, but actually a very rapid and great reduction of the surrounding atmospheric heat.

evaporation never takes place from a cooler body in a warmer medium—but condensation upon it; as was evidenced by the copious streams of condensed, liquified atmosphere pouring over the surface of the body-not perspiration, for the same appearance was presented by the surface of a Florence flask of cold water, introduced into the room to settle that point. Nor yet could the body have deprived the surrounding medium of heat, by absorption, else its own temperature would have become exalted.

What then becomes of the heat, which the one loses and the other does not gain ! This question cannot be answered by the chemical hypothesis. It cannot be answered at all, unless we admit the existence, and the controlling power of a peculiar, independent, higher principle in living organic matter, different in its manifestations and laws, from chemistry. And yet, a principle sustaining to living organic matter, a relation analogous to that of chemistry to dead, inorganic matter. siologists have called this principle by the several synonymous terms—archeus, vitality, vis vita, vis insitæ, vital chemistry, vital force, without attempting to define its nature, or vainly presuming to base any practical procepts upon such definition. satisfied from its effects and the regular and wellmarked order of their occurrence, that such a principle did exist in the animal body, and observed certain laws of operation, they have sought to study those laws, and to describe, classify, and arrange them under the name of Physiology.

How vitality generates heat in the living body, or sustains it at a uniform degree, under the extremes of atmospheric heat and cold, physiologists, who value their reputation for sound practical accuracy, do not undertake to explain,-no more than they do-how nutrition, secretion, &c., are performed in the ultimate structures of the organism. They know, that all these functions are performed, and in their performance, observed certain laws; but how this is done, they have the candor and good sense to admit is inscrutable to the present state of their knowledge. A veil yet hangs over these secret operations of vitality, unlifted by even the bold speculative genius of Leibig. And so it will hang, I apprehend for years—perhaps for ages to come-perhaps forever.

So much for what I undertook to do with this interesting subject. Under the most favorable circumstances I should necessarily fail to do it justice; and, more especially, within limits so narrow, and which I have sought still further to restrict. Attempting, however, only an outline sketch of a few facts and arguments, I shall be satisfied with making myself intelligible, and attracting to the subject more acute and comprehensive minds.

It is a pleasing duty to acknowledge here, that It cannot be said, that the body is kept cool, I am indebted for many of the facts I have adfessor Charles Caldwell, before the Medical Society of Louisville, Kentucky. The other sources from which I have drawn materials are, of course, familiar, or of easy reference to the student of physiology and chemistry.

I heard the lectures of Prof. Caldwell. And as an American and a lover of the truth, I was proud of the gallantry with which our distinguished American philosopher met him of Germany; and I exulted at the triumphant success, with which he maintained his own doctrines of vitality-so long and so ably taught. This spectacle-this contest between two master-spirits, was indeed a gallant sight. And it was in proud contrast, too, with the usual ready reception and truckling assent, which, even among our men of science, await every thing from Europe. It was proof, that at least, one of our countrymen, proud of his birthright, and grateful for the gift of thought, stands, as he has nobly done for a full half century, a faithful sentinel on the battlements of science; with an eye undimmed by prejudice and undazzled by authority, able to descry, even in the distance, and from any quarter, the approach of error; and, with a heart that never quails, and an arm that knows no weakness ready to descend to the field of fight, and do battle manfully-successfully in the cause of truth. He has long stood in the very front rank of science-its priest and pioneer in the great West; often engaged in controversy and always victorious; unbroken by toil and unbent by time, he is a warrior still, with the scars of battle thick, and the harness still upon him, he towers in mind as in person, "a full head and shoulders higher than other men."

Soon after Prof. Caldwell's two lectures, one was delivered by the same society, by Professor Yandell, and intended as a reply to them. I heard that lecture, also. It was an ingenious discourse, and respectable in point of ability; perhaps, presenting the views of Leibig in as clear light, and as strong force as they were capable of. But that it was a successful reply to Professor Caldwell's array of fact and argument, I cannot admit: infinitely short of it indeed. The most noticeable feature in Prof. Yandell's lecture was his attempt to screen Leibig against the charge of inconsistency. To do this, he interposed the person of the translator: charging Professor Gregory with having rendered the German of Leibig inaccurately into English. This subterfuge, for it is nothing more, appeared to me to be peculiarly unfortunate, shallow and impolitic; for if it were allowed, it would destroy much of the meaning and interest of the work it was used to defend, and throw a shade of suspicion over its accuracy and fidelity throughout. It is of little moment however, as the intelligent and discriminating mind will decide for itself, whether to receive as the author's true was all that was before me. It was enclosed by a

duced, to two Lectures, recently delivered by Pro-| meaning, the interpretation of Professor Yandell, or the translation of Professor Gregory: the former having admitted in his lecture, that he had never seen the work in its original German; and, perhaps, would have been unable to read it, if he had seen it: while the latter was selected by Leibig himself, as his translator, doubtless on account of his skill in German scholarship,-and furnished by him, for greater accuracy, with his own manuscript.

> It is hoped, that Professor Caldwell will soon publish at length, and in book-form, his own clear statement of his own masterly views on this subject, in opposition to the views of Leibig, and then the public will have the means of judging fairly, by "hearing both sides."

SONNET-TO ONE BELOVED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Deep in my heart thy cherished secret lies, Deep as a pearl on ocean's soundless floor, Where the bold diver never can explore The realms o'er which the mighty billows rise. It rests far hidden from all mortal eyes, Not even discovered when the piercing light Of morn illumines the uncurtained skies, And fills with sunshine the dark vaults of night. Repose in me thy heart's most sacred trust, And nothing shall betray it; I will bend This human fabric to its native dust, But nothing from me shall that secret rend, Which to my soul is brighter, dearer far, Than any lustre of sun, moon or star.

HENRY FITZ-MAURICE.

(An extract from a Traveller's Note Book.)

It was summer: the rich shadows of even were melting away in the West. I strolled carelessly along with my companion through the grove of yews and cypress, into the village church-yard. As I entered, I felt a sensation of melancholy steal over me. There is something so calm and still in a summer's evening, that it invariably begets in every mind, capable of poetic feeling, a tranquility which may well be denominated the parent of melancholy.

We wandered among the tomb-stones, reading the various tales of death. There was one grave, which more especially attracted my attention; yet, except for its air of chaste simplicity, there was nothing in its appearance to justify any particular regard. As I approached it, there seemed to be a tie on my spirit, an irresistible impulse, which stayed my footsteps, A delicate slab of white marble slightly raised above the ground with this simple inscription on it,

Hic jacet, H. F. M.

light railing of trellis work; both within and without which, a few flowers were budding beautiful—
not a single weed was to be seen, though an air of
desolation was cast over the whole by the withered flowers that lay scattered on the stone. Its
disconsolate appearance struck me foreibly, and
the heart's ease that lay shrivelled and dry by the
side of the rose and the daffodil, sent a chill over
my heart which it is easier to fancy than to describe.

"And what poor child of clay—what inheritor of the ills of the flesh, has here taken up his long abode?" said I, turning to my companion.

"Let us quit the spot," answered he, hurriedly: "perhaps, I will send you to-morrow the short but sorrowful history of Henry Fitz-Maurice, who lies buried here."

"Why not give it now!" said I, impatiently.

"Not now, not now," said he; "the circumstances are too green in my recollection for me to mention them without renewing the sorrow which they caused me at the time; but you shall have them to-morrow. And besides," said he, affecting a gayety, which was evidently far from his heart, "it would not do for us both to be melancholy

As I saw he was loth to give me the history of the grave that evening, I dropped the subject altogether, and we returned to the house of our kind hostess, Mrs. Stafford, from which we had been absent nearly an hour.

when we return to the pretty Miss Stafford."

"And pray, Mr. A., whither has my good cousin led you! No doubt he has carried you to see his horses or his dogs," said Miss S., as we entered.

I remained silent—I knew not what was said for a gloom hung over me; I was lost in a reverie, thinking of the possible fate of him whose tomb I had left.

"Really, Mr. A.,—you are growing very polite; won't answer when a lady speaks to you? You must have fallen desperately in love with some fair nymph—dotell me, where I shall find your Egeria."

"Indeed you are very much mistaken in your conjectures; but were it otherwise, you can't suppose that I would plead guilty to any other love in the presence of the beautiful Miss Stafford."

"Well, I see you are learning to pay compliments, like the rest of your sex; but verily, I should be grateful for this first demonstration of your newly sequired talent."

"Indeed, Miss Stafford"—

"No excuses, no apologies; I really am very much obliged, and don't wish you to disparage your own civility. But come, don't be so mopish; do look up; if you have not fallen in love, perhaps you have met with a ghost in your peregrinations." "Not quite that either, though I must own I

eaught this fit of melancholy in the church-yard."

"Ah! you have been visiting the grave of poor

"Ah! you have been visiting the grave of poor Henry Fitz-Maurice," and her eyes filled with tears, and rested on the ground as she spoke.

Never before had I seen Isabel Stafford look so beautiful; there is something angelic about a woman, when she weeps for sorrows not her own; it is a proof of the sensibility of her nature; the tears rushed to the eyes almost involuntarily; and without altering or distorting a single feature, they instil a pathetic glow into the whole expression.

It was early in the morning, the sun was just peeping over the far eastern hills; the birds had all waked to life and song; the lark

"Had started from its humble grassy nest
And was up and away with the dew on its breast,
With a hymn in its heart for angels to hear
As it warbled it out in its Maker's car."

The little songsters of the grove were hopping

on the tusted spray, trilling forth with lightsome melody their matin orizons to join the chuir above. All was soft and beautiful, the light breeze came dancing along, laden with the fresh perfumes of the opening flowers; it spread on all sides its fragrant breath. I could not but fancy, that I felt the spirit of God moving on the works of his creation, for all was harmony and love in nature. I sat at the window of my bed-room; I had thrown it open to

admit the cool air, for I was feverish and excited.

"And is man," thought I, "the only exception in a lovely world? is his the hand that mars the whole, and spreads discord around? It is so. The curse is upon him, and upon all his works; the day is the season of his labors, and all is bustle and confusion, but the last hours of the evening and the first hours of the morning—these indeed are nature's own."

While indulging in these thoughts, which tended to harmonize the emotions within, with the loveliness without, I was suddenly roused from my reverie by the sweet sounds of song in the distance; the soft notes floated on the air and filled the whole with melody divine. As the voice approached nearer, I heard the following words sung in soft plaintive notes—

I come to thy grave with the budding flowers, Which the kiss of the morning has opened for thee;

They are wet with the pearls of the dewy showers, That freshen and nurture their fragrancy.

But the spangles of dew are to me but as tears,
Which the flowers in weeping for my Henry have shed;

And each rose-bud I've plucked, in its beauty appears

But another fresh tribute to him who is dead.

Then take from the hands of thy Mary, this gift,

These flowers, that like thee, are cut off in their prime;

They tell how the day-dreams of bliss are all reft

From the heart that they gladdened in former time.

Here the sounds gradually died away in the distance; they melted into the murmurs of the wind, and passed away from me like a dream.

"And here it is at last," said I, as I opened the

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packet that lay on my table; "now I shall learn the history of Henry Fitz-Maurice:"

THE STORY OF HENRY PITZ-MAURICE.

Henry Fitz-Maurice was the younger son of a Baronet, who resided within twelve miles of this village. Of his early years, little need be said. He was endowed with feelings of extreme sensibility which were not unfrequently trampled on and wounded by the more boisterons companions of his youth-but Henry's natural disposition was not changed by the sufferings which resulted from the peculiar constitution of his feelings; he only retired further into himself and concealed more carefully from the eye of a cold and sneering world, the warm fountains of genuine affection that were ever fresh within him. Such a character was not likely to gain many friends; his thoughts and sentiments differed from those of his companions; they could not enter into his feelings, for his heart was strung with finer chords than theirs. When at length he did find one who returned the warmth of his affection, his whole soul became centred in that one object; a dream came over him; the world was dressed in flowers; he regarded it as a gay landscape—a scene intended for the enjoyment of himself and the dear object of his love.

It was in his nineteenth year, that he became acquainted with the family of the Somers'; in that family, Mary Somers was the principal object of attraction—the load-star that centred in itself all his thoughts and all his affections.

Mary Somers was beautiful, not regularly or critically so; but the expression of her face was such as must have led every beholder to pronounce it peerless. She had not the sparkling black eye that bespeaks the intellect within; but, she had those deep blue eyes which tell that the heart is made for love, and for all the softer feelings in their utmost intensity. There was a smile on her countenance, but it rather breathed through her features, than was impressed on her beauty. In fine, the artist who could have portrayed such beauty, might have worshipped the child of his creation.

Such was Mary Somers; and, before her, did Henry pour out his whole soul; for her mind was a befitting inmate of her person. He adored as the idol of his heart, her, who had first appreciated the sensibilities of his nature, and responded to them with sympathy and love. Never were too happier beings in this world of misery, where all happiness is hollow, all sorrow but too real, than the young lovers.

Mrs. Somers saw the affection that was springing up between them; but, as she was pleased with Fitz-Maurice, and chiefly solicitous for the happiness of her only daughter, she never thought of opposing their attachment. But while they were thus dreaming of bliss, there was a viper at work to mar their beautiful vision.

Lord Abingdon had seen Mary Somers, and was resolved to possess her; but he knew the futility of any attempt, till his rival was removed from the neighborhood. To effect this, his insidious design, he immediately wrote an anonymous letter to Sir Thomas Fitz-Maurice, stating that his son was about to bring diagrace on his family by a secret marriage with Mary Somers. Sir Thomas had no sooner read the letter, than he sent for his son, and in the most abusive manner demanded of him why he had paid any attentions to any lady without the permission of his father. Henry's cheek turned pale as his father spoke, but it was not the paleness of fear, it was that of indignation and wounded pride.

"And what may my good son be intending to do, as soon as the marriage knot is tied? will he bring his bride to be an unasked, an unwelcome inmate at my house?"

"Father," said Henry, striving to master his choking passions; "father, I never thought of marrying without your permission and approval."

"Lying scoundrel! have you not arranged with your mistress to elope! have you not planned a secret marriage!

"I have not."

"Say not that word again, or the door of your father's house is closed forever against you."

"I have not-on my honor, I have not."

"Your honor, indeed!"

"By all that's dear to me—by all my hopes of salvation"—

"Leave the house instantly, from this hour I disown you."

"Nay, hear me," and he fell on his knees, but his father spurned him from his presence.

The scene is changed. The dull clouds were hanging over the heavens; watery vapors were streaming up from the earth; and, as the moon faintly glimmered at times through the dense mists, the blackness of the night scowled around her; the eddying gusts swept through the tall trees, now bending to their might—the rain fell in large heavy drops—the tempest howled—the thunders roared, and the lightning gleamed through the blackened sky,

At that dread hour—for the old church bell had but just tolled midnight—in a chamber, that in vain tried to resist the torrents which were pouring into it and afforded no shelter from the hewling blast—lay a youth stretched on a bed of sickness. By the side of the straw paliet stood a candle nearly burnt out—the dull flame flickered for a while in the socket and then died. "Aye," said the invalid, "thy life is gone, it has wasted away; and I feel that mine is going too; may my death be as quiet as thine. But oh! it is cold;" and his teeth chattered as he spoke. It was at this instant, that I entered. I had heard that there was a sick

and pale, his eyes red and swollen, his whole frame emaciated; and, alas! how much changed from what I had last seen him.

"Henry," said I, "I am hurt to see you here and in this state."

"It is now too late, the lot is cast, and I must die. Life had but one charm for me, and I must die. But amid all my sufferings, I did not think this would have been added to them; I did not think my Mary would have proved unfaithful."

I saw what was passing in his mind, but I was amazed at his last words.

"And why do you fancy Mary unfaithful," said I.

"Is she not Lord Abingdon's bride ?"

" No."

"Then his paramour," cried he bitterly.

"No, you wrong her; she is still faithful to you; though she is almost dying, never once having heard from you."

"Never heard from me!—Day after day have I written to her, but no letters ever came from her."

"There is some mystery here," said I, for I began to suspect Lord Abingdon of intercepting the letters; "but you must not talk longer; you must recover; your Mary is still constant—and Sir Thomas has repented of his cruelty."

"It is too late-it is too late; this might have aved my life before, but, -

"No, my dear Henry, it is not too late; you may yet be well enough to lead your bride to the altar."

"It cannot be-would to Heaven it were possible."

Sir Thomas Fitz-Maurice was not naturally a bad man or a cruel father; but, his passions were most violent and had always the mastery over him; and, having been long in the army, his ideas of discipline and propriety were somewhat of the strictest. The intelligence conveyed by Lord Abingdon's anonymore letter enraged him at once, and the denial of the charge exasperated him still more; his passions were thus worked up to their highest pitch; and, you have seen to what results they led. But the first heat of his anger was no sooner over than he began to repent of his severity, and to wish for the return of his son. He fancied that it was only the first excitement of rage that had induced Henry to depart, not knowing the deep-rooted sensibilities of his nature that had been wounded by his father's treatment of him. Weeks passed on, but Henry did not return.

Months passed away-Sir Thomas thought no more of his eldest son who was abroad, but he thought much and silently of his Henry—he thought | fancied it was good for him to inhale the fresh air of the son he had lost, and vainly endeavored to at such a time. conceal the grief that was consuming him. His

stranger in the house, and had come to see him, | limbs now tottered under him; and instead of the but how much was I shocked and surprised when hale hearty man of fifty, that he had been, he be-I beheld Henry Fitz-Maurice-his cheek sunken came prematurely old, and seemed sinking rapidly into the grave.

> It was at this time that he received my letter, announcing the illness of his son, and informing him of Henry's determination never to be carried home, till he had received from his father overtures to a reconciliation. Sir Thomas, ill as he himself was, ordered his carriage, and taking his physician with him, set off for Mexington, the village where his son was lying.

"My poor son!-pardon me, my son. Your father asks forgiveness of you, my son, for it is his cruelty that has brought you to your death-bed."

"Speak not thus, my father, it is I that should ask forgiveness of you. Give me your blessing, and I die happy."

"The blessing of an old man, your father, be on you. I have killed you; may all your sins be on my head."

"Nay, speak not so; I cannot bear to hear it. I leave my thanks and my gratitude for all your kindness to me; and now that I have obtained your blessing, let me think of death. But how pale you are-you too are ill, my father."

"The sorrows of the old bear heavily on them; but, if youth cannot bear up under these afflictions, your aged father must expect to sink beneath them. Our calamities have been grievous to both-may we meet in a brighter world," and the old man sobbed

The physician motioned me to take Sir Thomas to his own room, saying, it might be fatal to both parties to continue the conversation. "So meek-so forgiving," soliloquized Sir T., as he entered his room, "and to die thus early-it cannot be; God will have mercy on him and me. He will spare my son; for it is I that have caused his death."

The old man fell back on his bed, and exhausted nature sought repose.

Again it was evening; such an evening as the poet delights to fancy, and the painter to realize on his canvass. The sun had just hid his golden orb behind the blue mountains; but, the feathery clouds were still tinged with all his setting glory-the deep purple of one part of the heavens melted away into the delicate blue, that hung its veil over another orange and violet; in fine, all the colors of the rainbow mingled their beauties to adorn this fairy sky.

It was at this calm and pleasing hour, that Henry. leaning on my arm, strolled for the first time, beyond the precincts of the garden. He felt better than he had been-the evening was warm; the gentle breeze fanned his fevered cheek; and he

"How beautiful are nature's works," said he;

"but, I must leave them all. thing sad in quitting this world, when beauty like this is here. I had hoped to have lived till fame and honor circled round my name; but, now I must leave all these aspirations which I have so fondly indulged, for the grave yawns wide before me. Yes, I come-not many more suns shall shed their lustre over the world till their rays, unfelt, warm the cold tomb of Henry Fitz-Maurice. * * *

"See," cried he, breaking off abruptly, "see the glorious prospect opening before me. See those bright immortals through whose heavenly ranks I press forward to eternity—See the golden harp is there, and the palm bough awaiting the end of my labors. Ah! what do I feel? my brain whirls-it reels, but oh, how pleasant; 'tis the intoxication of delight—'tis the dream of coming glories; its brightness dazzles me—there is a film upon my eyes—a dewy mist is on me. Farewell, lovely earth; I go to brighter climes. Adieu, my Mary-and myfather."

As he uttered these last words, he sunk exhausted on the ground. His eyes closed, the hectic flush that gilds the portals of the tomb rushed to his pale cheeks-it died softly away, and the spirit had fled forever. He lay before me in the icy stillness of death, and the calm, the angelic sweetness of expression that rested on his features at the last moment of existence, still hovered there—the soul had left the body, but seemed still to keep guard over it. What a melancholy picture of the vanity of all human happiness had I witnessed! Often we fancy that we can perceive its excessive vanity in the world, but the last touch of the pencil must be given by the hand of death-Cut off in the prime of youth, Henry had entered in the glories of the future.

Our tale is quickly told. Poor Mary!-every morning with the rising sun, she culls the sweetest flowers and bears them to the grave of her lost one; but, the rosy freshness that formerly bloomed on her cheek has changed into a vacant paleness-her eyes are dilated and seem to be starting from their sockets-her lips are compressed, as if to confine the choking sobs-her intellect once so fine, is now a wreck—she is fast following her Henry to the tomb. Every morning at the earliest hour, she may be heard singing her sad ditty as she bears her flowers to the tomb of her Henry.

Old Sir Thomas did not long survive the loss of , his son; he sunk into the grave within six months of Henry's death.

Lord Abingdon, the cause of all this misery, died alone in a foreign land, without one near him to smooth his pillow-without an eye to weep over him as he descended into an early grave. He fell wounded in a duel, and breathed out his life in the open air.

Fitz-Maurice; and, as all the circumstances are so the protecting shrubbery of the mountain, had taken

Yet there is some-| fresh in my mind-so clearly pictured before me, you cannot be surprised at the melancholy that any mention of them always casts over me. Adieu.

H. M. S.

LINES.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

What bearest thou on thy Southern wings, O fairy and fair-plum'd Messenger-Com'st thou laden with all fragrant and flow'ry things, That in the airs of Poesy stir? Are "orient pearls at random strung," Shining upon thy out-spread pinion-Are the gems of knowledge over thee flung, O stately bird of the Old Dominion?

Come hither, thrice-welcome Messenger, To the solitude of my evening study ;-The night without is dark and drear, But our hearth-fire blazes, clear and ruddy. The curtains close—the lamp well-trimm'd-The child has lisp'd his evening prayers, And in you nursling's ear is hymn'd The lay, that lulls its little cares.

Then come, Old Friend, and charm for me With tale and rhyme this hour of leisure,-And I, perchance, shall weave for thee, When 't suits my mood, some worthier measure. And while with grateful heart I bend Thy pure and polish'd pages over, My thanks are due to the kind friend, Who sent thee forth, fair Southern Rover. January, 1843.

THE HERMIT.

A TALE OF EAST ROCK, NEAR NEW-HAVEN, CONN.

"Far in a wild, unknown to public view, From youth to age a reverend hermit grew; The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell, His food the fruit, his drink the crystal well; Remote from men with God he pass'd the days, Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

Parnell.

About two miles to the north of the beautiful city of Elms, the two branches of the Green Mountains oppose their lofty fronts in majestic grandeur to the little city beneath them. To the surrounding inhabitants, they are familiarly known as East and West Rock, the former of which has now become a place of favorite resort for parties of pleasure during the warm summer months; forming a striking contrast to its situation half a century since. Its top was then covered with the thick wood of the forest, and over the spot where many a fair foot has since trod, the wild beasts, retreating before the rapid advances of the white man upon the more productive plains below, roamed This is the conclusion of the story of Henry the undisputed lords of the soil, and there, among

up their abode, as their last abiding place, prior to | for the venerable personage who stood before me, their final extermination. Access to it was, at that I immediately arose, and bowed to the old man's time, extremely difficult; and, indeed, the summit salutation, who thus addressed meoffered but few inducements; a few acorns and such like fruits, together with the chance of entrapping some of the game with which the place abounded, were the only rewards for climbing a rugged and almost perpendicular ascent. Consequently, it had but few visitors. Now and then a stranger, attracted by the romantic and picturesque appearance which the Rock presents at a distance, found his way to the top; or perhaps a band of hardy students connected with the college located in the vicinity, ventured to climb the steep ascent: sometimes, for exercise merely, but more frequently in quest of game. With these exceptions, it was rarely visited; and many were they, who for scores of years had seen the first rays of the sun, as they fell upon the Eastern summit, and watched them till they died away and disappeared behind the Western hills, who had never felt a curiosity to visit these two romantic spots, although familiar to their eyes from earliest childhood.

As has already been observed, a party of students would sometimes find their way to the sum-On one occasion, I composed one of the After much exertion, we succeeded in reaching the top; when, more fatigued than the rest of my companions, and leaving them to continue their way in search of the object of their pursuit, I seated myself upon a slight projection of the Rock which commanded a most imposing view of all the surrounding country, together with the smooth sheet of water stretching for miles to the My thoughts were soon absorbed in contemplating the great map of nature, which lay spread out before me, and I became lost to myself and to every thing around, until aroused by the sound of a strange voice apparently near-by. On raising my eyes, they encountered the figure of a man, whose very appearance told but too well, that old age had not passed by in vain, while his withered face plainly showed, that care had left no wrinkle unformed. A few snowy locks, carelessly scattered over his high commanding forehead, and his long frosty beard, resting upon his now sunken breast, gave him quite the appearance of a "patriarch of the olden time." A long garment of coarse grey cloth, which encircled his shoulders and extended to his feet, was his only covering. His head was entirely bare with the exception of a few scattered hairs, of which time had not yet robbed him, and even these, the rude wind seemed delighted to ruffle in sportive mockery. A soft melancholy smile played upon his thin, pale lips, while his mild blue eye sparkled with a meek benevolence, that entirely divested him of that misanthropic appearance, with which his general bearing would naturally strike the beholder.

Inspired with a feeling of awe and admiration of East Rock.

"Young man, the seat, from which you have just arisen, is a favorite one of mine. For many long years, have I sat upon it, and gazed with rapture upon the lovely prospect that meets your view. But now my eye begins to grow dim; its sight falls within half its former distance; and the delight I once felt in sitting there is fast receding from the reality of the present into the memory of the past. It gives me great pleasure to find another interested in scenes which have so long engaged my attention; and I should like to see more of you. But I will not now intrude upon your time. The sound of that bell,* (which I never fail to note, for I was once obedient to its call) admonishes you that you have delayed beyond your time. Go then, but meet me here this day week. Till then, my son, God bless you."

Thus saying, he immediately disappeared among the thick shrubbery, which soon concealed him from my view.

Too much occupied with my own reflections, to have any desire to rejoin my companions, I wound my way slowly down the Rock, and proceeded home alone. Many were the conjectures. I formed concerning the strange being with whom I had thus so singularly become acquainted. His marked eccentricity, and the evident pleasure which the fact of my having taken his favorite seat had given him, besides the interest he had manifested toward me at first sight, all conspired to fill me with an eager curiosity to learn more of his history. But I was compelled to remain another week, in suspense, before I could obtain any further clue to his character. I indeed related my adventure to some in the city, and although all seemed to be aware of the existence of a person such as I had described, yet further than this, they knew nothing.

Time dragged slowly on; every hour seemed a day, and every day a week, so impatient was I to learn more of my strange acquaintance. The appointed day at length arrived; and, with my curiosity excited to the highest pitch, I set out to meet the old man.

On arriving at the place, I found him quietly seated upon the very projection of the Rock already described, and so engaged was he in contemplating the prospect before him, that my approach was unheeded, until I aroused him from his reverie, by the salutation, "Good morning, Father." On hearing my voice, he arose, and extending to me his long emaciated arm, seized my hand, and said-

"Good morning, my son, you have kept your appointment well. I have been here sometime, but was not expecting you so soon. I am how-

• The College hell can be heard distinctly from the top

ever glad to see you. abode."

He then led the way by a long circuitous path, until we came apparently to a large heap of stones, well concealed by the surrounding shrubbery. But on a nearer approach, they appeared to be thrown together with some slight regard to regularity. square was undoubtedly the form in which they were originally intended to be placed; but the scale and the plummet, had evidently never been called into exercise, in the structure of the pile. As nearly as I could judge, the walls were about five feet in height, enclosing a space of ten feet by twelve. The crevices between the stones were filled with leaves and turf, so thickly applied as to entirely exclude the light from without. Over the top were placed branches of trees rudely thrown on, and over these, leaves and turf the same as on A single opening in the top served the sides. both to admit the light, and for a chimney through which the smoke might pass. On the south side, was a narrow entrance, only wide enough to admit one person at a time. As we approached it, the old man remarked-

"This is the only shelter I have had for the last sixty years; alone and unmolested have I lived three-fourths of my days under that rude mass. No other human being has ever seen the inside of these walls. Many have stood and gazed upon the exterior, but no one has ever ventured within. The course which I have adopted, has seemed to inspire all intruders with a sort of mysterious dread; and even to me, the place appears charmed. now, as I am about, for the first time, to admit a stranger, the spell seems to be breaking away. It is well; sooner or later I must leave this earthly tenement; and I already feel that the time for which I am yet to occupy it, is fast drawing to a close. But I had long since determined that ere that period should arrive, I would hold converse with at least one of my race. Fortunately I met with you, when this feeling was strongest in my mind-and I then resolved to commit to you, some circumstances of my life which have, hitherto, been known only to myself."

We were now at the entrance of the hut; and the old man, falling down upon his hands and knees, dragged himself slowly through the hole. Following his example, I soon found myself within his abode.

My eyes instinctively wandered throughout the whole apartment. In one corner, lay a heap of dry leaves, which I took for the bed of the solitary inhabitant; in another was a spring of living water, from which the old man slaked his thirst; and immediately over it hung a gourd—his only drinking had been closed to every tender impression. in the roof, lay a heap of burnt embers; near by To this, the old man pointed, and bidding me "be wards knew too well. She was a creature all

Come with me to my seated," he threw himself on his bed of leaves, and commenced as follows-

> "You, my young friend, are the only person with whom I have exchanged a single word since I first came here to live. The world I have shunned, and it in turn has avoided me. My only companions have been the wild beasts, with whom I have lived in perfect harmony. The spontaneous fruits of the ground have been my only food, and the pure water from yonder spring, which never dries, my only drink. Thus have I lived for more than three-score years, neither knowing nor being known. But I now feel the infirmities of age coming over me: my pulse is becoming daily more feeble; the sands of my life are fast ebbing away, and I wish before I die, to communicate to some one my past history. If you have the curiosity to listen to me, it is well; if not, go, and leave me to myself. I do not wish to impose any tax upon your time and patience. But if you are inclined to remain, and listen to my narrative, which shall be very brief, for the events of my life have been but few, and those but little varied, you will afford me much gratification." He paused for me to reply.

> Thanking him for thus honoring me with his confidence I assured him that it would give me infinite pleasure to listen to him, and that nothing which he might say could be in any way uninteresting or tedious to me. The old man seemed pleased and proceeded:

> "I will not trespass upon your kindness, by wearying you with a recital of the earliest events of my life, but will pass over the time until the period when I became connected with yonder institution of which you are now a member."

"At the age of sixteen, I left my home in the far South, to become a student in Yale College. My first two years there, were the happiest of my life. Naturally fond of study, I felt my college exercises no task, while my recreations came to me with a deeper relish, after the hard study which had preceded them. But at eighteen, following the fashion of most young men of that time, I began 'to go into society,' as it is termed, where I was kindly welcomed by the good people of the town. I soon found it an agreeable, if not a profitable relaxation, after a day spent in hard study, to unbend the mind and consume the evening in conversation with the other sex. Having previously mingled but little in ladies' society, I had retained control over my affections, for a much longer period than young men generally do. I was, however, no stoic. It required but the elegant graces and fascinating charms of Gertrude B to overcome a heart, which, for eighteen years, cup. In the centre, and directly under the opening first time I ever saw Gertrude I felt a new and peculiar sensation pervading my whole frame. was a large flat stone, which served for a seat. knew not what it was at the time. Alas! I aftermy boyish dreams, I had often fancied to myself a being closely resembling her. But when my eyes actually encountered a figure most exquisitely moulded, of about the medium height, with a face surpassingly lovely, shaded by ringlets of jet black hair which partly wandered over her marble forehead, and partly hung in raven tresses down her

neck, I almost doubted the reality of what I saw. Thus did Gertrude appear to me at first sight. She was at the house of her aunt, with whom I had recently become acquainted. I saw her then but a few moments. But, alas! too long for my future peace or happiness. For, from that hour, I felt that I loved Gertrude B---. Henceforth, her image was destined to be my constant attendant. It haunted my very dreams. If I attempted to study, her figure was ever before me. Determined at last to disclose my passion, I sought every opportunity to throw myself in her way; but, for a time, my efforts were unsuccessful. I visited her aunt's much oftener than I had before done, but could never meet Gertrude there. Despairing at my want of success, I entirely deserted my books; shunned the society of my former associates, and either confined myself closely to my room, or strolled abroad over the neighboring hills, and once, even, scarcely aware of what I was doing, or whither I was going, I found myself on the top of this very rock, where I had never before been, and as I stood gazing into the deep valley below, I felt more than half inclined to cast myself from the dizzy height, upon the rugged rocks beneath, and thus end an existence, which was daily becoming intolerable. But the thought of Gertrude restrained me. The hope of yet seeing her, prevented, perhaps, the only rash design I had ever conceived.

"In this state of mind, I remained for weeks. When, on returning to my room one afternoon, from one of my solitary walks, I found a note lying upon my table, and supposing it to be from some one of my classmates, I did not even open it, for in the state of mind I then was, I could endure to think of but one subject.

"A few days after, a friend says to me, 'I was quite surprised at not meeting you at Mrs. Cthe other night, as I knew that you visited there. Gertrude B- was the belle of the evening. Muttering something in reply, I turned abruptly away, unable to suppress the violence of my feelings. Had I then been slighted by Mrs. C-Gertrude's aunt! Did she know anything of my sentiments towards Gertrude, and had she refused to invite me to her house, lest I might again be brought in contact with her niece? No, it could when, as I sat listening with breathless attention, not be! Suddenly the circumstance of the note if happily one more should yet come, I heard the

loveliness:—such an one, as no man, however occurred to my mind; with rapid steps I hastened destitute he may be of the sensibilities common to thither—there, on the table, in the very spot where our nature, could look upon with indifference. In I had first seen it, lay the note unopened. Snatching it eagerly from the table, I broke the delicate seal at the corner, and read as follows-

> Monday Morning. 'Mrs. C--'s compliments to Mr. R., requesting the pleasure of his company on Thursday evening.'

> "The note dropped from my hands, and I remained for several minutes, stupified with astonishment. But soon a feeling of indignation took possession of my frame. I swore, I raved, and stamped upon the floor, exhibiting more the appearance of a maniac, than of a rational being. I was angry; but who or what could I blame! The fault was all my own. Had I then, in my indifference. suffered the very opportunity which I had sought for in every possible way, to pass by unimproved? Yes! Fool that I was. After trying every method which my imagination could devise, to obtain an interview with Gertrude, I had now rejected what chance had placed in my reach.

> "This violence of feeling, however, when it had a little subsided, served to alleviate, rather than to increase my wretchedness. My mind became calmer than it had been for weeks, and the foolish frenzy, which had kept possession of it for sometime past, seemed to give way to more sober reflections. Still my love for Gertrude was in no degree diminished. The violent passion I had felt for her became changed into an holy adoration.

> "I again turned my attention to study; anxiously waiting in the meantime for another opportunity, like the one I had just lost, to present itself.

> "I had not long to wait; about a fortnight after the above occurrence, on returning to my room from recitation, I found a similar note lying upon my table. My heart beat quick as I took it up, and with trembling fingers opened and read it. When I found that it contained an invitation from Mrs. S--- to her house, on the evening of the day but one, to the date of the note-my joy knew no bounds. Although Mrs. S---- was not a relative of Gertrude's, still I felt confident that she would be there-for what circle would be complete without her presence?

> "Oh! how long did the two days yet remaining, seem to me-longer, I sometimes think, than all the rest of my life as I now look back upon it.

"The appointed evening found me, in my impatience, one of the earliest guests. As one after another entered the room, I watched among them for Gertrude-but she did not come. I began to grow quite uneasy: nearly all the guests had arrived, yet Gertrude was not there. The old fiddler in the corner began to tune his instrument, and the gentlemen to select their partners for the dance, having been left at my room a few days previous, knocker fall heavily, and the large hall-door creak

as it swung on its hinges. distinguished the sound of footsteps entering the house, and ascending the winding stairway.

"O! what a moment of surprise was that to me. Was it Gertrude, or some other last guest? My too willing imagination would believe that it was none other; still the least doubt gave me no little inquietude.

"The music and the dance had now commenced, when the parlor door opened, and an old gentleman entered with a young lady leaning upon his arm. After saluting the lady of the house, they approached two vacant seats, near where I was sitting. was Gertrude and her father. My heart seemed to rise to my mouth, and the words died on my tongue as I attempted to bid her 'good evening.' I could only return her easy and complaisant greeting with an awkward bow.

"Although I had formed so strong an attachment for the beautiful being, who now sat by my side, I had never before had an opportunity of conversing with her; having previously had but a passing introduction. If I loved her then, for the beauty of her face, the sweetness of its expression, and the elegant symmetry of her form, my love now became almost merged into admiration, as I listened to the soft melodious tones of her voice, disclosing an intellect excelling in brilliancy, as her person excelled in beauty.

"The other gentlemen being, for the most part, engaged in the dance, Gertrude was left, for the time, exclusively to my attention. I improved the opportunity to engage her hand for at least two When the first set was through, we arose and took our places. What a proud moment was that to me! I imagined that all eyes in the room were turned with envy upon me. With her fine figure, adorned only by the elegant simplicity of her dress, she appeared far more beautiful, even than when I first saw her. I then thought her perfection; but now I was at a loss for words in which to express my admiration. With reluctance, I relinquished her hand, several times to other gentlemen, who, if the eyes ever speak, seemed to return me a thousand thanks. That my motives for so doing were entirely selfish, I will not deny. In the first place, I dared not to intrude too much of my company upon Gertrude after so slight an acquaintance, and in the second, I wished to avoid observation.

"I contrived, however, to dance the last cotillon with her, and as her father had left sometime before, I ventured to offer my services in seeing her They were accepted.

"My greatest desire had now been attained. had not only seen Gertrude, but had conversed with her, danced with her, and had even been at her house. I knew that I loved her; but was my pas-

My attentive ear soon eyes, gave me no little apprehension. ever, time alone could reveal.

> "From the evening alluded to we became very intimate; almost our whole time was passed in each other's society. Still I dared not declare myself. The fear of a refusal had more than once kept back the words which continually hung upon my tongue's end.

> "Thus we continued for months; the time when I should complete my studies was fast approaching, yet I had not made known my love. I knew, however, that I was beloved, and, with this assurance, I determined to offer myself, heart and hand, on the first favorable opportunity.

" It was

'When mild evening drew her dewy curtains round And all nature lay hush'd in rest profound'

that we most enjoyed each other's society.

"In the cool twilight hour, we would wander to the neighboring hills, or stray upon the sand of the sea shore; and there, free from the jarrings of the world, we would experience feelings 'too deep for utterance.'

"In one of our walks, we had wandered some distance from the town, and stood on the beach gazing upon the blue expanse before us. Nature never smiled upon a lovelier evening. The moon shone with cloudless splendor, and shed her silent light upon the broad unrippled bosom of the deep-'no cloud obscured the heavens, no voice disturbed the earth,' save our own low whispers-and there, when left to ourselves, with the moon and silent stars for our only witnesses, we pledged our mutual loves!

"The consent of her parents was easily obtained. The day on which I was to receive my degree, I was to receive my bride. Meanwhile, we continued to be together as before, and, if possible, more so. Not a day passed without our walking or riding out together. Sometimes in company with others, we would take a sail upon yonder har-In short, we found no lack of amusement.

Time passed on; one week more was to witness our nuptials; when a sailing party was proposed in which Gertrude and I joined. It was a beautiful day. The sun had just passed the meridian, and a light wind tempered the heat with a gentle breeze-as we, eight in number, with two boats. four in each, started on an excursion of pleasure. After remaining two or three hours upon the water, we were preparing to return home, when the wind, which had been blowing calmly through the day, began to rise, and soon blew a violent gale. sky, which a few moments before appeared clear and spotless, now became obscured by dark threatening clouds; while the deep roar of distant thunder. and the lightning, as in rapid succession it glission reciprocated? Did she love me? The bare tened upon the surface of the water, rendered our possibility that I might appear unacceptable in her situation every moment more appalling.

But this assurance did not quiet the fears of the been instrumental in bringing upon them. fairer part of the crew, whose heart-rending shrieks, as they pierced the air and mingled with the thunder, sounded far more terrific in our ears, than the roar and clashing of the elements.

Leaving Gertrude in one end of the boat, I had just arisen to assist the pilot in taking down the sail, when, owing to some alight movement on the part of the affrighted ladies, the boat tipped on one side, and in one instant we were all precipitated into the water. I had barely time to seize Gertrude by the hair of her head, ere she sunk. The rest in the boat, with the exception of the pilot, being unable to swim, had immediately gone down.

" Meanwhile, the other boat, which was a short distance astern of us, hastened to our assistance. With an iron grasp, I clung to the precious treasure I held in my hand; yet, notwithstanding all my exertions, I perceived that Gertrude's weight was fast drawing me under water. I felt my fingers grow numb, and the glossy curls slipping through them. I became insensible.

" I recollected nothing more for several days. I then found myself stretched on a bed, with a raging fever. Gertrude's father and mother were bending over me, and when I inquired for her, the tears that trickled down their aged cheeks, were my only answer. As my recollection slowly returned, I remembered where I had last been-that Gertrude was with me, and that I was endeavoring to rescue her from drowning. More than this, I did not recollect. But when I discovered that I was in the house of Gertrude's parents, and yet saw her not there, I feared for the worst. It was many days, however, before I was permitted to know the whole. I then learned that all in the boat, in which I was, had found a watery grave, and that the other boat, coming up, had merely time to save me, as I leosed my hold on Gertrude.

"When the awful reality first burst upon my mind, I had no longer a desire to live. I regretted that I had not been permitted to die the same death, and to share the same grave with her for whom alone it was a pleasure to live. But since I had been rescued from the deep, I prayed that I might never rice from the bed whereon I then lay. I preferred to die and join Gertrude. But God, in his providence, had decreed otherwise. Had I been taken away at that time, I now feel confident that I should have been forever separated from her, to meet whom I would have died. A mereiful Providence has spared me many years for repentance and preparation for death: and when I die, I feel assured that in heaven I shall meet Gertrude.

"I gradually recovered from my sickness. Gertrade's father and mother had, through the whole I could not endure to look upon them, bowed down dren.

however, assured us that we were in no danger. as they were by the bereavement, which I had now that the object of life was lost to me forever, I resolved to hide myself from the world. lecting the retirement and seclusion of this place, I determined to take up my abode here.

"Without making my design known to any one, not even to my kind benefactors, I came to this summit, since which I have never left it. Every day with the rising sun, I go to the top of the Rock, and watch the spot where Gertrude's form disappeared, and sometimes, when the sky is unusually clear, I almost imagine I can see her rise from her deep grave, an angel of light, beckoning me to follow. Thanks to God! I shall soon obey the summons."

Here the old man was unable to go on. Large heavy drops rolled down his furrowed cheeks, and his heaving breast betrayed the deep agitation within. But wiping away the tears, as fast as they flowed, he proceeded-

"The cause of my coming to this place, and the manner of my being here, I have now made known to you. My object in telling you was, that you might relate it to the inhabitants of yonder city, that, when I am gone, they may not censure me. I have not avoided the world, because I hated my fellow men, but because I loved my own thoughts, and the communion of my God, more than I valued their society. If you will but make known my history, I shall die in peace."

After solemnly promising the old man that his wishes should be strictly observed, I arose to leave. when, seizing my hand, he implored the blessing of God upon me, and remarked, "that he should not see me again."

On visiting the Rock, a few days after, I was grieved to find the old man's prediction verified. Entering his hut, I found his lifeless form stretched upon the bed of leaves. He had been dead apparently but a few hours. Gathering a few leaves from without the hut, I covered up the body, and closing the entrance took my departure.

Alone he had lived and died-and alone he lay in death. No sculptured marble marks his restingplace, no storied urn points to his ashes; but a shapeless mass of stones form a far more lasting monument to the memory of the Hermit.*

*The remains of the "Hermit's Cave," so called, are still in existence.

Norfolk, Va., March, 1843.

APHORISMS.—It is much harder to bear Prosperity, than Adversity. The former has ruined many States and individuals-the latter recalls them to a sense of their duty, rouses up their faculties, and awakens their virtues.

Strive not too anxiously for wealth. For much mency corof it, mursed me with a parent's tenderness. But rupts your own taste, and peralice the talents of your chil-

TO SOUTHERN BARDS.

"To all the known and unknown bards of Virginia and of the South."—Sou. Lit. Mess.

Spirit of song, that, in the elder time,
Mysterious dwelling far beyond the eye
Of vision unethereal, thron'd sublime,
Held'st near the golden chambers of the sky,
O'er Pindus ample or Olympus high,
Not widely were thy inspirations then
Bequeathed; for, thou did'st the gift deny
Of sacred song, save to the wond'rous men—
The eremites of soul, by thoughtful grove and glen.

Then was thy kindling influence confined Within the precincts of the classic East:
But in that olden empire of the Mind,
She spreads no longer now th' exclusive feast.
In charm'd Castaly, her song has ceased:
The fruitage offerings of the Delphic bow'rs
Are consecrated not, by Delphos' priest,
Now to the bard of Thebes: from Athens' towr's,
No shout of Freedom now rings to the circling hours!

But where the burning Occident unfolds
Her mountains high and inland oceans vast,
Where Liberty her chosen realm beholds,
And hears her songs arise on every blast
As by Eurotas sung in ages past.
Spirit of song! into that kindred clime—
For, thou with Liberty deep kindred hast—
Did'st thou advance to meet the march of Time
And inspiration breathe, exaltingly sublime.

To geographic sections unconfin'd,
The continental West assum'd thy reign:
Man is thy child, thy universe the mind;
Thy loftiest heights the lowliest may attain,
For state nor humblest grade dost thou disdain.
The land awoke to song beneath thy wings,
And Liberty, to her ascendant strain,
Woke, thro' the forests deep, her joyous strings
With such a pow'r as shook the thrones of Europe's kings.

Harp of the frigid North! around whose hills
Th' ungenial storms hold turbulent career;
Whose cloud-encumber'd firmament distils
But congelations through the frozen air;
Whose cheerless latitudes, thro' half the year,
Share not the sun's warm influence; the wings
Of cheerful Genius seek thy favor'd sphere;
There Freedom's spirit-stirring chorus rings,
Or love's harmonious song pours from the raptur'd strings

Yet from the South, whose glowing atmosphere Is one broad world of inspirations true, Seldom the voice of kindling song we hear; Tho' Learning there with rapid vigor grew, And gifted minds are neither faint nor few, Nor unesteem'd the intellectual dower. And who of Empires old or Nations new Hath loftier bonors gather'd in the hour When Mind became a law, and Principle a power?

Is there no minstrel in the ardent South—
Champions of Song's ennobling chivalry?
No inspiration breath'd from Beauty's mouth?—
No land of streamlet, mountain, bower or tree?—
No forests where the guardian Dryads be?—
Nor, shrin'd in architecture of green boughs,
Some grove for Nature's moonlight jubilee?—
No throbbing love of Fame the bard to rouse?—
Nor—life of the world's wide heart—young Love's remer

ber'd yows?

Or hath ambition, of its eagle flight,
Forgetful grown, or sated, ceas'd to soar?—
Ambition of the pinioss plum'd with light,
Ev'n tho', like those which Icarus of yore
Kept in the daring future sun-ward hore,
They, in their mid-heav'n reach of splendor fail.
The eagle trains his offspring to explore
The Day-God's realm nor fear the giant gale:
Man's nature is not less! Awake—ascend—prevail!

Man hath an innate energy of soul—
Essence of the Immortal—free—unbound—
That claims the range of Nature's wondrous whole
Far beyond our Creation's narrow round,—
Worlds of ineffable bliss by fear unfound,—
And holds communion with invisible pow'rs.
Those, Homer, Milton, Shakspeare, Dante, crown'd
With knowledge won, trod to their inmost tow'rs—
Yet were their hearts but dust—mere dust. What less are
ours?

To you and to your sunny land belong
High claims to live on the immortal roll
Of fame, and share the heraldry of song.
Stand forth; assert them, and rejoice among
The noblest of the Empire of the mind.
The chain of apathy, however strong,
The spirit of ambition can unbind;
Wake the gigantic thought and "fame's proud temple find."
New-York, 1843.

J. A. S.

Sons of the South! you of the lofty soul!

WIND-MILLS.

"They unto whom we shall appear tedious are in no wise injured by us; because, it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not willing to endure."

It may dwell within the remembrance of a few worthies of the olden time, how that perfect gentleman and valorous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, having a heart of great benevolence and universal sympathy with the human race, and having, moreover, those sympathies increased, warmed and tempered as it were, by the perusal of certain ancient and pernicious volumes, and by continually pondering over the same, did, one fine day, sally forth in armor dight, upon a miserable hack, to redress public grievances, to open the eyes of his fellow beings to the oppressions beneath which they were tamely submitting; and, by the force of his example, and the might of his arm, to re-establish the undervalued, neglected, and almost forgotten institution of knight-errantry. And to this end did he fearlessly and vigorously prick forth against windmills, sheep, and also-not having before his eyes the fear of the devil-against certain officers of the Santa Hermandad or Holy Brotherhood, releasing from their pious guardianship sundry galley-slaves, whom they were escorting to the coast, heavily chained, as the enormity of their offences and the peace of the state demanded; from which last exploit, we may infer that "which was the justice, doubt than delicacy.

From said renowned champion, do we, for various reasons highly satisfactory to ourselves, though of no importance to any body but the owner, hold ourselves to be collaterally descended, and in like manner with him, by the perusal of, and meditation upon, sundry ancient pernicious authors, [for, what saith one of the guiding stars of American literature !

> " Pope Alexander always had his followers, As Alexander Pope has had his swallowers"]

have we become possessed with a frenzy not inferior in force, and we fear not inferior in singularity to the Don's: like his, our wit has given way beneath the monstrous conception, that the past order of things was better than is the present, and therefore, without doubt or diffidence of our good reception, (for, we are determined to be so far in the fashion,) do we present ourselves in the great tilt-yard of modern days,-id est, the printing office. Albeit, neither helmet of pasteboard, nor head-piece of brass, protect our sconce from the blows which our audacity may provoke. Yet, as with Thomas a Kent, so may it fare with us-

"There were some dealt him blows that were heavy and

But others respected his plight and forbore."

"But it seems that you are turning from, instead of at, the wind-mills."

" Have patience, good people!" a civil entreaty, which was never yet extended to you by the proprietors of the giants, against which, we have set our lance in rest. Thomas a Kent, as well as Don Quixote and ourselves, went a tilting with wind-mills; we are prepared, however, to encounter an equal doom with the Don, though by different means: his opponents were their own avengers; but now, as then, by the wind-mills, do the owners thereof grind their own bread, nor can we expect them to witness, without wrath, any efforts, however humble, at their demolition. And now, no more than in days when Paul stopped the divinations of the damsel of Philippi, "who brought her masters much gain by soothsaying," will men, " or women either," be content that the spirit, whose promptings bring them also much gain, should be exorcised, or endangered by the rebuke of truth.

The wind-mills, whose obtrusive arms are in perpetual motion in every city and village of our anion, threatening more fatally the brains of the unfortunates within their reach, than did the Spanish ones, those of Don Quixote, those wind-mills by which the proprietors furnish monthly, weekly and ing simplicity, who portrays, with so much truth daily, a large portion of the mental aliment (!) of their fellow citizens, are what, to be rightly understood, we must designate in the language as ex- divining rod, the deep wells of domestic sympathy, clusively appropriated to them, as "thee and thou" the rich affections of home and kindred, so pure

which the thief," the Don, felt to be matter of more and beautiful imaginings, yeleped tales; we may further add, "their name is Legion."

Had we discovered beyond dispute, what was the first fable ever framed for the benefit of mankind, we doubt whether we should venture to disclose this result of our researches. All things from Chaos to the Canticles, we leave to the jurisdiction and decision of the Santa Hermandad: but whenever, wherever, and by whomsoever, the expediency of fable was discovered, we doubt not that the first fruits of the intellectual harvest were presented to the world with a view to the improvement and enlightenment of all. To those whose "excoriated" consciences shrink from fiction as the snares and delusions of the Prince of darkness, we would, with due deference to the unsullied purity of their minds, and the impenetrable barrier which hems them around, name the Parables of the New-Testament, where strength, purity and pathos, a knowledge of human nature which extended their perfect applicability from the times and people for whom they were uttered, through all ages and unborn nations, rendered them worthy of their great narrator. They have each a distinct character, distinctly developed; they served then a better and more enduring purpose than any other species of instruction, and there can be no more striking proof of their perfection, than the ponderous homilies which they have sustained, and still sustain, without losing their beauty or interest.

Next, in order, come the moral fictions. Being no antiquarian, we must content ourselves with quoting those to which Æsop stands god-father, and that chiefly to remark the exceedingly crude state of literary economy in those days. Short as are those fables, it seems to have been thought necessary that each of them should contain an ideathat it should illustrate with clearness and simplicity, some moral truth, whose drapery of fiction shows that truth, even then, found it needful to sacrifice to the graces.

Among the modern fables, written professedly for the instruction of the young, (for whom a large number of our wind-mills are stated to be kept in ceaseless motion,) Telemachus is most widely known. How pure there is the conception of character, how clearly defined the plan, how gradually and perfectly unfolded and developed! There we find the devout in religion, the bright and sound in morals and philosophy, adorned and animated by the novelties of adventure, the graces of language, the poetry of nature and the imagination.

Coming nearer home, where shall be found a teacher so faithful, so unpresuming, of such touchand tenderness, the fireside virtues and their accompanying pleasures, who points out, as with a is to the Quakers, the graceful fictions, the chaste and perfect in their joys, and therefore so blessedly shall we look for the equal of the good old Vicar? "But all this is matter needless, of importless burden."

We shall see. Let us reflect then, how many adjuncts, how many resources, how great labors must have been found necessary by those teachers and authors, who have succeeded in persuading, amusing or delighting mankind, before they could attain that result—before they could produce such sketches, such pictures as those to which we have presumed to refer. How mature a judgment must they have acquired to keep truth ever in their service; how much skill in arraying her with a delicacy and propriety, which should not, for a moment, obscure the brightness of her countenance, or deform the graces of her person-how deep a feeling of all that is beautiful in the heart of man, to attract and win; how deep a knowledge of the evils of his nature, and how judicious an application of it to warn and correct; how quick and happy a perception of his follies and weaknesses, so that to strengthen he may amuse without disgusting; how keen a relish for the charms of nature, that they may mingle in his pages so as to refresh and adorn his pictures!

And now, we would ask, where in the illimitable expanse of "Original Tales," whose "stagnant torrents" surround us on all sides, are we to look for such qualities! Or can they be called "Original Tales," which, originality, have none! What idea should we entertain of the "originality" of a gallery of paintings, the only variety among which should be a somewhat diversified grouping of the figures, the expressions, attitudes and coloring being such that one might stand for all ! And is not this the case with these writings! Such knowledge of their art as the authors possess, is derived, not from that observation and study which may lead to a thorough understanding and just appreciation of human nature, as it performs its part before them; not from the examination of the records left us by men of genius of their skill in penetrating that most complicated of labyrinths, the heart, and in describing it with the alternate strength and weakness, smiles and tears, confusion and harmony, which astonish and delight. These true oracles they heed not-imagination is sufficient guide-and for such books, they are old-fashioned, vulgar; they suited the times for which they were written—we are further advanced. To the stagnant waters of fashionable novels, then, do they betake themselves, drinking in large draughts the inspiration of those mockeries, those vague shadows of man, his existence and its purposes there furnished. From thence are reproduced the heroes and heroine's who differ from each other only in stature and complexion; their loves and friendships, their impossi-

united in their sorrows-in all these things, where as ease and elegance, where markish sentimentalities are paraded as feeling; their suspicions, jealousies, quarrels and reconcilements, are all of one Sometimes, indeed, we find a spice of idiom; the Shibboleth that betrays the birth-place of its owner.

> There is also a second class of these things, standing forth somewhat in opposition to the first, where wealth and fashion and "gentle blood," and those refinements and elegancies of taste and education, which wealth procures and fashion sanctions, are held up to view only to show their utter incompatibility with virtue and usefulness. We have, also, interesting and instructive tales to allure newly married ladies into due attention to the mysteries of house-keeping, and others which treat of the sublimer arts of "shopping."

> "Hurry comes from the devil, and slow advancement from Allah," says the Turk. Were he bidden to apply his adage to these authors, he would find his ideas as much confounded as were the Satyr's, when the traveller blew hot and cold:

> > "Still hurry, hurry, on they go!"

but their advancement is invisible.

We are no Utilitarian. The beauties of the external world delight us for their beauty's sake, for the delicious repose and pleasing thraldom into which they lull us: and not less strong is our faith in the grace and grandeur of the world within; fain would we, that they should be made manifest to us now, as of yore, in forms of such truth and perfection as shall harmonize with, while they enhance the charms of actual existence.

But is the present state of things to lead to this consummation! Never! Not of the spirit are born these effusions against which we raise our voice, but of that ideality, whose immediate progenitor is acquisitiveness. And to whose account are placed all these frail, feeble, distorted literary monsters! To thine, oh patient, and much enduring public! How well would a little of the unreasonable simplicity of the Satyr stead thee against these triflers with thy dignity and common sense, whom thou sufferest to blow hot and cold upon thee. They bow down before thee; they proclaim at the street corners and upon the house-tops thy might and supremacy, while all things false, faulty and enormous which they create, are imputed to the "public taste;" they affect awe and submission, and lull thee to sleep with the music of their flatteries. O, most delicate monster! the blind ore of Ariosto, Polyphemus, after the experiments of that first of opticians, Ulysses, were never so deceived and defrauded as thou! Longer to endure these indignities would be to confess thyself an eyeless and toothless monster. Rouse thyself then, and rejoice the hearts of thy true lovers and faithful servants, ble adventures, the tone of their conversations, by withdrawing thy countenance from these parawhere flippancy and frivolity are expected to pass sites, and issue thy edict for the restoration of the ancient rule of letters, whose laws are as inviolable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—whose justice is inflexible, and which knoweth no respect of persons.

And ye, whose lips have been touched with the sacred fire, who have drank at the limpid and invigorating stream of true literature, whose ears, attuned to the music of Apollo's lute, list not the hearse and feeble tones of imitators; have ye no fault in this thing? Gird on now your armor; make hard your faces against the foe; demand of them if high purposes are to be served, lofty ends attained by their feeble and lawless incursions upon domains, in which they have no birthright; but, if the heads and hearts of the band are as impenetrable to argument, as were the feathers of the Harpies to the weapon of Astolpho, sound then the magic horn of wit, redouble blast on blast, and the victory is yours.

Washington, 1843.

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS .- No. I.

RV E. R. HALE.

Whose face is that in the scowling sky,
Peering askant thro' the sable cloud?
Her head is bald, and her eyes are dry,
And blackness weaves her shroud!
See how the scud goes flying past!
The faint old Moon will die at last!
And, bark! I hear the rising blast,
Go whirling by.

Yes, the dim old Moon is about to die, And the mourning winds go howling by.

Her face is pale and thin and wan;
Sorrow has stamp'd its impress there:
The bright bewitching smile is gone,

The smile so sweetly fair!
O! fair was her's a month ago,
When, like Diana's silver bow,
She hung upon th' horizon low,

A radiant rare; Bright, as the pure and sparkling gem, That glitters in kingly diadem.

O! when she in her beauty flung,
The radiance of her silver beams;
Where evening's zephyrs softest sung,
Or in the depths of mirroring streams;
How many a soul on seraph's wing,
With brilliant bright imagining,
Has gone to where the angels sing,

Those stars among;
And with the 'rapt angelic throng,
Pour'd forth the gushing tide of song?

How many a soul has wander'd there!
Wander'd away from Earth and Time!
Forgot the sorrow, pain and care,
And sought the far-off spirit-clime!
Ah! there the long, long parted meet,
The voice of joy is thrilling aweet,

With song sublime!
The Heav'nly guest, who 'raptur'd roves,
Thro' flowery meads and golden groves.

And Seraph tones in gladness greet,

Bright, blessed place! O, who may know,
The bliss that thrills the human soul;
Where crystal streams in music flow,
And choral hymns eternal roll?
But, ah! it must the soul suffice,
To know that in those upper skies,
A spirit-land of glory lies!

Where man may go!
A land of bright perennial bloom,
Forever barr'd from deathless doom.

I may not now those glories tell:

Those scenes of bliss, I may not sing;
Tho' there my fond affections dwell,
'Round holiest objects clustering.
I know my own heart's Love is there,
Celestial, in that purer air,
O, God! so I her rapture share,
My soul shall swell,
With thankful song, and truthful praise,
While Seraphs trill their Heav'nly lays.

Pale Moon! that look'st so worn and ill,
How many a tale thy lips could tell!
Tales, that would cause the eyes to fill,
Tales that the hardest heart would swell.
Ah, yes! frail man was made to mourn,
And many a heart by sorrow torn,
And many a spirit weak and worn,
Shall sigh until
The breath of Heav'n's eternal clime,

Shall heal the cureless wounds of Time.

Yes, Luna, from thy lofty steep,
In Heav'n's pure vault, full well I know,
Thine eyes have not refused to weep,
O'er sorrowing scenes below.
No need that Fancy plume her wing,
No need from other climes to bring,
The tearful tales of suffering,
Misfortune, pain and wo.
Thank God! that grief and dark distress.

Mar not the angels' blessedness.

But thou art gone. Pale Moon, farewell!

Thy glimmering ray no more I see;

"Tis meet thy mournful death to tell, And drop a tear for thee! Darkness may shroud thy lonely bier; But thou, fair orb, shalt re-appear; And in thy pristine beauty here, More glorious rise,

And tread the skies,
A very Queen; the brightest gem,
That studs the Evening's diadem.

TWILIGHT.

BY HUBBARD M. DALEY.

She comes! she comes! in her still holy power,
The gentle spirit of the Twilight Hour;
'Luming again the dim and shadowy track,
That down the tides of time, conducts us back
To those past scenes, which, or of weal or woe,
Do o'er each present hour, some influence throw.
Joys broken spells restored to beauty bright,
Shed o'er her path their soft rich floods of light;
Flowers, faded once, again their odors breathe,
And round her brow, gay blooming chaplets wreathe.

It often yields delight our view to cast
Upon the pleasures of the happy past;
Whose fond remembrance in each present hour
Steals o'er the soul with gently soothing power;

So too a mournful joy it gives to dwell
Awhile upon the gloomy shades that fell
Around our path, when He who gave each gem,
That shed its lustre from love's diadem,
Bereft the spirit of her cherished prize,
And bore the jewel to its native skies.

And though the heart has once been torn by woes
That will not heal, by wounds that will not close,
Till He shall come whose power alone can steep
Each pulse of anguish in unthrobbing sleep;
Yet there's an influence in the lengthened sigh—
Time wafts around us as he passes by;
A soothing balm, his trembling kiss contains,
A gentle charm breathes in his whispered strains,
That blunts the keenest of each picroing grief,
And yield, at least, the semblance of relief.

And then, when each rebellious thought is still,
When we have bowed submissive to His will,
Whose arm sustained us, when the tide of woe
Did o'er our souls in raging billows flow—
When we have known how vain those pleasures are
That earth holds forth to cheer the path of care;
We feel it good often our view to cast
Upon the sorrows of the mournful past,
And see, amid the clouds of other days,
Some lights to guide us in our future ways.

Then lead thou on! sweet spirit, let us rove
To haunts once lighted by the star of Love—
Lead on! for 'mid the winds that by me stray,
I hear sweet voices calling me away;
Whose low-breathed tones, as near me now they float,
Wake in my heart full many a chiming note.
And see! engirt in robes of spotless hue,
Who, who are they that there oppose our view?
What beings those that in such beauty rise?
Or do they come descending from the skies?

Methinks the Angels cannot be more bright
Than yonder forms that meet my raptured sight,
What lofty virtue! what serene content!
What gentle firmness with affection blent!
What softness mingles with the queen-like air,
That marks the person of the elder fair!
And Oh, how bright! how fondly bright the smile,
That lingers round the younger's brow the while!
How like the radiance of the sinless dove,
Her eye beams forth its tenderness and love!

On, on they come. And now no more unknown, I feel their arms in fondness round me thrown; My mother's form bends o'er me, and I hear My sister's voice breathe softly in mine ear. Words silent, long, their accents tune again, And sweetly murmur love's undying strain; Affection's fingers too a wake the strings To higher numbers, now the music rings; Memory unites to swell the concord sweet. And buried joys their thrilling notes repeat.

As, wasted o'er the bosom of the sea,
Falls on the ear some fairy minstrelsy
That plaintive dies, or merry peals along
As Zephyrs list, or join the swelling song;
And as at times across the morning sky,
Sunshine and clouds in rapid changes fly;
So round me now appear to swell the lays,
That breathe the music of departed days;
So in swift flight seem now around me cast
The lights and shadows of the changeful past.

They fade!—alas! the gentle vision's fled;
No more I see its beauty o'er me shed;
And yet, methinks, that still they hover near
The spirit shapes of those forever dear;
And though unseen, that now their beaming eyes
Are gazing on me from the azure skies.
And 'tis perchance their voices whispering by
That gives such sweetness to the evening's sigh;
The gentle fluttering of their Angel wings,
That wake the soothing tones of mem'ry's strings.

Spirit of Twilight, vision of an hour!
Farewell! to thee, to all thy holy power!
Farewell! for gaily clad in robes of light,
The stars are dancing in the halls of night.

Farewell! And as thou reach'st thy home again With the bright forms "that lingered in thy train; O send! in all the light that round thee beams, Thy sister." spirit of our midnight dreams, Whose voice may breathe those songs unsung by thee, That linger yet in cells of memory.

Leeds, Virginis.

Notices of New Works.

RUSCHENBERGER'S SERIES. First Books of Natural History—Mollusca: Elements of Conchology, prepared for the use of Schools and Colleges, by W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., Surgeon U. S. N., &c. &c., from the text of Milne Edwards and Achille Comte, professors of Natural History in the Colleges of Henry IV., and Charlemagne, with plates. Turner and Fisher, Philadelphia.

These books come to us very respectably and highly recommended. Some of the most competent judges and distinguished men of the country, have passed the highest en-comiums upon them and their author. With such testimonials in their favor, it would be presumption for us, and nugatory, to put our names to the paper also. They are good stuff—these books,—the publishers cannot fail to discount them freely, and schools to circulate them eagerly. If these books, instead of Latin and Greek, which, to ninetenths of our academic graduates is utterly useless, were made text-books in our schools, and the time which is there devoted to the "learned languages," given to such useful and practical, instructive and profitable treatises as these, our word for it, vast improvements in education and in mind, would manifest themselves in the next generation. We are no enemies to Latin and Greek in their proper places-but we have ever thought that an undue importance is There is not attached to them in the system of education. a college without its professorships of Latin and Greek, and few indeed with a professorship of our own language, the most difficult of all to be spoken or written correctly. We recollect to have seen a pamphlet put forth by a certain professor of one of the "learned languages" in the University of London, showing how utterly impossible it is to speak and write English correctly without a knowledge of Latin and Greek. It reminded us of the story of fortifying the city-" Leather's the thing after all." This learned professor's practice gave the lie to his theory on almost every page, for the pamphlet abounded with grammatical errors. He was most cunning in Latin and Greek, yet all of his skill in those languages did not enable him to write in his own vernacular tongue, scarcely with decency. His blunders in English, if committed by one of his pupils in a Latin thesis, would have lost him his diploma. Give Latin to the youth of fortune—if he have a fancy for it—who can afford to devote his whole life to the gratification of literary pursuits—but for the youth of scanty means—who can barely afford time for education, "fling Latin to the dogs," and put in his hands such useful and practical books as those of the Ruschenberger's Series, and others of kindred tendency.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY; comprising a complete description of the earth, physical, statistical, civil and political; exhibiting its relation to the heavenly hodies, its physical structure, the natural history of each country, and the industry, commerce, political institutions, and civil and social state of all nations. By Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E. Revised, with additions, by Thomas G. Bradford. The whole brought up to the present time. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

This is another of those marvellously chesp publications, the first part only of which has as yet reached us. It will be completed in twenty-four parts, and a part is published every two weeks, at 25 cents. The work will contain about two thousand pages, eleven hundred engravings, and upwards of eighty maps. The enterprising publishers are determined to spare no expense in getting up this very valuable publication. They have already expended upwards of eleven thousand dollars upon it. We shall defer a more extended and particular notice of it, until we see more of the other parts—with the first of which we are really delighted.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

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February, 1843.

EXCHANGE READING-ROOM.

The subscriber respectfully announces to the citizens and the public generally, that the Reading-Room is now open. He has made such arrangements as will enable him in addition to the best daily papers, from the principal cities in the union, to present to his subscribers, the earliest Foreign and Domestic intelligence. Nor is it his intention to ergn and Domestic intelligence. From is in is intention to confine himself entirely to the commercial press, as there will always be found upon his table a judicious selection from the most reputable literary and scientific journals, in-cluding the weekly, and monthly journals of literature science, law, medicine and the mechanic arts.

Terms of subscription for yearly or transient visitors made known by applying at the Reading-Room in the rear of the Exchange Hotel.

ANDREW STEVENS.

N. B.-Mr. A. Stevens is authorised to act as agent and receive subscriptions to the Messenger. He will take pleasure in showing a specimen number to any who may wish to subscribe to this popular periodical.

Richmond, January 1st, 1843.

THE MARKOE HOUSE.

No. 293 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

MRS. S. HOWELL begs leave to inform those Ladies and Gentlemen who have occasion to visit Philadelphia, that she has taken and fitted up in elegant style as a genteel private Boardine-House, that spacious and central establishment called the Markor House, situate at No. 293 Cheanut Street.

This House is well adapted to the accommodation of Family Parties, having suites of apartments communicating with each other, together with Baths and other desirable conveniences.

The ordinary dinner table will be always ready at three o'clock, which is the usual hour of dining in the principal hotels of this city.

Private tables when required, will also be spread, and like the public table, furnished with as great a variety as can be found in any similar establishment in Philadelphia. e best Wines kept constantly on hand.

Philadelphia, February, 1843.

CITY HOTEL, NEW-YORK.

The subscriber has again taken the above house, which The subscriber has again taken the above nonse, which even refitted and furnished in superior style, and will pened on the first of February next. The whole extend interior have been painted throughout. The Ladies' tments are materially improved, by widening the stairs passages, inserting closets, having the halls warmed by saces, and the assembly-room converted into several es of rooms for families, and a spacious ladies' dining-room. The nablic dining-room is greatly improved by a a. The public dining-room is greatly improved by a e, designed to increase light and ventilation, and other special alterations. Many of the walls and ceilings have of the establishment. The house will be amply pro-d with every requisite, the business will be conducted me most liberal manner, and the subscriber and Mr. LLARD, who will be associated with him, explicit the patronage of their old friends and the public.
CHESTER JENNINGS.

New-York, January, 1843.

PRINTING OFFICE.

TYPE FOUNDRY AGENCY. TO THE PUBLIC.

PLEASANTS & BAILIE have this day sold to Mr. P. D. BERNARD their Book and Job Office. Mr. B. is too well knowa as a skilful printer, to require commendation from us—therefore, we would only ask that those friends who have so liberally favored us, will continue their patronage to our successor, under the confident belief that ample justice will be done them.

PLEASANTS & BAILIE.

Richmond, Nov. 9th, 1841.

P. D. BERNARD.

Having bought Pleasants & Bailie's New Job Printing Office, and moved into the Museum Building, up stairs, is now better prepared than ever to execute all kinds of Book, Job and Fancy Work. His large assortment of Type and Presses, with the assistance of the best workmen, will enable him to execute all orders at the shortest notice, and in the best manner.

He returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on him, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of

TYPE FOUNDRY AGENCY.

The subscriber having been appointed Agent for WM. HAGAR & CO'S Type Foundry, New-York, will execute orders for any amount of Book and Newspaper Type, or other apparatus for Printing, from the above well-known Establishment, on as favorable terms as they can be obtained in the Eastern cities. A specimen of their Type and Ornaments, can be seen by calling at my Printing Office, Museum Building, Richmond, Vz.

Nov. 25, 1841.

P. D. BERNARD.

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

This is a monthly Magazine, devoted chiefly to LITERATURE, but occasionally finding room also for articles that fall within the scope of Science; and professing teful selections, though its matter has been, as it will continue to be, in the main, origi

Jexcluded. They are Party Politics and controversial Theology, as far as possi. sometimes so blended with discussions in literature or in moral science, otherwise unobjectionable, as to gain admittance for the sake of the more valuable matter to which they adhere: but whenever that happens, they are incidental, only; not primary. They are dress about a local and the because it cannot well

be severed from the sterling ore wherewith it is incorporated

REVIEWS, and CRITICAL NOTICES, occupy their due space in it is the Editor's aim that they should have a threefold tendency—to convey, in a condensed form, such valuable truths or interesting incidents, as are embodied in the works reviewed,—to direct the reader's attention to books that deserve to be read,—and to warn him against wasting time and money upon that large number, which merit only to be burned. In this age of publications, that by their variety and multitude distract and overwhelm every undiscriminating student, IMPARTIAL CRITICISM, governed by the views just mentioned, is one of the most inestimable and indispensable of auxiliarian who does wish to discriminate.

Essays, and Tales, having in view utility or amusement, c. RICAL SKETCHES—and REMINISCENCES of events too minute for History, yet elucidating it, and heightening its interest,—may be regarded as forming the staple of the work. And of indigenous Poetry, enough is published sometimes of no mean strain—to manifest and to cultivate the growing poetical taste and talents of our

country.

The times appear, for several reasons, to demand such a work—and not one alone, but many. The public mind is feverish and irritated still, from recent political strifes:—The soft, assuasive influence of Literature is needed, to allay that fever, and soothe that irritation. Vice and folly are rioting abread:—They should be driven by indignant rebuke, or lashed by ridicule, into their fitting haunts. Ignorance lords it over an immense proportion of our people:—Every spring should be set in motion, to arouse the enlightened, and to increase their number; so that the great enemy of popular government may no longer brood, like a portentous cloud, over the destinies of our country. And to accomplish all these ends, what more powerful agent can be employed, than a positional on the plan of the Messenger; if that plan be but carried out in practice?

The South peculiarly requires such an agent. In all the Biron, south or Washington, there are but two Literary periodicals! Northward of that city, there are probably at least twenty-five or thirty! Is this contrast justified by the wealth, the leisure, the native talent, or the actual literary taste, of the Southern people, compared with those of the Northern? No: for in wealth, talents, and taste, we may justly claim at least an equality with our brethren; and a domestic institution exclusively our own, beyond all doubt affords us, if we choose, twice the leisure for reading and writing, which they enjoy.

It was from a deep sense of this local want, that the word Southern was engrafted on the name of this periodical: and not with any design to nourish local prejudices, or to advocate supposed local interests. Far from any such thought, it is the Editor's fervent wish, to see the North and South bound endearingly together forever, in the silken bands of mutual kindness and affection. Far from meditating hostility to the north, he has already drawn, and he hopes hereafter to draw, much of his choicest matter thence: and happy indeed will he deem himself, should his pages, by making each region know the other better, contribute in any essential degree to dispel forever the lowering clouds that so lately threatened the peace of both, and to brighten and strengthen the sacred ties of fraternal love.

The Southern Literary Messenger has now commenced its ninth volume, and ninth. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to say. He believes, however, that it falls not further short of them, than human weakness usually makes Practice fall short

of Theory.

CONDITIONS OF SOUTHERN LITERARY MESCENCED

1. THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER is published in monthly numbers. Each number contains not less than 64 large super-royal pages, printed on good type, and in the best manner, and on paper of the most beautiful and expen-

2. The "MESSENGER" hereafter will be mailed on or about the first day of every month in the year. Twelve numbers make a volume, --- and the price of subscription is numbers make a volume,—and the price of subscription is \$5 per volume, payable in advance;—nor will the work be sent to any one, unless the order for it is accompanied with the CASH. ILT THE YEAR COMMENCES WITH THE JANUARY NUMBER. NO SUBSCRIPTION RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN THE YEAR, UNESS THE INDIVIDUAL SUBSCRIBING CHOOST TO PAY THE FULL PRICE OF A YEAR'S 3SCRIPTION FOR A LESS PERIOD; NOR A SINGLE NUMBER BE SOLD, IN ANY

CASE, FOR LESS THAN FIV...PRICE OF A WHOLE VOLU SENGER. 4

3. The risk of transmitting subscripassumed by the proprietor. But every subscriber th mitting payment, is requested (besides taking dence of the fact and date of mailing) to ret randum of the number and nart

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

P. D. BERNARD, PUBLISHER.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1843.

NO. V.

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.	ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES—(CONTINUED.)
PAGE	PAGE
1. The Gold Mines. A Tale. Translated from the German. By Mrs. Jane Tayloe W. Scene in the Alps; The Minerali; Character of; Francesco Martelli; Meeting of Francesco and Lelia; Love; Francesco's desperate and fruitless labor in the Mines; Apparition, and Lelia encou-	bal, Ballasteros, and Morillo on the back benches; A table with papers; The Secretary reading302 7. The Encyclopædia of Geography. Earthquakes, and the changes they produce on the earth's sur- face; Universality of Earthquakes; Phenomena of; Shocks; Extent of Earthquakes; Slipping
raging him in the work; Death of Lelia; Agony of her father and despair of Francesco; Roman- tic superstition; Lamp of Lelia	of Mountains; Duration of Shocks; Magnitude of rents formed by Earthquakes; Elevation and subsidence of land; Agitations of the Sea; No- tices of particular Earthquakes
man. By a Lady of Virginia. Love and unbro- ken faith; Gertrude, the rich Steward's daugh- ter; Sercery; Scene in the hut of the Witch; Translation of Alice; Death of Gertrude; Re- turn of Alice; Joy	8. Brande's Encyclopædia—Part IV. East India Company; Company's Stock; General Courts; Courts of Directors; Secret Committee; Ta- bles of Revenue; Excise Duties
3. The Cottage Girl. By the Author of "the Elopement." Autumn; The cottage; The country girl; Argument on the comparative happiness of a state of wealth and poverty; Love and marriage	 A Gallop Among American Scenery. Beautiful descriptions, and scenes on the Potomac; Ac- count of Perry's leaving the Laurence on Lake Erie; Paper on Lake George and Ticonderoga; Deer-chase reflections; Long Island Sound; In- dians; Story of Pequot and Pamanack; The
4 Alison's History of Europe. The campaigns of Napoleon and of the Archduke Charles; The great Naval engagements of those thrilling times; History of Massena on the Alps; Suwarrow on the plains; Morengo and Hohenlinden; Con- quests of England in India; Intrigues of Courts and Cabinets	Notices of New Works: 10. The Life and Adventures of Martin Churzlewit
5. Short Essays on the Medical Profession—No. I. The Profession of Medicine, and Literature and the Fine Arts closely allied; Physicians; Their general moral and religious character and be- nevolence; Quacks, or Steam-doctors	Hillman's History of the Jews
6. Riego; or, the Spanish Martyr. A Play, in Five Acts. Introduction; Dramatis Personæ; Conclusion of second Act. Act III.—Scene I.—An apartment in the palace; Saez; The Nuncio; Meeting. Scene II.—The Hall of the Cortes; The Cortes in Session; Riego President; The Liberals and Serviles on opposite sides; Abis-	13. The Storm; A Fragment. By R. French Ferguson, Jr

less, is six cents; over 100 miles, ten cents.

OFFICE REMOVED TO MUSEUM BUILDING, RICHMOND, VA.

1843.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Riego.—The first act of this Drama and full extracts from the second, were published in our No. for Sept. last. The continuation was partly in type for the succeeding No., but suspended in consequence of the illness of the late Editor, who was unwilling to permit the publication except under his immediate supervision. We hope to furnish the concluding part of the Drama in our next.

ID The author will confer a favor by giving us his address, or furnishing the last act, which we do not find among the papers of the late Editor.

PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Received since the publication of the April number. If any names should have been omitted, they will appear on the cover of the June number. In No order hereafter (come from whatever quarter it may,) for the Messenger, will be attended to unless the money accompanies it,—nor will any Bank Bills other than those which are current at par in the States where they are issued, be received in payment for subscriptions.

Tayloe, William HWarsaw, Virginiavol 8-9
Oliver, James S Wetumka, Alabamavol 9
Maples, Miss AnnSelma, Alabamavol 8-9
Redwood, Dr. G. E. HBG. Mobile, Alabamavol 8
Harris, Hon. P. T. HBG Mobile, Alabama vol 8
Fry, George HHBGMobile, Alabamavol 8
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Farragut, Lt. W. A. C. RN Norfolk, Va vol 8
Cunningham, William CRNNorfolk, Vavol 7-8
Hull, JacobRNNorfolk, Virginiavol 8
Shubrich, Capt. W. B RN Norfolk, Virginia vol 8
Campbell, Lieut. S. H.RN.Old Point Comfort, Vavol 8
Cornick, James M. RN. London Bridge, Virginiavol 8
Peete, Dr. George W. RN. Hicks' Ford, Virginia. vol 6

	
Whitaker, Miss W. D. Enfield, N. Carolina vol	9
McNeal, Mrs. Mary JCoffeeville, Missvol 8	-9
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Phelps, A. GAlexandria, Lavol	
Watkins, Stephen H. Cascade, Virginia vol 6	
Massie, Dr. Thomas Merchant's Mills, Virginia vol	
Moss, Wm. RMayfield, Georgiavol	
Winchester, Thomas CJackson, Tennesseevol	. 9

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER FOR SALE.

Will be sold, on Thursday, the 29th day of June, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the establishment of the Southern Literary Messenger, together with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging: viz., Printing Presses, Type, Fixtures, &c., &c. This paper, in competent hands, will certainly yield a handsome revenue, as it did to its late proprietor, T. W. White, dec'd. It is too well known to the literary world, to need any encomium from me.

Terms.—One third of the purchase money will be required in cash, and the balance at six and

twelve months from the day of sale, well secured.

Any communications to the undersigned, (post paid) will be promptly responded to.

RICHARD HILL, JR. Administrator of T. W. White, dec'd.

IF Editors friendly to the Messenger will please give the above one or two insertions.

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will be taken as a continuance for another year.

5. The mutual obligations of the publisher and subscriber, for the year, are fully incurred as soon as the first number of the volume is issued: and after that time, no discontinuance of a subscription will be permitted, unless at the origin of the editor.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IX.

RICHMOND, MAY, 1843.

NO. 5.

SONG.

BY E. B. HALE.

Roll on-roll on-thou glorious day! Bereft of care—unknown to sorrow And you, ye darksome thoughts, away! Dim not my joy to-morrow.

There's a time when the weary heart is low; There's a time when the gushing tear-drops run; When the springs of joy have ceas'd to flow, And the springs of grief begun. But away! ye trembling times, away! Haunt not my buoyant soul to-day.

I know ye all! but I know beside, There's a time to dance, and a time to sing; A time to laugh, and a time to glide Around the graceful ring. A time, when hearts in unison beat, To the tuneful trip of sprightly feet.

There's a time to live, and a time to die! And thus the Royal Preacher said: But a far more glorious time, say I, Is the glorious time to wed! When trusting hearts, in truthful tether, Link soul and soul for life together!

Two sparkling waves-two crystal streams Two kindred clouds, at rise of sun; Two dulcet tones-two silvery beams-Each mingling into one; Emblems of love! but emblems never, Of love that breathes and burns forever.

O, if there be, in life below, Aught, that can chase dull care away; Or bid th' intruding trouble go, It is the wedding-day! God bless it! may he ever bless, The royal road to happiness.

THE GOLD MINES.

(Translated from the German.)

The Simplon road, in descending to Lake Majeur, crosses several times, on beautifully constructed bridges, the river Coccia, which gives its name to the valley. After having passed one of these bridges, called the Ponte Maggiore, it reaches the valley of Anzasca, conducting to Mount Rosa. This magnificent mountain, which is computed to be but two hundred and fifty feet lower than Mount Blanc, is visible from nearly every part of Lombardy; but the valley is still more an object of curiosity and admiration to its people, for it shuts within its bosom, that most powerful of all talismans-gold.

the employing of more than five thousand slaves to work them, from fear that the farmers should become too wealthy. Afterwards only a thousand workmen labored there, and now even that number is greatly diminished. Nevertheless, all the inhabitants of the valley have the privilege of seeking gold, and many of them, who, from their occupations, are styled "Minerali," have no other profession.

It was related to us, that on dark and stormy nights, these Minerali observed little lights shining on the hills, and if in the morning they could find the exact spot where they appeared, gold was certain to reward the search. This seemed romantic enough to excite our curiosity, but for sometime we gained few satisfactory answers to our questions on the subject. At length we were so fortunate as to meet an Italian, who was disposed to be more intelligible, and our readers, if they please, can, like ourselves, attribute the origin of the stormfires of Anzasca, to the cause we are about to relate.

"I have seen them myself," said the Italian, "and they differ wholly from the common fue follet. Formerly, the road from Lake Majeur to the western cantons of Switzerland, ran through the valley of Anzasca, and I once happened to be detained in a hut situated at the foot of one of the wildest defiles, by a violent storm which rendered our horses ungovernable. As I was seated on a bench, gazing drowsily from the window-for, there was no bed in the establishment, save that of my host, and of that I would not deprive bim-I perceived several pale lights at a distance among the rocks. I at first thought they shone from the casement of some hut, but remembering that portion of the mountain was uninhabited, and in truth, uninhabitable, I arose from my seat, and asked the inmates of the house, the cause of the phenomenon. While I spoke, the lights disappeared, but a moment after, was visible in another place, as if the person who carried it, had passed around a rock. The tempest continued during this time to rage with a fury which threatened to crush our miserable place of refuge, and to hurl down the very mountains themselves, and the night was so dark we could scarcely distinguish the earth from the sky.

"See, it is there again!" I exclaimed, "tell me then, what is it?"

"It is the lamp of Lelia," ejaculated one of our host's children, "Father! rouse yourself, oh! Batista, Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!"

"At these cries, the family arose, and all standing Play mentions these mines, which must formerly before the window, fixed their eyes on the flashes, have been of much importance, as the senate forbade which continued to shine during the greater part of the night, though at long intervals. The occupants of the hut willingly told me all they knew concerning these lights, but only on condition that I would be silent whenever they appeared, and allow them to observe with attention, the exact spot where they gleamed.

"To render my story intelligible, I must inform you that the Minerali and the farmers compose two distinct classes in the valley of Anzasca. The employment of the former, when they make it their sole profession, is regarded as disgraceful by the other inhabitants who gain a livelihood by regular industry, and in fact, the conduct of the Minerali offers some apology for what might otherwise seem an illiberal prejudice. They are profligate and quarrelsome; at one period rich, and at another perishing with hunger. To be brief, they are liable to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which befall men, like gamblers for example, who cannot calculate on the benefits of regular labor.

"Notwithstanding, they are naturally a fine race of men, hardy, courageous, and often remarkably handsome. They dispense liberally what they have gained easily, and if, one day they crouch, half dead with hunger, like wild animals basking in the sun; the next morning, if fortune prove smiling, they appear gay and brilliant, the true lords of the valley. The Minerali sometimes talk of love, and though they rarely win the hand, they often touch the heart of the pretty maidens of Anzasca. their sighs are coldly greeted, they seek comrades still more savage than themselves, and whose arms are always open to brave and desperate men. They change their profession, and haunt the main roads when nights are dark and travellers unguarded; or, they enlist under the banners of the regular banditti, who reb by thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

"Francesco Martelli was the handsomest of all the Minerali in the valley. He was savage, I admit, but, that is the trait of his class, and it was atoned for by so many good qualities, that even the farmers-at least those who had no daughters to be married-found pleasure in his society. Francesco sang with such melancholy sweetness, that the old women shed tears while listening. He had one of those tender and touching voices which sink in the memory at the first utterance, and which seem, when heard again, to be the realization of a pleasant dream.

"Lelia was the only person in the valley who had never heard Francesco sing. All the other maidens, either secretly or openly, under one pretext or another, had satisfied their curiosity. She was the daughter of one of the wealthiest farmers of Anzasca. Lelia was very young—scarcely sixpounds, soon attracted the attention of the other ravine, to discover whence the voice proceeded. inhabitants. Her features were regularly beautiful,

but though perfectly well proportioned, her form was so slight and petite, and her manners so timid and youthful, that she was always regarded as a child. The heiress of old Niccoli, was the title given her by parents who sought to excite the future ambition of their sons, but Lelia still appeared to them, a little insignificant being.

"Her mother had died at her birth; and during several years, the life of the infant had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, but by a kind of miracle. Even after her disease, whatever it was, had yielded to the untiring cares of her father, her condition was rather the absence of illness than the presence of health; and, the sorrowful remembrance of her sufferings had implanted a nervous timidity, which, in a more refined land, would have been deemed an exquisite delicacy of feeling. In a manner deprived of intercourse with the young girls of her age, by this peculiarity of her situation, she was excluded from it still more by another reason. Her frame was feeble and languid, but she had cultivated her mind. Music, which she passionately loved, had initiated her in poetry, and notwithstanding the contrary doctrines of a certain school, poetry does debar us from communion with ignorant and unrefined companions. Since Lelia had never sought to hear the melodies of Francesco, we must attribute it to an instinct of terror, mingled with the horror excited in her by the very mention of one of the wicked Minerali. She listened to the accounts which reached her, of the young Mineralo, with that vague and careless interest, with which we hear the description of a being of another hemisphere, and the history of its beauty, and its habits of cruel ferocity. But the day came at last, when poor Lelia listened.

"She was seated alone, as usual, at the bottom of her father's garden, and while sewing, she sang in the low soft tone, characteristic of her voice. enclosure of the garden on that side, was a hedge of shrubs which grew along the summit of a deep ravine. Through the abyes, the river flowed darkly and rapidly, and beyond, at a distance of about five hundred feet, a line of rugged rocks bounded the horizon. Her tones were seldom sufficiently loud to reach the echoes among the rocks, though sometimes in the fervor of her enthusiasm, she would strive to win a repetition of her songs from these fairy minstrels of the valley. On this day, she observed with astonishment, a similar effect, though her voice was faint almost as a sigh. She sang another strain a little louder, the defiance was accepted, and a sweet melodious voice finished her favorite melody, from the point where she had ceased. The first impulse of Lelia was to fly-the second, to remain stationary and listen again to the teen, but her position as an only child, and her for-|strains; the third, and the one she obeyed, was to tune, consisting of more than a thousand Austrian glide noiselessly to the hedge and look down the

"She found the echo was a young man, occupied

inhabitants of the Alps employ to carry their provisions to market; the raft was at this moment, stationary beside the bank at the foot of the garden. The youth was leaning on his oar, apparently endeavoring to propel the raft, but his eyes were upraised as if he looked for the apparition of a star; and Lelia was convinced, though she scarcely knew why, that he had observed her through the trees while she sang, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without startling her. Such appeared to be his object; indeed, he seemed to have had no other, for after having gazed an instant, he withdrew his eyes with an air of confusion, and pushing the raft, he was borne along by the river, and soon concealed from view.

"The life of Lelia was as calm as the sleeping waters of a lake which a light cloud can darken, or the wing of an insect agitate. This little occurrence awoke reflection, and summoned the sweet reveries of sixteen. She felt her cheeks glow, as she fancied how the young man had watched her through the shrubbery, and wondered why he had departed without speaking to her, after having succeeded in attracting her attention. There was delicacy in this ruse to spare her the surprise, perhaps the terror, of seeing a stranger in that place; there was modesty in the embarrassment, with which he had withdrawn his glance.

"A week passed ere she again saw this Apollo of her young imagination. It appeared, as if they had become acquainted in the interval. They saluted each other, the second time they spoke, and at length they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their intercourse. He was probably a farmer's son from the upper valley, who had been attracted like many others, by rumors of the heiress of old Nicoli. He was ignorant of books; he loved poetry rather for music than for itself; but, what did that matter? The records of the Creator were around and within them, and if denied, the mind were graven deeply in the heart. He was strong and robust, and that constitutes beauty in the eyes of a fragile and timid woman. He ran on the very edge of the precipice; he bounded from rock to rock in the torrent, with the fearlessness of the Chamois. He was handsome, brave and graceful, and this glorious being, with brilliant eyes and fushing cheeks, threw himself at her feet, and worshipped her loveliness, as the poets adore the pale Phœbus. The world, hitherto so monotonous, se empty, so wearisome for Lelia, became a paradise. One thing only tormented her; they had been long enough together, according to the calculations of sixteen; they were well acquainted, had avowed their attachment without reserve, had even plighted their faith, and yet her lover had never took her station beside him, with faltering steps, revealed to her his name.

precipitation, but it was now too late to remedy with fright and diffidence.

is guiding down the river, one of the rafts which the | that, and she resolved to learn the secret, if it was one, at their next interview.

- "'My name!' was his reply to her prompt and candid question; 'you will know it soon enough!'
- "'But I will not be refused. You must tell me now, or at the latest to-morrow evening.'
 - "'Why to-morrow evening?"
- " ' Because my hand will be demanded to-morrow by a rich and handsome young man, whom my father approves. I will not, at whatever cost, disappoint the cherished wishes of my only remaining parent, without giving him some satisfactory reason. Oh! you do not know him; fortune is nothing in his estimation, compared with the happiness of his child. You may be poor, but you are good and honorable, and therefore, you will not seem to him, unworthy of Lelia!'
- "The evening was dark, but Lelia thought she saw her lover smile as she spoke, and a happy belief entered her mind, which made her heart beat quickly. He was silent for some moments, and appeared agitated by conflicting emotions; at last, in an altered tone, he answered:
 - "'Then it shall be told to-morrow evening.'
 - " ' Here ?'
- "' No, in the house of your father, in the presence of my rival!'

"The next day arrived, and with the formal ceremonies customary in the valley on such occasions, the suitor whom Lelia had mentioned presented himself to ask permission to pay his homage, or rather-for they do not like the maidens of Anzasca to lese time—to demand her hand. It was, in truth, a connexion in every way desirable to Niccoli, for it was the best match between the vale of Ossola and Mount Rosa. The youth was rich, and prudent even to an extreme. What could a father wish more !

"Lelia delayed as long as possible, to the very latest moment, to approach the door of the house where her presence was awaited by the elder members of both families. While she abstractedly arranged her dress, she constantly looked from the window, whence she could see the great road and the two families below, and her suspense became agony. How bitter were her reflections during this interval! She began to believe the past was all a dream, a fiction of her imagination, wearied by poetry and solitude, or perhaps by suffering. Or had she been the dupe of a deceiver! The smile she had remarked on her lover's face, was it only the foreteller of cruel jests, with which he might even now be amusing his companions, by pourtraying her perplexity and despair! Her conduct now seemed like folly and ingratitude. At length she obeyed the orders of her father, and and cheeks burning with fever. The appearance "Lelia, while meditating on this, lamented her of the many persons who expected her, struck her "She looked around her with morbid timidity, while their marble-like gaze, fixed on her with the ceremonious rigor of an antique custom, seemed to freeze her heart. Nevertheless, there was one whose ideas of couvenances, strict though they were, could not prevent his eyes from glistening with pleasure, and his arms from opening towards her. It was her father, who after regarding her for several instants, in ecstasy as she stood in her pure white drapery, clasped her to his bosom, and blessed her fervently.

"'My daughter!' he said, and his smile was bathed in tears, 'it is hard for an old man to think of severing from all he loves in the world; but, the laws of nature should be respected. Young men and maidens will love, to the end of time, and new ties will spring from their union. It is the common fate, my child, it is the lot of woman, and her destiny. During sixteen years, I have watched over you as a miser over his gold, and now I forsake you; you, the treasure of my life. All I ask of you, is to obey me at this hour, and to obey me joyfully, according to the usage of our ancestors, and the ordinance of the Lord. After that, leave the old man to his way, and the will of Heaven. He has seen his daughter happy, and the children of her children shall bless his memory. He has drunk the cup of life, sweet and bitter, bitter and sweet; he has quaffed it to the dregs, but it was mixed with honey, Lelia, thanks to his cherished child! There was sweetness in it, even to the last drop!

"Lelia threw her arms around her father, and sobbed wildly. She wept so long and bitterly, that the friends who were present, forgot their formal etiquette, and approached her anxiously. When at length she raised her head, they saw her cheeks were no longer tearful, but pale and wan as the marble of Cordaglia. A murmur of compassion arose from the assistants, and they whispered one to the other, 'poor child! still so delicate, always these old attacks!' The father was alarmed and hastened to abridge a ceremony so formidable to the nervous timidity of his daughter.

"'It is enough,' said he, 'all will be finished in a moment; Lelia, do you accept this young man for your betrothed? Say, my child, one word, and all is over.'

"Lelia strove in vain to speak; she bowed her head in token of assent.

"'Friends!' said Niccoli, 'my daughter has consented, that is sufficient. My son, salute your bride, and then let us enter and drink happiness to the alliance.'

"The young maiden has not replied,' observed a relation of the young man in a cold, ceremonious manner.

"'Answer then, my child,' said Niccoli, casting a disdainful and reproachful glance on the speaker 'say but one little word, speak!'

"Lelia's blanched and pallid lips parted to obey, when a man, evidently too impatient to open the door of the little court, leaped over it, and rushed abruptly into the midst of the group.

"'Do not speak!' he cried, 'I forbid it!'

"Lelia turned to him with a stifled scream, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been forcibly restrained by her father.

"'Who is this?' he demanded, with a sad and frightened air; 'wretch, villian, fool! what do you seek here?'

"'You cannot provoke me, Niccoli,' returned the intruder, 'even if you insult me; I come to ask your daughter in marriage!'

"' You!' cried the furious parent.

"'You!' repeated the assembled relations, in tones of contempt, rage or ridicule, each according to his character.

"'We need not proceed further,' said the same formal old man who had spoken before, 'a troth commenced in a quarrel, will never end in a marriage. To demand a young girl in honorable marriage is neither a crime nor a shame. Let her reply to the young man herself, and then we will retire in peace.'

"'He has spoken well,' said the most circumspect among the old men.

"'Answer, my daughter, answer, and let this vouth depart.'

"Lelia blushed and grew pale alternately. She made a step forward, hesitated, looked timidly at her father, and then stood motionless as a statue, her hands clasped on her bosom, as if to still the beatings of her heart.

"'My child!' exclaimed old Niccoli, in a tone of anger, hardly suppressed, and seizing her arm, 'do you know this man! have you ever seen him before! Speak! do you know his name!'

"'No!

"'No! Insolent wretch! My daughter, proffer your cheek to your future husband, for the customs of our forefathers must be followed, and leave me to chase the vagabond from my door!'

"She advanced mechanically; when the real fiancé extended his arms and approached her, she avoided him, uttering a sudden cry, and turned, tottering toward the other.

"'Stop, stop!' exclaimed the relations, 'you are deranged, you know not what you do; that is Francesco the Mineralo.'

"She was already beside the stranger, who stirred not from his place, and as the fatal name reached her ear, she sank fainting in his arms.

"The confusion which ensued, cannot be described. They carried Lelia almost lifeless into the house. The relations united their efforts to restrain the father, who would have instantly assailed the Mineralo. Francesco remained for some time, his arms folded, in sorrowful and silent composure; but, when, at length, the imprecations and abusive epi-

thets with which Niccoli addressed him, ceased and the character of the Mineralo were greatly from the old man's exhaustion, he strode boldly changed. He not only forsook the society of his before him.

"'I can bear from you, all these injuries,' he said; 'you well know, that if some of them are merited, it is rather from my position, than my own If to chastise the insolent, and throw back contempt, for contempt constitutes a wretch, then am I one. But no man can be called a vagabond who lives in the habitation of his ancestors, and follows their profession. But all this is of no importance; these are mere words. That I am poor is your true objection, and it is a great one. If I chose to take your daughter without her fortune, I could do so in spite of you all; but I would relinquish her, even to that soulless man, rather than expose a being so lovely and fragile, to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. For this reason, I demand not only your daughter, but a portion of her wealth, however small the portion may be, and you have also the right to require that I should not come empty-handed. She is young there is no cause to hasten her marriage. Grant me one year, one single year, name a reasonable sum, and if at the end of that period, I cannot place the stipulated amount before you, I swear here, to renounce every claim which the generous preference of your daughter has given me to her hand.'

"'It is well arranged,' returned the same old man who had already spoken; 'under any circumstances, a year should intervene between the betrothal and the marriage. If the young man, in a year from this day, before midnight, shall place on the table here, in gold or silver money, or in virgin gold, the same sum I intended bestowing on my grandaon, I promise, in the name of all present, there shall be no opposition made to the maiden's caprice, should it last so long; and we will consult her wish in the disposal of her hand, in preference to the judgment and desire of her father. The sum is only three thousand pounds!'

A laugh of mockery and derision was heard among the relations.

"'Yes, yes!' they cried, 'it is all just! let the Mineralo bring three thousand pounds, and he shall marry Lelia. Neighbor Niccoli, it is a wise proposition; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and ask your consent.'

"'Gentlemen!' said Francesco, with an embarrassment mingled with auger, 'the sum of three thousand pounds...'

"He was interrupted by shouts of contemptuous laughter.

"'It is a right loyal proposition,' repeated the relations; 'consent to it, neighbor Niccoli, consent.'

"' I consent!' said Niccoli, disdainfully.

"'Be it so!' returned Francesco, with indignant pride, and he retired, his heart deeply wounded.

"It was remarked, that from this day, the habits

and the character of the Mineralo were greatly changed. He not only forsook the society of his dissipated comrades, but also that of respectable persons whose houses were open to him, either on account of his musical talent, or because his conduct was so superior to that of the other Minerali. Day after day, he devoted himself to his precarious toil. The change of seasons made no difference with him. The storm did not induce him to seek shelter, nor the rain detain him at home. All day, and frequently all night too, he might be seen in the fields, on the mountains, on the banks of the torrents. He seldom even permitted himself the happiness of meeting the beloved one, for whom he submitted to so many trials.

"Gold, gold was his only thought by day, his only dream by night. When the lovers were sometimes together, in the solitude and mystery of night, it was but to whisper a few words of false confidence, of consolation and hope. She could, during these interviews, speak only with sighs and tears, but he seemed full of enthusiasm and firm faith. Notwithstanding, days and weeks rolled on, the moon renewed her light, the end of the year drew near, and the greater part of the immense sum was still in the bosom of the mountains.

"The hopes of the Mineralo daily diminished. He could no longer utter a consolation, which had fled even from his dreams; he could only clasp Lelia, in sadness and grief, to his breast, when she hazarded a question concerning his labors, and then mechanically return to his hopeless task.

"It is a strange, and sometimes a sublime study, the mystery of a woman's mind. The health of Lelia had been deeply affected by the events we have related. Her cheeks had been pale and her frame weak for several months, and now was the painful impression added, of these mute but eloquent interviews with her lover. The more their griefs grew dark, the more their affairs seemed desperate, the higher mounted her courage, as if to conquer fortune. The hopes of Lelia increased in proportion to the fears of Francesco, and the energy which abandoned this man, hitherto so courageous, appeared to pass to her. Even her physical faculties reflected the force of her spirit. Her nerves acquired more than their natural vigor, her cheeks flúshed, and the light of her eyes was brilliant.

"The cold and indolent imagination of man has not half a woman's resources under such circumstances. Relinquishing all trust in fortune and chance, she turned to the altars, and to the most venerated saints and martyrs of her land. She made vows and pilgrimages, she questioned even her dreams, she sought predictions in the poems of Dante, she interpreted for herself the poetry of heaven, the mystical language of the stars. The year drew to its close, and the sum which the gold seeker had amassed, though miraculous in amount,

was still far, very far from sufficient. The last day dawned, accompanied by a frightful storm, and the night sank cold and dark on the toil of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite the dwelling of Niccoli, and as the daylight faded from the valley, he saw, with inexpressible agony of soul, by the numerous lights gleaming from the windows, that they had not forgotten the fête. A little gold he had discovered, induced him, however, to continue the search, as a drowning man will grasp a tiny shrub. He stood on a spot indicated by one of Lelia's dreams, and she had conjured him not to cease his labor till the moment when the distant church-clock should sound to destroy their hopes forever.

However, fortune seemed to smile on him; he had found a small perpendicular vein of gold, and it was possible that this, though of slight importance itself, might lead to a horizontal vein, which should form one of those grappi or masses, in which the gold is abundant, and from which, it is easily ex-But the work was painful, and it was tricated. impracticable to continue it long; his powers were nearly exhausted; the tempest beat violently in his face, and the darkness grew deeper every moment. He felt his heart sink; his limbs trembled, a cold moisture bathed his forehead, and, as the last rays of day fled from the sides of the mountain, he fell senseless on the earth. He knew not how long he had remained in this state, when he was recalled to life, by a sound resembling that of a human voice. The storm growled round the mountain, more furious than ever, and the obscurity was profound; but, on turning his head, he observed a light at a little distance, and his heart beat once more. The light approached him, and he perceived a human form, clad entirely in white.

- "' Lelia!' he cried, in surprise, mingled with superstitous terror, as he recognized the features of his young and lovely betrothed.
- "' Do not waste time in words,' she said; 'you can still accomplish much, and I have full assurance that I am not now deceived. Arise, and take courage! work, here is the light; I will sit at the foot of this shattered rock and aid you with my prayers, since I have not the strength to lend you any other assistance.'
- "Francesco resumed his pick-axe, and excited by shame, and by his admiration of the confidence of the brave maiden, he applied himself to his labor with renewed vigor.
- "'Have good courage!' continued Lelia, 'and all will be well. That was ably done! surely the saints listen to us kindly!'
 - "Once only, she uttered a kind of complaint.
- "' How cold it is!' she said; 'hasten my friend, for I cannot return to the house without the light.' From time to time she continued to repeat 'hasten!' Francesco's heart bled, as he thought of the sufferings of this maiden so young and delicate, abroad

- The last on such a night, and he knocked in despair on the torm, and of Franintain opentreat her to come a little nearer to the light, when a daylight she said:
 - "' Hasten! hasten! the hour draws near; they will expect me, they wait for me now—I can delay no longer! farewell!'
 - "Francesco gazed around him, but he saw the light no more.
 - "What meant this strange departure? Why had she gone alone, knowing that if left in darkness, he could not work? Had her feelings changed with the loss of hope? Bitter and humiliating thought! Nevertheless, it arrested the first impulse of Francesco, which was to follow his mistress. He had not proceeded far, when a sudden tremor seized him; his heart was stilled, he fainted, and would have fallen to the earth had he not leaned for support against a rock. When he recovered himself, he tried to retrace his steps as accurately as the darkness would permit. He could not discover exactly the place where Lelia had been seated; but he was sure of remembering the surrounding objects, and should she still be there, her white dress would be visible through the obscurity. Even for the well-trained feet of Francesco, the road, without the faintest light to guide him, was very dangerous. And it was perhaps to the mental exercise necessary to direct his steps, that he owed the firmness and dignity with which he presented himself before the father of Lelia. 'Niccoli!' he said, 'I have come to thank you for the fair trial you allowed me. I have failed in it, and in the terms of our engagement, and I abandon all pretensions to the hand of your daughter.'
 - "He was about to retire as promptly as he had entered, but old Niccoli grasped his arm. 'Bid us adieu!" he said in a faltering voice, "leave us not in anger. Pardon my unjust words, during our last interview. I have watched you, Francesco, since that day.'
 - "And he brushed away a tear, as he glanced at the garments splashed with rain and mud, and the haggard eyes and features of the youth.
 - "'But no matter, my word is pledged. Farewell! now call my daughter. Heaven grant the events of this night may bring no fearful misfortune!'
 - "Francesco slowly withdrew; he would have wished to have seen the waving of her robe before departing. "'She is not in her chamber!' cried a voice. The heart of Francesco was crushed. All the house was in commotion. Nothing was heard but steps in every direction, and voices which called her name. Then the old man rushed from the room, and laying his hands on Francesco's shoulders, gazed at him wildly.
 - "' Have you any tidings of my daughter! Speak, I conjure you in the name of our Divine Master!

Tell me even, that you have married her, and I will pardon and bless you! Speak! why this silence! will you answer! Say one word, where is my daughter? where is my Lelia? my life! my light! my hope! my child! my child!"

"The Mineralo started, as from a dream. looked about him, as if he could not comprehend what was passing. A mortal shuddering ran through his frame.

"'Bring lights, torches!' he cried, 'and all of you follow me!' And he rushed without. He was promptly joined by those who were present, amounting to more than twelve, with lighted torches, which streamed through the storm like meteors. As to Francesco, he seemed scarcely able to stand, but reeled to and fro, like one intoxicated.

"At last they reached the place he sought, and by the blaze of the torches they perceived something white at the foot of the rock. It was Lelia. Her back was resting against the stone; one of her hands pressed her bosom, like one suffering with cold, and with the other, she held the lamp whose flame had expired.

"Francesco fell on his knees on one side, the old man knelt on the other; the torehes shed a gleam brilliant as day-light. She was cold, cold as stone!

"The poor, desolate and childless old man, wished afterwards to seek the object of his daughter's devoted love, but Francesco was never seen after that fatal night.

"A plaintive sound is sometimes heard on the mountain; the inhabitants assert, it is uttered by the Mineralo as he seeks his betrothed among the rocks; and every dark and storiny night, may be seen on the mountain the lamp of Lelia, lighting the phantom of her beloved in its search for gold.' JARE TAYLOR W-

Chilicothe, Ohio.

THE STORM; A FRAGMENT.

BY R. P. PERGUSON, JR.

O cloud of the night! That sullenly hangs o'er The steep mountain's height, Cease, cease not thy roar! O! thunder thy rage, On the tree, or the cot, Though thy victims may cry-Storm, reck I thee not!

I live in the light Of thy burning bright flash! I watch thy swift flight, And I wait for thy crash-Now frowning-now muttering-Now flying away-To set earth and the sky, In battle array!

O glorious the storm! See, it cleaveth a path-And the forest is bared, In the strength of its wrath! And the branches are torn-And the leaves, tho' they're green, Where the flash leaves the cloud In the Heavens, are seen!

Though blighting the stroke. Of the thunder-sent blast; Though the glories of earth. On its wild winds are cast; Yet deadlier the blow That strips the heart bare. When the bright budding joys Of its love clusters there.

O cloud of my day, Of my night, of my noon-Pour on thy thick spray-There is rest in the tomb. I heed not thy roar-Though death 's in the sound : The world bath not left me, A joy thou can'st wound.

RUDOLPH AND ALICE.

(Translated from the German.)

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

It was a fine evening in the beginning of spring, when a loving pair sat under the arching fresh green trees on the sea shore. The sun had already gone down to sup with the ocean;" but the high rocky points opposite, were still ornamented with a red light. Twilight spread over the deep vallies; a single column of mist rose high from the pine woods; and, slowly spreading itself, fell back again. The clouds of heaven trembled in the slow moving waves,—a single star shone on the dark blue, reflecting its image in the water. All was still and solemn. It was the close of the Sabbath; no noise of laboring men broke the silence-no sound was heard, save the waves of the sea, striking with slow strokes on the shore, and, at intervals, the call of a solitary herdsman from the Alps. Rudolph and Alice embraced; their hearts were filled with love and thankfulness to God, who had so wonderfully preserved them until now. To day, for the first time, their banns had been proclaimed in the church of the Benedictines, and their wedding was fixed for the next month. Well they deserved their happiness; their love had been proved by many heavy trials; now, after years of separation and sorrow, they were at last to enjoy a happiness made so dear to them by long privation. Rudolph's father had been the rich cutler-master, Christolph, whose houses and workshops of various kinds were situated in the opposite woods, where the loud noise of the powerful machinery startled the roe buck from the dark fir woods.

Rudolph was an only son; he was designed by his father, for the office of a priest, as at that time, the priests were a very powerful body in the state. The thirty years war, the arrogance of the nobility, the sedition of the people, had made it very necessary for the princes, hard pressed on every side, to have learned and wise men in their councils. Master Christolph already saw his son a priest, adorned with cross and chain, placed as a counsellor in some town, or perhaps in the empe-He enjoyed, by anticipation, ror's court itself. the honors which would spread over his house, for these he would give up the pleasure of seeing his house filled with blooming happy children, and the joy of a grandson to lay on his lap.

Rudolph thought not as his father. From his childhood his heart would warm, when the neighbors would meet of an evening at the inn, and, around the table, talk over former wars, relating the many gallant deeds of Wallerstein, under whom they had formerly served. Then would Rudolph's blood warm-he would hang on the words of the speaker, and in his play hours, go over with his companions, all the battles he had heard described, until-without his willing it-they exercised almost a magic power over him. The father listened but little to the plainly spoken wishes of his son, and Rudolph must remain with the Benedictines, though their cloister walls were to him a prison. But the boy grew to a youth; and his feelings began to speak. At a holy procession, at which Rudolph, as the handsomest and eldest of the boys, was appointed to bear the standard, with which the provincial altar on the sea shore was to be adorned, he beheld an image, which instantly awakened many new feelings in his soul. There walked in procession, six maidens clothed in white, crowned with flowers, bearing branches in their hands. They sung hymns to the Virgin, and strewed before the high altar the sweetest, brightest flowers of May. One, far the most beautiful of them all-whose locks were adorned with a crown of white Narcissus, turned her sweet, pale blue eyes on Rudolph, with a look that went straight to his heart. The standard he bore nearly fell from his arms; the maiden too stood motionless. Her outstretched hand for a moment trembled; but, meeting the smile of her companions, she quickly strewed her flowers on the altar. and returned to her place. The image of this maiden left Rudolph's heart no more; and, notwithstanding his studies and the watchfulness exercised over him, he learned who she was, where she lived, and then, though seldom, and not without danger, would he see and speak to her.

Nigh on the mountain which rose at the left of the sea, stood her father's lonely hut, in which, poor and neglected, he lived, supporting himself by the work of his hands and the produce of his small field.

Around, through rocks and vallies, where no one would suspect his path, must Rudolph find his way, and too well did Alice remember the handsome standard-bearer, to be frightened when, for the first time, he appeared from the low rocks behind her father's house, and stood before her. From that time, the young people were as much together as possible, and had the least spark of desire for the cloister ever gleamed in Rudolph's breastthese visits would have destroyed it. He declared his opinion to his father, but named not the powerful obstacle that dissatisfied him with his pious profession. But what he thought he had so carefully concealed, envy and chance betrayed. His father burnt with rage; he threatened Rudolph with his curse and eternal banishment from his presence, if he ever visited or ever more thought of the beggar girl in the woods. Next morning, Rudolph must not only return to school, but must commence his noviciate. Master Christolph had spoken to the abbot, that his son should dwell in the cloister, sleep there, and be under his authority as a candidate for holy orders. In the same night was Rudolph gone. The first alarm was softened to his father by the thought, the boy could not have gone far, and by a free use of his gold, he should be able to find him again. In vain was every hut, throughout the woods, and every place where the runaway could conceal himself, searched; no traces of him could be found. Then came a report, that, in a neighboring village, there was a man, giving handfulls of gold, and seeking recruits for the arch-duke's service,—who feared the coming of the Swedes, and that they would march through and desolate Bohemia. This news fell like a heavy blow on the heart of Rudolph's father;-he remembered his son's love for a soldier's life—and truly not one month had passed, when a traveller from Bohemia stopped at the market place and related frightful deeds of the Sweedes. The terrified Christolph spoke to him, and prayers from a father's soul and inquiries for his son broke forth. When the colonel mustered his troops before Prague, the traveller had seen Rudolph, and wonderful deeds he told of the handsome recruit. Now were Christolph's hopes destroyed; he no longer thought of making a spirited stand; he thought only of the life of his son, who, in the first battle, might fall. Gladly now would the father his proud hopes give up, to have his son back again. got the abbot to write to the colonel; but the regiment was already gone, and in these times of danger no discharge was to be had for any man. Three years passed away. Travellers, showmen, and pedlars, who attended the yearly market, brought news from Rudolph. He had learned in the monastery to write; of this knowledge he availed himself to give his father and his Alice tokens of his living and of his warm regard. Heavy and sad to Alice, was the separation; she trembled.

beloved ;-she felt in her heart, that if from the on all sides, with disadvantageous reports of his his love. By degrees, Christolph became reconciled to see his son follow another path, than the one he had designed. He might still attain honor and dignity. In such times many opportunities occur, by which a child of unknown parents may distinguish himself and become a great lord. Rudolph was already a sergeant. The father's displeasure was gone; and when the long war was drawing to a close, and a treaty of peace about to be concluded in -----, Master Christolph being very sick, and feeling he should never recover, had his son written for, to return. Rudolph's discharge was easily obtained; he flew to the sick bed of his father, who lived long enough to die in his son's arms, and with his blessing to leave him all his property. Rudolph had no thought of returning to the army. He had seen the world, and won honor. Alice had rightly believed he would bring back from the wars his truth and his love; and now he had no stronger wish, than to take her home to his father's well-ordered house. Rudolph's return, his riches and his beauty, had raised many wishes and expectations in the neighborhood, and when the Sunday after his return, he stood at the spring, waiting for the service to commence,-dressed in his uniform, with all his military trappings, and his bright eyes glowing from under the high hat and scarlet plumes that fell over his shoulder,—he attracted the admiration of all around him. The women and maidens remarked his handsome figure, how much it became his soldier's dress-what an improvement three years had made, and, notwithstanding his warlike appearance, how true and friendly the expression of his blue eyes shone forth from under his dark hat and golden locks. They coveted his father's wealth; they talked of the prosperity and beauty of the son. From that hour Rudolph became the object of manifold endeavors, all which passed him unheeded by, and could make no impression on his true heart.

Foremost of all was the rich Steward's only daughter, Gertrude. All at the spring had remarked her looks and emotion: she was the most talked of, the richest maiden in the place; none doubted she would be the happy one, who would obtain the desired lover. To gain Rudolph no advances were wanting,-kind invitations and tokens were given. Bright prospects were his for the future. The curator, a powerful man in their circle, desired him for a son-in-law. Inquiries and unnumbered offers were made, to all which Rudolph remained alike insensible. Not that his heart was cold, for within was a warm still love, which seither time nor separation could destroy. This impression; it was long before she could shake off true love to a poor unknown maiden he had proved and now, by slander and falsehood, they sought appearance. these loving hearts to divide. To Alice were told

not for the constancy, but for the danger of her a thousand vexatious things. Rudolph was assailed wars he brought his life, he would bring with it chosen; Alice's father frightened with threats;all availed nothing. Rudolph still went on, felt for all Alice's mortification, and after a little delay, obtained her father's consent, and saw himself at last at the summit of his wishes. Now sat they together, by the sea shore, under the fresh shade of the alders, lost in happy conversation, which sometimes was interrupted by deep sighs and wordless emotion.

The twilight had given place to night; the glowworm began to show its light, and through the tops of the dark fir trees, that rose high above the rocky wall, that girt the sea coast, the new moon shone with a sad pale light. Here and there, a lizard or a tree frog rustled in the grass or leaves, and the nightingale fluttered in the bushes. At every sound Alice drew closer to the side of her bridegroom. He laughed at her fears, and sought to dissipate them; but, to Alice, they became every instant more painful. She had heard of magical beings, who, in the first hours of the night, held an unholy dominion over the clouds, the animals, and man himself; by their mysterious arts, even now they might behold Rudolph's quiet security with displeasure. At this instant, a light footstep fell in the darkness; it drew near: Alice trembled, Rudolph listened. The steps drew nearer through the darkness. Rudolph sprang up; he held Alice on his arm and went forward to meet the comer. The figure of a veiled woman appeared, who came by a woody path from the mountains. "Who is there ?" cried Rudolph-" who comes here ?"

The figure uttered a hollow shriek and fled with quick steps towards the village. Alice was so frightened, it was long before she could speak. She believed the veiled one, was no other than one of those sorceresses, who, on the mountain meadows, where the round stones lay, dance by night with the Elves; and whose footsteps had been seen in a ring on the grass in the morning; and now, perhaps, she was seeking herbs for some enchantment, to which loveliness and silence were necessary, which Rudolph's speech had destroyed, and for which, in their greatest need, she would not assist them. In vain Rudolph talked to Alice; in vain he told her he knew the figure and voice of the Steward's daughter. What could a rich, admired young lady be doing here so late at night ! Alice feared the anger of some powerful sorceress, and thought it not impossible, it might please her to take the form and figure of another. During this discourse, Rudolph accompanied his trembling maiden home, and thought no more of the occurrence of the night. On Alice, it had made a deep the painful impression, or forget the mysterious

It was indeed Gertrude whom they had seen.

Nor was this the first time she had stolen forth veiled to meet the new moon. Like a wounded stag who rushes with speed through the woods and fields, with the arrow of death sticking in its side—so, from the first time she saw Rudolph, a burning passion drove Gertrude forth. She sought long to learn what obstacle prevented her conquering his heart, and now that she had discovered it, her passion had become uncontrollable, and she determined nothing should oppose her wishes. Through the influence of her father, and by every art, she sought to sever the hated bond between Rudolph and Alice; but all failing, she resolved to have recourse to witchcraft.

There lived near, some women who possessed more than common knowledge, and of whom many deeds were related which could not have happened in the common course of nature. Such confidents and counsellors did Gertrude seek, and soon find. Truly, this danger she braved, merely to destroy the happiness of Rudolph and Alice. Notwithstanding all her efforts had been fruitless-Gertrude made no attempt to cure her unfortunate passion, and when that morning, after his sermon, the preacher had declared the betrothment of Alice and Rudolph, Gertrude was as much shocked as if it had been some new misfortune. The neighbors carried her half fainting from the church. Many knew the cause, for Gertrude and her parents had spoken of the affair. When high mass was finished, the crowd collected at the spring, and discussed Rudolph's approaching marriage, Alice's happiness, and Gertrude's fainting. The preacher's wife and daughters, and every body were collected at the spring. Gertrude not only saw her last beam of hope vanish, but found herself the jest and derision of every one. With despairing heart, she watched the sinking of the sun, that now in her utmost need, she might seek her confidential counsellor. Silent and unnoticed, at twilight, she slipped out of the postern gate, and reached, unseen, the little hut in the hollow of the rocks ;-with burning, impetuous feelings she demanded instant help, or all would be lost. The old woman besought her to be quiet and calm; she was now laboring at her work; all would succeed to her wishes; the position of the stars had been favorable when these incantations were begun; she need not doubt of her happiness, and all she asked was seven hairs from Gertrude's head. To this she willingly acceded. Seated on a low wooded stool, the old woman passed her withered fingers through Gertrude's dark hair. A stinging, acute pain shot through her, as the first hair was plucked, and Gertrude, affrighted, sprung up from the stool. The old woman powerfully held her down, and repeated, with a again at the full of the moon, not before. A long child played on the floor, another slept in the cra--

time yet, stood Gertrude at the locked door; her head pained her severely, and an unknown heaviness, such as she never before felt, sat darkly at her heart. She was miserable, and all around bore the impress of her feelings. The Rocky Points raised themselves high and stiff in the aira mysterious noise rang through the woods,—the sea struck hollow and groaning on the shore; -- with inmost anguish torn, she quickly left the shore for the bushes. The shrill cry of the bat, the rustling of every leaf made her tremble; and in the dark thickets through which her way lay, in every pale moon-beam that fell, she pictured to herself some frightful form. When she reached the shore, heard Rudolph's voice,-saw Alice in his armsfright and grief drew from her a hollow shriek, and she fled with precipitation to the village.

With much impatience Gertrude waited for the next full moon. The happy bridal pair too, saw each morning rise with quiet joy, and every evening with joy they counted, as it brought them a day nearer their wishes. At last came the long desired evening. It was cloudy and stormy: wrapped in a dark cloth veil, with quick steps, Gertrude took the loneliest way to the sea, and knocked at the The old woman had expected her :--- no light was visible, save that of the moon, which now broke through the clouds, which veiled it, and shone full and clear on the open space where the hut leant on the rough rocks. The little gate of the mysterious hole was locked, in which the old woman kept her drinks and enchantments-whilst she was carrying on her mysterious processes, in a kind of ante-room. Gertrude looked at the old woman, and her frame thrilled with pain, such as she had before experienced, when they last met. Her countenance betrayed it. The old woman grinned frightfully at her; Gertrude made no sound; they exchanged looks, and she followed her conductress to the little gate. She opened it and stept into a dark gloomy looking hole. There was nothing to be seen, but a large massy kettle on some glowing coals. The old woman took a tinder-box and beliows; she blew and made a blaze; -Gertrude was carelessly following to help her. The old woman pushed her back crying "Fool! it is thy death-remain without." Gertrude remained trembling before the door. The kettle began to boilan overwhelming steam raised itself in the hole,the face of the old woman shone horribly in the fire-light; now the smoke rose in thick clouds from the vessel, filling the whole cavern. "Look there!" cried the old woman, and pointed with her withered hand to the opposite wall.

The smoke thickened and vibrated from one side to the other. At last, the middle point was free. mocking laugh, the same sharp pain six times. A well-furnished chamber appeared,—in it, at a Then she carried the astonished Gertrude out of table, sat a man endeavoring to point a flint. It the door, locked it behind her, and told her to come was Rudolph, not his picture, but himself;—one

die by the stove, then the door opened, a lady's came of Rudolph's marriage, of the costly banform slipped in ;--Gertrude, affrighted, saw, herself as in a mirror. The lady went to Rudolph and greeted him with unnoticed tenderness, then seated herself, took the child from the cradle, and laid it on her bosom, and the father gazed on them with joy and emotion. Gertrude's heart beat high, her color rose. It was herself. Rudolph's wife. The child was his, a cry of joy burst from her lips. With a frightful noise all vanished from her sight.

The old woman violently snatched her from the door which closed behind them with a violent crash. The witch poured forth reproaches for the untimely cry. Gertrude suffered her to scold, and only asked, "can it be so? Shall I indeed be his wife?" "You have seen, ask nothing more."

With that, she pushed her from the chamber and commanded her not soon to appear there again. Gertrude desired it not; she had seen the highest point of all her eager wishes, herself as Rudulph's wife. She went home thinking of nothing but her happiness, the prospect of which rendered her giddy.

She no longer remembered his wedding with Alice drew near; that there was no obstacle to delay it; she trusted implicitly in the sorceress' picture, and believed Rudolph would perceive her charms, and alter his choice, before it was too late. In this belief, every day passed; listening to every word spoken by each chance visitor; never doubting her hopes would be fulfilled and Rudolph's hated marriage destroyed. But day after day passed without her hopes being fulfilled. Gertrude's emotion was at its height; -notwithstanding the positive prohibition she had, she went twice to the but in the rocky valley; the door was fast locked, nor could she discover whether she was absent, or did not choose to appear. At last, but two days remained; Gertrude eagerly listened, expecting the gossips would bring her news of the desired delay. A hunter passing by the old woman's hut, saw it standing open, and apparently deserted, and she herself nowhere to be found. In Gertrude's breast, the feelings of bitter shame and deceived hopes contended; she felt herself betrayed and imposed on by the sorceress. determined to go next day to a neighboring village, where her mother's sister lived. She thought she could not live through the misery the weddingday would give her, if she was present. got into a small carriage and went to her aunt's. Through her hot tears of anger and grief, she once more looked around her on the sea shore, the village and the woods, to the left of which rose high, the thick smoke from Rudolph's dwelling; the house where soon another would enjoy the highest happiness this world can afford. In deep and silent grief, she cursed the witch who had mocked her with false hopes.

quet, and the magnificent high mass in the cathedral; how stately and imposing the bridegroom looked in his uniform, (for he had not yet obtained his discharge,) how surpassingly beautiful, and yet how modest the bride, in her costly apparel, appeared in the village. Every one told how, next day, Rudolph fed twenty poor people; at the table where they were collected, his young wife waited, and gave to each one some article of clothing and money.

Gertrude could not escape—the poisoned arrow followed her here. Her heart was torn; her pride bitterly mortified; nothing remained in her breast but an unconquerable passion for the lost one. Yet, on one side, there appeared a kind of comfort to offer itself to her: a rich hammer-master who had given up his business and lived in quiet on a considerable property, came often to the house of Gertrude's aunt. He saw her, and despite her pride and haughtiness, there was attraction in her youth and beauty. Even her pride pleased the silly man, and that she was the Steward's daughter and rich. mingled with other considerations in his heart. He made his proposals through her aunt. She reflected! The man was old, of disagreeable appearance, and lived far from her home, in the mountains. This pleased her not,-but the thought of having her sacrificed to a beggar girl, and the pride of being married, determined her to accept the proposal. To complete the triumph, she must make conditions with her suitor. He must leave his own dwelling, and dwell with Gertrude in her birth-place. The wish to live near her parents was the alleged reason. What lay deep in the bottom of her heart, she wished no one but herself to know. She desired to mortify the man who had rejected her, and to eclipse her hated

All were astonished, when, in the course of a week, the Steward's daughter came back to her father's house, as the wife of the well known hammer-smith.

Soon she possessed the most magnificent clothes, the most costly furniture, the handsomest house in the village. All talked over these new things; some shook their heads and derided this sudden revolution; others praised it; but all agreed in thinking the stroke was intended for some particular person, whom all these things were to mortify. Rudolph and Alice alone troubled not themselves about it. From the conjectures and gossip of the neighborhood, in the loneliness of their distant home, they were divided; occupied with arranging their household, sufficiently happy in their own holy love, they knew little of what was passing around them. Every one else in the place had heard of these strange things, when Alice first heard, at church on Sunday, of Gertrude's wed-She was not long at her aunt's, before the news ding. From her heart she would have rejoiced, if the bridegroom, when pointed out to her, had not; the hammer-smith's wife, who often had invited appeared so old and ugly. When she went home, she told her husband these things with brevity, which some would have spoken on for a long time. In the evening, when they sat, hand in hand, before the house-door, the setting sun throwing a glowing light over the sea, the stillness of the closing day, the beauty of nature around her, the glad happiness of her own heart, whose innermost thanks to God she offered up, she had entirely forgotten Gertrude and her wedding. But Gertrude could not forget Rudolph. Truly to all appearance she lived in the happiest circumstances: her house was the finest in the village; her table the best furnished:-from every fair, her accommodating husband brought her some handsome stuff, some costly ornament or new furniture for her house. Yet the adder, envy and secret desires gnawed at her heart. As often as she saw Rudolph at church or at a festival, she felt internal shudderings, and every time the place in her head, from which the old woman had taken the hair, burned with unspeakable She pined with unquiet, painful wishes. And now, when the birth of a boy rendered perfect the happiness of the young wedded pair in the cottage-so it tore her heart like burning coals, and she saw no hope in her wretchedness.

Just at this time, it was said the old woman was again seen in the rocky hollow: hunter-boys, who roamed through the woods, had seen her. The sportsmen were full of the mysterious things they had seen. The wood cutters also brought news of her presence, and how they had seen her stealthy, nightly tracks in the round stones over the woody meadow. Gertrude treasured all these things in her heart; they awakened the strangest desire to see the old woman, to visit, to speak with her of her former lying witchcraft. For some time, the recollection of her first descent contended with this wish, but it conquered-Gertrude visited the sorceress, she found the door no longer locked, she pushed it open and they stood opposite to each

Gertrude's mean temper, her hasty passionwhich were insupportable to the husband, and rendered her whole household uncomfortable-vanished by degrees. She became friendly with all: towards he rhusband she assumed the most flattering manner-she became a cheerful companion, quiet in her acquaintance at the cottage, -in church, she several times showed Alice some civility. She spoke a few gracious words to her-an acquaintance comconversation before the church-door.

Alice to accompany her home—an invitation which Alice never accepted-spoke so much of the beauty of Alice's dwelling, and expressed such a desire to see it, that Alice could but invite her to her house. The first visit was short; then they became more frequent and longer, though Alice very seldom returned them. In her house, was her husband and child, and of course her world. Besides, Rudolph had warned her against a close acquaintance with a person, of whom he had formerly known so much that was wrong. That alone would have been sufficient to have withheld Alice from any further acquaintance, for her husband's wish was her law. But after a short time, Rudolph gave up his suspicions, Gertrude was civil to him, kind to Alice; thus she blinded his eyes. Report said their domestic happiness was still as great as at the commencement In Rudolph's heart was so of their marriage. much faith and native goodness, that he gave up his suspicions, and might have promoted his wife's acquaintance with her; but one circumstance sometimes aroused his old suspicions, and awakened him, in a short time, from his slumber. This was a mysterious whisper that circulated through the village, that Gertrude kept up a secret acquaintance with the old woman of the rocky hollow, whom every one esteemed as a witch. Yet of this report, there was little proof. Gertrude's behavior gave no reason for such suspicions; and as though all believed, none could prove them, the acquaintance of both ladies went on undisturbed. The hammer-smith's wife chose those hours of the day for her visits, when she knew Rudolph was absent. There was no need for this precaution; from Alice's heart all jealous thoughts of her handsome and once dreaded rival, were far removed.

In the spring, Rudolph had a long journey to Alice thought with pain on this unaccustomed separation. Gertrude built her hopes on it; for she knew it was only in Rudolph's absence, she could hope to fulfil her purpose. Rudolph had now set out; he was not expected back before the beginning of May. Alice felt completely lost. Gertrude's company could do but little to allay her uneasiness. Yet she came often, as she said, to comfort Alice's loneliness. The ladies were often alone; and Alice, who all her life gladly listened to wonderful relations and frighthousehold. By all domestic accidents she was ful adventures, found herself best amused, when unruffled-always quiet and happy. She sought her friend related such stories, which she very often and gladly did. They spoke of many things, and when all were exhausted under the heads of forebodings, dreams, apparitions, &c., &c., Gertrude menced, and soon those few words grew into a long told her friend some things which opened a new As they world before her eyes. She told of people who walked home, Gertrude showed Alice uncommon could make themselves invisible, and who, by their attention. Alice's heart was not suspicious, and science, at the same time, could be in different she thought nothing more than that Gertrude had places; though absent, they could make themregretted her early dislike. At last, one Sunday, selves plainly seen at the greatest distance—joy and sorrow they could command at their pleasure, most the whole of April. Rudolph would come and the most distant futurity could they look into. In an instant, they could pass from one place to expectation of her beloved husband, the father of another-recall the dead, and do many other wenderful works. Now, with great circumspection and under the seal of strict secreey, she told her own experience, and gave her plainly to understand, that her mother's sister, with whom she had hved during her residence in town, was, herself, very skilful in such arts, and had suffered her niece to see astonishing proofs of her knowledge. Alice's cariosity was raised to the highest pitch. Unnumbered questions rose from her heart, then one shiver after another ran over her frame; and again she would inquire and hang enchanted on the lips of the conning relatress. Gertrude had rightly counted. Alice's curiosity raised in her a burning desire after such things; then Gertrude dropped a hint that it would not be impossible once to see and to witness such things, (at the most distant hint of this Alice, shuddering, drew back,) without taking any part in, them.

"Is this possible!" cried the astonished Alice.

"Why not?" answered Gertrude. "I will give you various precautions which you will find limit their supernatural power. It is true we must be cautious to commit no imprudence, to utter no sound, not to step over the prescribed limits; the deepest silence is necessary. What can you fear, when you see me fresh and healthy, and as good a Christian as you are; and I have already been more than once or twice a witness of these things ! I have seen sights of which the relation would appear to you a fable."

This was a new spark thrown on Alice's spirit; varied and wonderful pictures floated up and down in her imagination. What she had so often listened to with the liveliest emotion, while she disbelieved and held them impossible, now seemed within her grasp, and she trembled with powerful undefined emotions. She would gladly see these things, and sometimes this wish would have spoken; but an indescribable shuddering held her back; and whenever she was alone with Gertrude, she wished to avoid the subject, as she found, by degrees, the strength of her soul vanish away. Gertrude knew how to awaken this glow to a clear flame; she permitted Alice to guess she had been more than a witness of these mysteries, and from many speeches, and many actions, she showed she had added to her natural strength, magic art.

From the time of this disclosure Alice felt a strange awe of her mysterious friend. Then came the thought that Gertrude's fame was unstained; that she had a family; that no one doubted her being a Christian; and by degrees, the feeling wore away. She did not seek her company, but each time she saw her, she left herself more and more entangled in her nets.

Now was passed the month of March, and al-

in twelve days. Alice's heart beat high in joyful her babes. In Gertrude's breast reigned powerful and wicked feelings. If she would not again witness their happiness and see it confirmed forever, what she wished to do must be quickly and effectively done.

In a mild evening, the last day of April, the ladies sat together before the door of Alice's cottage. Of Rudolph's near return and of all her preparations, Alice had, until now, spoken with freedom to her confidential friend. But now her color began to change; she began to stammer, as the distant objects became lost in the twilight. Then the bright stars reflected from the mill-stream, which, behind the house, with deafening noise, fell over the wheel and then flowed quietly to the sea. In the woods, on the sea shore, in the mountains, it was dark night. Through the dark, the fire-flies, with still green light, circled before the friends; and Gertrude felt now she must play her part in good earnest. A single word which unintentionally slipped from her, confirmed her in this determination. It happened, as Alice and herself were sitting deep in thought—their accustomed conversation cut off-that suddenly, a fire ball from the bushes on the mountain side, flew before Gertrude and lost itself in the mill-stream. "It is good," she said quietly, "I will come." Alice sprung up, and moved to a distance from Gertrude.

"What was that?" at last she cried, and signed the cross, before she ventured to step nearer to Gertrude.

"Foolish woman," she answered, quietly, "what should it be ! They invite me to make one at the first of May."

"On the night of the first of May !" cried Alice, dreadfully frightened! "And will you go !"

"How can I refuse? You see I have received the invitation safely; no harm has arisen from it, and great good may result from its acceptance."

"Will you go there to the Blocksbery, Gertrude, where Satan holds his court, where the devils"-

"Hush," cried Gertrude, laughing, with a scornful toss of her head. "What a foolish idea, one may easily see it is from the mouth of silly people you have heard all these things; people who know nothing about it. I assure you it is neither so sinful nor so frightful as you think."

"What, have you already been there !"

"Once in former years, my aunt took me there with her."

"Your aunt! was she ever here!"

"I never saw her. You make me laugh; truly was she here, and truly not about here did she live. She came, apparently, in a common carriage; she staid with me; at night we had our fire-works, and no one saw us."

"Was it on the fork or on the broom!"

"Alice," said Gertrude, very impatiently, "speak not so like the silly folks. Yet, why should I speak to you or vex myself? It is now time for me to go; you go not with me, I suppose?"

"No surely, no," cried Alice, hastily;—after a pause, she added, "I wish I could see it this one time."
"It would be very easy, but let it alone; you are too easily frightened, it is not for you."

She was silent, and it appeared her speech was ended. Also Alice spoke not for awhile; what she had to-day heard and seen, was to her very wonderful. After a time, she began, in a roundabout way to speak of it. It had made so deep an impression on her mind, she could not forbear asking a description of the scene. This Gertrude gave so full of joys and so wonderful, that the picture lest Alice's mind no more. It was still one day off: Gertrude showed her friend some of her strange preparations for her journey. She told her such things, as she thought would raise the flame already kindled to the highest pitch. She also assured Alice, that with such precautions as she could teach her, she might see it without mixing with them, or injury to the holiness of her soul, or endangering her Christian faith, as she might see from her own example.

Thus cunningly, did Gertrude endeavor to make Alice take a part in her unholy enterprise. But this limit, she would not pass; her deep innocence, her love for Rudolph kept Alice firm to her resolution; but she thought she might permit herself to see the wonderful carriage in which her friend travelled.

Gertrude, whose way lay by Alice's house, promised to knock at her window, and she could then see it, if she wished.

The night of the 1st of May came: -a lovely moon, with her soft and brilliant light, shone on the place. Alice lay sleepless on her solitary bed; she thought of her absent husband, of his near return, of the night journey of Gertrade. These thoughts alternately filled her mind. Before long, the clock struck eleven. A shiver came over Alice, when she heard the knock at the window; it was Gertrude. Go not! whispered a voice in Alice's breast. The knock was repeated. In the clear moonlight, she saw a tall shadow standing before her chamber window. Alice flung her night-gown over her, and opened the window. There stood Gertrude strangely dressed; she greeted Alice with a horrible laugh. "You see, I keep my word; here am I with my carriage." "I see nothing," answered Alice, "you are on foot." "What an idea! it waits me there, I have just descended-there stands the carriage." She pointed a few steps further.

Alice leant out of the window to see the coach, which appeared built in an uncommon fashion and of curious materials. Two frightful and monstrous bats were harnessed to it.

"It is not possible," she cried, "that is your carriage!"

"Yes," answered Gertrude, "you do not see it well."

"And, with these words, she seized Alice's hand, to draw her where she could have a better view of the carriage. And Alice felt herself drawn by an irresistible power.

"What do you mean to do!" she cried; "let me go."

Gertrude laughed scornfully. "Now then, now then," she cried; "the carriage waits." With these words ahe drew the frightened Alice more strongly by the arm; took her by force through the window; and with a loud whistle to the bats, the carriage flew under them.

Alice, to her inexpressible alarm, found herself seated by Gertrude's side, and raised high in the air. She uttered a loud shriek and fainted. When she came to her senses again, the woods, mountains, and seas, all lay below her, in the clear moonshine: she was beside herself with anguish, and would have called for help.

Gertrude laid her hand on Alice's mouth: "call no name, make no noise, any would call down danger on your head; you are in my power; keep still."

Alice was silent; she saw too plainly the truth of this frightful assurance; every nerve trembled as she looked down from the height over which she flew. Towns, villages, high mountains, and broad rivers, all seemed spread below her in one even, extended plain. Deep was her grief, her anguish, her repentance, that she had ever suffered herself to be bound in the bonds of friendship with this mysterious woman. Now thought she of her husband, his frequent warnings, his fright when he returned, and did not find her or her children. nameless despair seized her soul, and anguish caused her tears to flow. Suddenly she heard a frightful noise,-through the air resounded the cries of these hated birds,-frightful faces appeared, around, above, below her. She closed her eyes from this distressing sight, and commended her soul to God and his holy love; her life in this world, she had wholly destroyed. Then she felt the carriage sinking down; the motion was as quick as lightning.

"We are at the place," cried Gertrude.

Alice opened her eyes—a bright light shone in her face: close to her lay the summit of a wooded mountain. All appeared to stand in flames, yet nothing burnt. The fir-tree stood uninjured in the fire, and neither leaf nor grass were scorched—but the place seemed covered with burning coals, in the midst of which an altar was raised of a heap of stones; around which, circled, swum, whistled and howled, the strangest and most frightful forms. They flew here and there like arrows.

At these sounds and sight, Alice lorget the prohibition, and called out, "Jesu Maria!" noise; a thick darkness veiled her eyes; she felt herself sinking, and believing her death near, committed herself to God's hands, and lost all conaciousness.

A lovely, mild morning announced the coming of the sweetest month in the year. Like a hero, pursuing his conquering path, the sun rose above the pine woods, dispersing the last frosty drops of night, which yet hung on the bushes and meadows. The morning offering of the newly awakened earth rose from the meadows in light clouds to heaven. The sun brought forth light, warmth and life in the animate and inanimate creation. An unhappy woman, who lay as in a trance, felt its benign influence; she raised her sick eyes, and with astonishment, saw herself placed in the midst of a clear, open field, where there was no object she could recall to her recollection. She considered—she could not understand any thing-neither how she came there, nor who she was. Her whole mind seemed clouded; through the dimness of her recollection she could see nothing but sorrow and misery. She raised herself up—she roused herself, and beginning to think, she awakened her trembled spirit. By degrees, the whole frightful picture stood fully before her. She saw how long had been the last night, and how her happiness was destroyed. "Oh, my Rudolph, my Rudolph!" she cried, lamenting aloud, and a stream of tears rushed over ber cheeks. Tears seemed to soften her bitter grief; she raised her thoughts to heaven and God; she now knew all clearly; she saw how, through the arts of a false witch, she was carried from her home, from her husband, from her children. where she was, or how she came here, she knew

It was some time before she could collect herself sufficiently to examine the surrounding coun-When she did, there was not the smallest object that she knew. She saw a flat level plain around her; here and there, from some distant village, there rose the steeple of a church. A broad road lay through the fields and meadows, along which she saw coming a single road-wagon. It appeared to be a populous country, and in the distance, she thought she saw the walls and steeples of a town to which the post-road would carry her. Around appeared some villages; the nearest was an moved, and went his way. Alice looked after half hour's walk, and she was so weak she knew not how she could reach it, and still less when arrived there, what she should say, -how she should should she say ! She felt strongly inclined to tell obtain credence for the strange tale, and not be the whole truth; and yet, though she was innotaken for an adventuress; yet, must she come to cent, she feared to make herself suspected and some resolution. She rose slowly, and walked a hated. little way to a hedge, where she saw a sprightly town; she remembered having heard from Ruboy, singing,—he appeared to have driven a flock dolph, this town was near Brunswick. She thanked of geese from the neighboring village to the fields. Alice took courage and asked him the name of the wick, where she would not be so much of a strannearest village and the distant town. As a strange ger. She waited now more quietly, but always

At this instant, all vanished with a thundering sound, the voice of the boy fell on her ear. Though it was German he spoke, she could not well understand him. She asked him the name of the prince to whom it belonged, and then she thought the name of the places and the prince she had heard from her husband. All showed her how far she was from her home. The boy then drove his geese on, and Alice stood doubtful and irresolute as ever. At last, recollecting herself, she turned towards the village. Her sickness and her wretchedness were such, she sunk on the grass, by the way-side, and began again bitterly to weep. man's step approaching, aroused her from her grief; she looked up.' An old man dressed in black, came along the path, and stopped to gaze with astonishment on the unhappy stranger. She asked him the same questions she had asked the boy, and received the same answers. She then asked him how far it was to ----, naming her dwelling. He had never heard the name. "But to Doran?"

"Oh, my child! more than a hundred miles," was the answer.

"Alice turned pale-a cry of the deepest anguish escaped her breast. The old man pitied her; "whence do you come, my child, and how came you here where every thing seems so strange to you !"

Here Alice's tears streamed afresh. He sought to comfort her, but she felt the full consciousness of her situation with a crushing power. had she to say, but what must appear to a stranger, as a falsehood, and which would prejudice him against her! She flung herself on the grass, and sobbed in the fullness of her heart. After awhile, she raised herself. The man stood, compassionately looking at her. She felt the immediate necessity of saying something. Weeping, she looked full at him, and said-" who I am, and whence I came from, and what so deeply distresses me, I will tell you when I am able, -have patience, and give me time."

The school-master, for he it was, seeing her lovely countenance and the tears swimming in her blue eyes, wished to soothe her, and said-"Good, my daughter, I will not press you, as it gives you pain,-my business takes me to the village, and in an hour, I will return and speak with you."

With these words, he shook her hand, deeply him; the thought of what he would say when he came again, stood frightfully before her. What She looked at the wagon travelling to God for this, and hoped to be able to get to Bruns-

with the deepest anxiety, the coming of the schoolmaster. This soon happened, and Alice told him how she served a lord in Branswick, how she had fallen among strangers without gold and without friends, and she thought if she could reach Brunswick, in a few weeks she could reach her friends. This relation, which appeared probable, awakened the school-master's deepest compassion for the forlorn woman, whose clothes and appearance confirmed her speech. He asked her what she had resolved to do !

"Ah! if I could find any one who would take me in their service as a maid or shepherdess. am a woodman's daughter, know how to labor, and fear nothing."

The old man looked at her awhile-"truly," said he, at last, "it appears Heaven has sent you to me, my daughter. I am a school-master in the village, and live with my wife entirely alone, who, for some time past, has been sickly. There stands the house, with the linden before it. Yesterday our maid died, who has served us faithfully for sixteen years. My wife would not be comforted for her loss; but to day, God has sent us, unhoped for, one to supply her place. It seems so ordered; so, in his name, we will try each other, and I trust we shall agree."

These words sounded to Alice like a message from Heaven. She was no longer wholly abanduned; she raised herself and followed the old man as fast as her weakness would permit to his dwelling. Yet the old woman raised some objections to Alice's youth and beauty; her husband soon conquered these, and before long, Alice's conduct convinced the old people that their confidence was not misplaced. There never was maid so active, so patient. She aided the old woman who felt the weight of years, in every thing; she tried to learn her wishes from her looks, and obeyed all her commands with punctuality. She appeared like a good spirit in the house where she had been so kindly received. In a few months, she no longer appeared as a maid they had taken, but as a dear daughter, and the old people were to her as beloved parents. As pleasant as Alice's situation here was, yet, could she not conquer her deep grief and inexpressible longings for her dear home, and still dearer objects of affection. In the still loneliness of the night, flowed her tears; daily, in her prayers to God, she besought his pity on her distress, and prayed he would make her a way to return to her own. She thought with anguish of Rudolph,-of his distress, of the strange appearance her vanishing must have to him, and to all the world. She grieved for her child, and made herself the bitterest reproaches. Grief and fright at the purposes of the godless Gertrude, which now flashed on her mind in an instant, and brought

ture from sinking wholly into night. But when we can trust the Almighty, who chastens because he loves us, the glimmering light will he not extinguish, nor break the bruised reed.

Thus passed two sorrowful years; all inquiries she made were without success; there appeared to her no way to regain her home, -scarcely a possibility; without gold and without knowledge, how could she find her way back! At the end of this time, after a long illness, Alice's mistress died, and soon the lonely widower followed her. He could not remain without his wife, with whom, in peace, he had trod so large a portion of the road of life. The pious Alice nursed them both with childlike care, and closed their eyes with grief, yet her heart was struck with joy, when on their wills being opened, she found they had left her a small sum, yet one sufficient to enable her to gratify her only desire, which was, to travel to see her husband and child again.

Great was now her desire to return; the long lost feeling of hope bloomed anew in her heart. All her sorrows were forgotten in the possibility of again seeing her home; and she was filled with still transport. She instantly determined to carry her resolution into effect and accomplish her desire in the best way she could. She took her seat in a post-wagon; she fell in with kind people. last, she came to the mountains near her home, and when she saw the well-known rocky spires, all seemed to vanish from her sight. The thought she was near, and should soon see her husband and child, filled her with unspeakable emotion. Tears streamed from her eyes; her travelling companion, an old burgomaster's wife, from a neighboring village, could, with difficulty, keep her life's spirit within her. She determined to travel the last stage to her birth-place on foot, and entirely unknown. She yet knew not where she should find her home; what every one would think of her, nor how she would be received. These cares which she had often felt before, now rose with double force; they crippled the quick step with which she had travelled the first half mile of her way back. Now she passed the woody hollow,--which hid from her the view of the sea and her dwelling. Her anguish, her distress increased in every step. Now the valley opened on her, and suddenly, the sea, with its crown of mountains, and the village on the beach, lay before her. To the left, behind the woods, where in vain her eyes sought roof or gable, a dark rising smoke showed the place where Rudolph and her child lived, if indeed they yet lived. Overcome with this thought, weeping with violence, she knelt on the sea shore, raising her heart in fervent prayer to God. She rose, one hour more, and what would she find, how should she be received ? No, it was not possible, without previous knowwith them such despair, that nothing but the father- ledge of what frightful things might perhaps await ly goodness of God prevented the trembling crea- 'her at her dwelling, she could summon resolution

to present herself suddenly before them. These and from him I know a few people; how is the considerations and a failing of her strength, the consequence of her violent emotion, determined her to seek rest and refreshment at a near house, before whose door sat a kind old woman, spinning and watching two grand-children at play. Kindly did the old woman receive the young and handsome wife, whose clothing showed she came from a foreign home, and whose care and distress were marked on her pale face.

She offered her milk and bread.

They sat together before the house; the village and Rudolph's dwelling, which lay in the distance before them, gave a suitable opening to Alice's timid questions, which soon wandered from the color of smoke which rose high over the woods to Rudolph's. As he had travelled, a stranger might know him; she herself was from Prague, and came to visit a relation of her deceased husband at St. Gilger's. The old woman answered all her questions, and last also to that about Rudolph.

- " He was well, and so was his wife and both his children."
- "His wife," said Alice, frightened to death! " Has he then married again?"
- "Not that I know of. He might though, during the war, have a wife; oh! the soldiers think nothing of that."
- "And who is now his wife!" came slowly forth.
- "A native of this place, though not of the village. They have been several years married."
- "Two years!" stammered Alice, with quivering
- "Oh! much longer, the eldest child already runs right handsomely."

Alice was astonished; she knew not what to think. From her inquiries, the old woman suspected, that Rudolph, during his service in the army, had formed some connection with this very beautiful young creature; her appearance increased her compassion-though always curious, she asked her many questions. Alice was too much astonished to answer, and when at last, she could recollect herself, she asked if Rudolph lived happily with his wife.

"They tell all sorts of things," answered the old woman; "they say she is quarrelsome, ill-tempered, and makes his house a hell."

A strong mixed emotion rose in Alice's mind, of compassion and malicious joy; she was bewildered with all she heard, and found it impossible to come to any clear view of what she ought to do. Yet, alse! what she had looked forward to was destroyed; she was robbed of every hope of future happiness. Still she thought she would ask after Gertrude.

- "You appear well acquainted in this place," said the old woman.
 - "My husband was often here with his relations,

hammer-mistress !'-

- "Ah! then it must be some time since you heard from here—she has been long dead."
- "Dead!" cried the frightened Alice, "and when, and how!"

"She had always an acquaintance with some strange women; every one spoke wonders of them. She must know their mysterious art; now I do not willingly speak of these things. I know nothing of them; but they always lead to some unchristian end; and, even while we speak, some of them may appear suddenly near us. It is sufficient to say, she had, for years, been accustomed to bathe in the sea, and when she was about to go in, she bewitched the waters with all kinds of words and signs. About two years ago, she went one morning, as was her custom, before sunrise; the maid must wait for her in a thicket,—but she came not back. When the maid had waited a long time, she went to seek her mistress. She was gone: the clothes lay on the shore, she herself had vanished. Was it that the sea had swallowed her? was it that the wicked one ---- God be with us; a mysterious shudder comes over me when I think what she was.

"The hammer-master had her sought for every where, but in vain. The sea has deep places; it is possible that the unlucky one, in such a place, had fallen, and the whirlpool swallowed her up. There are also other things possible; perhaps it may all yet be brought to light."

Alice silently shuddered; she endeavored to compose herself and be quiet. When she had thanked the woodsman's wife for her kindness, she took her slow, painful way to the spot where, after so much suffering, she had hoped to find perfect happiness, and which, it now appeared, she must visit secretly, unknown, and then leave it forever. She must see her husband and child once more, perhaps for the last time in this world. The way was distant, her strength gone; she sorrowfully staggered forth. The sun stood high in the heavens, when she came out of the coppice to the forest tree, on the sea shore, under which her husband and herself had so often sat. The dark pines rustled together. The house lay hospitably; right on the road the low moan of a child, perhaps her child, from within, fell heavily on her ear. Tottering, pale, she stepped from the hill, and now the yard lay open before her. A woman in clean housewife's clothes, stood at the spring and washed. Alice could not see her face; her person was low and bent over the trough. She stole a glance through the open door. Good heaven!-there sat Rudolph at the table, his head resting on his arm, looking very pale, thoughtful and troubled. All thought. all foresight left her, at this look of her husband; with one painful scream of joy she flew to his breast.

Astonished, but unmoved, Rudolph disengaged.

himself from this strange form; he looked in her thoughts, he listened with varying emotions, to what face and said bitterly: "For what is this idle scream, this foolish acting?"

Alice was thunderstruck. This cold and yet so natural reception, was the strangest she could have met with; she stood for a minute speechless at his anger; then wringing her hands and kneeling at his feet, looked up. "Foolish trick," cried he, and stepped to a window out of her way.

"Ah! Rudolph," she cried, "is this all, after two years of separation, you have to say to me?"

He quickly turned around and cried out angrily, "Half an hour ago, you went to the spring, and you come now clothed thus; what farce is all this? Truly, Alice, was not thy conduct this morning sufficient? for this time you have tried me right well, more than enough; but I will not anger myself again; go to your work—you have nothing to do here."

"Oh! Rudolph! Rudolph!" eried Alice, "what monstrous deception has been going on here? I have been away from you two years and three months, since that unfortunate first of May."

"First of May!" cried Rudolph, "dare you to remind me of that time; yes, from that time were you changed, and I an unhappy man."

"I was not, I was not," cried Alice, with strong emotion and strong courage. " No, Rudolph, I have not grieved you; I was far, far from here. Oh! know you your Alice no more!"

With these words, she stretched her arms tenderly towards him.

The tears which flowed from her eyes, the expression of her face, the tone of her voice, all pressed powerfully on his heart. He felt himself overcome; "Oh! good God!" cried he, "this is again like former days. Alice! do you still love me !"

At this instant, the door opened, and it appeared to Alice her own image stepped in the chamber, carrying on her head a tub of washed clothes.

"Holy God," cried Rudolph, "there are two!" Alice, in whose soul, a frightful suspicion had arisen,-cried out loud, sprung to the holy water at the door, and making a cross, sprinkled the unholy form-which Alice's appearance had frightened so, that with a horrid shrick, she fled out of the door, and in the flying form, both Rudolph and Alice recognized Gertrude.

She was gone.

Both husband and wife looked at each other, trembling and astonished. A sweet quiet filled Alice's torn heart, and to Rudolph's troubled spirit, a suspicion of the truth appeared. He opened his arms to his newly recovered wife. "Ah!" he cried, "are you then, my true, good Alice!"

She sunk weeping on his breast; she could not speak. Rudolph, overcome with grief, love, sweet hope and fearful emotion, was not himself able love to God for his fatherly protection, and gratitude

Alice, full of repentance and love, confessed to him, of her intimacy with Gertrude; of her violently being carried off,-of the witches' mountain, and of the life she led with the school-master. She sat on Rudolph's lap, and as she spoke, every look, every word, brought to Rudolph's breast the happy conviction that this was his own, his beloved Alice: and the wicked and quarrelsome being who had embittered the two last years of his life, was an unholy spirit. Now he related his history of the last two years, how when he returned, soon after that wretched night, he found his wife at her accustomed employment, and every thing in the best order. No suspicion of change ever crossed his mind. Yet soon, he saw the soul of his wife had changed. In place of the softest graces, the gentlest temper, she was overbearing and passionate; she would not bear the smallest opposition. Scolding and quarreling with husband and servants, was the order of the day, from the earliest morning to the latest evening. For all this Rudolph could not account, until accident and the talking of an old maid servant disclosed to him, that on the night of the first of May, his wife had privately gone forth with Gertrude, and returned late in the morning, unseen by any but herself, and crept in her chamber.

Rudolph was shocked-frightful suspicions fixed themselves from this instant in his mind-he knew not what horrid deed she might do, and from this time, he became estranged from his wife. It raised a bitter conflict in his heart when he looked at this once loved, trusted being, and now, in her presence, all pleasure had fled from his soul. Her behavior confirmed these feelings, and he could not feel as if this was the same Alice he had so fondly, so dearly loved. At last he determined to speak to her of this fatal night; the way she received his communication confirmed his suspicions; and from this instant, every appearance of joy and love vanished between the unhappy pair. Alice appeared to live only to quarrel with, and torment her husband. Sometimes, in the midst of anger and quarrels, would break forth the most violent fits of love: which showed itself in the most ungovernable jealousy. As it was with her husband, so it was with the children; the eldest she hated, the youngest she persecuted. "You have then a child!" "I know it," cried Alice; a painful emotion shot through her heart; she sprang from Rudolph's lap, and looked around the room. "There, in the cradle," said the father. Alice stepped there; the cradle was empty. The child was gone, gone like its mother; and probably at the same time. Surprised and astonished, Rudolph and Alice stood before the empty cradle. After a little while, a quiet happiness diffused itself over their hearts; and thankfulness and to articulate. At last, collecting his wandering for the efficacy and power of the sign of the cross.

Now came the eldest child led by its nurse. there is the name of another, who, in years gone folded it in her arms. This was her child, no mysterious changeling; and after such long sufferings, she was again happy. Rudolph's happiness bloomed out anew. The sorrows of former days were, to the newly re-united pair, an inexhaustible source of sweet speech, joyful, happy, thankful reflection.

A few days after Alice's return, a fisherman found Gertrude's body in the sea, and brought it to her husband. Then it was told how surprised the husband and fisherman were; it had laid so long in the sea, and yet looked as fresh as if it were just done. The widower buried her with great pomp; and all agreed he was delighted to obtain his freedom, and know there was no possibility of her coming back.

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ELOPEMENT."

No season of the year is so suited to the contemplative mind as automn. Then it is we see the green fields putting on their sombre mantles, the gay flowers losing their brilliant hues, and the dark their coming fate. The very air seems to harmonize with the scene, producing on the serious mind, could purchase—a good name. His name was when scarce old enough to wander so far, to par-Christopher Mathews, familiarly called in his neigh- take of their repast, where I always found the borhood, honest Kit. He was an example of the coolest cream and nicest fruit, and listened to incomfort and happiness the poor might obtain, if structions that have followed me to manhood. Jane they would exercise industry and frugality. And was then about fifteen years old. She it was, who

Alice flew to it; with transport and thanks to God, by, trod this spot with the merry shining face of youth. Though not born to the higher walks of life, or accustomed to the dizzy whirl of fashion's vortex; yet, she possessed that which no embellishment could enhance, or taste improve. She possessed that native simplicity of manner, that must have characterised our first mother before the forbidden fruit imparted a knowledge of evil. There was also that perfect roundness of proportion, that defied the critical eye of the artist, or the fastidious taste of the roue. Her hair was of dark auburn, and eyes of the deepest blue. Her stature was of the usual height, supported by a foot and ankle that no alteration could improve. In disposition, she was soft and forgiving. Malice and resentment were feelings that never defiled her heart. Of the most fervent temperament, it was impossible for her to love in part. On whatever object she placed her affections, it was with all her energy and soul, which approached nearly to a weakness, because, blinded to all other objects save the one that elicited her admiration. Such was Jane, the daughter of honest Kit. Often have I seen her at church, when listening to the duties of children to parents, turn her eyes from the pulpit to her aged father; then, half lifting them to Heaven as invoking a blessing upon his hoary head. How forest assuming its yellow tinge—sad mementos of different in those days was the spot I have just mentioned to what it is now. Then, you saw industry in the fields, and neatness in the house. reflections upon man's transitory state, of which Just there, on that little mound, stood the house, a the season is so typical. It was at this season of single storied building, with two rooms on a floor, the year, not many months ago, I came to a spot and a chimney at each end. In front, was a small that brought back recollections which had become portico with a large jessamine on either side internearly extinct by the lapse of time. It carried me twining its tendrils with two multifloras. The back to the days of my childhood-that spring-time | yard and garden were neatly enclosed. The latter of life, when the fields appear to be larger, the grass showed a taste and skill that indicated the cultivato grow greener, and the birds to sing sweeter. It tor to be one of no ordinary turn of mind; while was on an afternoon, just as the sun had sunk be- the flowers and shrubbery, bespoke in their arrangehind the distant woods, imparting a glowing tinge ment, the hand of a female. There stood in the cento all surrounding objects. There was nothing tre a bower, composed of the jessamine, multiflora remarkable about the spot to attract the attention and woodbine, that would have given a charm to of the passer-by. A few half decayed apple-trees; the gardene of the opulent. This was Jane's fahere and there a half recumbent post, and a slightly vorite spot; it was here she would retire at sumelevated mound told that there once stood a house. mer noonday, to study the books given by her father A little in the rear was a cluster of tall cedars, or minister. There is another old acquaintance, denoting a grave-yard. These relics of the living which I had nearly forgotten to mention, and that and dead, stood in what we call in Eastern Vir- is, a large elm, which stood at the south end of the ginia, "an old field." Though it be not my privi- dwelling. All that now remains of that once princelege to record the feats of the dubbed knight, or ly tree, is its trunk and a few of its larger branches the feudal lord, or the luxurious ease of the pam- putting forth, when all other trees are in full foliage, pered nabob; yet, I feel it a pleasure to mention, a few sickly leaves. It was under this tree, Jane is my narrative, the name of one, who, though poor, and her father were accustomed, in summer, to possessed more than a Rothschild or a Girard take their noon meal, and where I have often stolen

first taught me a knowledge of the catechism and bird's-nests. to feel the want of a parent. She had been entirely educated by her father, her mother having died during her early infancy. And such was his overweening anxiety to firmly engraft those pure principles of truth and religion, so beautifully taught in the scriptures, that he forgot in his zeal, while portraying the placid stream on which life's bark might glide, that there were many a hidden and dangerous rock beneath its surface. Or, if not forgetting, feared that, while showing the consequences of evil, the beauties of good might be lost sight of. This was an error. While we are beholding the beauties of heaven, we should also see the horrors of hell; for, such are our natures, that, we rarely love virtue for its intrinsic value alone. The evil consequences of sin have their part, however faintly, in making us cleave unto that which is good. Jane had never mingled in society; she knew not the vice and folly that prevailed in the world; she was disposed to judge all by her own standard. The books placed in her own hands, were those to soothe and soften the heart, not to corrode and defile it. Perjury and lying were words she had heard, but had never seen them acted. She had read the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and believed that that special judgment of God was alone sufficient to deter all from similar wickedness. There was another, who also partook of the enjoyments of this pleasant retreat: one, whom the father looked upon with the feelings of a parent, and the care of a tutor. He played upon his knee in childhood, and listened to his counsels in boyhood; he was ardent and affectionate in disposition; there was nothing mean or vicious in his character; a sense of injury produced immediate contrition; with a mind of the imaginative cast, he was disposed to look upon the world with the brightest visions of happiness, and believed the rural enjoyments so beautifully described in Cowper's garden, far superior to ambition's dazzling paths, or fashion's capricious whims. He possessed what we rarely see united in the same individual-features strikingly handsome, and a mind decidedly intellectual. It was with this one, Jane had spent her childhood. Three years her senior, she often flew to him in their childish rambles for protection when danger assailed her. Her father had been steward for his father, James Bertram, many years previous and subsequent to Jane's birth, when he saved a sufficient sum to purchase a small farm in the neighborhood, where Jane spent many happy hours of her young days with William Bertram. William was the only child of his father, though he had married the second time. a roving disposition, he early sought the little lisping Jane as a companion in his wanderings; and, at that early age, inspired her with a high admiration for his character, by his soft and gentle manners and the many daring feats he performed after

Jane was about thirteen years old, when her father settled his little farm. about this time was sent to a boarding-school. soon, however, as his vacation permitted his return home, after his greetings were over, his first inquiries were after his old friend Christopher and little Jane, as he continued to call her. A visit followed quickly after, where he found feelings congenial to his own-plain, unsophisticated and ardent. He preferred the frugal fare and open manners of honest Kit, together with the interesting company of little Jane, to the luxuries of his father's table, with his repulsive sternness and his still more austere wife. It was about this time, under that large elm and that shady bower, that William Bertram passed, though unconscious of the change, from that sincere admiration and esteem, so near akin to love that there is scarce a distinction, into the all-absorbing influence of love itself. It was about the time Jane was ripening into womanhoodthe damask rose of her cheek imparting rather than borrowing a freshness from the morn-that she stood in the eyes of William Bertram all that was lovely and perfect.

> "Yes, she was as good as she was fair, None, none on earth above her; As pure in thought as angels are; To see her, was to love her."

Thus passed three years of his life. Though so young to feel the intoxicating effects of love; yet, he made rapid progress in his studies, and it seemed to impart stimulus to his energies.

We will now make an interval of ten months in our narrative. It was in the month of July, about twilight, when a carriage was seen rapidly rolling along a firm and level road, skirted on either side with forest-trees. In the distance, was seen a large and venerable brick building, situated on an eminence, reflecting the golden west in many bright and beautiful colors from its arched windows. In the carriage, sat two young men dressed in scholastic uniforms.

"What small white dwelling is that I imperfectly see to the right, William? I presume you are acquainted with your neighbors, as you tell me that George the third looking house before us, is your father's."

"It is the residence, Albert, of an honest man, Christopher Mathews, a former steward of my father's."

"He is quite comfortable, I should say, judging from external appearances."

"Yes, and happy too," rejoined William, as a slight blush passed over his face; "for he has a daughter who is a paragon of obedience; she is a solace and joy to his declining years."

"And a source of uneasiness and distraction to your rising ones, eh! do you ever dream of love in a cottage?"

To have looked in William's face at this time,

his confusion would have given the assent; but, and poor. just at the time, the carriage rolled up to the door.

James Bertram was always proud of his son; his pride had been somewhat increased from the late honors William had gained at college. He appeared fonder of other children than his own, from the false idea that familiarity with children somewhat lessens the respect and obedience due to parents: forgetting the mere fact of being a parent does not always ensure fillial love.

William was proud like his father; yet, open and ardent in manner, he never approached him except on matters of the world-There was always a restraint between the two. Perhaps, if the father had been more open and affectionate, the son would not have sought so early, congeniality of feeling in the heart of a female; that Jane was every way suited to fill up the vacuum, we have just shown.

Albert Morton, the college friend of our hero, resembled, yet was of a different nature; he lacked that depth and pathos of character, that gave a charm to William's most trivial action. Both presented a gay and light-hearted exterior. There was something that appeared half concealed in Albert's manner. When he spoke it did not appear to come from the heart; you could not receive him as a bosom friend; you listened to him half incredulous, doubting if he himself believed what he spoke. Not so with William; you read his thoughts in his eyes, and heard them breathed from his heart. Two days had passed since their arrival; the third brought the Sabbath. William, in preparing for church, paid greater attention to his toilet than usual, for he then expected to meet Jane. It was with a slight degree of pride he viewed himself in the mirror; for, the last ten months had improved his person as well as mind. Many a neck-dress and ringlet were adjusted, as the handsome young men entered the church door. Jane remained the same, such was her surprise at seeing one whose image had ever been before her. She did not expect to see him so soon; it was like waking from a pleasant dream into its glorious reality. too were her thoughts at the time! They were scarce known to herself. Had she never before known, as indeed she had not, that love had placed his throne on her heart and ruled with the sway of a despot, that moment would have spoken the reality. Her ear, long deaf to the soft whispers of her heart, now listened to its eloquent pleadings with rapture. Who can paint the feeling of the young and innocent heart, when love is first admitted into its sacred portals? But Jane scarce admitted the truth, ere she struggled to repel it. A startling thought rushed before her. She had thought of William Bertram, as William Bertram himself; she had not thought of him as the son of the proud Bertram of Woodland. She had always looked upon him as a companion; his soft and courteous manners had never shown her the distinction between the rich "that you are looking at the results of wealth and

The difference made by the world, now rose up before her in its most cruel aspect, and her young heart sighed as she beheld it.

William had no sooner taken his seat, than his eyes roamed through the dense congregation in search of his little Jane. He saw her in her accustomed seat, the same meek and placid Jane she had always been; yet, more lovely still. The bud of her cheek was full blown, her hair was a shade darker, and the penciled curve of her eyebrows more fully developed. Their eyes met, and that moment convinced them they were loved by each other. It was a moment of sublime interest to both, as they drank in the deep inspirations of love with intoxicating draughts. Their meeting after so long an absence more fully revealed their handsome exteriors, which before were half concealed by a mutual admiration of qualities. We will pass over their meeting after church. But, suffice it to say, there was not the same open, unreserved greeting as in former days. There was a shyness which each inwardly condemned in the other, and, at the same time, felt a slight displeasure with themselves. William saw also his old friend Christopher; there was no change in him, except his hair bespoke a green old age; perhaps his shoulders were a little more rounded. There still remained the same warm, yet respectful manner that ever becomes one of his station. William promised to visit him so soon as his young friend left, which would be in a few days.

"You seem to have a plenty of pretty girls in your neighborhood," observed Albert Morton, next morning, while drawing on his boots, " judging from the many I saw at church. By-the-by, what pretty, modest looking girl was that I saw you speak to just after service? I never saw you look as grave in my life, and that too as if you were afraid some one would see you."

"It was the daughter of Christopher Mathews, whose house we saw the other day on the road," replied William; "and, as to my gravity, you cannot wonder at that, after so affecting a discourse. What did you think of that part of the sermon where the minister spoke of riches as more frequently a curse, and poverty often a blessing !"

William gave this turn to the conversation in order to divert his friend, with his quick-sighted suspicion, from seeing more than he could well have concealed.

"Poh! I did not believe a word of it; such notions will do only for the pulpit. Take away man's desire to accumulate, and you make him a mere passive being. It is the impulse more or less of all his actions. I speak in the aggregate. This world would be a wilderness in place of a garden; and, as to poverty, if it is a blessing, it is more than I have ever seen."

"But do you not observe," replied William,

rob him of those energies which his very necessities require; but, in the exercise of those energies, should it not be with a due regard to other concerns! while toiling for the things of this life, should we not have an eye to the things of the next? It is unrestrained the exercise of these propensities, that makes it a crime. Poverty is more apt to be a blessing, because it takes away many of our carnal appetites. The mind of the rich man is so much absorbed in the things of the world, he scarce has the time, or rather takes the time, to think of his immortal existence; whereas, the innate propensity the mind has, unincumbered with the too many cares of life, to turn to its immortal existence, also gives an advantage to the poor, and adds a blessing to poverty."

"Then, I should infer, you would prefer poverty to wealth, which is indeed a novel idea in one of your expectations," rejoined Albert; "go, ask the man who has never known what plenty is, and never knew what comfort was; listen to his wife, while whipping her children, because they cry for bread; hear her curse the day she was born; then see her seek temporary oblivion in the bottle; and, if they tell you that poverty is a blessing, and, in a state of half starvation, pray to God on account of his abundant mercies, then I will admit your argument."

"You draw a dark picture," replied William: "moreover, you have misconceived me: I said that poverty was often a blessing; that it is sometimes a curse, I have no doubt; and that wealth, if properly used, is a blessing, is also certain. must recall you to what I have just said, that wealth is apt to produce too many worldly thoughts, and the cares of wealth to repel religious ones; that poverty, in most cases, if rightly viewed, is a blessing I have no doubt. Now, let me present you a brighter picture of poverty, where it is felt with meekness and borne with patience, and where it is a blessing rather than a curse. I allude to our neighbor Christopher Mathews, who, born of humble parents, was early taught to look upon the things of the world as temporal, and to look to the next as a place where there will be no distinction between the rich and poor. He soon discovered also that labor, properly employed, should be looked upon more as a pleasure than toil. He considered it as a zest to all other enjoyments, and as vigor to the mind. At an early age, he began the world for himself, and after many years of application to an honorable business, saved a sufficient sum to purchase a small farm in the neighborhood. The fields then poor are now rich; though small, they yield large products. The house not large, is yet neat and comfortable; its white paint is in beautiful contrast with the green sward that encircles it. 'neat and grassy walks. The moon rose in her full,

poverty only in this world? I will admit, take away | His little garden produces a plenty of vegetables, man's propensity to increase his store, and you and also sends forth a rich fragrance from its wellcultivated shrubbery; and, in the hot noonday and in the quiet twilight, he can there retire undisturbed by the stern glare of penury, to peruse useful books, or indulge instructive thoughts; and, in the even tenor of his life, he feels none of those harassing anxieties which often make wealth a burden, and the possessor a slave. Now Albert, suppose the poor would all follow honest Kit's example, would not poverty be rather a blessing than a curse !"

> William forgot, in the zeal of argument, that he was drawing his friend's thoughts to one whom he did not wish to speak of. He now remembered it was for that reason he commenced the argument. The breakfast bell, however, relieved his fears.

> The three succeeding days passed without interest at Woodland. On the fourth, Albert Morton left for home, very much to William's relief; for he longed to pay a visit to Jane, which he did the next day. William's feelings were different to what they had been on any previous visit. They were those of fear and hope, for he knew his father's pride and his European notions of alliance; he also knew Jane's implicit obedience to her father's will. It was certain, his father's objection would produce an insurmountable one with Christopher.

> William's visit was in the afternoon of one of those rich and mellow evenings in the month of July, which give a charm to that season of the year. The sun was slowly sinking in his rosy bed, as William approached the little portico, where sat Jane, as was her custom, busily employed with her needle. She was unconscious of the approach of any one, until footsteps on the gravel walk arrested her attention. The sight of one whom she was accustomed in days past, to meet at the gate, and bid him welcome with a joyous heart, now produced sensations, though happy, of a far different nature. Her confused manner and heightened color bespoke the agitation of her heart. William thought her more lovely than he had ever seen her. Her handkerchief, on account of the early dews, was negligently thrown around her neck; her hair was smoothly parted on her forehead, extending a little below the temples; and her form was unencumbered with those embellishments. which, the fastidious taste of the ladies of the present day has rendered so odious.

"I think, Jane," said William, the usual compligiving, at the same time, strength to the body and ments over, "your multiflora has grown surprisingly, since I saw it last; how fares the tea-rose I planted for you last summer? suppose we go and see it !"

> The shades of evening were now fast darkening the distant landscapes, and the mockingbird was singing its vesper notes with harmonious melody, as the youthful lovers trod with elastic step, the

just as the happy pair entered the bower. It was have no doubt; also, your position in life will be a an hour for the outpouring of the soul; it was an hour when the lover speaks, with rapture, feelings long cherished, though concealed; and it was an hour when the Christian seeks a sweet commune with his Creator. With the bright twilight of the west, and the moonlit east, you seem to stand between two vast fires, divided by a wide expanse; here and there, you saw a cloud passing in a slow and graceful motion, transforming itself into beautiful varieties. The wind, scarce rustled a leaf as it breathed its soft breath on the fragrant jessamine. And long and earnest was the conversation between William and Jane.

"And do you think you love me as you ought. William !" said Jane, after they had been talking some time. "Do you not remember that there is a great difference between us? you are rich, and I am poor; you are high, and I am low born."

"Those thoughts, Jane, are unworthy of you. Think you, I mind the false ideas of the world? If wealth is the balance in which we are tried, then partial is the test, and virtue and worth would mourn their fate. Do you not see yon star ? Behold how placidly and benignly it shines; and see how beautifully the moon shone just then, when that cloud passed slowly over it. They are types, Jane, of the purity of my love."

Our lovers now rose to leave that sweet abode. where they had just exchanged deep and unaltersble vows. William returned home with his highly moral principles more firmly engrafted on his heart : for such is the effect of requited love on the virtuous. Those moral principles which we hitherto cherished for virtue's sake, now receive a seal on the beautiful envelope. William retired to rest that night, satisfied with himself and all the world. Next morning, at breakfast, he thought his father appeared more affectionate than usual, who even went so far as to jest with him on the subject of matrimony. His complacency, however, ended with an invitation to the library. William attended with unpleasant presentiments.

"I have desired your company this morning, William," observed the father, " for the purpose of making known my wishes upon a subject of considerable interest to us both. You have now arrived to an age, at which we are apt to indulge our thoughts upon matrimonial subjects to inconsiderate lengths. Fearing that you shall fall into some of those rash amours, so incidental to the young, it is my object to guard you against such follies, and to inform you of the family to which I wish you to become allied. The father and myself have conferred on the subject. It meets his entire approbation; nav. it is his highest wish. The young and accomplishments, as you have seen her. That now no hope of their realization." you can love after becoming better acquainted, I

splendid one, when you have united her wealth with that you will inherit from me. Should you not comply, sir, with this my first and last request, I wish you to remember that you may never expect to receive from me the recognition of a parent; for, I would sooner see my fortune pass into the hands of strangers, than to a disobedient son."

William was totally unprepared for such intelligence. He had never believed his father, with all his strict notions of children's obedience, would carry his ideas so far as to direct in so delicate a matter, and of such paramount importance to his happiness. He merely expressed the pleasure it had ever given him to obey his commands, and hoped never to incur his displeasure.

The father was satisfied; he did not expect an immediate acquiescence. He only wished to make known his wishes on that subject; the possibility of his son going counter to those wishes had never entered his mind.

So soon as William was to himself, and his astonishment had passed off, he commenced calmly to reflect upon the course he should pursue. The following week was the time his father had fixed on for him to visit Miss Fielding. His first resolve was to express to his father before that time, his repugnance to such proceedings. His next was to seek Jane and inform her of his father's wishes. and his determination not to comply with them. Early the next day, he made the visit, and found Jane busily engaged in the garden. A few moments, and they were seated under the bower where they conversed in the most earnest manner.

"And is it possible, Jane," said William, after a short time, "that this is the amount of your loveyou, for whom I am willing to sacrifice every thingto incur a father's displeasure and to forfeit immense pecuniary expectations—to start in the world with nothing save yourself, and to toil for a sustenance with the most laborious exertions? I cannot think it or believe it."

"It is for these very reasons, William, that I object. It is for your sake-you, who have been raised in affluence and ease, and taught to look upon the world with the brightest prospects. You are unqualified to descend from that high position with humble Jane, not that I would not be yours though you were the poorest in the world; nay, had I your wealth and you my poverty, that wealth and this heart should be given you with joy. There is another reason, William, and not the least. Never would my father consent to our union, knowing your father's disapprobation. And sooner would I sacrifice every earthly blessing, than mar, for one hour, that more than parent. It were better for us to lady is the intelligent and wealthy Miss Fielding. sbandon those hopes of happiness, which we so It is useless for me to inform you of her beauty fondly dreamed of a few evenings ago, for there is

William deemed it best not to press Jane further

at the time. He determined to wait, like most lovers | evening he last saw her, struggling between love in his situation, some favorable event time might bring; thus passed several days. The night previous to the day on which he was to start to see the young lady of his father's choice, had already come. William had deferred, from time to time, to make known his real sentiments concerning the young lady in question; that night found him as unprepared for the conference as ever. He determined, however, to await on him early next morning, and then declare his repugnance to such proceedings; he had scarce taken this determination, when he received a summons to attend his father in the library. He now thought the decisive moment had come, and with that determination, descended to the library.

"William," said the father, holding a paper in his hand, "I have this evening received a letter from a relative in Scotland, that the suit so long pending there, has been decided favorably. You know my father came from that country; by the death of an uncle, the administrator held a large portion of the estate in his hands, in consequence of a suit then peuding against it. That suit has been decided in favor of the estate. As it is impossible for me to go, I shall send you. These papers will give you all necessary information, as to the course you will pursue. As an immediate attention is necessary, I propose your starting in the morning. You will defer your visit to Miss Fielding until you return."

William willingly gave his consent, as it relieved him from a very unpleasant position, and ere he retired to rest, wrote Jane the cause of his sudden absence. Early next morning, he was on his way to the post-house, some two miles from Woodland.

Eighteen months had now passed since William's departure; he had written Jane several times, but she had never received any tidings from him. There was one object in her little garden which now elicited greater attention from her than ever; that was the tea-rose he had given her. And often, while watching some new bud just revealing its delicate colors, her thoughts would revert to one whose memory had ever been to her young heart, in hours of loneliness, a sweet solace. a tear might be seen to fall upon that memento of by-gone hours of happiness. About this time, on a clear and frosty night in the month of October, a person was seen rapidly walking the road that led from the post-house to Woodland, his dress and elastic step denoted a young man of fashion-that young man was William Bertram. He preferred walking that short distance, that he might indulge his thoughts on a road where every tree reminded him of his happy childhood. He now came in sight of Christopher's cottage, beautifully reflecting the moon through the tall trees, and the past rapidly rose before him. He saw Jane in all her loveliness and simplicity. He saw her as she was the

and filial duty. He then thought of the present, and wondered if she was the same soft, unassuming, pretty girl, she was then. He even wondered if she was alive, for he had not heard from her since his departure. He was now near his father's house; the lights rapidly passing the windows, bespoke something uncommon within, which filled him with the most ominous apprehensions. He quickly entered and reached his father's chamber, just in time to receive his dying blessing. Mr. Bertram had been laboring for many years under a chronic inflammation of the stomach, which, from its sympathetic influence on the lungs, had so far implicated those organs as to produce rapid consumption. William's love for his father was of the deepest kind, and long did he bemoan his loss. He was, however, often comforted in his sorrow, by his old friend Christopher.

We will not follow him through those days of grief, but quietly pass over fifteen months.

It was early in the month of May, for we are particular in dates, when a carriage was seen coming down the lawn that led to Christopher's cottage. Christopher and his daughter were standing in the portico watching the vehicle, without any apparent surprise; and, as soon as it drove up, she went out and was handed in by a young gentleman of a very smiling face, and in that young gentleman we recognise our hero, William Bertram.

Let us now follow the carriage; it did not go immediately home, but turned off to the left, and drove to the church near by, where awaited it a man who was commissioned to unite two in one.

Thus Jane received for her virtue and goodness. a reward in the hand of William Bertram. And that he received a rich reward for choosing one of such virtuous and domestic qualities, though of an humble station, after-years fully proved.

OLD BALLADS.

We are sure, the lovers of Scotch ballads will thank us for reviving the following touching and beautiful lines from an old collection.

FORBES' GREEN.

A CUMBERLAND BALLAD, BY CATHERINE GILPIN. And auld Robin Forbes has given them a dance ! I put on my speckets to see them a' prance; I thought o' the days when I was but fifteen, And danc'd wi' the best, upon Forbes' Green. Of a' things that is, I think thought is maist queer. It brings that that's by-past, and sets it down here; I see Willy as plain as I do this bit lace, When he took his coat lappet and deeghted his face.

The lasses a' wondered what Willy could see. In yen that was dark and hard-featured like me; And they wonder'd ay mair when they talked o' my wit, And slily telt Willy that could'nt be it :

But Willy he laugh'd and he made me his wife, And wha was mair happy thro' a' his lang life? Its e'en my great comfort, now Willy is gane, That he often said nea place was like his ane heame.

I mind when I carried my wark to you stile,
When Willy was dyking, the time to beguile,
He would fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammer'd my noddle to make out a jest;
But merry or grave, Willy often would tell,
There nuen o' the lave that was like my ain sel;
And he spake what he thought, for I'd hardly a plack,
When we married, and nobbet as gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight, I expected him hame, And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane; Of a' hours it telt, sight was dearest to me; But now, when it strikes, there's a tear i' my e'e. O, Willy! dear Willy! it never can be, That age, time, or death, can divide thee and me; For that spot on the earth, that's aye dearest to me, Is the turf that has cover'd my Willy frae me. Washington City.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

NEW-YORK: HARPER AND BROTHERS-1843.

There is a strife now going on between the publishers of books, and the publishers of the mammoth weeklies, that, if kept up, will end in nothing short of a complete and popular revolution in litera-As book-publishers, the Messrs. Harper have put themselves at the head of the opposition, and are leading the way far in advance of their line. The New World is republishing the Edingburgh and the other foreign quarterly reviews, at 25 cents a No.; or \$1 a year. It reprints Blackwood at three four-pence-ha'-pennies. The Messrs. Harper, in turn, have gone to press with M'Cullock's Universal Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary, which is one of the most valuable works of the kind in the English language. They have commenced forthwith to send out these winged messengers of knowledge, which carry to the remotest parts of the union their tribute to the cause of popular instruction, making its ways rosy and paths straight to the poorest citizen. For this important work we reserve a special notice, and, in the mean time, return to the beautiful history of Tory Alisonwe may break a lance with him yet-but the time for the jousting has not come. The "parts" of his work noticed in our March No., extended from its commencement with the convocation of the States-General in 1789, to the campaign of 1795. come now to that which is most rich in splendid achievements and brilliant exploits:—it embraces the campaigns of Napoleon and of the Archduke Charles—the great naval engagements of those thrilling times—the history of Massena on the Alps-and Suwarrow on the plains. Morengo and Hobenlinden—the conquests of England in India—

of the intrigues and tergiversations of courts and cabinets. During this fruitful period of exploits, the effects of democratic ascendancy upon military operations are more than pointed at. The contrast between the condition of the republican army under Massena, on the Alps, and of the Imperialists under the Archduke of Austria, on the banks of the Po, in the campaign of 1799, is drawn by Mr. Alison, in striking colors:

"Cantoned in the rich plains of Italy, on the banks of the Po, the Imperialists were amply supplied with all the comforts and luxuries of life, while its navigable waters incessantly brought up to the army the stores and supplies necessary to restore the losses of so active a campaign. On the side of the Republicans, again, thirty-eight thousand men, without magazines or stores of provisions, were stationed on the desolate summits of the Alps and the Apennines, shivering with cold, exhausted with fatigue, and almost destitute of clothing. For five months they had received hardly any pay; the soldiers were without cloaks; their shoes were worn out, and wood was even wanting to warm their frigid bivouacks. Overwhelmed with the horrors of his situation, Championet retired to Nice, where he died of an epidemic disorder, which soon broke out among the troops, and swept off great multitudes; and his death dissolved the small remnants of discipline which remained in the army. The soldiers tumultuously broke up their cantonments; crowds of deserters left their colors, and covered the roads to France; and it was only by one of those nervous flights of eloquence, which touch, even in the greatest calamities, every generous heart, that St. Cyr succeeded in stopping the return of a large body which had left Genoa, and was proceeding on the road to Provence. Alarmed at the representations which he drew of the disastrous state of the army, the government, which had now passed from the feeble hands of the Directory into the firm grasp of Napoleon, took the most active steps to administer relief; several convoys reached the troops, and Massena, sent to assume the supreme command, succeeded, in some degree, in stopping the torrent of desertion and restoring the confidence of the army."

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proneness to aggression, the same disregard to jus- and cruelty of her rulers. tice, still actuated the conduct of the men who rule a truce with the Republic; her rulers immediately in France. Peace with a nation by whom war was made against all order, religion, and morality, would rather be a cessation of resistance to wrong than a suspension of arms in the nature of an ordinary warfare. To negotiate with established governments was formerly not merely easy, but in most circumstances safe; but to negotiate with the government of France now would be to incur all the risks of an uncertain truce, without attaining the benefits even of a temporary peace. France still retains the sentiments, and is constant to the views which characterized the dawn of her Revolution. She was innovating, she is so still; she was Jacobin, she is so still: she declared war against all kings, and she continues to this hour to seek their destruction. Even the distant republic of America could not escape that ravaging power, and next to a state of active and inveterate war were the relations of those two commonwealths for a long time. The Republic, indeed, has frequently published her disinclination to conquest; but has she followed up that declaration by any acts indicating a similar disposition? Have we not seen her armies march to the Rhine, seize the Netherlands, and annex them to her dominions? Have we not witnessed her progress in Italy? Are not the wrongs of Switzerland recent and marked? Even into Asia she has carried her lust for dominion, severed from the Porte, during a period of profound peace, a vast portion of its empire, and stimulated 'Citizen Tippoo' to engage in that contest which ultimately proved his ruin.

"'The Republic has proclaimed her respect for the independence of all governments. How have her actions corresponded with this profession? Did not Jacobin France attempt the overthrow of every government? Did she not, whenever it suited her purpose, arm the governors against the governed, or the governed against the governors! How completely has she succeeded, during a period of profound peace, which had been unbroken for centuries, in convulsing the population, and so subduing the independence of Switzerland! In Italy, the whole fabric of civil society has been changed, and the independence of every government violated. The Netherlands, too, exhibit to mankind monuments of the awful veneration with which the Republic has regarded the independence of other states. The memorable decree of November, 1792, has not slept a dead letter in their statute book. No, it has ever since been the active, energetic principle of their whole conduct, and every nation is interested in the extinction of that principle for-

"'Every power with whom the Republic has treated, whether for the purpose of armistice or perfidy of France, and of the ambition, injustice

Switzerland concluded excited insurrections among her cantons, overthrew her institutions, seized her fortresses, robbed her treasures, the accumulation of ages, and, to give permanence to her usurpations, imposed on her a government new alike in form and substance. The Grand-duke of Tuscany was among the earliest sufferers by a treaty of peace with the Republic. In everything he strove to conform to the views of France; her rulers repeated to him her assurances of attachment and disinclination to conquest; but at the very time that the honor of the Republic was pledged for the security of his states, he saw the troops of his ally enter his capital, and he himself was deposed, and a democracy given to the Florentines. The King of Sardinia opened the gates of his capital to the Republican arms, and, confiding in the integrity of the French government, expected to be secured in his dominions by the treaty which guaranteed his title and his rights, and communicated to France equal advantages. He was, however, in a state of peace, invaded in his dominions, forced to fly to his insular possessions, and Turin treacherously taken possession of by the Republican troops. The change in the papal government was another part of the same system. It was planned by Joseph Bonaparte in his palace. He excited the populace to an insurrection, and effected the revolution in the capital at the head of the Roman mob. To Venice their conduct was still more attrocious. After concluding an armistice with the Archduke Charles, Bonaparte declared that he took the Venitians under his protection, and overturned the old government by the movements excited among the people; but no sooner was the national independence in this way destroyed, than he sold them to the very imperial government against whose alleged oppression he had prompted them to take up arms. Genoa received the French as friends; and the debt of gratitude was repaid by the government being revolutionized, and, under the authority of a mock constitution, the people plundered, and the public independence subverted.

"' It is in vain to allege, that these atrocities are the work of former governments, and that Bonaparte had no hand in them. The worst of these acts of perfidy have been perpetrated by himself. If a treaty was concluded and broken with Sardinia, it was concluded and broken by Bonaparte. If peace was entered into and violated with Tuscany, it was entered into and violated by Bonaparte. If Venice was first seduced into revolutionary revolt, and then betrayed and sold to Austria, it was by Bonaparte that the treachery was consummated. If the papal government was first terrified into submission, and then overturned by rebellion, it was Bopeace, could furnish melancholy instances of the naparte who accomplished the work. If Genoa was convulsed in a state of profound peace, and

then sacrificed, it was by Bonaparte that the perfidious invasion was committed. If Switzerland was first seduced into revolution, and then invaded and plundered, it was by the deceitful promises and arts of Bonaparte that the train was laid. Even the affiliated republics and his own country have not escaped the same perfidious ability. The Constitution which he forced on his countrymen, at the cannon's mouth, on the 13th Vendémiaire, he delivered up to the bayonets of Augereau on the 18th Fructidor, and overturned with his grenadiers on the 18th Brumaire. The Constitution of the Cisalpine Republic, which he himself had established, was overthrown by his lieutenant Berthier. gained possession of Malta by deceitful promises, and immediately handed it over to the Republic. He declared to the Porte that he had no intention to take possession of Egypt, and yet he avowed to his army that he conquered it for France, and instantly roused the Copts into rebellion against the Mamelukes. He declared to the Mussulmans that he was a believer in Mohammed, thus demonstrating that, even on the most sacred subjects, truth was set at naught when any object was to be gained by its violation. Nay, he has, in his official instructions, openly avowed this system; for in his instructions to Kleber he declares, 'You may sign a treaty to evacuate Egypt, but do not execute the articles, and you may find a plausible excuse for the delay in the observation that they must be sent home to be submitted to the Directory.' What reliance can be placed on a power which thus uniformly makes peace or truce a stepping-stone to farther aggressions, and systematically uses perfidy as an allowable weapon for circumventing its enemies? And what is especially worthy of observation, this system is not that of any one man; it has been the principle of all the statesmen, without exception, who have governed France during the Revolution; a clear proof, that it arises from the force of the circumstances in which they are placed, and the ruinous ascendence of irreligious principles in the people; and that the intentions of the present ruler of the country, even if they were widely different from what they are, could afford no sort of security against its continuance.

"'France would now derive great advantages from a general peace. Her commerce would revive, her seamen be renewed, her sailors acquire experience; and the power which hitherto has been so victorious at land, would speedily become for-What benefit could midable on another element. it bring to Great Britain? Are our harbors blockaded, our commerce interrupted, our dockyards empty? Have we not, on the contrary, acquired an irresistible preponderance on the seas during the war, and is not the trade of the world rapidly passing into the hands of our merchants? Bonaparte would acquire immense popularity by being the means of bringing about an accommodation entertained no hostile designs towards France. So

with this country; if we wish to establish his power, and permanently enlist the energy of the Revolution under the banners of a military chieftain, we have only to fall into the snare which he has so artfully prepared. In turbulent republics, it has ever been an axiom to maintain internal tranquillity by external action; it was on that principle that the war was commenced by Brissot and continued by Robespierre, and it is not likely to be forgotten by the military chief who has now succeeded to the helm of affairs.

"'It is in vain to pretend, that either the allied powers or Great Britain were the aggressors in the terrible war which has so long desolated Europe. In investigating this subject, the most scrupulous attention to dates is requisite. The attack upon the Papal States, by the seizure of Avignon, in August 1791, was attended by a series of the most sanguinary excesses which disgraced the Revolution; and this was followed, in the same year, by an aggression against the whole empire, by the seizure of Porentrui, part of the dominions of the Bishop of Bale. In April, 1792, the French government declared war against Austria; and in September of the same year, without any declaration of war, or any cause of hostility, and in direct violation of their promises to abstain from conquest, they seized Savoy and Nice, upon the pretence that Nature had destined them to form a part of France. The assertion that this war was rendered necessary by the threatening alliance formed at Pilnitz, is equally devoid of foundation; that celebrated declaration referred only to the state of imprisonment in which Louis XVI. was kept, and its immediate object was to effect his deliverance. if a concert among the European powers could be brought about for that purpose, leaving the internal state of France to be decided by the king when restored to his liberty, with the free consent of the states of the kingdom, without one word relative to its dismemberment. This was fully admitted in the official correspondence which took place between this country and Austria; and as long as M. Delessart was minister of foreign affairs in France, there was a great probability that the differences would be terminated amicably; but the war-party excited a tumult in order to dispossess him, as they considered in Brissot's words, that 'war was necessary to consolidate the Revolution.' Upon the King of France's acceptance of the Constitution, the emperor notified to all the courts of Europe that he considered it as his proper act, and thereby the convention of Pilnitz fell to the ground; and the event soon proved the sincerity of that declaration; for when war was declared by the French in 1792, the Austrian Netherlands were almost destitute of troops, and soon fell a prey to the Republi-

" Great Britain at this time, and for long after,

far from it, on the 29th of December, 1792, only a month before the commencement of hostilities, a note was sent by Lord Grenville to the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, imparting to Russia the principles on which we acted, and the terms on which we were willing to mediate for peace, which were, 'the withdrawing the French arms within the limits of the territory, the abandoning their conquests, the rescinding any acts injurious to the sovereignty or rights of other nations, and the giving, in some unequivocal manner, a pledge of their intention no longer to foment troubles or excite disturbances against other governments. In return for these stipulations, the different powers of Europe might engage to abandon all measures or views of hostility against France, or interference in its internal affairs.' Such were the principles on which we acted; and what, then, brought on the war with this country? The insane decrees of the 19th of November and the 15th of December, 1792, which amounted to a declaration of war against all governments, and the attack on our allies, the Dutch, and the opening of the Scheldt, in open prosecution of the new code of public law then promulgated by the Republic.

"'The fundamental principle of the Revolutionary party in France always has been an insatiable love of aggrandizement, an implacable spirit of destruction against all the civil and religious institutions of every other country. Its uniform mode of proceeding was to bribe the poor against the rich, by proposing to transfer into new hands, on the delusive notion of equality, and in breach of every principle of justice, the whole property of the country; the practical application of this principle was to devote the whole of that property to indiscriminate plunder, and make it the foundation of a revolutionary system of finance, productive in proportion to the misery and desolation which it created. It has been accompanied by an unwearied spirit of proselytism, diffusing itself over all the nations of the earth; a spirit which can apply itself to all circumstances and all situations; hold out a promise of redress equally to all nations; which enables the teachers of French liberty to recommend themselves to those who live under the feudal code of the German Empire, the various states of Italy, the old Republicans of Holland, the new Republicans of America, the Protestants of Switzerland, the Catholics of Ireland, the Mussulmans of Turkey, and the Hindoos of India; the natives of England, enjoying the perfection of practical freedom, and the Copts of Egypt, groaning under the last severity of Asiatic bondage. The last and distinguishing feature is a perfidy which nothing can bind; which no ties of treaty, no sense of the principles generally received among nations, no obligation, human or divine, can restrain. Thus qualified, thus armed for destruction, the genius of the

dismay of the world. Every nation has in its turn been the witness, many have been the victims, of its principles; and it is left now for us to decide whether we will compromise with such a danger while we have yet resources to supply the sinews of war, while the heart and spirit of the country is yet unbroken, and while we have the means of calling forth and supporting a powerful co-operation in Europe. Cur igitur pacem nolo-quia infida est, quia periculosa, quia esse non potest ?' "

We have given this extract to show the correct views and political forecast of the British statesman, for subsequent events have proved the truth of all that Mr. Pitt then said.

The grand feats of the Republic in arms, were performed across the Alps and on the plains of Marengo, the next year.

"By daybreak on the 14th of June, the whole army of Melas was in motion: they rapidly defiled over the three bridges of the Bormida, and, when the first rays of the sun appeared above the horizon, they glittered on twenty thousand foot-soldiers, seven thousand cavalry, and two hundred pieces of cannon, pressing forward in proud array over the vast field of Marengo, perhaps the only plain in Italy where charges of horse can be made in full career. The First Consul was surprised: he never anticipated an attack from the enemy; his troops were disposed in oblique order by echellon, the left in front, and the right at half a day's march in the rear, in marching order; not more than twentytwo thousand men, under Lannes and Victor, could be brought till noon into the field to withstand the shock of the whole Austrian army. The vehemence of the cannonade soon convinced him that a general battle was at hand, and he instantly despatched orders to Desaix to remeasure his steps, and hasten to the scene of action. But, before he could do this, events of the utmost importance had taken place. At eight o'clock, the Austrian infantry, under Haddick and Kaim, preceded by a numerous and splendid array of artillery, which covered the deploying of their columns, commenced the They speedily overthrew Gardanne, who. with six battalions, was stationed in front of Marengo, and drove him back in disorder towards that village. They were there received by the bulk of Victor's corps, which was by this time drawn up, with its centre in the village, and its wings along the hollow of Fontanone, which separated the two armies; that of Lannes was still in the rear. For two hours Victor withstood all the efforts of Haddick and Kaim with heroic resolution, and at length the corps of Lannes came up, and the forces on both sides became more equal. The battle now raged with the utmost fury; the opposing columns stood, with invincible firmness, within pistol-shot of each other, and all the chasms produced by the dreadful discharges of artillery were rapidly filled French Revolution marched forth the terror and up by a regular movement to the centre of the

brave men who formed the ranks. ceived that the advanced guard of Suchet had rear of those squares of Lannes which still kept their reached Acqui in the rear. Melas, uneasy for his ranks, and Napoleon detached eight hundred grenacommunications, detached two thousand five hundred guard to the right of the army, to make anything on the field of battle, and which, perhaps, with a demi-brigade to the support of Lannes, in decided the fate of the day. At length the persether centre, and detached five battalions, under verance of the Austrians prevailed over the heroic Monnier, the vanguard of Desaix's division, to stand, and Haddick's division, disordered by succlearing their way equally through the fugitives cess, was repulsed across the stream by Watrin and the enemy; from their sides, as from a flaming left, by which Victor's corps, weakened by four hours' incessant fighting, was at length broken. The Imperialists pressed forward with redoubled vigor, when their adversaries gave way; their regiments were rapidly pursued, and frequently surrounded, and no resource remained but to traverse for two leagues the open plain as far as St. Juliano, where the reserve under Lannes might be expected to arrive for their support. The Imperialists rapidly followed, preceded by fifty pieces of artillery, which spread death through the flying columns. Melas, with the centre, established himself at Marengo, and Lannes, now entirely uncovered on his left, was obliged to commence a retrograde movement, which at first was performed by echellon in squares with admirable discipline. Gradually, however, the retreat became more disorderly: in vain Kellerman and Champeaux, by repeated charges, arrested the imperial cavalry, which swept round the retreating columns. He could not check the Hungarian infantry, which advanced steadily in pursuit, halting at every fifty yards, and pouring in destructive volleys, while the intervals between the regiments were filled up by a powerful artillery, which incessantly sent a storm of grape-shot through the retreating masses. firmness could long endure such a trial; gradually the squares broke; the immense plain of Marengo was covered with fugitives; the alarm spread even to the rear of the army, and the fatal cry, ' Tout est perdu, sauve qui peut,' was already heard in the ranks.

"Matters were in this disastrous state when Nabattle with his guard. The sight of his staff, sur-

While this des- | plumes recalled to the veterans the hopes of sucperate conflict was going on, intelligence was re- cess. The fugitives rallied at St. Juliano, in the dred horse to arrest his progress: an unneces- head against Ott, who there threatened to turn its sary precaution, as he was too far off to effect flank. At the same time, he himself advanced devotion of the French: Marengo was carried, the Castel Ceriolo, on the extreme right, to hold in stream of the Fontanone forced, and the Republi- check the light infantry of the enemy, which was cans were driven back to the second line they had there making serious progress. The grenadiers formed in the rear. Here they made a desperate first advanced in square into the midst of the plain, with the right of Lannes' division; but the Repub- castle, issued incessant volleys of musketry, and licans could not follow up their advantage, as Vic- all the efforts of the Imperialists were long unable tor's corps, exhausted with fatigue, and severely to force back this intrepid band. At length, howweakened in numerical strength, was in no condi- ever, they were shaken by the steady fire of the tion to support any offensive movement. The Aus- imperial artillery, and being charged in front by the trians, perceiving his weakness, redoubled their Hungarian infantry, and in flank by the Austrian efforts; a fresh attack was made on the centre and hussars, were broken and driven back in disorder. Their destruction appeared certain, when the leading battalions of Desaix's division, under Monnier, arrived, disengaged this band of heroes from the numerous enemies by whom they were surrounded, and advancing rapidly forward, made themselves masters of the village of Castel Ceriolo. Here, however, they were charged with fury by Vogelsang with part of Ott's division, who retook Castel Ceriolo, and separated Monnier from the grenadiers of the guard; it was soon, however, retaken by the French, and Cara St. Cyr, barricading himself in the houses, succeeded in maintaining that important post during the remainder of the day.

"While the reserves of Napoleon were thus directed to the French right, with a view to arrest the advance of the Austrians in that quarter, the left was a scene of the most frightful disorder. Then was felt the irreparable loss to the Austrians which the detachment of so large a portion of their cavalry to the rear had occasioned: had the squadrons detached to observe Suchet poured in upon the broken fugitives in that quarter, the defeat of the left and centre would have been complete, and Desaix, assailed both in front and flank, would have come up only in time to share in the general ruin. But nothing of the kind was attempted: Melas, deeming the victory gained after having had two horses shot under him, and being exhausted with fatigue, retired at two o'clock to Alexandria, leaving to his chief of the staff, Zach, the duty of following up his success; and the broken centre and lest of the Republicans retired to St. Juliano, leipoleon, at eleven o'clock, arrived on the field of surely followed by the Austrian army. Zach put himself at the head of the advanced guard, and at rounded by two hundred mounted grenadiers, re- the distance of half a mile behind him came up vived the spirits of the fugitives; the well-known Kaim with three brigades, and at an equal distance

in his rear the reserve, composed of Hungarian with his whole force, upon the flank of the Ausgrenadiers. Napoleon, on his part, had resolved to abandon the great road to Tortona, and effect result must be given in his own words. Zach's his retreat by the shorter line of Sale or Castel Nuovo.

"Matters were in this desperate state, when at four o'clock the main body of Desaix at length made its appearance at St. Juliano. 'What think you of the day?' said Napoleon to his lieutenant, when he arrived with his division. 'The battle,' said Desaix, 'is completely lost. But it is only four o'clock; there is time to gain another one. Napoleon and he alone were of this opinion; all the others counselled a retreat. In pursuance of this resolution, the remains of Victor and Lannes' corps were reformed, under cover of the cavalry, which was massed in front of St. Juliano, a masked battery prepared under the direction of Marmont, and Desaix advanced at the head of his corps, consisting of little more than four thousand men, to arrest the progress of the enemy. Napoleon, advancing to the front, rode along the line, exclaiming, 'Soldiers! we have retired far enough. know it is always my custom to sleep on the field of battle.' The troops replied by enthusiastic shouts, and immediately advanced to the charge. Zach, little anticipating such an onset, was advancing at the head of his column, five thousand strong, when he was received by a discharge from twelve pieces, suddenly unmasked by Marmont, while at the same time Desaix debouched from the village at the head of his division. The Imperialists, astonished at the appearance of so considerable a body, where they expected to find only fugitives in disorder, and apprehensive of falling into a snare, paused and fell back; but Zach soon succeeded in restoring order in the front, and checked the advance of the enemy. At this moment Desaix was struck by a ball in the breast, and soon after expired. His last words were, 'Tell the First Consul that my only regret in dying is to have perished before having done enough to live in the recollection of posterity.' This catastrophe, however, was far from weakening the ardor of his soldiers. second in command, Boudet, succeeded in inspiring them with the desire of vengeance, and the fire rolled rapidly and sharply along the whole line. But the Imperialists had now recovered from their surprise; the Hungarian grenadiers advanced to the charge; the French, in their turn, hesitated and broke, and victory was more doubtful than ever.

"At this critical moment, a happy inspiration seized Kellerman, which decided the fate of the day. The advance of Zach's column had, without their being aware of it, brought their flank right before his mass of cavalry, eight hundred strong, which was concealed from their view by a vineyard, where the festoons, conducted from tree to tree,

trians, as they advanced in open column, and the grenadiers, cut through the middle by this unexpected charge, and exposed to a murderous fire in front from Desaix's division, which had rallied upon receiving this unexpected aid, broke and fled. Zach himself, with two thousand men, were made prisoners; the remainder, routed and dispersed, fled in the utmost disorder to the rear, overthrowing in their course the other divisions which were advancing to their support.

"This great achievement was decisive of the fate of the battle. The remains of Victor and Lannes' corps no sooner beheld this success than they regained their former spirit, and turned fiercely upon their pursuers. The infantry of Kaim, overwhelmed by the tide of fugitives, gave way; the cavalry, which already inundated the field, was seized with a sudden panic, and, instead of striving to restore the day, galloped off to the rear, trampling down in their progress the unfortunate fugitives who were flying before them. A general cry arose, 'To the bridges! to the bridges!' and the whole army disbanding, rushed in confusion towards the Bormida. In the general consternation Marengo was carried, after a gallant defence, by the Republicans; the cannoniers, finding the bridges choaked up by the fugitives, plunged with their horses and guns into the stream, where twenty pieces stuck fast and fell into the hands of the enemy. At length Melas, who hastened to the spot, rallied the rear guard in front of the bridges, and by its heroic resistance gained time for the army to pass the river; the troops, regaining their ranks, reformed upon the ground they had occupied at the commencement of the day; and after twelve hours' incessant fighting, the sun set upon this field of carnage.

"Such was the memorable battle of Marengo; one of the most obstinately contested which had yet occurred during the war, in which both parties performed prodigies of valor, and which was attended with greater results, perhaps, than any conflict that had yet occurred in modern Europe. The Imperialists had to lament the loss of seven thousand men killed and wounded, besides three thousand prisoners, eight standards, and twenty pieces of cannon. The French sustained an equal loss of killed and wounded, besides one thousand prisoners taken in the early part of the day. But, although the disproportion was not so great in the trophies of victory, the difference was prodigious in the effect it produced on the respective armies and the ultimate issue of the campaign. The Austrians had fought for life or death, with their faces towards Vienna, to cut their way, sword in hand, through the French army. Defeat in these circumstances, rose above the horses' heads, and effectually inter- | was irreparable ruin. By retiring either to Genoa cepted the sight. Kellerman instantly charged, or the Maritime Alps, they ran the risk of being

out any chance of regaining their own country, and the certainty of depriving the Empire of the only army capable of defending its Italian possessions. The French, on the other hand, had now firmly established themselves in the plains of Piedmont, and could, by merely retaining their present position, effectually cut off the Imperialists, and hinder their rendering any assistance to the hereditary states. In these circumstances, the victory gave the Republicans, as that under the walls of Turin had given the Imperialists a century before, the entire command of Italy. Such a result was in itself of vast importance; but coming, as it did, in the outset of Napoleon's career as First Consul, its consequences were incalculable. It fixed him on the throne, revived the military spirit of the French people, and precipitated the nation into that career of conquest which led them to Cadiz and the Kremlin.'

In reviewing the effects of this memorable battle, our English tory thus discourses: "Great changes in human affairs never take place from trivial causes. The most important effects, indeed, are often apparently owing to inconsiderable springs; but the train has been laid in all such cases by a long course of previous events, and the last only puts the torch to its extremity. A fit of passion in Mrs. Masham arrested the course of Marlborough's victories, and preserved the tottering kingdom of France; a charge of a few squadrons of horse, under Kellerman, at Marengo, fixed Napoleon on the consular throne; and another, with no greater force, against the flank of the old guard at Waterloo, chained him to the rock of St. Helena. Superficial observers lament the subjection of human affairs to the caprice of fortune or the casualties of chance; but a more enlarged observation teaches us to recognise in these apparently trivial events the operation of general laws, and the last link in a chain of causes which have all conspired to produce the general result. Mrs. Masham's passion was the ultimate cause of Marlborough's overthrow, but that event had been prepared by the accumulating jealousy of the nation during the whole tide of his victories, and her indignation was but the drop which made the cup overflow; Kellerman's charge, indeed, fixed Napoleon on the throne, but it was the sufferings of the Revolution, the glories of the Italian campaigns, the triumphs of the Pyramids, which induced the nation to hail his usurpation with joy; the charge of the 10th and 18th Hussars broke the last column of the imperial army, but the foundation of the triumph of Wellington had been laid by the long series of his Peninsular victories, and the bloody catastrophe of the Moscow campaign. becility crush patriotic exertion; private cupidity

cooped up in a corner of a hostile territory, with- | gularly descriptive of the irresistible reaction in the favor of a firm government which inevitably arises from a long course of revolutionary convulsions. Let not future ages be deluded by the idea that a period of Democratic anarchy is one of national strength; it is, on the contrary, in the end, the certain forerunner of public calamity. The glories of the revolutionary wars were achieved under the despotic rule of the convention, wielding ten times the power which was ever enjoyed by Louis XIV.; the effects of Democratic anarchy appeared upon its dissolution, in the disasters of the Directory. After the fall of the Committee of Public Safety, the triumphs of France centred in Napoleon alone; wherever he did not command in person, the greatest reverses were experienced. In 1795 the Republicans were defeated by Clairfait on the Rhine; in 1796 by the Archduke Charles in Germany. In 1799 their reverses were unexampled both in Italy and Germany; from the 9th Thermidor to the 18th Brumaire, a period of above five years, the fortunes of the Republic were singly sustained by the sword of Napoleon and the lustre of his Italian compaigns. When he seized the helm in November, 1799, he found the armies defeated and ruined; the frontier invaded, both on the sides of Italy and Germany; the arsenals empty; the soldiers, in despair, deserting their colors; the Royalists revolting against the government; general anarchy in the interior; the treasury empty; the energies of the Republic apparently exhausted. Instantly, as if by enchantment, everything was changed; order re-appeared out of chaos, talent emerged from obscurity, vigor arose out of the elements of weakness. The arsenals were filled, the veterans crowded to their eagles, the conscripts joyfully repaired to the frontier, La Vendée was pacified, the exchequer began to overflow. In little more than six months after Napoleon's accession, the Austrians were forced to seek refuge under the cannon of Ulm, Italy was regained, unanimity and enthusiasm prevailed among the people, and the revived energy of the nation was finally launched into the career of conquest. Changes so extraordinary cannot be explained by the influence of any one man. Great as the abilities of Napoleon undoubtedly were, they could not be equal to the Herculean task of re-animating a whole nation. It was the transition from anarchy to order, from the tyranny of demagogues to the ascendant of talent, from the weakness of popular to the vigor of military government, which was the real cause of the change. The virtuous, the able, the brave, felt that they no longer required to remain in obscurity; that Democratic jealousy would not now be permitted to extinguish rising ability; financial im-"The sudden resurrection of France, when Na- exhaust public resources; civil weakness paralyze poleon assumed the helm, is one of the most ex- military valor. The universal conviction that the traordinary passages of European history, and sin- reign of the multitude was at an end, produced the

astonishing burst of talent which led to the glories only maintain its ground till this side attack took of Marengo and Hohenlinden."

In the next campaign, the Austrians led off, fortune favored them for a time, and they seemed to carry everything before them, until met on Hohenlinden by Moreau: "So far the most brilliant success had attended the Austrian advance, and if it had been vigorously followed up by a general capable of appreciating the immense advantages which it offered, and forcing back the enemy's retreating columns without intermission upon those which came up to their support, it might have led to the total defeat of the French army, and changed the whole fortune of the campaign. But the Archduke John, satisfied with this first advantage, allowed the enemy to recover from their consternation. On the following day no forward movement was made, and Moreau, skilfully availing himself of that respite, retired through the forest of Ho-HENLINDEN to the ground which he had originally occupied, and carefully studied as the probable theatre of a decisive conflict.

"The space which lies between the Inn and the Iser, which is from twelve to fifteen leagues in breadth, is intersected in its centre by this forest, now celebrated not less in history than in poetry. Parallel to the course of the two rivers, its woods form a natural barrier or stockade six or seven leagues long, and from a league to a league and a half broad. Two great roads only, that from Munich to Wasserbourg, and from Munich to Muhldorf, traverse that thick and gloomy forest, where the pine-trees approach each other so closely as in most places to render the passage of cavalry or artillery, excepting on the great roads, impossible. The village of Hohenlinden is at the entrance on the Munich side of the one defile, that of Matenpot at the mouth of that leading to Muhldorf. The village of Ebersberg forms the entrance of the other defile leading to Wasserbourg. Between these two roads the broken and uneven surface of the forest is traversed only by country paths, almost impracticable during the storms of winter even to foot-soldiers.

" Moreau, with his staff, had carefully reconnoitred this ground; and as soon as it became evident that the Archduke was to advance through its dangerous defiles, he prepared, with the art of a consummate general, to turn it to the best account. Rapidly concentrating his forces in the plain at the entrance of the defiles on the Munich side, he at the same time gave orders to Richepause, with his division, to advance across the forest, so as to fall, early on the morning of the 3d, perpendicularly on the line of the great road from Hohenlinden to Muhldorf. He naturally anticipated that this movement would bring him on the flank of the Austrian centre, when entangled in the defile, with its long train of artillery and chariots; and that, if the Re- the forest, and approached Hohenlinden about nine publican force at the entrance of the pass could o'clock. It was there met by the division of Grou-

place, the ruin of the whole column, or, at least, the capture of all its cannon, would be the result. To effect this object, he concentrated all the forces he could command at the mouth of the defile; but so unforeseen was the attack, that not above two thirds of his army could take a part in the action; neither the right wing under Lecourbe, nor the half of the left, under Sainte Suzanne, could be ex-

pected to arrive so as to render any assistance.

"The Imperialists had committed the great error of allowing the surprised Republicans all the 2d to concentrate their scattered forces; but they did not, on the following day, repeat their mistake. Early on the morning of the 3d, a day ever memorable in the military annals of France, all their troops were in motion, and they plunged, in three great columns, into the forest to approach the enemy. The centre, forty thousand strong, advanced by the great road from Muhldorf to Munich, the only road which was practicable, in the dreadful state of the weather, for artillery; above a hundred pieces of cannon and five hundred chariots encumbered its movements. The infantry marched first; then came the long train of artillery and caissons; the cavalry closed the procession. The right wing, under the command of General Latour, consisting of twenty-five thousand men, followed the inferior road leading from Wasserbourg to Munich; Keinmayer moved on the flank of that column, with his light troops, through the forest; while the left wing, under Riesch, was directed to proceed by a cross path by Albichen to St. Christophe. The imperial columns, animated by their success on the preceding days, joyfully commenced their march over the yet unstained snow two hours before it was daylight, deeming the enemy in full retreat, and little anticipating any resistance before their forces were united and disposed in battle-array, in the open plain, on the Munich side of the forest.

"From the outset, however, the most sinister presages attended their steps. During the night the wind had changed; the heavy rain of the preceding days turned into snow, which fell, as at Eylau, in such thick flakes as to render it impossible to see twenty yards before the head of the column, while the dreary expanse of the forest presented, under the trees, a uniform white surface. on which it was impossible to distinguish the beaten track. The cross paths between the roads which the troops followed, bad at any time, were almost impassable in such a storm; and each body, isolated in the snowy wilderness, was left to its own resources, without either receiving intelligence or deriving assistance from the other. The central column, which advanced along the only good road, outstripped the others, and its head had traversed

the wood, the French to coerce their movements and drive them back into the forest. Both parties made the most incredible efforts; the snow, which fell without interruption, prevented the opposing lines from seeing each other; but they aimed at the flash which appeared through the gloom, and rushed forward with blind fury to the deadly charge of the bayonet. Insensibly, however, the Austrians gained ground; their ranks were gradually extending in front of the wood, when Generals Grouchy and Grandjean put themselves at the head of fresh battalions, and by a decisive charge drove them back into the forest. The imperial ranks were broken by the trees, but still they resisted bravely in the entangled thickets; posted behind the trunks, they kept up a murderous fire on the enemy; and the contending armies, broken into single file, fought, man to man, with invincible resolution.

"While this desperate conflict was going on in front of Hohenlinden, the leading ranks of the Austrian right began to appear at the entrance of the forest, on the other road. Ney instantly repaired with his division to the scene of danger, and by a vigorous charge on the flank of the enemy's column, which was in the act of deploying, not only drove it back into the wood, but captured eight pieces of cannon and a thousand prisoners.

"The effect of these vigorous efforts on the part of Moreau, in preventing the deploying of the heads of the imperial columns from the forest, was to introduce vacillation and confusion into the long train in their centre, which, unable to advance from the combat in its front, and pressed on by the crowd mits rear, soon began to fall into confusion. They were in this state, jammed up amid long files of emeon and wagons, when the division of Richepasse, which had broken up early in the morning from Ebersberg, on the Munich side of the one defile, and struggled on, with invincible resolution, through dreadful roads across the forest, arrived in the neighborhood of Matempot, on the Muhldorf side of the other, directly in the rear of the centre of the Austrian army, and at the close of its protracted array. But just as it was approaching this decisive point, and slowly advancing in spen column through the forest, this division was itself pierced through the centre, near St. Christophe, by the Austrian left wing, under Riesch, which, moving up by the valley of Albichen to gain the chauseée of Wasserbourg, by which it was destined to pierce through the forest, fell perpendicularly on its line of march. Thus Richepanse, of Matenpot, and the appearance of hesitation and with half his division, found himself irretrievably confusion in the enemy's columns, announced that separated from the remainder; the manœuvre the decisive attack in the chaussée behind them, which he was destined to have performed on the by Richepanse, had taken place. He instantly centre of the Imperialists was turned against him-directed Grouehy and Ney to make a combined

chy, and a furious conflict immediately commenced; | self, and with a single brigade he was placed bethe Austrians endeavering to debouch from the tween that immense body and their left wing. An defile and extend themselves along the front of ordinary general, in such alarming circumstances, would have sought safety in flight, and thus, by allowing the imperial centre to continue its advance, endangered the victory; but Richepanse, whose able mind was penetrated with the importance of his mission, bravely resolved to push on with the single brigade which remained under his command, and fall on the rear of the grand column of the enemy. He sent orders, therefore, to his separated brigade to maintain itself to the last extremity at St. Christolph, and advanced with the utmost intrepidity towards Matenpot and the line of march of the grand Austrian column.

> "When the troops approached the great road, they came upon the cuirassiers of Lichtenstein, who formed part of that vast body, who had dismounted, and were reposing leisurely under the trees until the great park of artillery and the reserves of Kollowrath had passed the defile. It may easily be imagined with what astonishment they beheld this new enemy on their flank, who was the more unexpected, as they knew that their left wing, under Riesch, had passed through the forest, and they deemed themselves perfectly secure on that side. They made, in consequence, little resistance, and were speedily driven off the chaussée. Not content with this success, Richepanse left to his cavalry the charge of keeping off the imperial cuirassiers, and advanced himself with the two remaining regiments of infantry to attack the rear of the imperial centre in the forest of Hohenlinden. The appearance of this force, amounting to nearly three thousand men, behind them, excited the utmost alarm in the Austrian column. The troops of that nation are proverbially more sensitive than any in Europe to the danger of being turned when in a line of march. A brigade of the Bavarian reserve was speedily directed to the mensced point, but it was overwhelmed in its advance by the crowds of fugitives, and thrown into such disorder by the overturned cannon and caissons which blocked up the road, that it never reached the enemy. Three Hungarian battalions were next brought up, but after resisting bravely, amid the general consternation around them, they too at length were broken and fled. This little action decided the victory; the whole Austrian artillery lay exposed to the attacks of the victor in a situation where it was incapable of making any resis-

> "Moreau, at the entrance of the defile in front of Hohenlinden, was still maintaining an anxious conflict, when the sound of cannon in the direction

charge in front on the enemy. lions, which had so long maintained an obstinate defence, now commenced a furious onset, and the Austrian centre, shaken by the alarm in its rear, was violently assailed in front. The combined effort was irresistible. Ney, at the head of the Republican grenadiers, pressed forward in pursuit of the fugitives, along the chaussée, until the loud shouts of the troops announced that they had joined the victorious Richepanse, who was advancing along the same road to meet him, as fast as its innumerable incumbrances would permit. words can paint the confusion which now ensued in the Austrian column. The artillery-drivers cut their traces, and galloped in all directions into the forest; the infantry disbanded and fled; the cavalry rushed in tumultuous squadrons to the rear, trampling under foot whatever opposed their passage; the wagons were abandoned to their fate, and amid the universal wreck, 97 pieces of cannon, 300 caissons, and 7000 prisoners fell into the enemy's hands."

Flushed with the victories of, and aware of the ascendancy derived from, the victories of Morengo, Hohenlinden and the Mincio, Bonaparte now successfully renewed the terms of a treaty which before were rejected, and which were finally celebrated at Luneville. But this treaty contained the seeds of internal dissensions in the German confederacy. "By a fundamental law of the Empire, the emperor could not bind the electors and states of which he was the head, without either their concurrence, or express powers to that effect previously conferred. The want of such powers had rendered inextricable the separate interests referred to the congress at Rastadt; but Napoleon, whose impatient disposition could not brook such formalities, cut the matter short at Luneville by throwing his sword into the scale, and insisting that the emperor should sign for the Empire as well as himself; leaving him to vindicate such a step as he best could to the princes and states of the imperial confederacy. The emperor hesitated long before he subscribed such a condition, which left the seeds of interminable discord in the Germanic body; but the conqueror was inexorable, and no means of evasion could be found. He vindicated himself to the electors in a dignified letter, dated 8th of February, 1801, the day before that when the treaty was signed, in which, after premising that his imperial authority was restrained by the Germanic constitutions on that point in a precise manner, and therefore that he had been compelled to sign, as head of the Empire, without any title so to do, he added, 'But, on the other hand, the consideration of the melancholy situation in which, at that period, a large part of Germany was placed, the prospect of the still more calamitous fate with which the superiority of the French menaced the Empire if the peace was any longer

The French batta- | deferred; in fine, the general wish, which was loudly expressed, in favor of an instant accommodation, were so many powerful motives which forbade me to refuse the concurrence of my minister to this demand of the French plenipotentiary.' The electors and princes of the Empire felt the force of this touching appeal; they commiserated the situation of the first monarch in Christendom, compelled to throw himself on his subjects for forgiveness of a step which he could not avoid; and one of the first steps of the Diet of the Empire, assembled after the treaty of Luneville was signed, was to give it their solemn ratification, grounded on the extraordinary situation in which the emperor was then placed. But the question of indemnities to the dispossessed princes was long and warmly agitated. It continued for above two years to distract the Germanic body; the intervention both of France and Russia was required to prevent the sword being drawn in these internal disputes; and by the magnitude of the changes which were ultimately made, and the habit of looking to foreign protection which was acquired, the foundation was laid of that league to support separate interests which afterward, under the name of the Companies article OF THE RHINE, so well served the purposes of French ambition, and dissolved the venerable fabric of the German Empire.

"The winter campaign of 1800 demonstrates, in the most striking manner, the justice of the observation by the Archduke Charles, that the valley of the Danube is the quarter where vital blows against the Austrian monarchy are to be struck, and the importance of frontier or central fortifications to arrest the march of a victorious invader. The disaster of Marengo was soon repaired, and did not prevent the Austrians again taking the field at the head of an army which almost balanced the Republican forces; but the battle of Hohenlinden at once laid open the vitals of the monarchy. The reason is to be found in the numerous fortresses which covered the imperial frontiers in Lembardy, and the total want of any such barrier between Austria and Bavaria. After the passage of the Mincio, the army of Brane was so severely weakened by the detachments left in the rear to blockade the fortresses on that river, that he was unequal to any further offensive movements, and if the war had continued, he would probably have been compelled to retreat; but after the battle of Hohenlinden, the undiminished battalions of Moreau poured in resistless strength into the undefended hereditary states. The Archduke Charles had long before foreseen this; by the fortifications of Ulm he enabled Kray for six weeks to arrest the victor in the middle of his career; and so sensible was Napoleon of their importance, that his first measure, when they fell into his hands, was to level them with the ground.

"The peace of Luneville was the first conside-

rable passes in the Continental strife; and already confessed, that he had formed, from the very comit had been changed, and that hestilities were now to be carried on for the subjugation of a different their combined forces against the existence of power from that which was at first contemplated." Great Britain. Already his measures were all di-

Hear again how the old English tory discourses further: "The extinction of the Revolutionary spirit, the stoppage of the insidious system of propagandism, by which the French Democracy were staking all the thrones, and endangering all the institutions and liberties of Europe, was the real object of the war. The restoration of the Bourbens was never considered of importance further than as affording a guarantee, and what at first appeared the best guarantee, against that tremendous danger. By the result of a struggle of nine years' duration, this object had been gained, not indeed in the way which at first would have been deemed most likely to effect it, but in a manner which experience soon proved was far more efficacious. The restoration of a brave and honorable, but weak and unwarlike race of monarchs, would have been but a feeble barrier against the turbulent spirit of French Democracy; but the elevation of an energetic and resolute conqueror to the throne, who guided the army by his authority, and dazzled the people by his victories, proved perfectly sufficient to coerce its excesses. Napoleon said truly, ' that be was the best friend which the cause of order in Europe ever had, and that he did more for its severeigns, by the spirit which he repressed in France, than evil by the victories which he gained in Germany.' The conquests which he achieved affected only the external power or present liberty of nations; they did not change the internal frame of government, or prevent the future resurrection of freedom; and when his military despotism was subverted, the face of European society reappeared from under the mask of slavery without any material alteration; but the innovations of the National Assembly totally subverted the fabric of a constitutional monarchy, and by destroying all the intermediate classes between the throne and the peasantry, left to the people of France no alternative for the remainder of their history but American equality or Asiatic despotism. The cause of erder and freedom, therefore, gained immensely by the accession of Napoleon to the throne. Great as were the dangers to the independence of the surrounding states from the military power which he wielded, they were trifling in comparison of the perils to the very existence of liberty which arose from the Democratic innovations of his predeces-

"But though the cause of liberty was thus relieved from its most pressing dangers, the moment that the First Consul seized the helm, the peril to the independence of the surrounding states, and of England in particular, became extreme. His conduct soon showed, what his memoirs have since while it maintained the strictest discipline. The devastation of war for centuries before, even that the Thirty Years, was nothing in comparison. Since the period when regular armies had been formed, the losses occasioned by the marches and duct soon showed, what his memoirs have since

mencement, a resolution to make France the first of European powers, and turn all the energies of their combined forces against the existence of Great Britain. Already his measures were all directed to this end; he made it the first condition of peace to all the vanquished nations, that they should exclude English ships from their harbors, and he had contrived, by flattering the vanity of the Emperor of Russia, and skilfully fomenting the jealousy of the neutral states, to combine a formidable maritime league against England in the north of Europe. Thus, as time rolled on, the war totally altered its object, and the danger of subjugation changed sides. Commenced to stop the revolutionary propagandism of France, it terminated by being directed against the maritime preponderance of Great Britain; and England, which set out with heading the confederacy, ended by finding herself compelled to combat for her existence against the power of combined Europe.

"In the progress of the conflict, also, a change not less important in the mode of carrying on the war had arisen; and the Revolutionary armies, compelled by the penury of their domestic resources, had adopted a system of extorting supplies from the vanquished states, hitherto unknown in modern warfare. It is the boast of the philosophic hietorian, that civilization had softened even the rude features of war in modern Europe; that industry securely reaped its harvest amid hostile squadrons, and the invaded territory felt the enemy's presence rather by the quickened sale for its produce than the ruthless hand of the spoiler. But, though this was true when Gibbon wrote, the French Revolution had introduced a very different system, and made war retrograde to the rapine and spoliation of barbarous times. The Revolutionary armies issued from the Republic as the Goths from the regions of the North, powerful in numbers, destitute of resources, starving from want, but determined to seek for plenty, at the sword's point, from the countries through which they passed; the principle on which they uniformly acted was to make war maintain war, and levy in its theatre, whether a hostile or neutral territory, the means of carrying on the contest. They formed no magazines; brought with them no money; paid for nothing; but by the terrors of military execution wrung from the wretched inhabitants the most ample supplies. 'The army of Moreau,' says General Mathieu Dumas, 'ransacked the country between the Rhine and the Inu, devoured its subsistence, and reduced the inhabitants to despair, while it maintained the strictest discipline. devastation of war for centuries before, even that

quest of a country did not draw after it its ruin. If a few districts, or some towns carried by assault, were abandoned to the fury of the soldiers, the inexorable pen of history loaded with reproaches the captains who permitted, or the sovereigns who did not punish such outrages. But Moreau's army levied, in a few months, above twenty millions in requisitions; enormous contributions were unceasingly exacted; the people were overwhelmed; the governments of the oppressed states entirely exhausted. It was reserved for our age to witness, in the midst of the rapid progress of civilization, and after so many eloquent declamations in favor of humanity, the scourge of war immeasurably extended; the art of government become in the hands of the conqueror an instrument of extortion, and systematic robbery be styled, by the leaders of regeneration, the right of conquest.

"Even in this gloomy state of the political horizon, however, the streaks of light were becoming visible which were destined to expand into all the lustre of day. The invasion of the French troops, their continued residence in other states, had already gone far to dispel those illusions in their favor, to which, even more than the terror of their arms, their astonishing successes had been owing. Their standards were no longer hailed with enthusiasm by the people who had experienced their presence; the declaration of war to the palace and peace to the cottage had ceased to deceive man-The consequences of their conquests had been felt; requisitions and taxes-merciless requisitions, grievous taxes—had been found to follow rapidly in the footsteps of these alluring expressions; penury, want, and starvation were seen to stalk in the rear of the tricolor flag. Already the symptoms of POPULAR RESISTANCE were to be seen; the peasantry even of the unwarlike Italian peninsula had repeatedly and spontaneously flown to arms; the patriotic efforts of Austria had recalled the glorious days of Maria Theresa, and the heroic sacrifices of the forest cantons had emulated the virtues, if not the triumphs, of Sempach and Morgarten. Unmarked as it was amid the blaze of military glory, the sacred flame was beginning to spread which was destined to set free mankind; banished from the court and the castle, the stern resolution to resist was gathering strength among the cottages of the poor. It is in such reflections that the philosophic mind best derives consolation for the many evils arising from the ambition of the rulers and the wickedness of the agitators of mankind; and by observing how uniformly, when oppression becomes intelerable, an under ourrent begins to flow, destined ultimately to correct it, that the surest foundation is laid for confidence in the final arrangements of Supreme Wisdom, amid the misfortunes or the vices of the world."

England was now hard pressed by enemies from without. She was engaged in the most bloody

wars and gigantic enterprises, and while the resources of other nations were rapidly declining, her's wonderfully increased.

"During the war the British navy increased a half, while the French declined to a half. The British army was more than doubled, and the French increased in nearly the same proportion. The French revenue, notwithstanding all its territorial acquisitions, was diminished, while the permanent income of England was more than doubled; the French debt, by the destruction of a large portion of its proprietors, was diminished, while that of England was doubled; the French exports and imports were almost annihilated, while the British exports were doubled, and the imports had increased more than fifty per cent.; the French commercial shipping was almost destroyed, while that of England had increased nearly a third.

"Nothing but this continual and rapid increase in the resources of the British Empire, during the course of the struggle, could have accounted for the astonishing exertions which she made towards its close, and the facility with which, during its whole continuance, the vast supplies required for carrying it on were raised without any sensible inconvenience to the country. When we reflect that, during a war of nine years' duration, the yearly expenditure of the nation varied from forty to sixty millions; that loans to the amount of twenty or thirty millions were annually contracted; and that the British fleets covered the seas in every quarter of the globe, we are lost in astonishment at the magnitude of the efforts made by a state so inconsiderable in extent, and with a population, even at the close of the period, and including Ireland, not exceeding fifteen millions. But the phenomenon becomes still more extraordinary when the efforts made at the termination of the struggle are considered, and the British Empire, instead of being exhausted by eight years' warfare, is seen stretching forth its giant arms at once into every quarter of the globe, striking down the throne of Tippoo Saib by as great a force as combated under the standards of Napoleon at Marengo; while it held every hostile harbor in Europe blockaded by its fleets, and sending forth Nelson to crush the confederacy of the Northern powers at the very moment that it accumulated its forces, in Europe and Asia, against the Republican legions on the sands of Egypt. It had been frequently asserted that the naval forces of England were equal to these of the whole world put together; but the matter was put to the test in the spring of 1801, when, without raising the blockade of a single harbor from the Texel to Calabria, she sent eighteen ships of the line with Abercromby to the mouth of the Nile, while nineteen, under Nelson, dissolved by the cannon of Copenhagen the Northern confederation. The annals of Rome contain no example of a simition in exerting it.

the war. From a return laid before the House of Commons, it appears that the number of men that had been raised for the service of the army from the commencement of hostilities down to the close of 1800, was 208,808, being at the rate of 26,000 a year on an average during its continuance. France, with a population hardly double that of Great Britain, raised 1,500,000 men in 1793 alone. It is in the astonishing disproportion of the landforces of this country either to her naval armaments, her national strength, or the levies of her antagonist, that the true secret of the long duration, enormous expenditure, and numerous disasters of the war is to be found. Secure in her insular situation, protected from invasion by invincible fleets, and relieved from the most disastrous consequences which resulted from defeat to the Continental powers, England was at liberty to employ her whole disposable force against the enemy, yet she never brought 25,000 native troops into the field at any one point. Had she boldly levied 100,000 men in 1793, and sent them to Flanders after the route in the camp of Casar, when the French troops were shut up in their intrenched camps, and could not be brought by any exertions to face the allies in the field, she would, beyond all question, have encamped under the walls of Paris in two months, and the Royalists of the south and west would have obtained a decisive superiority over the anarchical faction in the capital. During the nine years of the war, upward of £100,000,000 was paid in the army, and a still larger sum in naval expenses; while in 1793 the military charges vere not £4,000,000, and in the latter and more expensive years of the war, only amounted annually to £12,000,000. If a fifth part of this total aum had been expended in any one of the early years is raising the military force of England to an amount worthy of her national strength and ancient renown, triple the British force which overthrew Napoleon at Waterloo might have been assembled on a single campaign.

"If the rapid growth of wealth, power, and pros-

lar display of strength, and few of equal resolu-|dinary increase was undoubtedly a real and substantial addition to the industry and resources of "The contemplation of this astenishing display the Empire, arising from the vast extension of its of strength at the close of the struggle, compared colonial possessions, and the monopoly of almost with the feeble and detached exertions made at its all the trade of the world in its hands, yet part commencement, is calculated to awaken the most was to be ascribed to other causes, attended in the poignant regret at the niggardly use of the national outset with deceptive and temporary advantages, resources no long made by government, and the and in the end with real and permanent evils. Like inexplicable insensibility to the magnitude of the an extravagant individual, who squanders in the furces at their command, which so long paralyzed profusion of a few years the savings of past centuthe might of England during the earlier years of ries and the provision of unborn generations, the government of England threw a fleeting lustre over its warlike administration, by trenching deep on the capital of the nation, and creating burdens little thought of at the time when the vast expenditure was going forward, but grievously felt in subsequent years, when the excitation of the moment had passed away, and the bitter consequences of the debt which had been contracted remained. But this was not all. England, during those eventful years, drank deep at the fountains of paper currency, and derived a feverish and unnatural strength from that perilous but intoxicating draught. From the accounts laid before Parliament, it appears that the notes of the Bank of England in circulation had increased upward of a half from 1793 to 1801, and that the commercial paper under discount at the same establishment, during the same period, had more than tripled. The effect of this great increase speedily appeared in the prices of grain, and every other article of life. Wheat, which, on an average of five years prior to 1792, had sold at 5s. 4d. a bushel, had risen, on an average of five years ending with 1802, to 10s. 8d., and on an average of five years ending 1813, to 14s. 4d. a bushel. Thus, during the progress of the war, the prices of the necessaries of life were at one time nearly tripled, and even at the peace of Amiens had permanently more than doubled. The effect of this, of course, was, that the money-price of all the other articles of life rapidly rose in the same proportion; rents advanced; all persons who lived by buying and selling found their commodities constantly rising in value; credit, both public and private, immensely improved; industry was vivified by the progressive rise in the value of its produce; and difficulties were overcome by the rapid diminution in the weight of money-debts. It is to the influence of this cause, combined with the vast expenditure of government, and the concentration of almost all the colonial trade of the world in Great Britain, in consequence of her mathe plains of Flanders, and the war terminated in ritime superiority, that the extraordinary prosperity of the Empire during the latter years of the war is to be ascribed. But it was not unmixed perity in the British Islands during this memorable good which accrued to the nation, even for a time, contest had been all grounded on a safe and per- from these violent changes; the whole class of manent foundation, it would have presented a phe-annuitants, and all dependant on a fixed money innomenon unparalleled in such circumstances in any come, suffered as much as the holders of commodiage or country. But, though part of this extraor- ties gained by their effects; creditors were defraudgreat a transference of property was ultimately effected by the silent operation of the alternation of First Consul to join publicly in the more solemn prices which followed this great experiment, as was produced in other countries by the direct convulsions of a revolution."

France, by this time, had grown weary of their Goddess of Reason, and it was determined again to introduce the form, if not the substance of the one pure and true religion. The recetablishment of public worship on the 11th April, 1802, in Notre

"All the great bodies in the state, all the constituted authorities attended, and proceeded in great pomp to the Cathedral. On this occasion, for the first time, the servants of the First Consul appeared in livery; the foreign ambassadors were invited to appear, with all their attendants arrayed in the same manner, and a similar recommendation was addressed to such of the public functionaries as had carriages of their own; but so few of them were possessed of that luxury, that the equipages made a very indifferent appearance. The military, however, were obliged to attend in great numbers, and the brilliancy of their uniforms more than compensated the want of civil decoration. Such, however, was the repugnance of many of the generals to the ceremony, that it required all the authority of the First Consul to make Lannes and Augereau remain in the carriage when they perceived they were going to hear mass. It proceeded, nevertheless, with great éclat in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, which only eight years before had been polluted by the orgies of the Goddess of Reason. 'What thought you of the ceremony !' said Napoleon to General Delmas, who stood near him, when it was concluded. 'It was a fine piece of mummery,' replied he. 'Nothing was wanting but the million of men who have perished in order to destroy what you have now reëstablished.' It was at first intended to have had the standards blessed by the archbishop, but the government were obliged to abandon the design, from being given to understand that, if this was done, the soldiers would trample them under their feet. So difficult is it to eradicate the passions which have been nursed up during the phrenzy and convulsions of a revolution, and so obstinately do mankind, under the influence of prejudice, sometimes resist the establishment of those very institutions from which they are themselves destined to receive the most unalloyed advantages.

"Immediately after this great change, the observance of Sunday was to a certain degree resumed. It was provided in the concordat that the government offices should be closed on Sunday, and this was immediately done. Shortly after a decree of the consuls directed that all marriages dom, and can be governed only by force. 'Natura, should be proclaimed on that day, and the daily tamen,' says Tacitus, 'infirmitatis humans, tarservice of mass began in the Thuileries. Encou-'diora sunt remedia quam mala, et ut corpora, lente

ed as much as debtors were relieved, and almost as | raged by so many symptoms of returning favor, the clergy made the utmost efforts to induce the duties which the Church prescribed; but to this he never could be brought to consent. 'We are very well as we are,' said he; 'do not ask me to go further; you will never obtain what you wish; I will not become a hypocrite; be content with what you have already gained.' Mass, however, was regularly performed at the Thuileries in the morning. The first Consul went to it on Sunday, and remained during the service, which seldom exceeded ten minutes, in an adjoining apartment, with the door open, looking over papers, or engaged in his usual occupations. He had considerable difficulty in preserving the balance so imperiously required in the head of the state, during the first return to religious observances after the Revolutionary fever, yet by great firmness he succeeded, during his whole reign, in maintaining a just equilibrium between the impassioned characters on both sides.

> "But although the opposition which the restoration of religion met with in the corrupted population and revolutionary circles of Paris was very powerful, it was viewed in a very different light in the rural districts of France. The peasants beheld with undisguised delight the reestablishment of the priests, from whose labors and beneficence they had gained so much in former times; and the sound of the village bells again calling the faithful to the house of God, was hailed by millions as the dove with the olive-branch which first announced peace to the 'green undeluged earth.' The restoration of Sunday as a day of periodical rest was felt as an unspeakable relief by the laboring population, who had never been able to establish the exemption from work on the tenth day, which the Convention had prescribed, and were broken down by years of continued and unbroken toil. But the pernicious effect of the total cessation of all religious instruction and observances for nine years could not so easily be eradicated. A generation had been educated who were ignorant of the very elements of the Christian faith; the phrenzy of the Revolution had snapped asunder a chain which had descended unbroken from the apostolic ages. The consequences of this chasm have been to the last degree pernicious to the existing generation, and are, it is much to be feared, now irreparable. It is to this cause that we are to ascribe the spirit of irreligion which has since been so peculiarly the characteristic of the higher and urban classes of French society, and which has worked out its natural consequences throughout all the subsequent periods of the Empire and the Restoration. nation which, in its influential classes at least, has lost all respect for religion, is incapable of free

augescent, cito extinguenter, sic ingenia studiaque a few faithful domestics, who, without betraying oppresseris facilius quam revocaveris.'

foresee the deplorable internal effects of this long a moment, the beautiful plains in the north of the interruption in religious instruction, the spectacle island were covered with fires—the labor of a conof France again voluntarily returning to the Christian faith was in the highest degree acceptable. Contrasting it with the monstrous profanations and wild extravagances of the irreligious fanaticism which had prevailed during the revolution, they deemed it the harbinger of tranquillity to its distracted people, and peace to Europe. It contributed, more than any circumstance, to weaken the horror with which the revolutionary government had so long been regarded, and opened the way to the establishment of more kindly relations, not only with the governments, but the people of foreign states. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia publicly expressed their satisfaction at the auspicious event, forgetting, in their joy at the restoration of so important a member to the Christian family, the jealousy with which a change so likely to consolidate the power of the First Consul might possibly have been regarded. The Emperor of Austria styled it, with great felicity of expression, 'a service truly rendered to all Europe;' and the thoughtful and religious everywhere justly considered the voluntary return of a great nation to the creed of its fathers, from the experienced impossibility of living without its precepts, as the most signal triumph to the Christian faith which had occurred since it ascended the imperial throne under the banners of Constantine."

We conclude our notice of this interesting publication with an extract relating to the insurrection of St. Domingo. The revolt broke out on the night of August 22nd, 1791.

"Jean Francois, a slave of vast penetration, firm character, and violent passions, not unmingled with generosity, was the leader of the conspiracy; his lieutenants were Biasson and Toussaint. The former, of gigantic stature, Herculean strength, and indomitable ferocity, was well fitted to assert that superiority which such qualities seldom fail to command in savage times; the latter, gifted with place, with various success, but the same result; rare intelligence, profound dissimulation, boundless ambition, and heroic firmness, was fitted to become at once the Numa and the Romulus of the sable forces." Republic in the southern hemisphere.

calamities unparalleled even in the long catalogue surrectionists were emboldened and only waited for of European atrocity, had for its objects the total an opportunity to commence one dreadful massacre. extirpation of the whites, and the establishment of This occurred in 1793. "On the 20th of June, a as independent black government over the whole quarrel accidentally arose between a French naval island. So inviolable was the secrecy, so general captain and a mulatto officer in the service of the colothe dissimulation of the slaves, that this awful nial government; the commissioners ordered them catastrophe was noways apprehended by the Eu- both into their presence, without regard to the disropean proprietors; and a conspiracy, which em- tinction of color, and this excited the highest indigbraced nearly the whole negro population of the nation in the officers of the marine, who landed with

their comrades, warned their masters of their dan-"To foreign nations, however, who could not ger. The explosion was sudden and terrible. In tury was devoured in a night; while the negroes, like unchained tigers, precipitated themselves on their masters, seized their arms, massacred them without pity, or threw them into the flames. From all quarters the terrified planters fied to Cape Town, already menaced by ten thousand discontented slaves in its own bosom, while fifteen thousand insurgents surrounded the city, threatening instant destruction to the trembling fugitives within its walls.

> "The cruelties exercised on the unhappy captives on both sides, in this disastrous contest, exceeded anything recorded in history. The negroes marched with spiked infants on their spears instead of colors; they sawed asunder the male prisoners, and violated the females on the dead bodies of their husbands. Nor were the whites slow in taking vengeance for these atrocities. In several sallies. from Cape Town, the discipline and courage of the Europeans prevailed. Numerous prisoners were made, who were instantly put to death, and the indiscriminate rage of the victors extended to the old men, women and children of the insurgent race, who had taken no part in the revolt.

"While these disasters were overwhelming the northern part of the island, the southern was a prev to the fierce and increasing discord of the planters and people of color. At length the opposite parties came into open collision. The mulattoes, aided by a body of negroes, blockaded Port au Prince; while the whites of that town and its vicinity, supported by the National Guard and troops of the line, assembled their forces to raise the siege. The black army was commanded by a chief named Hyacinthe, who displayed in the action an uncommon degree of skill and intrepidity. The shock was terrible; but at length the planters were overthrown, and their broken remains forced back to the town. In other quarters similar actions took the whites were finally forced into the cities, and the plains irrevocably overrun by the insurgent

French Delegates were sent over with very ple-"This vast conspiracy, productive in the end of nary powers, but matters only grew worse. The inisland, was revealed only by the obscure hints of their crews to take vengeance for the indignity done

to one of their members. saviours of St. Domingo: the exiles brought from Port au Prince fomented the discord as the only means of effecting their liberation: a civil war speedily ensued in the blocksded capital, and for two days blood flowed in torrents in these insane contests between the sailors of the fleet and the mulatto population.

"The negro chiefs, secretly informed of all these disorders, resolved to profit by the opportunity of finally destroying the whites thus afforded to them. Three thousand insurgents penetrated through the works, stripped of their defenders during the general tumult, and, making straight for the prisons, delivered a large body of slaves who were there in chains. Instantly the liberated captives spread themselves over the town, set it on fire in every quarter, and massacred the unhappy whites when seeking to escape from the conflagration. of matchless horror ensued: twenty thousand negroes broke into the city, and, with the torch in one hand and the sword in the other, spread slaughter and devastation around. Hardly had the strife of the Europeans with each other subsided, when they found themselves overwhelmed by the vengeance which had been accumulating for centuries in the African breast. Neither age nor sex were spared; the young were cut down in striving to defend their houses, the aged in the churches where they had fled to implore protection; virgins were immolated on the altar; weeping infants hurled into the fires. Amid the shrieks of the sufferers and the shouts of the victors, the finest city in the West Indies was reduced to ashes: its splendid churches, its stately palaces, were wrapped in flames; thirty thousand human beings perished in the massacre, and the wretched fugitives who had escaped from this scene of horror on board the ships were guided in their passage over the deep by the prodigious light which arose from their burning habitations. They almost all took refuge in the United States, where they were received with the most generous hospitality: but the frigate La Fine foundered on the passage, and five hundred of the survivers from the flames perished in the waves.

"Thus fell the queen of the Antilles: the most stately monument of European opulence that had yet arisen in the New World. Nothing deterred, however, by this unparalleled calamity, the commissioners of the Republic pursued their frantic career, and amid the smoking ruins of the capital, published a decree which proclaimed the freedom of all the blacks who should enroll themselves under the standards of the Republic; a measure which was equivalent to the instant abolition of slavery over the whole island. Farther resistance was now hopeless; the Republican authorities became the most ardent persecutors of the planters; pursued alike by Jacobin phrensy and African ven-

The colonists loudly ap- | geance, they fied in despair. Polverel proclaimed plauded their conduct, and invoked their aid as the the liberty of the blacks in the West, and Montbrun gave free vent to his hatred of the colonists, by compelling them to leave Port an Prince, which had not yet fallen into the hands of the negroes. Everywhere the triumph of the slaves was complete, and the authority of the planters forever destroyed."

> Bonaparte made haste to acknowledge the new government, to confirm the negro Chiestain Toussaint in his command of general-in-chief, and to enjoin "the brave blacks"—by general proclamation-" to remember that France alone had recognized their freedom." Soon after, Toussaint addressed him a letter commencing with the sententious greeting: "The first of blacks to the first of whites."

MY COUSIN-A BOYHOOD-MEMORY.

"Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus with all that's best below, The noblest, dearest, loveliest, are always first to go; The bird that sings the sweetest, the vine that crowns the rock.

The glory of the garden, the flower of the flock."

Ay, 'tis too true :- the beautiful will die, While Youth's first flower is budding into bloom, When all seems bright and joyous round their path, And Hope points, smiling, to yet brighter scenes. Grim-visaged Death lurks in the infant's smile. Blighting the rose upon its downy cheek, He binds his wreath about the maiden's hair, And dims the lustre of her beaming eye.

I had a gentle cousin, one with whom, From early boyhood, I had always dwelt; She was the loved companion of my sports, The happy sharer of each childish joy. Dwelling apart, within a woodland home, I knew no other friend, and wished for none. With her alone, upon the river's brink, I sat to watch its dimpling eddies curl, Gazing, with silent wonder, on the sands That glowed like diamonds on the shallow bed. There, too, when Spring its glory had put on. And the fresh earth was robed in fairest bues, Beneath the branches of o'ershading trees, We sat and braided garlands of gay flowers, Which she would, laughing, bind about my brow. Bidding me wear them as a meed of fame. How much I loved to gaze upon her face When, in the wild seclusion of some dell Where we had toyed away the summer hours, Unconscious slumber closed her drooping lids! Ah! there was beauty in the raven curls That careless fell upon her marble neck, And deeper beauty in the silken lash That veiled in soft repose that bright, dark eye. And as I watched the gentle slumberer there, With boyish pride, I deemed myself a knight Guarding from home the bower of "ladye fayre." Thus heedless passed our childhood's golden hours.

Years came, and we were changed. The simple flower, That grew in beauty by the river's side,

Claimed not her gaze alone, as it was wont: The more majestic of the works of God, The myriad stars that gem the heaven's blue arch, The roar of waters, and the rush of winds, And all that once to her so fearful seemed Became a source of heart-felt happiness. She grew in love with Nature, -all its scenes Te her were full of poetry and truth; All eloquent with praises of that God Who, in the flowers of earth and stars of heaven, Hath set the seal of His Omnipotence. And then with her I climbed the rugged hills, To look on the long reach of woods beneath, And rivers winding far away from sight, Hid by the sheltering canopy of trees. And though long years have passed, and I have been A wanderer from the scenes of early years, Well I remember all our fav'rite haunts ;-The shady nook, the dark and rocky glen, The sunny hill-side, and the old oak tree,-These still remain, just as they were of yore. Well I remember the last summer's eve On which we went, as we were wont, to watch' The fading glories of the setting sun. With what high pride I gazed upon her face! While the soft breezes wafted back her curls, Cooling the dew upon her fair young brow, The mellow radiance of the sun-lit clouds Shone like an angel's smile upon her cheek. There was no burst of feeling,—the deep thoughts Passed not her lip, but in her lighted eye Was written well the language of her heart. Oh, far more eloquent the voiceless thought Than the proud vaunting of unmeaning words! Alas! these memories of other days! That with their joy should come a thought of woe: That o'er the records of the sunny past We e'er should pause to drop the tear of grief. A sadder change came o'er my youthful friend; Disease had marked her for an early grave. A little while,—and she had ceased to pass The threshold of our home. With steady steps Consumption preyed upon her wasting form. The hectic flush, upon the burning cheek, Told but too well that she must pass away. And soon the ruby of her lip grew pale, And a dull languid gaze came in that eye That once had beamed so beautifully bright. The voice, whose tones of gladness we so loved, Now grew more faint, like the last dying notes Of a sweet wind-harp when the breeze hath passed. A mother's tenderness, a father's love Strove, but in vain, to win her from the grave. Her spirit was too pure for earth,-it longed To mingle with the spirits of the just; To know the joys of immortality. And she departed, in her maiden bloom, While yet no trace of care was on her brow, And went to dwell in yonder world of light. With sad distinctness do I recollect, As 'twere but yesterday, the morn she died. The night had passed in fearful restlessness, And painful longing for the morning's dawn: And though, in the fierce agony of death, At times delirium seized her heated brain, She bore it calmly, and but breathed a prayer That she once more might gaze upon the sun, And then depart in peace. She had her wish; When, in the eastern sky, its beams first broke, And stole with chastened brightness to the room, We raised her from her couch to gaze on it.

And then it seemed death's bitterness had passed, So sweet the smile that wreathed her pallid lip. She knew that she was dying, and she felt, Tho' friends around her wept, that it was joy At such an hour to pass away from earth. And seek a purer world, where no dark cloud Of sin and sorrow cast a shade of gloom. Slowly again she sunk upon her couch. Clasping her mother's hand within her own. And breathed, with faltering voice, a last adieu:—

Mother, I feel that I am dying now,

The deathless spirit struggles to be free,
I feel the chilly damp upon my brow,
I go, sweet mother, yet 'tis joy to me.

I go, sweet mother, but thou still shalt hear

The voice of mirth around thee, as before;

Young friends will, weeping, strew with flowers my hier,

But soon their sorrow will be known no more.

A little while,—and few will know the spot Where, amid tears, they saw my pale form laid; Their grief will pass, and I shall be forgot, And quiet slumber in my lonely bed.

Adieu, sweet friends, we soon shall meet again,
When from the cares of earth ye're called away,
Where all is joy unmixed with thought of pain,
Amid the brightness of eternal day.

The voice was hushed and still, as if in prayer,
For a brief space the pale lips seemed to move;
Soon they grew still,—the eye-lids softly closed,
And gently as an infant to its sleep,
Passed the pure spirit of our friend to beaven.
E. F. W.

Mt. Airy, Va., April, 1843.

SHORT ESSAYS ON THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

In many respects, the subjects connected with the Profession of Medicine and those of Literature and the Fine Arts, are closely allied. progress has, to a great extent, been coincident from the earliest ages. The most eminent physicians have generally been the most literary men of their time. Dr. Chapman of Philadelphiaalike distinguished for his high medical attainments and eminent literary qualifications, has remarked that, "between the chaste pursuits of Literature and the Fine Arts, and the Science of Medicine; there would seem to be a natural alliance. Every age shows them to have been intimately associated; and, in the beautiful mythology of antiquity the disciples of Æsculapius and the votaries of the muses, have the same Tutelary Deity." These few reflections are merely designed to show, that the discussion of subjects connected with the Science of Medicine, is not incompatible with the design of literary journals, and therefore would not be inappropriate in the Messenger.

The Profession of Medicine, or the Art of Healing, has attracted the most earnest attention of.

the wisest and most philanthropic men of every age of the world. Nearly two thousand years ago, Cicero remarked that, " man approached the gods in nothing so much as in giving health to man." And another distinguished writer has remarked that, "those who would apply themselves to restore others to health, from the sole principles of humanity and benevolence, would be above all the great ones of the earth—they would partake of the Divinity; to preserve and restore is little less than to make." How could it be otherwise than that the subject of Medicine should be one of the most important and interesting that ever engaged the human mind! The proudest and mightiest monarch that ever swayed the sceptre, the most eloquent and patriotic statesman that ever made resound the senate-chamber with his sublime and glowing eloquence, are, to-day, in the bloom and vigor of health-to-morrow, they may be prostrated upon the bed of languishing and pain-perhaps of death. The most eminent and skilful physician is immediately called in; to him, every eye is turned; of him, the anxious and constant inquiry is made concerning the condition of the sufferer; and upon the skill of this physician, perhaps, depends the favorable or unfavorable result of the case. Again, the affectionate and interesting wife, around whom the fondest hopes of the young husband cling, and in whom, all his happiness is centred-or, perhaps, the tender infant, the only child, the object of each parent's most devoted affection, is suddenly seized by disease: -- what anxiety to obtain the aid of a skilful physician! how many worlds would be freely given, if the physician could restore the wife or child to health, and snatch them from the hand of death! Should not every member of the community feel deeply interested in the improvement of Medical Science, when each one knows that he himself, and his nearest and dearest connections, will, at some time, stand in need of Medical assistance !

From these brief considerations, I am induced to propose the discussion of a few important subjects connected with the Profession of Medicine. A member of the profession myself, I have thought much on these subjects, though from youth and want of wider experience, I feel very incompetent to the task assumed; yet, in the absence of any contributions of this kind by those more able and experienced, I have determined to make the trial, and if nothing more shall be effected, I hope that my remarks may, at least, awaken the attention of the Profession and the community to these subjects, and induce some abler pen to enter upon the field of discussion.

I shall devote this essay to the brief consideration of one of the most important and interesting present itself to the mind of every reflecting indi- fies the affections of the heart. In acquiring a

vidual. It presents itself in the form of an inquiry: "What are the tendencies of the study and practice of medicine upon the mind of its votaries?"

No fact can be more certain, than that the moral and intellectual character of man is greatly influenced by the daily avocations and professional employments in which he is engaged. While some pursuits debase the mind and degrade the whole character, others enpoble and dignify the intellect and enlarge and elevate every faculty of the soul. The inquiry then presents itself, what is the nature of that influence which the study and practice of Medicine exert upon the character and minds of its votaries? This inquiry is particularly interesting to that class of young men who have in contemplation the study of Medical Science, and we know that this class is composed of a numerous portion of the most respectable and intelligent young men in our country. By some, it is contended that the study of Medicine has a tendency to lead to skepticism and infidelity. If indeed this be true, the influence of this profession should be forever deprecated and the voice of an enlightened and Christian community should be lifted up against it. Better far that physical disease should be permitted to spread with uninterrupted violence and desolation, than that our land should be infested with a disease, a thousand times more ruinous in its character-one which subverts the prosperity and happiness of any nation, and sinks its unhappy victims in the gulf of eternal darkness. But we believe this accusation has been made by those who are illiberal and ungenerous and entirely ignorant of the nature of the profession, and that it is opposed to the facts and reasons of the case. We deny that there are more infidels and skeptics in the Medical Profession than in other avocations; on the other hand, we believe they are not so numerous. An accurate and distinguished philosopher of England has observed, "that though a correct computation cannot be made, yet he suspects that if it could, the results would be that lawyers, civil engineers, mathematicians, astronomers, commercial men, and even theologians, in Germany, would supply as great a proportion of infidels as the Medical Profession." But in reasoning from the nature of the profession itself, and from the nature of the employments in which the physician is constantly engaged, would we not be compelled to conclude, a priori, that it would exert a most happy influence upon the character of its votaries both in an intellectual and moral point of view? There is certainly no study which requires a more diligent, active and persevering exercise of the mental faculties, or that has a greater tendency to strengthen and invigorate the mind, than the Science of Medicine; and when its appropriate and subjects connected with the Profession of Medi-legitimate influence is not perverted by a proud cine, and one which would readily and naturally and self-conceited disposition, it expands and purithe student becomes more or less acquainted with every branch of Natural Science. The whole wide field of animate and inanimate nature is laid open to the view of the scientific physician. In whatever situation he may be placed-in whatever direction he may turn his eyes, he can trace, in the wonders with which he is surrounded, the wisdom and beneficence of a Superior Being. Botany, ehemistry, geology, mineralogy and natural phiicoophy, unfold to him the beauty and sublimity of creation. In the wonderful structure of the leafthe beautiful organization of the flower-he beholds the finger of Omniscience, understands the nature and principles of the material objects around him; comprehends the wise and admirable laws by which the universe is governed, and is thus naturally led from the contemplation of the creature, up to the Great Creator and governor of all things. But above all, he beholds the greatest cause for admiration in the curious and wonderful structure of the human system. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made," says the book of inspiration. Galen, the celebrated ancient physician, was converted from Atheism by the contemplation of the human frame. Who, indeed, can survey the external and internal structure of the human system—the wise strangement of the bones—the adaptation of every part to perform its appropriate function, the curious and admirable mechanism of the eye, the ear, the heart, the mysterious circulation of the vital fluid, the lungs, the nerves, the muscles, and all the innumerable wonders of the animal economy. and not be deeply impressed with the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Almighty Creator! Tis true, the obstinate and rebellious heart may resist the impressions which the contemplation of such amazing objects is calculated to produce, but it is obviously their natural and appropriate tendency to enlarge and elevate the mind which will yield to their influence. By constant reflection and meditation upon such subjects, the mind should be brought into a most happy train of thought, concerning which, it is said by an eminent philosopher, that if one train of thought be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature, with a constant reference to a Supreme, Intelligent Author. To him who has made this the ruling, habitual sentiment of his mind, "The world thenceforth becomes a temple and life itself one continual act of adoration. every thing, he beholds the wisdom, grandear, and glory of the Creator, and finds-

'Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones and good in every thing."

It may be said, that all this is theory and specubation.

full and accurate knowledge of Medical Science, roborated by the general character of enlightened and intelligent physicians? Have not those who have drawn deepest from the wells of Medical Science, and have been the most active and successful practitioners, been remarkable for their humanity and benevolence, their philanthropy and piety! Will not the names of Boerhave, Haller, Rush, Goode and Meade, be held in grateful remembrance by mankind, as long as virtue and active benevolence are esteemed in the world; while their characters go far to prove that the preliminary studies of the profession, and the most rigid exercise of its practical duties are highly conducive to the cause of humanity and religion. What then must be thought of that imputation of hardheartedness and indifference to human suffering, which has been often thrown out against Medical men! Will engaging daily in acts of benevolence and charity-diffusing happiness and comfort among the distressed and afflicted, produce brutality and insensibility of soul! Better were it then to keep aloof and afar off from the sick and the dying, and give not even a cup of cool water to wet the feverish lip or cool the parched tongue. We know, it is true, that the vividness of the passive impressions is diminished by repetition; but it is a well known fact in the philosophy of the human mind, that in proportion as the passive impressions are weakened, the active habits are strengthened and become more thoroughly wrought into the character. The physician who is accustomed to scenes of sickness and of death, is not so much agitated and excited at the appearance of pain and distress, as one who has never witnessed such spectacles; and, is it not well that such is the case! While all around the couch of the dying friend or relation are overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, he alone remains undisturbed and composed, the only one qualified to administer to the wants of the suffering patient. He is prompt to render his assistance on every occasion which calls for it, and has acquired such an active habit of benevolence that to refuse to those who need it, would be doing the greatest violence to his nature. Not long since, in reading a beautiful and interesting little romance, entitled "Piecïala," the principle just alluded to was beantifully illustrated in a few sentences, which I hope to be excused for quoting. In allusion to the pricets who were constantly in the habit of attending the sick in prisons, and being present at the execution of the prisoners, the author remarks as follows, says the scorner, "Hardening their hearts under the cuirass of habit, these officials become utterly insensible. They forget to weep with the condemned—they forget to weep for them; and the routine of their professional exhortations has neither grace nor inspiration in its forms of prayers."

In reply to this accusation-(the same that is Let us then look for a moment at the facts of the brought against physicians,) the author remarks: case. Are not the statements made above, cor- "In place of this man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—in place of this humble Christian, who has made himself the comrade of the executioner, summon a new priest to the aid of every oriminal! It is true, he will be more deeply moved; it is true, his tears will fall more readily—but will he be more capable of the task of imparting consolation? His words are rendered incoherent by tears and sobe; his mind is distracted by agitation."

It is thus, under the influence of this habit of active benevolence, that the Medical Profession has, perhaps, furnished as many examples of active and enlightened humanity as any other. It is indeed truly gratifying to the high-minded and liberally educated physician, to read the glowing eulogies of his Profession by the most learned and distinguished gentlemen of other professions, and whose testimony, therefore, is disinterested. shall quote a few passages from some of these distinguished writers, not because we believe the Profession needs them for the support of its high character, but to silence the objections of many of the prejudiced and illiberal enemies to the votaries of Medical Science. The celebrated Samuel Johnson, the master of English Literature, has made the following remarks in reference to the members of the Medical Profession: "I believe every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment-very prompt effusion of beneficence, and willingness to exert a lucrative art where there is no hope of lucre. Agreeably to this character, the college of physicians in London published an edict requiring all the fellows, candidates and licentiates to give gratuitous advice to the poor."

The following is another extract from the pen of a distinguished author: "There is not a profession of greater utility and influence than that of the physician. Those men judge wisely who select this profession as one which will enable them, to the fullest extent, to indulge the promptings of benevolence towards their fellow beings, and, at the same time, gratify the ardor of a mind smitten with the love of science; and the quack, whose mind has never been open to the beauties of physiological science, is but a guilty trifler with life and health."

A celebrated English divine has remarked that "deeply learned in philosophy, well versed in polite letters, adorned with arts, and graced with social accomplishments, and above all, tinctured with humanity, they have charmed in the common intercourse of conversation, and approached the sick bed with the appearance of guardian angels."

I shall make only one more quotation, which is from the pen of the distinguished Dr. Gregory, in his interesting and valuable treatise on the duties and qualifications of a physician. The quotation is rather long, but the sentiments are so just and so beautifully expressed, that I believe they will not be tedious to the reader.

"The study of Medicine, of all others, should be least suspected of leading to impiety. An intimate acquaintance with the works of nature, raises the mind to the most sublime conceptions of the Supreme Being, and at the same time dilates the heart with the most pleasing views of Providence. The difficulties that necessarily attend all inquiries into a subject so disproportionate to the human faculties, should not be suspected to surprise a physician, who, in his practice, is often involved in perplexity, even in subjects exposed to the examination of his senses. There are, besides, some peculiar circumstances in the profession of a physician which should naturally dispose him to look beyond the present scene of things and engage his heart on the side of religion. He has many opportunities of seeing people, once the gay and the happy, sunk in deep distress, sometimes devoted to a painful and lingering death, and sometimes struggling with the tortures of a distracted mind. Such afflictive scenes, one would imagine, might soften every heart not dead to every feeling of humanity, and make it reverence that religion which alone can support the soul in the most complicated distresses-that religion which teaches us to enjoy life with cheerfulness and resign it with dignity."

Thus, by an appeal to reason and to facts, and to the testimony and opinions of distinguished writers, we have endeavored to wipe off the imputation, so often cast upon the Medical Profession, that the study and practice of Medicine tend to the production of skepticism, infidelity and inhumanity among its votaries.

But here, we are compelled to admit, that there are many lamentable exceptions to the rule, even among those of the profession who have been liberally educated. The same may be said of every profession, even that which is the most sacred. There are mean and vicious men in every avocation of life. And, besides, there are many Medical men, who. from natural inability to comprehend the principles of science, or from too great indolence to study them with attention, have been the cause of much injury to the community, and likewise to the character of the profession. But, alas! how much is the honorable title of Doctor degraded by that set of men, who have never looked into an anatomical book—who know nothing of the internal, complicated structure of the human system-who have never studied the first principles of human physiology-who know not even the meaning of the word chemistry-who have not learned even the rudiments of a common education; and, yet, as if by magic, these gentlemen in a few weeks become learned doctors, and are employed by some of the most intelligent? and enlightened? citizens of the community where they reside. If those men who have for years devoted their days and nights to Medical studies, who have accurately traced out every nerve and bloodyessel in the human system, who have traversed the wards of hospitals year after year, and enjoyed constant opportunities of seeing patients afflicted with every variety of disease to which human nature is heir, who have enlarged their minds by the cultivation of science and useful knowledge on nearly all subjects,-if such men acknowledge that the science of Medicine is involved in many intricacies and difficulties that must forever remain unravelled, what must be thought of those ignorant pretenders, who steam their patients to death-pour down their noxious drugs, without rule or reason, and thus become guilty triflers with life and health! Can language afford epithets sufficiently strong to apply to this infamous and detestable race of men? Thousands of our fellow creatures have been brought to a premature grave, by the administration of their ill-timed and poisonous nostrums. The high-wayman, too lazy and rascally to gain his living by an honest calling, will rob his fellow-man of his money, but may spare his life. The quack, or steam-doctor, too lazy to work, ditch or dig, and too ignorant and useducated to make his living in any other way, will raise his steam, gather up his pepper, lobelia and number sixes, and not only rob his poor deluded victim of his money, but his health and life in the bargain. Do not such men deserve the severest penalties the law can inflict?

" Void of all honor, avaricious, rash, This daring tribe compound their boasted trash, Tincture or syrup, lotion, drop or pill, All tempt the sick to try the lying bill."

We hope to be excused for venting our indignation against a set of men which every reflecting and intelligent member of the community must contemn from the very bottom of his heart. Such men, however, will always be encouraged as long as ignorance prevails in the world; but, shall we not exert all our influence to bring about that period, when all humbuggery, quackery and trickery shall be supplanted by the exercise of sound common sense, and the diffusion of liberal and enlightened principles, and when the dignified and elevated character of the Medical Profession shall be properly appreciated by every member of the commanity !

Memphis, Tenn., 1843,

Medicus.

MORNING.

BY THOMAS J. GEORGE. Away, away o'er the mountain height, To catch the beams of morning light; To meet the sun at break of day, O'er the mountain height, away, away.

The buntsman hies at earliest dawn To follow the stag on woody lawn; On bounding steed as light as fay, O'er the mountain height, away, away. The gay milk-maid, with blithesome glac, Trips lightly o'er the grassy lea, Merrily carrolling the sweet lay, O'er the mountain height, away, away.

This is the poet's and painter's hour, When simple Nature wields her power; When fancy, lit by Sol's first ray, O'er the mountain height, he flies away,

Away, away, o'er the mountain beight, To catch the beams of morning light; To meet the sun at break of day, O'er the mountain height, away, away,

MAN NOT MADE TO MOURN.

Where-e'er in heing's history, inquisitive, I turn, In living characters I see, Man is not made to mourn. The silent teachings of the soul, and life's more ample chart, Accordant each with Nature's scroll, this self-same truth impart.

To Amazonia's torrid clime, to Norway's stormy coast, To where the banian and the lime, an India's soil do boast, To isles that stud the boundless main, turn, ask if even there

Less happiness is known than pain, less joy than biting care.

The rill that prattles at my feet, yon star that glows apart, This hum of twilight's hour—this beat of fainting Nature's heart,

And Hesper's robes displaying tints, richer than Art em-Alike my musing mind convince that man is made for joys.

Days have I seen in gloom go down, e'en as in gloom they

rose. But of the many days which crown the year, how few like those !

So have I seen among mankind, souls lost in clouds of gloom, Passing, to every pleasure blind, thro' sorrows to the tomb:

But wouldst thou draw the lesson hence that man is made

for sighs?
Pause, and behold, mid life's events, how far between ills rise.

Do sights of anguish and of woe ever before thee start, To cause the tear's incessant flow, and rudely wring the heart?

Cease, mourner, then, thy sorrowing plaint, rejoice, thou may'st have one,

Whose friendship's worth, not words can paint, when earth seems drear and lone,

And leave to him, who dares his God and Heaven's decrees

deny,
To mourn, whilst writhing 'neath the rod of justice from on high.

Why to the human soul are given those longings after bliss, Quenched only at the founts of Heaven, tho' born in worlds like this

Why shun we scenes of wretchedness, why start at sounds

Of misery and wild distress, if we are made to mourn?

When sorrows round our pathway fall, 'tis to impart a zest To joys which otherwise would pall, or come unprized at best. The child of sickness, want and care, is not for sorrows made,

But to rejoice that he may bear what Heaven on him has laid,

A tho't is this to cheer the soul when earth farewell she

pay'th, When Death's bewildering shadows roll before the star of faith,

That, if our days below have been filled up with sighs and tears,

We're formed, when freed this world of sin, to joys thro endless years.

RIEGO: OR, THE SPANISH MARTYR.

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

That man must be dead to every elevated thought and every generous sentiment, who does not feel indignation and sorrow in considering the TRAGIC CLOSE OF THE GREAT DRAWA OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION; the rise of which excited so much interest, and inspired so much hope. - Westminster Review.

INTRODUCTION.

The theme attempted in this drama, is the Revolution in Spain-that of 1820-and more particularly the fate of its ill-starred champion, RIEGO. No event, probably, ever more deeply excited the public sympathy. "Notwithstanding its disgraceful termination," as has well been observed by a powerful writer, "the Spanish Revolution, from the magnitude of the interests involved in its success or failure, and from the nature of the experiment, must be regarded as one of the most tremendous catastrophes which are to be found recorded in the history of our time."

The author's object has been to present some of the most interesting incidents and prominent actors, in that glorious, though unfortunate struggle. He will not say that he has followed history in every particular, with scrupulous exactness. But the principal scenes and traits of character, the various fortune of the Revolutionary contest-the stormy debates in the Cortes-the artful villainy of Saezthe treachery of Abisbal, Ballasteros, and Morillo-the falsehood, cruelty and pusillanimity of Ferdinand VIIthe energy and persevering constancy of Mina-the patriotic devotion and execrable assassination of the Great Chief of the Revolution-and the tenderness and distress of his wife-will be found sufficiently sustained by authentic narratives, or contemporary opinion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RIEGO, Military Chief of the Revolutionary party, called the Liberals.

MINA. QUIROGA, Officers, attached to the same party. BANOS,

ARGUELLES, Civil Chief of the same.

FERRER, Ultra Liberals: Members of the Cortes.

DIAZ, a youth: son of Porlier who was slain in a previous civil war.

FERDINAND VII., King of Spain. VINUESSA, his Confessor.

SAEZ, also Confessor to the King, and afterwards Prime Min-

ALAGON, Commander of the Life-Guard.

CHAMORRO, King's buffoon.

ABISBAL, Officers: originally attached to the Libe-Ballasteros, rals, but who deserted to the Serviles, or Morillo, King's party.

A NUNCIO, from Rome.

UGARTE, a familiar of the Inquisition.

ROMUALDO, a monk turned Soldier.

DONA THERESA, Wife of Riego. DONA LUCIE, Widow of Porlier. INEZ, attendant on Doña Theresa.

Soldiers, Courtiers, Ladies, Monks, Attendants.

BCENE: Madrid.

[The subjoined dialogue seems to have been intended as the conclusion of the 2nd Act. Whether withheld by the direction of the author, or inadvertently omitted, we do not know. We give it as we find it.]

[Exeunt RIEGO and Soldiers with KING FERDINAND guarded. Drum, &c. Playing RIEGO'S HYMN.]

Manent SARZ: The NUNCIO.

Seez. O conscientions! Justice-loving traitor! O law-revering outlaw!

Num. Merciful withal, His sovereign lives to attest.

He doth-He doth-Saez. And to requite his subject's clemency. I laugh to see this valiant rebel marching Thus gaily to his doom.

Nun. Rebels are they

Who fail: success makes heroes.

Seez He hath failed! Foregone the vantage his rash valor won,

And left unplucked the fruits of victory. Will Fortune, think'st thou, smile again on him Who slights her favors?

Did she not shield Nun.

Him from the brave's steel?

Mina had struck Saez.

The mutinous ruffian down.

Nun Leaves she not now His monarch in his power?

A bootless bounty: Mina had rolled the monarch's crowned head Beside his feet. Romantic fool!

Nun. Would that he were! Not so, Saez, the world doth rate him.

Saez. True: in its mawkish phrase, a generous hero! And such kind nature meant him, but o'erdid Her work, stiffing the hero's qualities With seed of loftier virtues. Brave, she made him; Ambitious :- Ave, he would be great; but yet Would shun the crooked paths which lead to greatness. Lo! Clad in Honor's time-worn coat of mail, And brandishing on high, the rusty lance Of Justice, like La Mancha's crazy knight He sallies forth to right all wrongs; aloud Chaunting the praises of the mountain nymph,-Sweet Liberty-a bold-faced wanton, ready To meet the ravisher's embrace—in his Enchanted eye forsooth, a peerless angel. Nun. All Spain is mad. But prithee, if amid This wreck thou dost discern one ray of hope-

Saez. Hope?-Triumph! Vengeance! Speedy ven-

geance on Its guilty authors. Come: Your Eminence Ere long shall see the mystery solved, and find Our barque in trim to meet a fiercer storm. The trusty Pilot of the State who sees The rising whirlwind in the playful breeze Forewarned, forearmed, his helm serenely guides Thro' starless nights, and mid tempestuous tides : By Hope inspired beholds beyond the gloom The brightening sky its cheering lights relume; The winds that waked in wrath the mighty deep, Soft zephyrs gently fanning it asleep; And its broad face a beaming mirror glow, Showing to th' Heavens above a Heaven below.

ACT III.

SCENE I .- AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

SARZ; the NUNCIO; meeting.

Nuncio. How seems the fallen Monarch?

Sees. Fallen, indeed!
The wretch his mother painted him; without
One ray of virtue to relieve his blackness.
By sworded rebels hedged around, hard by
The wrangling Hall he sits, chilled, pale, aghast;
The image of a tortured beretic.
The very rabble, awed by kings till he
First broke the spell, scoff him as wont to scoff,
The imprisoned brute who shuns the lance-armed Picadore.
While he to win their vulgar pity, shaking

With terror, feigns—an ague fit.

Nuncio.

And will,

To appease their wrath, again desert our cause.

Seez. Outron their asking; shut the Holy office;
Suppress our sacred order; and renounce
Each attribute of King to keep the name.

Nuncio. 'Twere hard to say which most to be despised, Thy craven King or rebel dynasty.

Sees. Already Britain's Envoy turns his back la scorn upon our rabble court.

Nuncie. Thus too The Nuncio should rebuke the Judas who Would twice betray his master.

Seez. Nay, therein
Thy seal would err. True, Ferdinand hath twice
Proved false to Rome: yet never with her foes
Once kept he faith: nor means it now. "Tis fear
Alone doth make him treacherous.

Nuncio. But is fea

Excuse for treachery?

Sees. Fear is the traitor:
Banish Fear; He will be true again,—
When the cold fit is off—

When the cold fit is off—

Nuncio.

I do believe

His heart left free would ever cling to Rome.

Ser. Must—as to life; so Rome should cleave to him. Fall when it may, the tottering throne of Spain Drags down St. Peter's chair; and blind our wrath

To shake the pillars which uphold them both.

Nuncio. Thy wisdom is the lamp shall guide my steps.

Seez. A brighter light shall guide us both; Rome's

glory:—
And Ferdinand be the besom in our hand
To sweep her foes from Spain.

Numers.

But say, what means,
Less than miraculous, to end his thrall?

See, Enough? All means which serve the end; the

Which gave our meek society to sway The sceptre of the earth, and wield the keys Of Heaven: the same that served our great Loyola Is straits more perilous, when piercing with A prophet's eye the stream of time, he spied Danger's grim form beneath its placed surface. Our Church, tho' builded on a rock, he knew Must meet conflicting winds of doctrine; worse, The mining wave of infidelity: ha steeple, topped with the triumphant cross, He saw already trembling at the gate Of Heaven: the magic keys had lost their charm; The boon, even of immortal bliss, dim shadowed Beyond the vale of Death, more faintly touched Man's aluggish soul, than pleasures palpable To sense. The glory of the Holy See

To quell her foes and save her rocking edifice:— That Key of Keys which opes the human breast.

Nuncio. A weapon surer than the conqueror's sword.

Saez. More potent than the fabled lever—for

It moves the world. Possessed of that, his followers,

Knights of the Virgin, Soldiers of the Pope,

Went forth to cope with men—and conquer them.

Nuncio. In Saez' hands it was not like to fail.

Saez. Once found, it could not fail. Entering at will Sin's secret chamber, I explored, unseen, Its dark recesses—read the Statesman craft; The Hero's fears; the Patriot's selfish schemes For public weal; and found the paradox A truth—that virtue is but vice disguised.

Vice,—a mean coin of basest metal,—passes
Oft but for what 'tis worth; while virtue,—
That same base coin with gilded coat,—is palmed
Upon the world for solid gold. Pelf rules
The mass: the elect by pride, ambition, and
Vain glory swayed. Hence, Scipio was forbearing;
Lucretia chaste; and Aristides just:
Hence needy Cato spurned a bribe; and Curtius

Leapt the gulf.

Passing the common herd,
I sought the aspiring chiefs; with odious truth
Painted the changeful mob. Place, titles, gold,—
Convincing proofs;—gave to their eager hopes;—
And led them back by interest's golden chain
To duty. Well; let moraliste declaim;—
Say, does not Heaven itself reward repentant guilt?

Nuncio. The end doth sanctify the means; and such

Saez. In brief, for one whose prudish modesty Declined the boon he craved, thousands I found More honest who obeyed their hearts: for one Riego, scores of Abisbals. Thus count We on a bost. The High Grandeza, prompt To serve the King, that they may rule the mass: The church, with pillars based upon the throne it proudly canopies, will lend its aid, Like Heaven's magnificent dome to shelter that On which it rests: while those who won their way By noisest yells 'gainst venal power will prove

The golden tenet of our Holy Order.

Power's surest props.

Nuncio. How doth my heart revive:—

Well hast thou toiled.

Seex. O that the King had nerve
To bear him up! The very dogs who, if
He flee, will bark and bite, would, were he firm,
Turn their vile back, or lick his hand for favor.
But soon our doubts must be resolved. Till then,
I bid your Eminence adieu!

Nuncio. Heaven speed Good Sasz!

Saez. Short be the interval that parts us— Happy the moment we shall meet again.

[EXEUNT.

SCENE II.

The Hall of the Cortes. The Cortes in seesion: RIEGO President: The Liberals and Serviles on opposite sides: ABISBAL, BALLASTEROS, and MORILLO on the back benches; A table with Papers: The Secretary reading.

Sec. "Spaniards! a faction rules your land which holds "Your King in durance; menaces his life;

- "And taints with poisonous breath the air of France.
- "Tis time to check this anarchy which thus
- "Disturbs Spain's and the world's repose. But France "Wars not with Spain. Your flag alone shall float,
- Inspired his thoughts: he sought, -and found, -the means "Your provinces be ruled, in Ferdinand's name.

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"Sprung from the Bourbon blood, I come to free
                                                          Hath he not led his Corden Sanitaire
"Your captive monarch; save your suffering priests;
                                                          Across our snowy barrier, here,-into
"And rescue Spain from slavery. That done,
                                                          The very midst of pestilence,-to fright
"We seek again our homes, proud to have restored
                                                          It off with guns and trumpets? [A laugh.] How then doubt
"Your happiness and honor. Louis Antoine."
                                                          His royal word-ye, who know princes are
  Riego. Señors! Ye've heard the high behests of France
                                                          Mirrors of Truth and Honor? Mark ye, [Reads.] " France
Disclaiming war, already she hath forced
                                                          "Wars not with Spain"-why, no! She doth but send
                                                          Her hundred thousand bayonets to ensure
Bidazoa's neutral stream, and plants her foot
Upon the neck of Spain. Like hungry wolves
                                                          Our peace! She would have us free-free as herself,-
Adown the Pyrenees her legions rush
                                                          And sends her hundred thousand slaves to teach us
Upon our plains, eager for Spanish blood.
                                                          Freedom! She would annul our naughty law;
Aye! roused by th' outcry of a baffled tyrant,
                                                          Giving instead, sage pandects-much approved,
The league of despots baste to avenge his cause.
                                                          At Laybach and Troppau. She is our friend;
A second Bourbon comes to give us law;
                                                          Our ally: come to rescue Spain from-Spaniards-
And loose the band of Spain's unnatural son :-
                                                          And give her to the care of Gauls and Calmucks! [ Cheers
A parricide at heart. Shame! Tenfold shame
                                                                from the Liberals.]
On France! whose giddy sons erst seizing Freedom's
                                                         How can we thank enough such friends who, from
Torch, fired her holy temple, and would now,
                                                         Sheer love, would force us to be free? Wage war
Breaking God's primal law, wrap th' earth in darkness.
                                                          To give us peace ;-and only cut our throats
Must Spaniards quaff this cup of infamy?
                                                          To make us happy! But why—why this vile
Like passive slaves submit, - and be forgiven?
                                                          Hypocrisy expose, seen and despised
                                                         By every honest heart? 'Tis Liberty,
Or trusting to the God of battles, teach
The meddling Gaul, Spain needs no foreign hand,-
                                                         My friends-that, that's the pestilence whose sprea d
And least of all a Bourbon's-to maintain
                                                          These holy allies dread-what tyrant doth not?
Her freedom or her honor. Señors! Your answer.
                                                         O, shame! that England-Sidney's England-views
  Abis. Señors! A hundred thousand bayonets gleam
                                                          With freezing look the death-strife of a people
O'er Spain: your wisdom, still may rescue her;
                                                          Left by the world-in the world's cause-alone,
                                                          To meet the damned conspiracy of Kings.
Your rashness make her fields a lake of blood.
Is war a pastime, think ye, to be played
                                                         But spite of open foe and treacherous friend
With empty coffers? troops half clothed, half armed,
                                                         Spain shall be free. Let the proud Bourbon come!
Dispirited ! 'gainst numbers twice their own,-
                                                         When France appeals to her crusading Saint,
Whom one day's march may bring upon Madrid?
                                                         Spain shall invoke her God—the God of Justice
  Banos. Who stops to count his country's enemies?
                                                          Who crowned her arms at Roncesvaux and Quentin.
'Tis not their valor :-- treachery at home
                                                                                      [Cheers from the Liberals.]
Invites them on. Were all who murmur true,
                                                            [Several members of the King's party rise to speak.
These skipping Gauls would show the morning sun
                                                         Enter at the door of the Ante-chamber SARZ and a MES-
Their homeward tracks upon the mountain snows.
                                                         SENGER.]
  [Sev. Voices. True, Banos, true!]
  Ferrer. Aye! Señors! Well the Royal Duke hath said,
                                                            Officer. A message from his Majesty!
A faction curses Spaia:—a vile French faction
                                                            Riego.
                                                                                                 Be seated,
ls it, longing to leap into his arms.
                                                         Señors! the royal message claims precedence.
  Ruis. A foul conspiracy, hatched in the palace;
                                                         The MESSENGER advances and hands a paper to the SEC-
And this day, I trust, here to be strangled.
                                                                        RETARY. SARZ Remains.]
  Abis. Arrows when shot in air, are apt to fall
                                                                           "Our health yet needs reprieve from
Upon the bowman's head. Abisbal's honor
                                                           Sec. [Reads.]
Questioned, here or elsewhere, finds a ready voucher.
                                                                cares of state-
                                                         "We hope anon, in person, we may greet
      [Touches his sword.]
  Ruis. Abisbal's sword, which leaps not forth to meet
                                                         "The Cortes: meanwhile, through our trusty Saez,
                                                         "Near by, we'll hearken to your grievances,
The foes of Spain, will never daunt her friends.
  Riego. [Rings the bell.] Senors! No place is this for
                                                         "If any such ye have, and thereupon
      warlike weapons
                                                         "Make known to ye our pleasure. I, the King.
Or bloody feuds. Ye wander from the question:-
                                                           Ferrer. A fetch! a worn-out trick to dodge the law's
                                                         Pursuit. 'Tis but the King's old malady;
Your answer to the Duke.
  Ruis. What need of answer? Rather tear
                                                         A civil and most courtier-like complaint
                                                         Which, at his bidding, comes and goes.
The canting manifesto into shreds!
Then trample it beneath our feet-full in
                                                           Ruis.
                                                                                         Don Joaquia
                                                         Doth err: 'tis a rebellious ague which
His envoy's face-and send him back to tell
His Master. [Cheers.]
                                                         Irreverently hath seized on Majesty;
  Para.
                   Nay, hest use the trashy stuff
                                                         Nor will yield save to mighty Angouleme.
As wadding for our cannon, and so make
                                                         If Ferdinand contemn our summons, and
                                                         Stand mute, 'tis proof of guilt.
It carry its own answer back; 'twill go
                                                                                       Whene'er the king
The quicker.
                                                           Arg.
  Sevl. Voices. Right! Ferrer! Right!
                                                         Faileth in duty to the realm, the Charter
  Morillo. Señore, this is no time for jests.
                                                         Holds him no longer capable of rule;
  Ballasteros. True, Morillo: nor will these air-gun pellets
                                                         And all his powers devolve upon the Cortes.
                                                           Abis. His Majesty responds through Saes; and such
      fright the French.
        The Duke still proffers peace: why spurn his
                                                         His right.
                                                           Riego. Of right the King doth sit among us:
      friendship?
Why doubt his royal word?
                                                         All others by courtesy alone.
                            I fear, my friends,
                                                           Abis. To one accused, the boon was ne'er denied
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Ye're rash with our good King's good Cousin and Brother. To urge by prexy his defence; would ye

1843.] Condemn, unbeard? Or fear ye, Saes may Confound your learned orators? The King's free choice should be indulged :- then let Him hear through Saez' ears, and speak by Saez' mouth. [Seel. Voices.] Leave! Leave! a seat for Saez. Riego. If none gaineay, Don Victor is received. [Sees advances and takes his seat near the centre of the Hall.] Abis. [Taking off his hat.] Senors, let not unseemly haste o'erleap All courtesy. We hold the King as present; Yet, sit we covered; and the threatning rod Retains its place. [All of the King's party take off their hats.] Whence in Abisbal springs This new-born seal for royalty? this deference For rank,-though held by wretches who disgrace it? I do remember now; for Caius Casar His vile Courtiers claimed it,-and next, for that Far worthier brute, Cæsar's fourfooted consul. Riego. Remove the rod. [The rod is removed.] In all that doth concern The King, Don Victor hath free scope to speak. Sec. Thanks, Señor : thanks to all. And now since 'tis Our Sovereign's will, and Saez may therefore speak Freely in his behalf, I do demand On what pretence, the Father of his Country-[Looks towards the inscription.]+ Spain's lawful Prince-for so has God ordained him-While toiling for God's glory-and for Spain's-By sacrilegious hands has thus been seized :-Even in the sanctuary of his palace? Who here the mystery will explain ?- or who-Who vindicate the wrong?-I pause for answer. Arguelles. O! Specious ignorance! Don Victor Sacz! The conscience-keeper of the King,-forgets The acts himself advised, from which even fiends Had shrunk appalled, and innocently asks, By what authority the victims dare Resist. Ruis. [Aside to Ferrer.] Now Ferrer that vile monk will face It out, the ravenous tiger doth the lamb Pursue for very kindness. Ferrer. [Aside to Ruis.] Aye: or swear Away the flying lambkin's life, on plea Of thirsting for the tiger's blood. Well parried: Seez. Arguelles shows his training, and would shun The point which met might pierce too sharply. Not

The point which met might pierce too sharply. Not
The King's misdeeds the question now, as ye
Would have it—but yours, my Señors, yours. Your warrant!
The law! Ye stickle much for law—
Which makes ye greater than your monarch: Aye!

Your law! your law!

Arguelles.

And why may we, too, not Appeal to that high source whence tyrants falsely Deduce their fell prerogatives, and say—
The law divine, with life impressed on all That breather, target us to stay the bloody arm

The law divine, with life impressed on all That breathe, taught us to stay the bloody arm Uplifted to destroy us? Sees. Wisely doth

Arguelles cite a law from mortal ken
So far removed, none may disprove his reading.

Arguelles. Vainly doth Saez deny a law all earth
Attests; proclaimed in thunders, that the deaf
May hear it: traced in characters of light
The blind must see. The new born infant owns

*In the Hall of the Cortes over the chair, is this inscription, "Fernando VII, Padre de la Patria."

Its force, and vengeful insects oft have taught It to the doubting sage. But if alone Saez know not, or knowing, disavow Heaven's holy law, Spain's written statute too Will he dispute-which holds all Spaniards, high And low, who foreign foes shall bring within Her realm, or aid them there, for outlawed traitors? Seez. Who gave that law to Spain? Who but her kings? From them alone comes all its binding force. Monarchs make laws for subjects to obey: Not chains to bind themselves. Sovereignty needs Must be supreme; and hence, above the law. The learned Arguelles scarce will question this. Arguelles. 'Tis a sound tenet—strangely urged by Sues: For he must know, what Spain herself proclaims-[Points to inscription.]* That in the nation, not the King, resides That sovereignty he truly paints supreme. Ruis. [Aside to Ferrer.] The Jesuit's answered now. Ferrer. Who conquers him Beats Lucifer. Saez. Error on error piled-is error still: Your boasted edict smacks of its earthy source. From human statutes kings derive no power; Brook no restraint. From loftier fountains flow Their vast prerogatives. Ambassadors From God, they are a law unto themselves; Or only that obey ordained by him Whose power they wield. Who plays the sophist now? Arguelles. Point Saez to heaven, he cannot soar so high: To earth, -he cannot stoop so low. But now The sky's dense curtain from his eye concealed Nature's first law; and now 'tis but a veil Of gossamer to show the tyrant's patent. Monarchs ere now, who impiously have claimed A warrant from above for their misrule, Have fearfully been taught that not in Heaven Alone the power to check their mad caprice. Doth Saez forget that Athens at a blow Cut off her thirty tyrants ? Tarquin ;- Cosar ;-Have they not each immortalized a Brutus? England struck off a Stuart's head; and France, A Bourbon's. [Murmurs.] Yet were Charles and Louis patterns Of every excellence compared with-Members of the Kings' Party. Treason! Treason! Liberals. Hear, hear! Proceed. Must I not paint a tyrant Arguelles. Lest some should say-I know the picture? Riego. [Rings bell.] Proceed. Arguelles. If such did merit death, then what his due In whom concentres every vice—[murmurs]—to form [Murmurs.] A monster—[confused cries of "Treason"— " Order"-" name him"-" name him."] A sensual, treacherous, bloody monster-Name him-Arguelles. His name doth stare us in the face. [Points to inscription. Great confusion; cries of " Treason!" Brave Arguelles /

Riego. Order must be restored. [Rings bell.]

[Arguelles takes his seat.]

Ruis. [Aside to Ferrer.] A home thrust—Ferrer.

Poor Saez! He's sadly gored. Stone still—Dead! dead!

Forrer. Lo, then, a miracle! The dead hath risen!

Saez. And comes Arguelles here—before the world—
To chaunt the praise of regicides and traitors?

To preach rebellion, and to draw his text

* In front of the lower gallery is inscribed "La Soberania reside essencialmente en la Nacion." From distant land and age remote? Our country, Heaven be praised, shapes not her polity By foreign models; nor doth precedents Supply to prop the cause of anarchy.

Arguelles. Thanks, thanks to Saez, who lauds her bright example.

Till Monks became her masters, in what region Of the earth dwelt spirits more bold and free. Our sires Abjured the creed by their degenerate sons Espoused. Stern Arragon, with rugged hand, Seating his monarch on the throne, this lesson Taught him.—I, whose power surpasses thine, Make thee my king, provided thou respect'st My rights: if not—Not. And his lovely partner, The fair Castile, in her unwedded prime, Brutal Orduno and the stubborn Henry Stript of the regal robe? Who here so base Would justify their crimes, or mourn their fate? Such be his doom, who, to a nation's rain,

Shall power pervert, confided for its good.

Saez. And who doth here indict his lawful King?

Or what the mighty crimes he could commit

At which his factious subjects dare take umbrage?

Arguelles recounts various acts of Royal misrule and oppression:

Saez. Such rant in PLAZA MAYOR, would, methinks, Find fitter audience. * * The proofs—the proofs!

Thus challenged RIEGO steps forth, and produces the king's letter to Angouleme—found on his Chaplain, VINUESSA. Various punishments are proposed—death, deposition, exile, &c.;—but finally, through the treachery of Abisbal, Ballesteros, and Morillo, the King is acquitted. He is then conducted by Mina from the Ante-chamber through the hall; where terrified by the stern resolution of Riego, Mina, &c., to obtain some pledges for future security to Spain, he gives such as content the greater part of the Liberals, and retires, amid the acclamations of the populace. Riego, Mina, &c., hold a short colloquy secretly watched by Saez. Without are heard shouts of "Death to the nation?" Down with Riego?" &c.

Mina. Hah! Hearken to
Your doom and Spain's. Ye are duped, and all is lost.
Riego. Never! while Mina wears a sword.
Mina. A toy!
An idle toy, sleeping within its sheath,
When forth it should have leapt to rescue Spain.
Riego. Think'st not, my friend, that Spain may yet be
safe.
Her councils shaped by Arguelles?

Arguelles. Rather say

Her forces led by thee and Mina.

Mina.

Tush!

A feint! the monk and his bribed minions laughed To see ye duped.

Arguelles. This night the pledge redeemed.

Mina. But, say 'tis forfeit?-----

Riego. Let him play us false: Isla's brave band—thy Navarrese—at call:—
Thy sword will do its office; aye, and mine Shall hew the marble from his heart whereon To build Spain's peace.

Mina. Now spring my hopes afresh.

Riego. Short breathing time is left us to prepare.

Mina. Minutes shall do the work of hours.

FEEDINAND's terrors vanish on reaching his Palace. There he receives the gratulations of his courtiers on his triumph over the Liberals.

1st. Courtier.

A glorious victory ?
2nd Cour. A rout! A rout!

K. Ferd. Sooth, 'twas no less: All Madrid Greeted our triumph. Heard ye the shouts?

1st. Cour. No voice did cheer more loudly than my own.
2nd. Cour. One sounded bove the rest—" Long live
the Kins!"

Twas mine.

1st. Monk. "Death to the Nation!" That the note I raised, which drowned the rest.

3rd Cour. But marked ye how
That note was lost when on yet higher key

"The King! The Absolute King!" burst from my lips, And straight was echoed by a thousand tongues.

Chamorro. Chamorro spied ye; burrowing 'mid the crowd;-

"Till rose the cry, "Riego comes !" "Ah, Mina!"
And then, like mice, away ye scampered. Pshaw!
Pshaw! God ne'er made your peers and monks for soldiers.

The Courtiers having dispersed, a scheme is planned by SAEZ for the seizure of the chiefs of the Liberals—to which, having been absolved from his oaths by the Pope's NUNCIO, the King readily assents.

The scene changes to RIEGO'S house. After a brief dialogue, during which RIEGO presents DIAZ with the sword of his father [POELIER,] the latter retires with leave to join the band of Isla, and DONA THERESA enters:

Doña Theresa. Some spirit sure of evil haunts the house.

But now Diaz I met—like thee—quite lost In thought. In soldier trim proudly he past As the he knew me not. Almost I fancied 'Twas Porlier's self! [Sighs.]

Riego. In form and feature :--aye,

In every generous quality of soul,—
The living image of his murdered sire!
Yes: Such my earliest friend, when our young hearts,
Smit with the love of ancient lore, and fired
By deeds of ancient glory, first communed
In Salamanca's learned halls, and rowed
Immortal enmity to tyrants!—Blasted
Were all his buoyant hopes! And Freedom mourns
His fall!

Doña The. But Hope may point to Porlier's friend.
And to his orphan boy, whom Heaven bath spared.
To twine around our hearts, and emulate.
His father's virtues. Say, lives not your Porlier.
Still in our Diaz?

Riego. Fond illusion! Yes;
I'll cherish it, and think 'tis Porlier's self,
Surviving in his son t' avenge his country's
lujuries and his own.

Doña The. [Sighing deeply.] A thorny path I fear must yet be trod by him and thee.

In the midst of these fearful anticipations, the expected summons to meet the King's council, arrives. RIEGO attends the Messengers, and is treacherously conveyed to a dungeon of the Inquisition.

[END OF ACT III.]

PRILADELPHIA: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

We noticed the first part of this publication in a former No. It has reached Part III-on better paper and larger type, than the New-York publications. This also is a very valuable, cheap and useful work-for 25 cents the No. Formerly, Philadelphia was the great mart for books. But New-York, with her greedy appetite that is swallowing up every thing, has stretched forth her hands, through the Messrs. Harper, after this branch of trade also. We are glad to see the well-known and enterprising publishers of Philadelphia, disputing the palm of cheap literature with her rival sister, New-York. Mesars. Lea & Blanchard could not have been more fortunate in their selection of a work, than they have been in that of this Encyclopædia. We have not space at present for more than one extract-intending to make others from future No's. And, as earthquakes have been rife of late-we will let Murray's Geographical Encyclopedia speak for itself on that subject:

" On earthquakes, and the changes they produce on the earth's surface. Werner distinguishes two kinds of earthquakes. Some, he says, appear to be connected with a particular volcano, and to have their focus in the same region as it. They are only felt to the distance of a few leagues around, and their paroxysms are almost always connected with those of the volcano. Others, which appear to have their focus at a much greater depth, and whose effects are much greater, are propagated to immense distances with incredible celerity, and are felt almost at the same time at points thousands of miles distant from each other. Some of the latter, however, approach the former, and are still connected with volcanic phenomena. Thus, during the earthquake which overturned Lima in 1746, and which was one of the most terrible that has been recorded, four volcances opened in one night, and the agitation of the earth ceased.

"Universality of earthquakes. If in the more violent we include the slighter agitations of the earth's surface in particular places, earthquakes may be said to be universal or general, and we may affirm that no considerable country is entirely exempted from them. Sandy deserts and fertile regions, primitive, secondary, and tertiary hills, extensive plains, and even marshy districts but little elevated above the level of the sea, afford no protection against these destructive phenomena, which are equally prevalent in cold, in temperate, and in tropical climates. They are, however, generally considered more frequent near to coasts; thus Syria, the coasts and islands of Asia, America, the European coasts of the Mediterranean, all exposed to destruction. In some cases the and Iceland, are most subject to them; while the fracturing, or as it were trituration, surpasses deplains of Africa, Asia and the North of Europe scription. Hence, for the plainest reasons, it is are least exposed. Viewing the whole earth, and most dangerous to remain n houses or inhabited

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY. | including every slighter agitation, earthquakes appear to be exceedingly numerous, and it may be maintained that not a week passes in which the earth's surface in some place or other is not more or less agitated. The great number of concussions observed in civilized countries, and the fact that some districts are constantly agitated by them, entitle us to draw the conclusion. Their return in the places most subject to them, and in the places where they are less frequent, is not regulated by any precise period of time. Their appearance is not connected with any particular season of the year or state of the atmosphere, and they take place by day as well as by night.

"Phenomena of earthquakes. The phenomena peculiar to earthquakes are in themselves sufficiently simple. They consist in tremblings and oscillations of the earth's surface, called shocks; extending over greater or smaller tracts of country, and frequently following a particular direction. The shocks appear at first chiefly as perpendicular heavings; then as horizontal undulations or oscillations; lastly, in some instances, there is a violent agitation: the motion is more or less rotatory. If to these we add the rending, slipping, rising and sinking of the ground, the violent agitations of the sea, lakes, rivers and springs; consisting, in springs, in their drying up or bursting forth with great violence; in lakes, rivers, and the ocean, in their falling and rising, and rushing backwards and forwards, owing to the sinking and rising of the land, we obtain an enumeration of the principal phenomena. As the subject is very interesting, we shall view it somewhat in detail, and under the following heads: 1. Shocks. 2. Extent of earthquakes. 3. Duration of shocks. 4. Magnitude of rents formed, and the phenomena connected with them. 5. Elevation and subsidence of the land. 6. Agitations in the sea. 7. Notice of particular earthquakes.

"1. Shocks. The slightest shocks of an earthquake, consisting of perpendicular heavings and horizontal undulations, commonly produce rents in houses, moving light objects in them, as articles of furniture. Persons unacquainted with the phenomenon, or who do not perceive it from the subterraneous noise resembling thunder which accompanies it, feel unsteady while in their beds, but particularly when sitting, and believe themselves seized with a sudden giddiness. The shocks proceed gradually to be more violent, and then they are very easily perceived even by the inexperienced. Then the most substantial buildings are shattered to pieces, and the inhabitants buried beneath their rnins: while buildings of a lighter construction are only rent, and very slender reed huts are least of

places; but even the fields and mountains them-|the earthquake at Lima, 1586, a wave of the sea selves afford no perfect security, inasmuch as the fields frequently in some places open into fissures, and are rent asunder; while mountains are not only rent, but slide down into the valleys, dam up rivers, form lakes, and cause inundations. Although the desolation produced by these convulsions exceeds all description, this is much more the case with the rotatory motions; a species of motion, however, the existence of which has been denied by some geologists. In proof of it, however, it may be mentioned, that during the earthquake of Catania, whose general direction was from S. E. to N. W., many statues were turned round, and a large mass of rock was turned 25° from South to East. But the rotatory motion was more strikingly exemplified in the earthquake at Valparaiso, on the 19th November, 1822, by which many houses were turned round, and three palm-trees were found twisted round one another like willows. These rotatory motions of masses of rock are particularly interesting when viewed in connexion with the phenomena of faults or shifts among strata in non-vulcanic districts. It is only the slighter earthquakes that pass by with a single shock; in most of them more shocks follow at short intervals, and for the most part the number is proportioned to the violence of the concussion. The first shock is sometimes the most powerful, but the second is as often, if not oftener, equally violent. Further, the concussions are also repeated after longer intervals, as the earthquakes in Syria, that sometimes continue for a number of months, with longer or shorter intermissions; but the first catastrophe is generally the most violent and destructive.

tracts of land convulsed by earthquakes. In this respect, the earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, was the most remarkable and most violent that ever visited Europe. In consequence of it, by the concussion on the bottom, or momentary rising or upthe coasts of Sweden, England, and Spain, and of the islands of Antigua, Barbadoes, and Martinique in America. In Barbadoes, the tide which rises only 28 inches, rose 20 feet in the bay of Carlisle, and the water appeared as black as ink, owing probably to bituminous matter thrown up from the bed of the ocean. On the 1st of November, when the concussion was most violent, the water at Guadaloupe retreated twice, and on its return rose in the channel of the island to a height of from 10 to 12 feet. Similar appearances were witnessed at Martinique. A wave of the sea, 60 feet high,

rose 84 feet high in the harbor of Callao. During the earthquakes in Calabria in 1783, the sea not only overflowed the coast and drowned many people, but was in general so much agitated that the guns on shipboard sprung from the deck to a height of several inches.

- "3. Slipping of mountains. Besides the common operations of earthquakes already mentioned, others occur that do not immediately succeed the concussions, and therefore, happen less frequently. To these belong the sliding down of parts of mountains, as at Dobratch in 1345, and the falling together of two mountains in Jamaica in 1692, by which the bed of a river was dammed up. In the latter place, a part of a mountain slid down and covered many plantations; the city of Port Royal sunk to the depth of eight fathoms; and a plain of 1000 acres fell in, with all the buildings upon it.
- "4. Duration of shocks. Single shocks frequently succeed one another very rapidly, and often after greater or smaller intervals of time; they are occasionally single, frequently very numerous; and in volcanic districts, shocks sometimes happen after a lapse of months or years, are then followed by longer or shorter intervals, and even periods of 10 or 100 years. In regard to this, it is remarkable that since the earthquake which in 1204 shook Antioch, Damascus, and Tripoli, Syria was spared till the latter half of the seventeenth century, although no region of the earth suffers more from these destructive phenomena than that country. It is, in short, difficult to define the duration of a single shock. It is undoubtedly brief in general; and in slighter shocks, witnessed by tranquil spectators "2. Extent of earthquakes. It is the agitation and consequently observed with greater attention, of the sea that points out the great extent of the it is not longer than a few seconds. In the greater convulsions, for instance at Lima, Caraccas, Calabria, Catania, Zante, Antioch, &c., the time is reckoned from fifty seconds to one minute and five seconds, or indefinitely from a few minutes to a few seconds. When we consider how exceedingly heaving of the submarine land, the sea overflowed distracted the attention is when the shock is first perceived, that the duration cannot be measured by means of a watch, but by supposition, and that by such a mode of computation we are in the habit of reckoning time much longer than it really is, we may with great probability conclude that the duration of a single shock does not go beyond a few seconds, and we may affirm that, at the most, it rarely exceeds half a minute.
- "5. Magnitude of rents formed by earthquakes. These vary from a few feet to many fathoms in extent. They have either a direction which is nearly straight or more or less winding, or they overflowed a part of the city of Cadiz; and the run in all directions from a centre. During the lakes of Switzerland, such as Geneva, were ob-terrible Calabrian earthquakes of 1783, rents were served to be in commotion six hours after the first formed of great dimensions; in the territory of San It is also remarkable that agitations were Fili there was formed a rent half a mile long, two noticed in lake Ontario, in October, 1755. During feet and a half broad, and twenty-five feet deep; in

the district of Plaisano, a rent, of nearly a mile in lafter earthquakes were felt; then the ground gradulength, one hundred and five feet broad, and thirty feet deep opened; and in the same district two gulfs arose, one at Cerzulli, three quarters of a mile long, one hundred and fifty feet broad, and about one hundred feet deep; and another, nearly a quarter of a mile long, about thirty feet broad, and two hundred and twenty-five feet deep. Ulloa relates that in the earthquake of 1746, in Peru, a rent took place, which was two miles and a half long, and four or five feet wide. These rents sometimes close again; thus, in the year 1692, in the island of Jamaica, during an earthquake, the ground heaved like a boiling sea, and was traversed by numerous rents, two or three hundred of which were often seen at a time opening and closing rapidly again.

"6. Elevation and subsidence of land during earthquakes. It is evident that, if the land is fractured and then traversed with vast rents by earthquakes, that portion of the land will in some places sink and in others rise, and this not once but several times in the same place. In the year 1772, during an eruption of one of the loftjest mountains in Java, the ground began to sink, and a great part of the volcano, and part of the neighboring country, estimated to be fifteen miles long and six miles broad. was swallowed up. During the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, a new quay entirely disappeared; thousands of the inhabitants had taken shelter on it, to be out of the reach of the tottering and falling buildings, when suddenly the quay sunk down with its thousands of human beings, and not one of their dead bedies ever floated to the surface. In the year 1692, during an earthquake in Jamaica, a tract of land about a thousand acres in extent sank down in less than a minute, and the sea immediately took its place. On the north side of the island several large tracts with their whole population were swallowed up, and a lake appeared in their place covering above a thousand acres. Numerous examples of the upraising of the land by earthquakes might be given; we shall enumerate a few of them. On the 19th of November, 1822, a most dreadful earthquake visited the coast of Chili; the shock was felt at the same time throughout a space of one thousand two hundred miles from north to south. When the country around Valparaiso was examined on the morning of the shock, it was found that the entire line of coast, for the distance of more than a hundred miles, was raised above its former level. The area over which this upraising took place was estimated at one hundred thousand square miles: the rise upon the coast was from two to four feet; at the distance of a mile inland, it was estimated from five to seven feet. On the 18th of March in the year 1790, at St. Maria di sea first retired, and laid the bar dry; it then rush-Niscomi, some miles from Terranuovo, near the ed in, rising upwards of fifty feet above its ordisouth coast of Sicily, a loud subterranean noise was nary level. At Kinsale, in Ireland, the sea rushed beard under the town just mentioned, and the day into the harbor, and invaded the land. At Tangier,

ally sunk down for a circumference of three Italian miles, during seven shocks, and in one place to a depth of thirty feet; as the subsidence was unequal, rents were formed, some of which were so wide that they could not be leaped over: this gradual sinking continued to the end of the month. About the middle of this period an opening took place in the subsiding land, about three feet in diameter; through these, continued to flow, for three hours, a stream of mud, which covered a space sixty feet long and thirty feet broad; the mud was saltish and composed of chalky marl and a viscid clay, with fragments of crystalline limestone; it smelt of sulphur and petroleum. On the 16th June 1819, at Cutch, in Bombay, a violent earthquake took place, during which, independent of other changes, the eastern and almost abandoned channel of the Indus was much altered: this estuary was, before the earthquake, fordable at Luckput, being only a foot deep when the tide was at ebb, at flood tide never more than six feet; but it was deepened at the fort of Luckput, after the earthquake, to more than eighteen feet at low water, showing that a considerable depression had taken place. The channel of the river Runn, was so much sunk that, instead of being dry as before, during that period of the year, it was no longer fordable except at one place; and it is remarked by Captain Macmurdoch,-and the observation is of high geological import, as connected with the formation of valleys, of river districts, &c.- 'should the water continue throughout the year, we may perhaps see an inland navigation along the northern shore of Cutch; which, from stone anchors, &c. still to be seen, and the tradition of the country, I believe to have existed at some former period.' Sindree, a small mud fort and village belonging to the Cutch government, situated where the Runn joins the Indua, was overflowed at the time of the shock. The people escaped with difficulty, and the tops of the houses and walls are now alone seen above water. In the year 1790, in the Caraccas, during an earthquake, a portion of granite soil sunk, and left a lake 800 yards in diameter, and from eighty to an hundred feet deep; it was a part of the forest of Aripao which sunk, and the trees remained green for several months under water.

"7. Agitations of the sea. We have already noticed, in a general way, the agitations observed in the sea during earthquakes; we shall now add some particulars illustrative of these motions. During the Lisbon earthquake of 1755, the sea rose along the coast of Spain; and at Cadiz it advanced in the form of vast waves sixty feet high. At Liebon about sixty thousand persons perished. The

in Africa, it rose and fell eighteen times on the will include the whole country which was in any coast. At Funchal, in Madeira, it rose fifteen feet above high-water mark; although the tide, which ebbs and flows there seven feet, was then half ebb. Even ships at sea, a considerable distance from land, felt, in the midst of these convulsive motions, as if hurried across a ridge of rocks. This took place, to a distance of 100 or 270 nautical miles from the coast, during the earthquake at Lisbon in 1816. During the Lisbon earthquake of 1755, the shock was felt at sea, on the deck of a ship to the west of Lisbon, and produced nearly the same feeling as on land. At San Lucar, the captain of the Nancy frigate felt his ship so violently agitated that he thought he had struck on the ground; but, on heaving the lead, found he was in deep water. Captain Clark, from Derina, in N. lat. 36° 24', between nine and ten in the morning, had his ship shaken as if she had struck upon a rock, so that the seams of the deck opened. Dr. Shaw relates, that in 1724, being on board the Gazello, an Algerine ship of 50 guns, they felt such violent shocks, one after another, as if the weight of twenty or thirty tons had been let fall from a good height on the ballast. Schouten, speaking of an earthquake which happened in the Moluccas, says, that the mountains were shaken, and ships that were at anchor in thirty or forty fathoms' water, were jerked as if they had run ashore, or come foul of rocks. Le Genil says, 'that ships at sea and at anchor suffer, during earthquakes, such violent agitations that they seem to be falling asunder; their guns break loose, and their masts spring.'

"8. Notices of particular earthquakes. A full account of all the principal earthquakes that are known would much exceed our limits; we shall, therefore, select only a few of the more interesting.

"No part of Europe is more visited by earthquakes than Italy and the neighboring islands. The first earthquake particularly worthy of notice was that which, in the year 63, destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii. Since that period they have frequently visited Italy and Sicily, but much seldomer from A. D. 63 to the twelfth century, than from that period till modern times, that is, till the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Of these we shall describe one of the most recent in Calabria, and another of still later date in Sicily.

" Earthquake of 1783. The earthquake that so much affected Calabria, and destroyed the city of Messina, raged at unequal periods from the 5th of February till the 28th of March, 1783. According to Sorcia, its principal seat was the small town of Oppido in the neighborhood of Atramonte, a snowcovered peak of the Apennines. From this point, says Sir William Hamilton, around to a distance of twenty-five miles, comprehends the surface of made the like noise, caused by another shock, country which suffered most, and where all the which brought down more houses. The bed of the towns and villages were destroyed. If we describe Tagus was in many places raised to its surface. the circle with a radius of seventy-two miles, it Ships were driven from their anchors, and jostled

way affected by the earthquake. The first shock, on the 5th February, in two minutes threw down the greatest part of the houses in all the cities, towns, and villages from the western acclivities of the Apennines, in Calabria Ultra, to Messina in Sicily, and convulsed the whole surface of the country. Another shock, which took place on the 25th of March, was nearly equally violent. granite chain which extends through Calabria from north to south was but slightly agitated, the principal shocks being propagated with a wave-like motion through the tertiary sands, sand-stones, and clays, from west to east. It was remarked that the violence of the shock was greatest at the line of junction of the granite and tertiary rocks, occasioned probably by the interruption of the undulatory movement of the softer strata by the harder granite. The granite range also prevented the passage of the shocks to the countries on the opposite side of the mountain-range. About 200 towns and villages were destroyed, more than one hundred hills slid down, fell together, dammed up rivers, and formed lakes: numerous rents, often of vast magnitude, were formed; many subsidences and also upraisings of the ground took place; and the general features of the country were so much changed that they could scarcely be recognized. Thus, in a very short space of time, the whole country was as much changed as if it had been exposed to common influences for many thousand years. The total number of human beings that perished was estimated at 100,000, and it was difficult to find even distant relations to succeed to the property of some families.

" Earthquake of Lisbon in 1755. In no part of southern Europe has so tremendous an earthquake occurred as that which began on the 1st of November 1755. On the morning of that day, at thirtyfive minutes after nine, without the least warning, except a noise like thunder heard under ground, a most dreadful earthquake shook, by short but quick vibrations, the foundations of Lisbon, so that many of the principal edifices fell to the ground in an instant: then, with a scarcely perceptible pause, the nature of the motion changed, now resembling that of a wagon driven violently over rough stones, which laid in ruins almost every house, church, convent, and public building, with an incredible destruction of the people. It continued in all about six minutes. At the moment of its beginning, some persons on the Tagus, near a mile from the city, heard their boat make a noise as if it had run aground, though then in deep water, and saw at the same time houses falling on both sides of the river. Four or five minutes after, the boat

together with great violence; and the masters did | The water came on in vast black mountains, white not know if they were affoat or aground. The large quay, called Caez de Padra, was overturned, crowded with people, and sunk to an unfathomable The earth was observed to open in several places, depth in the water, not so much as one body afterwards appearing. The bar was seen dry from shore to shore; then suddenly the sea, like a mountain, came rolling in, and about Belem castle the water rose fifty feet almost in an instant; and had it not been for the great bay opposite the city, which received and spread the great flux, the lower part must have been under water. As it was it came up to the houses, and drove the inhabitants to the hill. About noon, there was another shock, when the walls of several houses which were yet standing were seen to open from top to bottom more than a quarter of a yard, but closed again so exactly as to leave scarce any mark of injury. It is remarked, that on the 1st of November, 1756, being the anniversary of the fatal tragedy of this unhappy city, another shock gave the inhabitants so terrible an alarm that they were preparing for their flight into the country, but were prevented by several regiments of horse placed all around by the king's orders. Many of the largest mountains in Portugal during the great earthquake were shaken as it were to their foundation, and many of them opened at their summits, split, and rent, and huge masses of them were cast down into the subjacent vallevs. The same dreadful visitation was experienced at Oporto. We are told that at about forty minutes past nine in the morning, the sky being serene, was heard a dreadful hollow noise like thunder or the rattling of coaches over rugged stones at a distance; and almost at the same instant was felt a severe shock of an earthquake, which lasted six or seven minutes, during which, every thing shook and rattled. It rent several churches. In the streets the earth was seen to heave under the people's feet, as if in labor. The river was also amazingly affected; for in the space of a minute or two, it rose and fell five or six feet, and continued to do so for four hours. The river Douro was observed to burst open in some parts, and discharge vast quantities of air; and the agitation was so great in the sea, beyond the bar, that it was imagined the air got vent there also.

"On the fatal day of the great earthquake of Lisbon, at Ayamonte, near where the Guadiana falls into the bay of Cadiz, a little before ten o'clock, immediately on a rushing noise being heard, a terrible earthquake was felt, which during fourteen or afteen minutes damaged almost all the buildings. In little more than half an hour after, the sea and river, with all their canals, overflowed their bounds with great violence, laying under water all the coasts of the islands adjacent to the city and its neighborhood, flowing into the streets. The water rose three times, after it had as many times subsided. One of the swells was at the time of ebb.

with foam at the top, and demolished more than half of the town at the bar called De Canala. and from the apertures flowed vast quantities of water.

"At Cadiz, in the same morning, some minutes after nine, the whole town was shaken with a violent earthquake, which lasted about five minutes. The water in the cisterns under ground rolled backwards and forwards. At ten minutes after eleven, a wave was seen coming from sea, eight miles off, at least sixty feet higher than usual. It dashed against the west part of the city; at last it came upon the walls, beat in the breast-work, and carried pieces of eight or ten tons weight forty or fifty yards from the wall. When the wave was gone, some parts that are deep at low water were left quite dry, for the water returned there with the same violence as it came. On the same eventful morning Gibraltar was agitated by an earthquake. It lasted about two minutes. The guns on the battery were seen to rise, others to sink, the earth heaving an undulating motion. Most people were seized with giddiness and sickness, and some fell down, others were stupified, though many that were walking or riding felt no motion, but were sick. The sea rose six feet every fifteen minutes, and fell so low that boats and all the small craft near the shore were left aground, as were numbers of fish. Ships in the bay seemed as if they had struck on rocks. The flux and reflux lasted till six next morning, having decreased gradually from two in the afternoon.

"This earthquake excited much attention, from the incredibly great extent at which alighter contemporary shocks were experienced. They extended from Greenland and Iceland to Norway, Sweden, Germany, Britain, Switzerland, France, Spain, Morocco, Salee, Fez, Teutan, and even to the West Indies and the lake Ontario in North-America.

"However dreadful many of the earthquakes of Europe were, they bear no comparison with those which have desolated many parts of Asia. Passing over those which were observed in the islands, on the eastern continent, and in the environs of the Caspian Sea, our attention is particularly drawn towards Syria, on account of the ravages it has frequently experienced.

"Gibbon, in the forty-third chapter of his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, gives the following account of the earthquake that took place at Antioch in A. D. 526, May 30. 'The near approach of a comet may injure or destroy the globe which we inhabit; but the changes on its surface have been hitherto produced by the action of volcanoes and earthquakes. The nature of the soil may indicate the countries most exposed to these formidable concussions, since they are caused by

the reach of human curiosity, and the philosopher summation of their crimes. Superstition involves silently filtrate on the inflammable mineral, and to the virtue or repentance of individuals, an afsigning the cause, history will distinguish the pe- homage the wrath of an avenging Deity.' riods in which these calamitous events have been 1169, single shocks continued for four months; and rare or frequent, and will observe, that this fever in 1202 another earthquake destroyed many cities, of the earth raged with uncommon violence during filled up the valleys of Lebanon, and shattered the the reign of Justinian. Each year is marked by basaltic districts of Hauran, so that, according to the repetition of earthquakes, of such duration, that the expression then current, it was no longer pos-Constantinople has been shaken above forty days; sible to say, here stood this or that city. A dreadof such extent, that the shock has been communi- ful earthquake took place in 1759; the shocks coneated to the whole surface of the globe, or at least tinued for six months. At the first shock the cities of the Roman empire. An impulsive or vibratory of Antioch, Balbec, Acre, Tripoli, &c. were laid motion was felt: enormous chasms were opened, in ruins, and 30,000 persons killed. The more reair, the sea alternately advanced and retreated beyond its ordinary bounds, and a mountain was torn pretected, as a mole, the new harbor of Botrys, in within the pashalic of Aleppo, was within ten or Phænicia. The stroke that agitates an ant-hill. may crush the insect myriads in the dust; yet, truth must extort a confession, that man has industriously labored for his own destruction. The institution of great cities, which include a nation within the limits of a wall, almost realizes the wish of Caligula, that the Roman people had but one neck. Two hundred and fifty thousand persons are said to have perished in the earthquake of Antioch, whose domestic multitudes were swelled by the is rarely visited by slight shocks, but they are more conflux of strangers to the festival of the Ascenbut of much greater value. That city, on the coast the contrary, America, particularly in the southern of Phœnicia, was illustrated by the study of the parts, is inferior to no part of the world for the civil law, which opened the surest road to wealth magnitude, number, and duration of its earthquakes. and dignity: the schools of Berytus were filled We shall now mention a few of the greatest rewith the rising spirits of the age, and many a youth corded by naturalists. To these belong the earthwas lost in the earthquake who might have lived to quake of 1746, which, within five minutes, destroyed be the scourge or the guardian of his country. In the greater part of Lima; Callao was inundated; these disasters, the architect becomes the enemy and of 4000 persons, 200 only escaped. The of mankind. The hut of a savage, or the tent of destruction of New Andalusia, on the 21st of Octoan Arab, may be thrown down without injury to ber, 1766, was equally terrible. The shocks exthe inhabitants; and the Peruvians had reason to tended over Cumana, Caraccas, Maracaibo, the deride the folly of their Spanish conquerors, who shores of the Casanar, the Meta, the Orinoco, and with so much cost and labor erected their own Ventures; and the granite districts in the mission sepulchres. The rich marbles of a patrician are of Encaranada were also shaken by their violence. dashed on his own head; a whole people is buried An earthquake, in 1797, destroyed a great part of under the ruins of public and private edifices, and Peru. It proceeded from the volcano Tunguragua, the conflagration is kindled and propagated by the continued with slight shocks during the whole of innumerable fires which are necessary for the sub- | February and March, and returned on the 15th of sistence and manufactures of a great city. Instead April, with increased violence. Many places were of the mutual sympathy which might comfort and filled up by the summits of mountains tumbling assist the distressed, they dreadfully experience the down; muddy water flowed from the volcano; and vices and passions which are released from the fear spreading over the country, became afterwards an

subterraneous fires, and such fires are kindled by by intrepid avarice; revenge embraces the mothe union and fermentation of iron and sulphur. ment, and selects the victim; and the earth often But their times and effects appear to lie beyond swallows the assassin or the ravisher in the conwill discreetly abstain from the prediction of earth-the present danger with invisible terrors; and if quakes, till he has counted the drops of water that the image of death may sometimes be subservient measured the eaverns which increase by resistance frighted people is more forcibly moved to expect the explosion of the imprisoned air. Without as- the end of the world, or to deprecate with service huge and heavy bodies were discharged into the cent earthquake, of 1822, lasted still longer, and committed dreadful ravages. On the 13th of August, in one horrible night, Aleppo, Antioch, Biha. from Libanus, and cast into the waves, where it Gesser, indeed every single village and cottage twelve seconds, completely destroyed, and converted into a heap of rubbish: no less than 20,000 people lost their lives, and many more were mutilated; a very great number, considering the low population of these places.

"Africa is very little known, and we are therefore ignorant of any earthquakes in its interior, where they may occur as frequently as in other places. The southern extremity of this continent numerous in the north, where, in March, 1825, they The loss of Berytus was of smaller account, did considerable damage to Algiers and Blida. On of punishment: the tottering houses are pillaged indurated crust of clay. The entire number of

No earthquake could well be more destructive to attacked chiefly by Stukely, who, from the pheany place than that which destroyed the Caraccas nomena of two earthquakes observed at London on in 1812, and of which Humboldt has given an excellent description. The Caraccas was thought secure on account of its primitive mountains, although in 1641, 1703, and 1778, violent earthquakes were experienced, and a slighter shock in 1802. Humboldt, from actual inspection, had no doubt but this country, from being in a volcanic region, must be liable to such disasters. In December, 1811, various shocks were felt; on the 12th of March, 1812, the city of Caraccas was destroyed. The sky was clear, and in Venezuela, there had not been a drop of rain for five months: there was no forewarning prognostic, for the first shock at seven minutes past four in the afternoon came on unexpectedly, and set the bells a ringing. This was immediately succeeded by a second shock, which caused a waving and rolling motion in the earth, then a subterraneous rumbling noise was beard, and there was a third shock, in which the motion was perpendicular, and sometimes rolling horizontally, with a violence which nothing could withstand. The people, in place of flying directly to the open fields, flocked in crowds to the churches, where arrangements had been made for a procession; and the multitudes assembled there were buried beneath the ruins. Two churches 150 feet high, and supported by columns of from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, fell in a mass of rubbish, and were for the most part ground into dust. The Caserne el Quartel vanished almost entirely, and a regiment of soldiers stationed there, and about to join the procession, disappeared at the same time along with it; a few individuals only escaped; nine-tenths of the city were completely destroyed, and most of the houses that remained were rendered uninhabitable; the number of people killed was reckoned at nearly 10,000, without including those who perished afterwards from bruises and want of sustenance. The clouds of dust having fallen, were succeeded by a serene night, which formed a frightful contrast with the destruction on the earth, and with the dead bodies lying scattered among the ruins. The duration of each particular shock was reckoned by some 50 seconds, by others 1 minute 12 seconds. These shocks extended over the provinces of Venezuela, Varinas, Maracaibo, and into the mountains in the interior. La Guayra, Mayquatia, La Vega, St. Felipe and Merida, were almost entirely destroyed. In La Guayra and St. Felipe the number of persons killed was about 5000. On the 5th of April, another violent earthquake took place, during which enormous fragments were detached from the mountains. It was said that the mountain Silla lost from 350 to 360 feet of its height by sinking.

sis, which attributed volcanic eruptions and earth- clusive privileges originally conceded till 1688.

persons who perished on this occasion was 16,000. | quakes to the operation of central fire, was at first the 8th February, and 8th of March, 1749, endeavored to prove that they were caused by a highly overcharged state of the electric fluid. Andrew Bena affirms, that they are sudden explosions, caused by gas in the interior of the earth, which he believes would be found there inclosed in reservoirs of sulphur and bitumen. Beccaria, as is known, endeavored to attribute to electricity every thing that had any probable affinity for it; hence he believed that an accumulation of it in the crust of the earth produced concussions with the clouds, and then exhibited the appearance of earthquakes. Humboldt found it to be a prevailing opinion in America that earthquakes are electrical phenomena; but observes, that this must be excused by reason of the partiality entertained for Franklin. The invention of the Voltaic pile, and the observation of its singular operations, induced many philosophers, at 'least those naturalists who were perfectly intimate with the nature of this remarkable apparatus, to consider the whole earth as a column or pile of this description, or that it contains an apparatus of this description in its inte-These fancies, however, lead to nothing rior. satisfactory. Where then can we seek for the cause or causes of earthquakes? The subject is entirely hypothetical, as we have no means of reaching the seat of these remarkable phenomena. The theory of the earthquake is the same as that of the volcano. The agitations may be produced by the motions of the liquid and gaseous matter at a great depth in the crust of the earth endeavoring to escape."

BRANDE'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

PART IV.

We have already noticed other parts of this valuable and cheap work, now in process of publication, by the Harpers. It is published semimonthly at 25 cents the number; and that our readers may have a proper understanding as to the scope and tendency of the work, we promised to give from time to time, such extracts as our limits will admit of, and which will best serve so desirable a purpose. With this view we make the following extracts:

"EAST INDIA COMPANY. A famous joint stock association originally established to carry on the trade between this country and the East Indies, or rather with the countries to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope. It was constituted by royal charter in 1600, and continued, notwithstanding "Cause of Earthquakes.—The original hypothe- repeated efforts to open the trade, to enjoy the ex-

At that period the power of the crown to restrain | increase of trade with India, but that we should the freedom of trade without the sanction of parliament having been denied, a rival association obtained an act of parliament in its favor; but after a variety of negotiations, which it is unnecessary to specify, the two corporations were joined in 1702 under the name of 'The United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies;' an appellation which has been continued to the present day. In 1708 the United Company was secured by parliament in the exclusive privilege of trading to all places eastward.of the Cape of Good Hope to the Straits of Magellan; and this privilege, with some modifications, was confirmed and prolonged by successive acts of parliament down to 1814. By the act 53 Geo. 3. c. 133., passed in 1813, the East India Company's charter was renewed for twenty years; but it then received some important modifications, by which a restricted intercourse was permitted to all British merchants with the whole of the Company's Indian possessions; the monopoly of the trade between England and China being, however, retained, in the hands of the East India Company. These concessions paved the way for the act of 1833, by which, though the Company's charter was prolonged till 1854, not only was the monopoly of the China trade abolished, but an end wholly put to the Company's original character of a commercial association.

"But it is not as a commercial association so much as a great territorial power, that the East India company has become so distinguished. first establishments of the English in India, as of other European nations, arose out of the alleged necessity of providing armed factories or strongholds, where the adventurers might warehouse their goods, and reside in safety for the purpose of carrying on their intercourse with the natives; but the factories speedily degenerated into fortifications, and the garrisons into armies. For a while the power of the English and French was pretty nearly the famous Lord Clive gave us a decided superiority over every competitor, foreign or native, and extended our sway over some of the largest and finest portions of the Mogul empire. The policy of Clive, whether it were really approved by the succeeding governors-general of our Indian dominions, or were forced upon them by necessity, has, some few short intervals excepted, been steadily followed up; and with such signal success, that our amount of our exports to the United States. Indian empire comprises at present the whole of

draw from her an immense amount of surplus revenue, or tribute. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that these expectations have been entirely disappointed. Great abuses existed in the government of the Bengal provinces when conquered by Clive; the servants of the East India Company making large fortunes by the oppression of the natives and the ruin of the country. But, notwithstanding the eradication of the abuses in question, the immense additions that have since been made to our empire, and the oppressive taxes laid on the natives, it is not very clear that England has hitherto derived any direct revenue from India. distance of the country, and the totally dissimilar language and customs of the people, are very great obstacles to our governing it with the economy necessary to make it yield any considerable amount of surplus revenue. The East India Company always contended, that the profits made by their monopoly of the China trade were necessary to enable them to conduct the government of India. But, though there are strong grounds on which to impeach the accuracy of this statement, still it is abundantly clear that the surplus revenue we have derived from India, supposing there has been any such, has been comparatively inconsiderable; and quite trifling, indeed, compared with our own anticipations, and with the notions entertained by others of its magnitude.

"Until 1815 and 1816, when the continued fall in the price of cotton goods, caused by the astonishing discoveries and inventions of Arkwright, and the other founders and improvers of the cotton manufacture, enabled us to export cottons to India and to undersell the natives, the trade between this country and India was of the most limited description. Previously to the opening of the trade in 1813-'14, the total amount of the exports of all sorts, including the important item of military stores, by the East India Company and by private traders in balanced in India; but the talents and victories of the Company's ships, did not amount to 1,400,000l. a year; and even on this a considerable loss is believed to have been incurred! But such has been the increased demand for British cottons, that the value of those exported to India amounts, at present, to above 2,500,000%. a year, and the whole of our exports to her to near 4,000,000l. this, considering the vast extent of India, is but a trifling export; it is, in fact, less than half the

"The restricted amount of our commerce with Hindostan from the Himalaya Mountains to Cape India may, perhaps, be in some degree, ascribed to Comorin, with a population of above 120 millions! its having been so long monopolized by the East "The most exaggerated accounts have been at India Company. But this will not explain the all times current in Europe of the extraordinary small surplus of Indian revenue; for, however illwealth of India, and of the importance of the com- fitted to serve as a commercial engine, the East merce with that part of the world. After the vic- India Company has governed India with singular teries of Lord Clive, the most sanguine expecta- discretion; and has made the most praiseworthy tions began to be cutertained, not only of a vast efforts to enforce economy in all departments of all situations of power and emolument in that country. The patronage of India has always been less jobbed and abused than that of England; and there are few governments that have made more vigorous exertions to repress abuse, and to protect-the rights of their subjects.

"Under the act 3 & 4 W. 4. c. 85., to which we have alluded above, for continuing the charter till 1854, the functions of the East India Company have been rendered wholly political. She is to continue to govern India, with the concurrence and under the supervision of the Board of Control, nearly on the plan laid down in Mr. Pitt's act, in 1784, by which the Board of Control was constituted. All the real and personal property belonging to the company on the 22d of April, 1834, is vested in the crown, and is to be held or managed by the company in trust for the same; subject, of course, to all claims, debts, contracts, &c. already in existence, or that may hereafter be brought into existence by competent authority. The company's debts and liabilities are all charged on India. The dividend, which is to continue at 101 per cent, is to be paid in England out of the revenues of India; and provision is made for the establishment of a security fund for its discharge. The dividend may be redeemed by parliament, on payment of 2001. for 1001. stock, any time after April, 1874; but it is provided, in the event of the company being deprived of the government of India in 1854, that they may claim redemption of the dividend any time thereafter upon 3 years' notice. (3 & 4 Will. 4. c. 85.)

"Company's Stock-forms a capital of 6,000,000l. into which all persons, natives or foreigners, males or females, bodies politic or corporate (the Governor and Company of the bank of England only excepted), are at liberty to purchase, without limitation of amount. Since 1793, the dividends have been 101 per cent, to which they are limited by the late act.

"General Courts.-The proprietors in general court assembled are empowered to enact by-laws, and in other respects are competent to the complete investigation, regulation, and control of every branch of the company's concerns; but, for the more prompt despatch of business, the executive detail is vested in a court of directors. A general court is required to be held once in the months of March, June, September, and December, in each year. No one can be present at a general court unless possessed of 500l. stock; nor can any person vote upon the determination of any question who has not been in possession of 1000l. stock for the preceding 12 months, unless such stock have been obtained by bequest or marriage. Persons possessed of 1000l. stock are empowered to give a single vote; 3000l. are a qualification for two votes;

the administration, and to appoint the best men to | for four votes. There were 2003 proprietors on the company's books in 1825; of these, 1494 were qualified to give single votes; 392, two votes; 69, three votes; and 48, four votes. Upon any special occasion, 9 proprietors, duly qualified by the possession of 1000/. stock, may, by a requisition in writing to the court of directors, call a general court; which the directors, are required to summon within 10 days, or, in default, the proprietors may call such court by notice affixed upon the Royal Exchange. In all such courts the questions are decided by a majority of voices; in case of an equality, the determination must be by the treasurer drawing a lot. Nine proprietors may, by a requisition in writing, demand a ballot upon any question, which shall not be taken within 24 hours after the breaking up of the general court.

> "Court of Directors.—The court of directors is composed of 24 members, chosen from among the proprietors, each of whom must be possessed of 2000l. stock; nor can any director, after being chosen, act longer than while he continues to hold stock. Of these, 6 are chosen on the second Wednesday in April in each year, to serve for 4 years, in the room of 6 who have completed such service. After an interval of 12 months, those who had gone out by rotation are eligible to be reëlected for the ensuing 4 years. Formerly, no person who had been in the company's civil or military service in India was eligible to be elected a director, until he had been a resident in England two years after quitting the service; but this condition no longer exists; and all civil or military servants of the company in India, supposing they are otherwise eligible, may be chosen directors immediately on their return to England, provided they have no unsettled accounts with the company; if so, they are ineligible for 2 years after their return, unless their accounts be sooner settled. (3 & 4 Will. 4. c. 85. § 28.) The directors choose annually, from amongst themselves, a chairman and a deputychairman. They are required by by-laws to meet once in every week at least; but they frequently meet oftener, as occasion requires. Not less than 13 can form a court. Their determinations are guided by a majority. In case of an equality, the question must be decided by the drawing of a lot by the treasurer; upon all questions of importance, the sense of the court is taken by ballot. The company's officers both at home and abroad, receive their appointments immediately from the court, to whom they are responsible for the due and faithful discharge of the trust reposed in them. The patronage is, nevertheless, so arranged, as that each member of the court separately participates there-

"Secret Committee .- The principal powers of the court of directors are vested in a scoret committee, forming a sort of cabinet or privy council. 6000% for three votes; and 10,000% and upwards All communications of a confidential or delicate

nature between the Board of Control and the company are submitted, in the first instance at least, to the consideration of this committee; and the directions of the board, as to political affairs, may be transmitted direct to India, through the committee, without being seen by the other directors. The secret committee is appointed by the court of directors, and its members are sworn to secrecy.

"The territorial possessions of the East India Company are divided into the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, at each of which from Mr. M'Culloch's Statistics, vol. ii. p. 519. the executive government is administered by a go-

vernor and three councillors, the governor of the Bengal presidency being at the same time governor-general of India. In their several presidencies, the governors and their councillors possess the privilege of enacting and enforcing laws; subject, however, in some cases, to the concurrence of the supreme court of judicature, and, in all cases, to the approval of the court of directors and the board of control.

"We copy the following tables of revenue, &c.

An Account of the Total Annual Revenues and Charges of the British Possessions in India under the East India Company, from 1809-10 to 1829-30; showing also the Nett Charge of Bencoolen, Prince of Wales Island, and St. Helena, the interest paid on account of Debts in India, and the Amount of Territorial Charges paid in England.—
(Parl. Papers, No. 22, Sess. 1830, and No. 306, Sess. 1833.)

		l l	Nett		Territorial charges paid in England.			Genera	l Result.	
Years.	Total Gross Revenues of India.		Charge of Bencoolen, &c.	Interest on Debts.	Cost of Political Stores.	Payments, Pensions, &c.	Total.	Surplus Revenue.	Surplus Charge.	
		\overline{L}		${\overline{L}.}$		L.	L.	L.	L.	
180910 -	16,464,391	13,775,577	203,361	2,159,019	190,128	867,097	1,057,225		730,791	
181011 -	16,679,198	13,909,983	199,663	2,196,691	217,703	901,688	1,119,391		736,530	
1811—12 -	16,605,616	13,220,967	168,288	1,457,077	154,998	922,770	1,077,768	681,516	1	
1812—13 -	16,459,774	13,659,429	201,349	1,491,870	193,784	1,184,976	1,379,768		271,634	
1813-14 -	17,228,711	13,617,725	209,957	1,537,434	64,257	1,148,156	1,212,413	651,182	1	
1814—15 -	17,231,191	14,182,454	204,250	1,502,217	129,873	1,064.223	1,194,596	147,677		
1815—16 -	17,168,195	15,081,587	225,558	1,584,157	81,903	1,199,952	1,281,885		1,004,992	
1816—17 -	18,010,135	15,129,839	205,372	1,719,470	194,374	1,071,176	1,265,550		310,096	
1817—18 -	18,305,265	15,844,964	219,793	1,753,018	81,941	1,094,701	1,176,642		689,152	
181819 -	19,392,002	17,558,615	210,224	1,665,921	133,162	1,150,378	1.280,540		1,323,305	
181920 -	19,172,506	17,040,848	142,049	1,940,327	265,055	1,150,391	1.415,446		1,466,164	
1820-21 -	21,292,036	17,520,612	220,043	1,902,585	228,058	1,072,106	1,300,164	348,632		
1821—22 -	21,753,271	17,555,668	207,816	1,932,835	202,735	1,175,149	1,337,834	979,068		
1822-23 -	23,120,934	18.083,482	154,761	1,694,731	204,147	1,354,960	1,559,107	1 528,853		
1823-24 -	21,238,623	18,902,511	257,276	1,652,449	395,276	758,590	1,153,866		. 727,479	
182425 -	20,705,152	20,410,929	279,277	1,460,433	414,181	1,166,078	1,580,259		3,025,746	
1825-26 -	21,096,960	22,346,365	214,285	1,575,941	740,728	1,076,504	1,817,232		4,856,857	
1826-27 -	23,327,753	21,424,894	207,973	1,749,068	1,111,792	1,318,102	2,429,894		2,484,076	
182728 -	22,818,184	41,778,431	272,014	1,958,313	805,016	1,255,125	2,060,141		3,250,715	
182829 -	22,692,711	19,298,622	250,794	2,121,165	449,603	1,517,802	1,967,405		945,275	
1829-30 -	21,662,310	18,300,715	213,304	3,007,693	293,873	1,454,867	1,748,740		608,142	

ABSTRACT VIEW of the Revenues and Charges of India for the Years 1831-32, 1832-33, 1833-34, and (by estimate,) 1834-35.

222,155	1832-33 <i>L.</i> 9,487,778 2,969,956 1,497,308	3,235,233		Bengal Agra Madras	1831-32 L. 7,535,170	1832-33 L. 7,687,228	, ,	1834-35. <i>L</i> . 6,749,295 581,800
474,084 222,155	9,487,778 2,969,956	8,844,241 3,235,233	5,445,100 3,657,900 3,301,982	Agra Madras	7,535,170	7,687,228	7,018,449	6,749,295
222,155	2,969,956	3,235,233	3,657,900 3,301,982	Agra Madras				
			3,301,982	Madras				581.800
							3,258,995	
			1,503,782	Bombay	3,239,261 2,060,498	3,174,347 2,034,710		
				,				
i			1	Total Charges				
199,155	13,955,642	13,680,165	13,908,764		12,834,929	12,896,285	12,245,489	12,313,246
1			1	of St. Helena	04 159	95 553	91.641	10,986
]	Charge on act.	01,100	50,500	31,011	20,000
			1	of India in				
				England -	1,476,655	1,227,536	1,293,637	2,162,868
				Total Charges				
				of India.	14,405,736	14,219,374	13,680,767	14,487,100
	004.000			Surplus of ordi-	' '	' '	40.000	
207,581	264,332	}	578,336	nary revenue	•	1	49,398	
405 726	14 910 974	12 690 165	14 497 100		14 405 726	14 910 974	12 690 165	14 497 100
•	207,581	207,581 264,332	207,581 264,332	207,581 264,332 578,336	198,155 13,955,842 13,680,165 13,908,764 in India. Charge on act. of St. Helena. Charge on act. of India in England - Total Charges of India Surplus of ordi-	198,155 13,955,642 13,680,165 13,908,764 in India. Charge on act. of St. Helena. Charge on act. of India in England - Total Charges of India Surplus of ordinary reyenue 14,405,736	199,155 13,955,642 13,680,165 13,908,764 in India. Charge on act. of St. Helena. Charge on act. of India in England - Total Charges of India Surplus of ordinary revenue 207,581 264,332 578,336 27	198,155 13,955,642 13,680,165 13,908,764 in India. Charge on act. of St. Helena. Charge on act. of India in England - Total Charges of India. 1,476,655 1,227,536 1,293,637 Total Charges of India. 5urplus of ordinary revenue 14,405,736 14,219,374 13,680,767 49,398

N. B.—The Company realized in 1834-35 the sum of 10,679,2231, by the sale of commercial assets. The debts of the Company in India on the 30th of April, 1834, amounted to 34,463,483l., bearing an interest of 1,754,545l a year. [Parl. Paper, No. 380, Sess. 1836.

We subjoin the following table, exhibiting the extent and population of India, which we copy from the second edition of Mr. Hamilton's Indian Gazettee. Some later accounts have been published as to the population of particular provinces; but we believe that this is the most accurate statement that has hitherto been framed, embracing the whole country.

	British Square Miles.	Population.
Bengal, Bahar, and Benares	162,000	39,000,000
Additions in Hindostan since A. D. 1765	I48.000	18,000,000
Gurwal, Kumoon, and the tract between the Sutuleje and Jumna	18,000	500,000
Total under the Bengal presidency	328,000	57,500,000
Under the Madras presidency	154,000	15,000,000
Under the Bombay presidency	11,000	2,500,000
Territories in the Deccan, &c., acquired since 1815, consisting of the Peishwa's domin-	,	-,,
ions, &c., and since mostly attached to the Bombay presidency	600,000	-8,000,000
Total under the British government	553,000	83,000,000
British Allies and Tributaries.		
The Nizam	96,000	10,000,000
The Nagpoor Raja	75,000	3,000,000
The King of Oude	20,000	3,000,000
The Guicowar	18,000	2,000,000
Kotah, 6,500; Boondee, 2,500; Bopaul, 5,000	14,000	1,500,000
The Mysore Raja	27,000	3,000,000
The Satara Raja	14,000	1,500,000
Travancore, 6,000; Cochin, 2,000	8,000	1,000,000
Travancore, 6,000; Cochin, 2,000 Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection	8,000 283,000	
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other raj- poot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurthopor, Macherry, and nu- merous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all compre-	·	1,000,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES.	283,000 1,103,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES.	283,000 1,103,000 53,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000 2,000,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES.	283,000 1,103,000 53,000 50,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000 2,000,000 3,000,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES. The Nepaul Raja The Lahore Raja (Runjeet Singh) The Ameers of Sinde	283,000 1,103,000 53,000 50,000 24,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000 2,000,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES. The Nepaul Raja The Lahore Raja (Runjeet Singh) The Ameers of Sinde The dominions of Sindia	283,000 1,103,000 53,000 50,000 24,000 40,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000 2,000,000 3,000,000 1,000,000 4,000,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES. The Nepaul Raja The Lahore Raja (Runjeet Singh) The Ameers of Sinde	283,000 1,103,000 53,000 50,000 24,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000 2,000,000 3,000,000 1,000,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES. The Nepaul Raja The Lahore Raja (Runjeet Singh) The Ameers of Sinde The dominions of Sindia	283,000 1,103,000 53,000 50,000 24,000 40,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000 2,000,000 1,000,000 4,000,000 1,000,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES. The Nepanl Raja The Lahore Raja (Runjeet Singh) The Ameers of Sinde The dominions of Sindia The Cabul sovereign, east of the Indus Grand total of Hindostan INDIA BEYOND THE GANGES.—British Acquisitions in 1824 and 1825. Countries south of Rangoon, consisting of half the province of Martaban, and the pro-	283,000 1,103,000 53,000 50,000 24,000 40,000 10,000 1,280,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000 2,000,000 1,000,000 4,000,000 1,000,000 1,000,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES. The Nepaul Raja The Lahore Raja (Runjeet Singh) The Ameers of Sinde The dominions of Sindia The Cabul sovereign, east of the Indus Grand total of Hindostan INDIA BEYOND THE GANGES.—British Acquisitions in 1824 and 1825. Countries south of Rangoon, consisting of half the provinces of Martaban, and the provinces of Tavoy, Ye, Tenasserin, and the Mergui isles	283,000 1,103,000 v 53,000 50,000 24,000 40,000 10,000 1,290,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000 2,000,000 1,000,000 4,000,000 1,000,000 134,000,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES. The Nepanl Raja The Lahore Raja (Runjeet Singh) The Ameers of Sinde The dominions of Sindia The Cabul sovereign, east of the Indus Grand total of Hindostan INDIA BEYOND THE GANGES.—British Acquisitions in 1824 and 1825. Countries south of Rangoon, consisting of half the province of Martaban, and the provinces of Tayoy, Ye, Tenasserin, and the Mergui isles The province of Arracan Countries from which the Burmese have been expelled, consisting of Assam and the	283,000 1,103,000 53,000 50,000 24,000 40,000 10,000 1,280,000 11,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000 2,000,000 3,000,000 4,000,000 1,000,000 134,000,000 51,000
Under the Rajas of Jondpour, Jeypoor, Odeypoor, Bicancere, Jesselmere, and other rajpoot chiefs, Holcar, Ameer Khan, the Row of Kutch, Bhurtpoor, Macherry, and numerous other petty chiefs, Seikes, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties, all comprehended within the line of British protection Total under the British government and its allies INDEPENDENT STATES. The Nepsul Raja The Lahore Raja (Runjeet Singh) The Ameers of Sinde The dominions of Sindia The Cabul sovereign, east of the Indus Grand total of Hindostan INDIA BEYOND THE GANGES.—British Acquisitions in 1824 and 1825. Countries south of Rangoon, consisting of half the province of Martaban, and the provinces of Tavoy, Ye, Tenasserin, and the Mergui isles The province of Arracan	283,000 1,103,000 v 53,000 50,000 24,000 40,000 10,000 1,290,000	1,000,000 15,000,000 123,000,000 2,000,000 1,000,000 4,000,000 1,000,000 134,000,000

duties imposed on articles produced or manufactured at home, while in the possession of the producers or manufacturers. They were introduced into England by the Long Parliament in 1643, being then laid on the makers and venders of ale, beer, cider, and perry. The royalists soon after followed the example of the republicans; both sides declaring that the excise should be continued no longer than the termination of the war. But it was found too productive a source of revenue to be again relinquished; and when the nation had been accustomed to it for a few years, the parliament declared, in 1649, that the impost of excise was the most easy and indifferent levy that could be laid upon the people. It was placed on a new footing at the Restoration; and notwithstanding Mr. Justice Blackstone says, that 'from its first original to the present time, its very name has been odious to the people of England' (Com. book i. c. principle, though the rate of duty might, in some 8.), it has continued progressively to gain ground; instances, be advantageously reduced. It has been

"Excise Duties, in Revenue and Finance, are | tant articles, and furnishes nearly a third part of the entire public revenue of the kingdom.

" For the more easy levy of the excise duties, England and Wales are divided into about fifty-six collections, some of which are called by the names of particular counties, others by the names of great towns. Where one county is divided into several collections, or where a collection comprises the contiguous parts of several counties, every such collection is subdivided into several districts, within which there is a supervisor; and each district is again subdivided into out-rides and foot-walks. within each of which there is a surveying officer or guager. Some excise duties, that were justly objected to, have been repealed within these few years; and with the exception of the duty on glass, which interferes injuriously with the manufacture, we are not sure that there is one of the existing duties that can be fairly objected to on and is at this moment imposed on several impor- said, that the excise duties 'greatly raise the cost of subsistence to the laboring classes.' But this ble, and without any of that verbosity, repetition, assertion has really no foundation. In fact, the and technical jargon that infects acts of parliaonly excise duty that can be said to fall on a neces- ment, and renders them all but incomprehensible to sary of life is that on soap, which produced in ordinary persons. A manufacturer abiding by this 1838 (in Great Britain) 809,0311.; but as the population of Great Britain amounts at present to about 18,000,000, the soap tax cannot, at an average, impose a burden of 11d. a year on each in-effect. It would be an immense improvement, and dividual. If we estimate its annual pressure on a would go far to obviate the only good objection to laboring family of five persons at from 2s. 6d. to the excise duties." 3s., we shall not be within but beyond the mark.

"The only taxes, in the various departments of the revenue, that can be truly said to fall on articles necessary to the laborer, are, besides soap, principally those on tea and sugar. We incline to think that the duties on these articles might be very materially reduced without affecting the revenue; but, however that may be, it cannot be truly affirmed that they entail any grievous burden on the laboring classes, The entire nett produce of the excise duties in Great Britain in 1838 amounted to 12,775,955l., of which the duties on spirits and malt, that is, on spirits and beer, produced no less than 8,604,1151. In Ireland, during the same year, the excise duties amounted to 1,974,566l., of which the spirit and malt duties furnished above four-fifths, or 1,795,1651. The rate at which this revenue was collected was nearly 61 per cent. in Great Britain, and 91 per cent. in Ireland. Now, we are bold to say, that no equal amount of revenue was ever raised with so little inconvenience or injury to the contributors. Even though they were not required by the public exigencies, the duties on spirits obstruct a pernicious habit, and should not be given up. They are the best of all possible duties; and the only thing to be attended to in their imposition, is not to carry them to such a height as to defeat their object by encouraging smuggling. We have yet to learn, supposing they are not carried beyond this limit, that a single good objection can be made to these daties.

"The obscurity and complexity of the excise laws has been justly complained of. It is needless to say, that they ought to be brief, clear, and level to the apprehension of every one. But, so far from this being the case, they are in most instances lengthened, contradictory, and unintelligible. There were at no distant period some 40 or 50 acts in existence having reference to the glass duties, and at this moment from 25 to 30 have reference to the paper duties, and so for the others. It is, in fact, all but impossible for any one to tell what the law really is on many points; so that the trader is left at the mercy of the officers, and a wide door is opened to favoritism and fraud. This disgraceful state of things might, however, be easily remedied by getting the treasury or the excise to prepare a short abstract of the law as to each duty, drawn up in the clearest and least ambiguous manner possi- E. Silliman: D. Appleton & Co., New-York.

abstract should be held to have abided by the law, and should not be further questioned on the subject. A measure of this sort might be easily carried into

A BALLOP AMONG AMERICAN SCENERY.*

This very handsome volume does credit to the New-York press, from its clear type and beantiful proportions. Its descriptions, particularly those relating to military adventure, are thrilling.

The poetical conceptions are wrought up with some of life's severest realities, while the moral tinge spread over the whole, is a kind of halo or looming, bringing the objects and principles nearer, in a softened and picturesque light.

It is not our intention to enter upon a review of this work, in the ordinary fashion of criticismshowing our ingenuity by discovering faults; but briefly to point to a few of the many passages marked by deep pathos and moral feeling! and leave the reader of the book to form his estimate of the whole, as we have done ours.

We pass the beautiful descriptions, views, scenes, and incidents on the Potomac, and at Mount Vernon; and the naval stories of Old Kennedy the Quarter-Master, except to pause one moment, where Captain Hull gives orders for the fire of the Constitution, when she captured the Guerriere, and the account of Captain Perry's leaving the wrecked Lawrence at the victory of Lake Erie: which cannot be read without feelings of patriotic enthusiasm.

So, in the stirring scenes in the attack on Fort Erie, and the battle of Lundy's Lane, we can scarcely quote passages without marring their symmetry, so rapid and interwoven are the details. But, as an example of elevated thought and true feeling, we extract the closing page, and the apostrophe to those who fell in the battle of Lundy's Lane.

After reading a simple epitaph inscribed on a board, by some kind and unknown hand, to the memory of an officer, which the writer found mouldering on the battle-ground, he exclaims:

"And this is honor! This is fame! Why, brave man! even now, I read the tribute to thy bravery in the bulletin of the action. Thou hast comradesfather, mother, sisters to mourn thy loss-and now,

* A Gallop among American Scenery; or, Sketches of American Scenes and Military Adventure. By Augustus

the stranger's foot carelessly spurns thy frail me-| make her fast to this dead log. mento; nor father, mother, sisters, nor human through the woods, and come upon him unawares. hand can point to the spot where rest thy ashes. Peace to thy manes, brave countrymen, where'er they sleep.

"See from this point, how gently and gracefully undulates the battle-field; the woods bowing to the evening breeze, as the soft sunlight pours through their branches, show not the gashes of rude cannonshot—the plain, loaded and bending with the yellow harvest, betrays no human gore-yon hill, scathed, scorched and blackened with cannon-flame, the very resting-place of the deadly battery, shows no relic of the flerce death-struggle, as covered with the fragrant clover and wild bluebell; the bee, in monotonous hum, banquets over it. Nought mars the serenity of nature as she smiles upon us. Yet, burnt in common funeral pyre, the ashes of those brave men, of friend and foe, there mingle in the bosom whence they issued. The frenzied passion passed, the furious conflict over, they have lain down in quiet, and, like young children, sleep gently, sweetly, in the lap of that common mother, who shelters with like protection, the little fieldmouse from its gambols, and the turbaned Sultan sinking amid his prostrate millions. Shades of my gallant countrymen!-shades of their daring foes-farewell. Ne'er had warriors a more glorious death-couch,-the eternal cataracts roar your requiem."

The paper on Lake George and Ticonderoga, abounds with fine images. Describing the "steam spirit" which urged the boat over the crystal waters of the lake, he says-"how like Sampson in the Prison-Mill, struggling, giant like, he again applies him to his toil. Imprisoned spirit! there is no help for thee. Sweat thou must, and pant, and groan, till, like thy fellow-laborer, man, released from fire fetter, as he from earth, resolved to pure ether, thou shalt float again, free and delighted, in the clear elements above!

"Ho! brother spirit, tarry, tarry-wait thou a little 'till I join thee,-then, how gallantly we'll ride!-couched on summer-clouds lazily, we'll float: or, glancing on sun-rays, shoot, swift as thought, 'mid the bright worlds rolling in sublimity shove us. We'll bathe in the moon's cold splendor, fas in the sultry heat of crimson mars, slide upon Saturn's eternal snows, or joyously gambolling along the Milkyway, we'll chase the starry serpent to his den."

In the same boat, while cruising among the beautiful islands and shores of that placid lake, a deer is discovered on one of the wooded islands, and the author asking a hunter who was on board for his rifle, gives the following description of killing the deer:

"Launch the canoe. Come, hunter-peace-

We'll steal gently Softly-press those vines away; whist-avoid the rustling of the branches; here, creep through these bushes-tread lightly on the fallen leaves-you'll mire upon that swampy bottom. Hush-hushtread softly-that crackling branch! He lifts his head-he looks uneasily about him-stand quiet. Now he browses again; get a little nearer—we are within distance. I'll try him-click. Back go the autlers-the cocking of the rifle has alarmed him-he's off! Here goes, hit or miss-crack-he jumps ten feet in the air. I've missed him-he bounds onward-no-yes-by Jove! he's downhe's up again—he plunges forward—he falls again he rises-falls-he struggles to his knees-hefalls. Hurrah! he's ours,-quick-quick-thy coteau de chasse, we'll make sure of him. Stopstop. Poor deer! and I have murdered thee, for my sport have murdered thee-have taken from thee the precious boon of life—with cruelty have broken the silver chord, which the beggar's blunt knife can sever, but not the jewelled fingers of the monarch, again rejoin. There-there, thou liesttrue to the great master's picture,

'The big round tears, course down thy innocent nose in piteous chase,

And thy smooth leathern sides pant almost to bursting.'

thy life blood flows apace-e'en now, thy large soft eye dims in the sleep of death—and I have slain thee. Thou had'st nought other enemy, than the gaunt coward wolf, or fanged serpent; him, with light leaping bounds, thou laugh'st to scorn, as his long howl struck on thy quick ear; and the sullen rattler, with many blows of thy tiny polished hoof thou dash'st to pieces, ere from his deadly coil, his flattened head, with glistening tongue and protruded fangs, could reach thee. Oh! I shame me of my miscreant fellowship. Even the poisonous serpent, with quick vibrating tail, did give thee warning. I stole upon thee unawares. Hunter-take again thy weapon; for thee-'tis thy vocation-perhaps 'tis well-the game is thine. I entreat of thee, let not my innocent victim again reproach my eye-sight."

The delineation of Brenton's reef, is vividly accurate, and the shipwreck which occurred upon it not many years since, is a true record, never to be forgotten by the inhabitants of that part of Rhode Island; and, even at this day, it saddens the spirits of many who remember that awful event-that dreary night, and terrific storm.

But we are going far beyond our intended brevity, and quote but one more passage, from the chapter on "Long Island Sound," which contains many local descriptions of great truth and beauty, with allusions to its supernatural legends, and antiquated history. Among other peculiarities, a solitary peace—keep the dogs on board; paddle for yonder Indian, who, it was believed, had strayed from some point-now we shoot upon the pebbly beach-now of the western tribes, lived in a lonely lut on its

shores:—and from haunting a swamp from which | have sunk from its deadly poison, as the mist wreath the Pequots were dislodged in the early settlement of the country, the inhabitants called this old man-Pequot. An Indian, named Pamanack, from Montauk Point, one of those lingerers, who hover around the confines of civilization, meeting the stern old chief, offered him his bottle, and invited him to drink; his reply, with the habitual melancholy, resting over his features, renewedly awakens in our mind, the deepest sympathy and compassion, which we have long entertained for those injured races of men, who have been driven from their possessions, and are fast fading away from the things that are. We are glad to seize every memorial which may perpetuate a knowledge of a noble race that will soon be blotted out from the page of the world's history. After Pamanack offered Pequot the black bottle, and invited him to drink-" Pequot drew himself up to his extreme height, and for a moment there was a mingled expression of loathing, abhorrence, and ferocity, flashing from his countsnance that showed that his whole Indian's nature was in a blaze; but it was only momentary, for in another, the expression vanished from his countenance, the habitual melancholy resumed its place upon his features, and the words fell slowly, almost musically, from his lips: "The fire-waterthe fire-water-ay, the same-the Indian and his deadly enemy." Then looking steadily at Pamanack, as he held the bottle still towards him. "Paquot will not drink. Why should Pamanack swallow the white man's poison, and with his own hands dig his grave? Pamanack is not alone! His squaw watches at the door of his wigwam, as she looks out upon the long waves of the ocean tumbling in upon the shores of Montaukelt. His young men gather about him and catch the tautaug from its huge beeting rocks, and tread out the quahog from its muddy bed. His old men still linger on the sandy beach, and their scalp-locks float wildly in the fresh sea breeze. Pamanack has yet a home:—but Pequot—he is the last of his race. He stands on the high hills of Tashaway, and he sees no smoke, but that from the wigwams of the Long Knives. He moves in silence along the plains of Pequonnuck,—but the fences of the pale faces obstruct his progress. His canoe dances at the side of the dripping rocks-but the cheating white men paddle up to his side. His feet sink in the ploughed field,—but it is not the corn of the red man. His squaw has rolled her last log, and lies cold in her blanket. His young men,-the firewater, and fire-dust have consumed them. Pequot looks around for his people—where are they? The black snake and muskrat shoot through the water as his moccasin treads the swamp, where their bones lie, deep covered from the hate of their enemies. Pequot is the last of his race! Pamanack is good, but the heart of Pequot is heavy. He cannot drink the fire-water, for his young men sale at the Bookstore of Messre. Smith, Drinker & Morris.

in the midday sun. The good Moravians have told him that it is bad-and Pequot will drink no morefor his race is nearly run. Pequot will sit on the high rocks of Sasco, and his robe shall fall from his shoulders as his broad chest waits the deatharrow of the Great Spirit. There will he sit and smoke in silence, as he looks down upon the deserted hunting-grounds of his fathers. heart is heavy,-Pequot will not drink."

"The Great Spirit was kind to him, for a few years after, he was found stark and stiff, frozen to death on the very rocks to which he had alluded."

Notices of New Works.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT; his relatives, friends and enemies, compfising all his wills and his ways. With an historical record of what he did, and what he didn't: showing moreover who inherited the family plate, who came in for the silver spoons, and who for the wooden ladles. The whole forming a complete key to the house of Chuzzlewit. Edited by "Boz," with illustrations by "Phiz." Part I-New-York: Harper & Brothers.

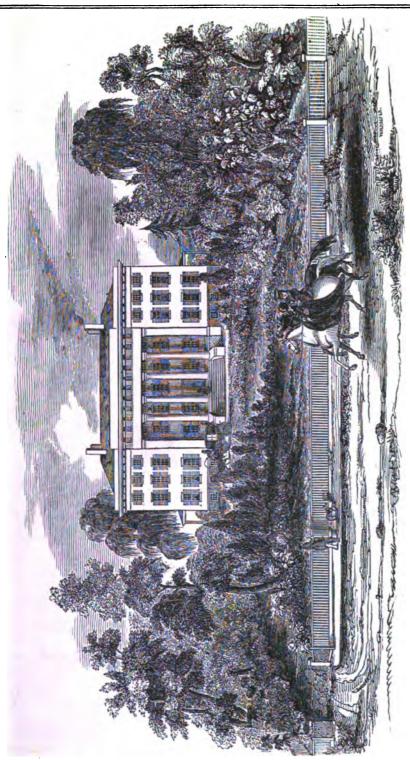
Dickens will yet have reason to believe that the "univarsal Yankee Nation," is like the Irishman's pig, that will go to Cork only when he thinks the swine-herd would drive him in the opposite direction to Killcummin. Dickens came over here to get up a feeling in favor of international copy-right, for the benefit of English authors. So far from succeeding, the first part of his Martin Chuzzlewit-by the way-quite a book, with two good illustrations, is republished here, in Yankee land, and sold, engravings and all, for four-pence-ha'-penny. The Messrs. Harper have got up this work on good paper, and in their usual style of neat typography. Martin Chuzzlewit for four-pence-ha'penny! What will Mrs. Dickens say? We hope the publishers will send a copy to each of the little "Boxes."

HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY-No. I. Rev. H. H. Hilman's History of the Jews, in three vols., vol. 1. New-York: Harper and Brothers-1843.

The "Family Library," already numbering 157 vols., to be extended to 200, as works of a high character can be obtained, is to he issued, entire, one vol. weekly, at 25 cents a volume; just half their former price. The sales at that price were immense; for, at 50 cents, they were the cheapest books in the market. The volumes of the Family Library are to be illustrated and embellished as heretofore; the paper is to be as good, and the works bound according to the Johnsonian notion of useful bloks; viz. so that "you may A man will often look at them, and be tempted to go on, when he would have been frightened at books of a larger By an expenditure of 25 cents a week, for four years-

and what reading family cannot afford that?—every house where there are children to instruct, or adults to edify, may be furnished with a Library of the best and most useful works in the English Language. These publishers are acwors in the English Language. I ness publishers are accomplishing wonders in the way of Cheap Literature. This is one of the best histories that is, of the Jews; it assists to the proper understanding of many passages of the Bible, and may be read with profit and pleasure by all. It is for reals at the Rockston of Maran Smith Desirable.

REV. J. F. SCHROEDER, D. D., RECTOR.



This Institution is dedicated to the cause of Female Education upon Christian principles. It was founded to afford parents an opportunity to procure for their daughters a thorough discipline, in all the solid and ornamental branches of education; and, at the same time, to associate sound learning and elegant accomplishments with religious motives. The members of the Institution form a Christian family, of which the Rev. Dr. Schroeder and Mrs. Schroeder have the general supervision; and every arrangement is adopted by them, that has been tested by the best seminaries and colleges in Europe and our own country, to promote the intellectual, bodily, and spiritual welfare of the household.

occupied by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, until the time of his removal to St. Paul's College, two miles distant. They are within the limits of the town of Flushing, seven miles from the city of New-York, and admirably situated on an eminence, commanding a delightful and extensive land and water prospect, and possessing all those advantages which have so justly rendered the neighborhood a favorite place of permanent retirement from the city, or of occasional resort for recreation. The principal building is an attractive edifice, after the best classic models, and is three stories high, with the contractive of the contractive delices. with a basement. It presents a front of one hundred and eleven feet; its depth is forty-six feet; and it is supported by a row of lofty columns. The apartments required for all the purposes of the Hall are convenient and airy; the saloon or drawing-room is nearly sixty feet in length, and nearly forty feet in width: all the other apartments are spacious and

airy; the outbuildings are convenient, and the grounds are ornamented.

INTELLECTUAL DEFARTMENT.—The course of studies embraces every branch of a thorough English, French, and Classical education. It is conducted by the Rector with the aid of a number of able, experienced and pious resident English, French and other governesses and teachers, and also eminent lecturers and instructors from the city of New-

English, French and other governesses and teachers, and also eminent lecturers and instructors from the city of New-York. Ample provision is made in this department, for carrying pupils through all the gradations of literary and scientific knowledge imparted in schools, seminaries and colleges; so that ladies who desire to qualify themselves as teachers, may here enjoy very favorable opportunities to attain the object of their wishes. Accomplishments.—Music, drawing, painting, needlework of every kind, callisthenics, horsemanship and archery, are taught by able instructors; and, among the callisthenic exercises, dancing, as a recreation and a means of imparting ease and gracefulness. The Rector's views on these subjects may be seen in the Journal of Christian Education, published at the Union Depository, 28 Ann Street, New-York, which is also the city office of the Hall. Physical Department.—The mind of no pupil is educated at the expense of the body. A great variety of alluring exercises is introduced, calculated to produce agility and vigor. The saloon, at certain hours, is devoted to innocent; and entertaining geness and anyorts, companing, corporate exertion with mental relaxation and anyorts, companing, corporate exertion with mental relaxation and any exercises.

innocent and entertaining games and sports, combining corporeal execution with mental relaxation and amusement. Contiguous to the main building is a well furnished Callisthenium, with a number of contrivances to promote cheerfulness, and afford healthy recreation. In the rear of the Callisthenium and Chapel are very extensive Vegetable and recess, and anoth neatiny recreation. In the rear of the Callistnenium and Chapter are very extensive vegetance and Flower Gardens, comprising an area of more than three acres; and every pupil is encouraged to plant and cultivate flowers, shrubbery and trees, and thus become practically acquainted with botany and horticulture. Beyond the gardens is a Hippodrome, particularly devoted to equestrian exercises; the circumference of it is nine hundred feet. The Archery Grounds extend the whole distance of the gardens and Hippodrome. A fully qualified and experienced Governess, who superintends and conducts the physical department, resides with the family, and requires every member of it to the appearance of the control of of it to take proper exercise.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.—The Rector devotes his personal and particular attention to the spiritual prosperity of all the members of the Institution. The CHAPEL, a building distinct from the main edifice, but connected with it by a covered way, is furnished with a communion table, baptismal font, reading desk, pulpit and organ, and is open every day for Morning and Evening Prayer. It is used for religious purposes, and for none other. As a Presbyter of the Church, the Rector is free to avow his ardent attachment to her doctrines and worship; and his purpose is, by the help of God, in every way, to impart the spirit of her devotions to all those who are or may be placed under his care, and to render religion attractive and interesting. It is his aim so to educate his own daughters, and every young lady whom he may receive into his family, that they may be enabled not merely to shine as ornaments of society in this world, but

to gain admittance to the glorious society of heaven.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.—The suits of apartments occupied as studies and dormitories, consist of well furnished and comfortable rooms. There are no general school-rooms, and no ordinary school furniture; but all the classes recite in distinct and neatly carpeted and furnished CLASS-ROOMS, so as to preserve the family association and establish habits of refinement. Each study or dormitory is devoted to two, or, at most, three pupils; so that, instead of the usual and very objectionable custom in boarding-schools, of dressing, undressing and washing in common, a delicacy and neatness are insured, which are believed to be essential to the character of every young lady properly educated. Suitable instruction is afforded by the Matron, in the arranging and care of wardrobes, and in several branches of household duty.

The Rector and all the resident Governesses and Teachers take their meals with the pupils, in a spacious DINING-

mall; and the table is furnished by the steward and the housekeeper with the best supplies of every kind. The Matron gives particular attention to the LAUNDEY, with a view to perfect neatness, health and comfort. Beside the general charge of all the members of the family, which devolves upon the Rector and Mrs. Schroeder, there is a special care of them assigned to a number of Curatresses. The whole number of pupils is divided into sections of six; and the

of them assigned to a number of Curarresses. In evenous number of pupils is unvious and sections of each section are the proteges of a Curatress, who aids them in their studies, and is their confidential friend.

TERMS.—The academical year is divided into two terms or sessions. The spring session commences in the middle of March, and continues for 21 weeks, to the following August, when a summer vacation takes place. The summer vacation ends on the day before the first Tuesday in October. Suitable measures are taken to accommodate with board, at a moderate price, any of the pupils who may desire to spend the whole or any part of the vacations at the Hall; and parents who reside in cities, especially those in the Southern section of the country, will find it agreeable to be with their children at Flushing, at least during a portion of the summer, and improve the many favorable opportunities which it offers for rural recreation and rational enjoyment.

EXPENSES.

Board and Tuition in all the English and Classical studies,	Harp, per quarter,	2 25
and instruction in plain and ornamental Needlework, and	Use of piano and musicdo	` 4
Callesthenics, with washing, light, fuel and stationery,	French language,do)	
&c., for the half-year or session of twenty-one weeks,	Italian,do	
payable in advance, \$160	Germandodo	•
For use of books, &c	Spanishdo	
For English and Classical pupils, there are no other	Use of foreign books,do	2
charges whatever.	Drawing and painting,do.	
SEPARATE STUDIES.	Use of drawing-books and materials, per quarter,	
Music, piano, per quarter, \$20	Pupils who prefer it, can furnish their own books and	
Guitardo	drawing materials.	
Singing,do 10	•	

At appropriate seasons of the year, horsemanship and archery are taught in classes, at a moderate expense.

Each pupil must be provided with a Bible and Prayer Book, bed and bedding, 12 towels, 6 napkins, ring, fork, and 2 spoons; but all these (when preferred by the parents) may be provided through the agent of the Hall, at a moderate

An abatement is made in the case of the younger pupils while in their preparatory studies, the charges being \$125

per term, or half-year.

The arrangements of the Institution require, that two months' notice must be given, or a charge made for that time, in case the removal of a pupil. For further information, address the Rector or the Secretary.

Flushing, L. I., New-York, 1843.

In The Hall may be visited, several times a day, by means of public conveyances from New-York. Coaches and Omnibuses for Flushing leave their station, No. 21 Peck Slip, every morning and afternoon; and a Steamer sets out, twice a day, from the foot of Fulton Street, East River. The coaches and omnibuses call for passengers in any part of the city of New-York, and convey them to the Hall, where they again call for them at appointed hours.

at D. A /William.

III Particular attention is asked to the ERRATA on the 2nd page of the cover.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

P. D. BERNARD, PUBLISHER.

VOL. IX.

JUNE, 1843.

NO. VI.

	ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.	ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES-(CONTINUED.)
	PAGE	PAG
1.	Mehemet Ali	tural improvements; Geological surveys; Soci-
	The Witch; A wandering essay	eties, Agricultural and Horticultural; Great be-
	Reflections on the Census of 1840, Picture of	nefits resulting therefrom; The early history of
	national increase; Dark shades; The number of	agriculture in the United States; Deterioration
	insane; Insanity in Virginia; Her Asylums;	of land; The late Judge Buel-his remarks; The
	Last report on this subject, of the Auditor to the	old system and new husbandry; Large circulation
	Legislature; Valuable suggestions made by him;	of Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry, proof of the
	Virginia not the worst off among the States; The	desire for agricultural information in the United
	proportion of insane and idiots in all the States	States; Man's chief occupation; Description of
	compared; Valuable statistical table; Among a	a Peruvian plough; Present value of agricultu-
	white population of 14,000,000, there are 14,000	ral productions in England; Dr. Low's allot-
	insane and idiots-contrasted with the propor-	ment system; Agriculture of the Egyptians-
	tion of colored do.; Free and slave-holding	Greeks-Romans- English -Americans, with
	States compared; Striking result; Causes of	numerous quotations, and a particular and inte-
	insanity; Statistics of various hospitals; Con-	resting account of each; Value of cereal grains,
	dition, numbers and proportion of insane per-	grown in 1840, in the U. States, \$336,000,00035
	sons in various States; Crime among the blacks	7. Rules and Regulations for the Government of
	and whites; Free colored race in free States	the Navy of the United States. Account of the
	degenerating; Emancipation—gradual and sud-	various attempts made to establish proper Rules
	den; A picture of the latter; West Indies;	and Regulations for the Navy; Those submit-
	Dr. Channing's remark; England and African	ted to the last Congress, considered; Their de-
	colonization; Extracts and conclusions340	fects; Suggested alterations; Little regard paid
4.	Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography. Cheap	in them to the Medical corps of the Navy37
•	Literature; Complaints in England; The Messrs.	8. Our Younger Poets—No. III. James Russell
	Langman, and Brande's Encyclopædia; Piracy	Lowell; His birth and parentage; His writings;
	by the American's upon English authors; The	"A Year's Life;" The "Dial;" The "Pioneer."
	per contra; How American works are republished	George Hooker Colton; His Education; Te-
	in England under new names and without ac-	cumseh; Its merits; Extracts38
	knowledgment of authorship; The American	9. A Ghost Story. How Fanny Sheffield slept in
	publisher appropriates only the Englishman's	an old English Cathedral and what she saw38
	copy-right; The English publisher in return,	10. Editor's Table. The North American Review;
	does the same and robs the author of his good	Harper's cheap edition of Shakspeare; Ohio Lu-
	name besides; Instances—Neale's Charcoal	natic Asylum; The Medical News and Library;
	Sketches, published as Dickens' Pick-Wick pa-	Southern Quarterly Review; Edward and Eu-
	pers; Judge Story's "Law of Bailments," used	gene Lynch38
	by Mr. Theobold as his own notes upon Sir Wil-	ORIGINAL POETRY.
_	liam Jones, etc	11. Song; or, Lines to 32
Э.	Theirs' History of the French Revolution. Firm-	12. To Miss M of Philadelphia32
	ness of the author; Comparisons with Scott,	13. Trees and Flowers32
	Las Casas and others; The particular merit of	14. Rhododaphne; or, the Thessalian Spell. An
c	Thiers' work; its independent truthfulness354	interesting sketch of the author, the late Rich-
0.	The Farmer's Encyclopædia. Improvements	ard Dabney of Virginia; Argument; Poem32
•	in husbandry; Their slow gait; Mr. Cocke of	15. Alban, the Proto-Martyr of England. By Mrs.
	tham, England; The great improvements of	Jane L. Swift
	made by him; Public importance attached,	16. Serenade. By R. F. Furgerson, Jr
	ne people of the United States, to agricul-	17. Evening Twilight

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ork is published in Monthly Numbers, averaging Sixty-Four Pages each, at Five Dol-

ERRATA.—In the article, "Reflections on the Consus of 1840"—which appears in the present number, some important errors have occurred, which the reader will be pleased to correct. In the 2nd column of page 363,—in the paragraph commencing "In Massachusetts, from 1800 to 1830," &c., &c.,—a part of what constituted note No. 5, in the M.S., has been inadvertently incorporated with the text, so as materially to mar the sense. The whole paragraph should read as follows: "In Massachusetts, from 1800 to 1830, a period of thirty years, the increase in this class of persons, was between nine and ten per cent.; at which rate it would require more than three hundred years to double their number. The white population of that State, in the same period, increased 44-7 per cent., notwithstanding the emigration from thence was so excessive, as to leave there a surplus of females, varying from seven to thirteen thouse emigration from thence was so excessive, as to leave there a surplus of females, verying from seven to thirteen thousand. In the same period the slaves of the Union increased 124 per cent. During the last ten years, since the abolition spirit has been raging in Massachusetts, the increase in the free colored class has been 23 per cent."

The following which was introduced, by mistake, into the paragraph as printed, constituted the conclusion of note

No. 5, in the M.S.

"The white population of Massachusetts is within a few thousands the same as that of Virginia. population was as great, she would have 11,600 insane, who, for Lunatic Asylums, would require \$9,280,000, and for annual support, \$1,740,000. Looking to the condition of her white insane poor, we may imagine the fate of the black. It is probable, however, in the event we have supposed, she would have at least one insane in 14, as in Maine; which would give her 35,630. The sum then necessary for hospitals, would be \$28,504,000, and for annual support, \$5,344,500."

would give ner 35,030. Inc sum then necessary for nospitals, would be \$225,045,000, and for annual support, \$5,344,500."

There should have been marks of quotation at the end of the 1st paragraph, 2nd column, page 346—after "Pennasylvania,"—so as to indicate the end of the quotation, from the article on the penitentiary system of Pennsylvania, furnished for the first American edition of the Edinburg Encyclopædia. So likewise there should have been marks of quotation at the end of 5th statement from the African Repository—after "mulattoes" see page 345, note 7.

Page 348—2nd column—note 15. For Banuel—read "Barruel"—and after the word "excretions"—read "so offenius". On Page 348—2nd column—for the Ray Mr. Teagrap".

On Page 350-2nd column-for the Rev. Mr. Teaze, read "the Rev. Mr. Teague."

PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

Received since the publication of the May number. If any names should have been omitted, they will appear on the cover of the July number. IIP No order hereafter (come from whatever quarter it may.) for the Messenger, will be attended to unless the money accompanies it, -nor will any Bank Bills other than those which are current at par in the States where they are issued, be received in payment for subscriptions.

4 1 7 M 1757 M 1-11 0 C1 0 0
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Barron, E. J Perry C. H., Alabamavol 9
Bocock, Thomas SWGBuckingham C. H., Vavol 9
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	Lewis, Thomas WTappahannock, Virginiavol 99 Meade, Robert EBrunswick co., Vavol 8-9 Mathewson, NathanTarborough, N. Cvol 8-9 McWillie, W. IEJ. Camden, S. C. Pd. \$750 to June, 1843 Martin, Miss CWGPetersburg, Vavol 9 McGwill, J. D. TLLWhona, Virginiavol 9 Meade, R. KWGPetersburg, Vavol 9 Meade, R. KWGPetersburg, Vavol 9 McGill, J. D. TLLUrbana, Virginiavol 9 McGill, J. D. TLLUrbana, Virginiavol 9 McWitten, Willoughby. TLL. Heathsville, Vavol 9 Newton, Willoughby. TLL. Heathsville, Vavol 9 Post TreasurerFort Moultree, S. Carolinavol 8-9 Post TreasurerFort Moultree, S. Carolinavol 8-9 Pritchard, Wm. C. IEJColumbia, S. Carolinavol 8-9 Pritchard, Wm. JWGPetersburg, Vavol 9 Paul, D'ArseyWGPetersburg, Vavol 9 Paul, D'ArseyWGPetersburg, Vavol 9 Peters, John WColumbus, Mississippivol 9 Peters, John WColumbus, Mississippivol 9 Pollard, WmTLLRexburg, Virginiavol 8 Renick, Miss Emily ESpring Creek, Vavol 9 Pollard, WmTLLRexburg, Virginiavol 8 Renick, Miss Emily ESpring Creek, Vavol 9 Randolph, Thomas JWGEveretsville, Vavol 7-8-9 Ruffin, Dr. Wm. HWGWarsaw, Missvol 9 Sweeny, MichaelTJWheeling, Virginiavol 8 Sparrow, Thos. WIEJDavidson College, N. C. vol 89 Taylor, Miss Mary OLebanon, N. Hampshirevol 9 Taylor, Miss Mary OLebanon, N. Hampshirevol 9 Tod, George TWGGuineys, Vavol 9 Vernon, A. J. IEJSpartanburg, S. Cvol 8 Willkinson, A. SCohoes, New Yorkvol 9-9 Wilkinson, A. SCohoes, New Yorkvol 9-9 Wingfield, G. AWGLiberty, Vavol 9-9
i	•

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER FOR SALE.

Will be sold, on Thursday, the 29th day of June, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the establishment of the Southern Literary Messenger, together with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging: viz., Printing Presses, Type, Fixtures, 4c., 4c., 4c. This paper, in competent hands, will certainly yield a handsome revenue, as it did to its late proprietor, T. W. White, dec'd. It is too well known to the literary world, to need any encomium from me.

Terms.—One third of the purchase money will be required in cash, and the balance at six and twelve months from the day of sale, well secured.

Any communications to the undersigned, (post paid) will be promptly responded to.

RICHARD HILL, JR. Administrator of T. W. White, dec'd.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IX.

A. 19. 6 . 6.

RICHMOND, JUNE, 1843.

NO. 6.

SONG; OR, LINES TO -

Oh! I will smile more brightly now,
That none my love may see:
And school my heart, and burning brow,
That throb alone for thee.

The depth of love within my soul I would not have thee know, Had words but power to control What cheek and eye will show.

177

And I will learn to speak of thes
In friendship's kindly tone,
That 'mid the thoughtless and the free
My deep love be not known.

But when I raise my heart above, To ask of God in prayer, Bleasings on those I fondly love Thy name is whispered there.

Still will I greet thee with a smile,
And school this heart of mine,
I would not have thee know the while,
How wholly I am thine.
RESECCA.

TO MISS M- OF PHILADELPHIA.

SENT THROUGH THE POST-OFFICE OF THE ORPHANS' FAIR, RICHMOND, VA.

Miss M—— will pardon these fugitive lines Of one, who to scribbling most sadly inclines, Nor deem it a weakness peculiar to men, When she has a home in the City of Penn.

His verses, you'll see, as you hurry them o'er, Want the rapture of Byron, the sweetness of Moore, But if on them you cast, but one moment, an eye, The villainous critics may blow 'em sky high.

Promeneding this salon, illumined and gay
With the splendor our Commonwealth's daughters display,
Not one that you meet with, (but this entre nous,)
Can compare in wit, wisdom or beauty, with you.

For the delicate Houris of Eastern Romance, Who kill a susceptible youth at a glance, In mute admiration and timid surprise, Might envy the brilliance and depth of thine eyes.

At the Office for Letters, this note you'll obtain,
A Post of much honor, and may be, of—gain;
'T would'nt do for Miss M—— to manage such sales,
For she would be ever deranging the males.

But Lady, farowell, prythes kindly excuse, The numerous faults of my talkative Muse; Despite every effort, it could—not forbear To sing of the graces and charms of *The Pair*. Richmond, 1843.

MEHEMET ALI.

The invasion of Egypt-one of the principal scenes in that terrible drama-the French Revolution-was, doubtless, the means of drawing forth from the recesses of his own "rugged Albania," a personage, who, in wide-spread fame and individuality of character, yields to none in the present century, save Napoleon Bonaparte. Great exigencies, and extraordinary occasions create for themselves great men; and talents of the most commanding order, often waste in obscurity, for want of suitable opportunities for their display. But for the wars of Napoleon, "in which were quickened every energy of a people that acknowledged no superior," where would be the names of that host of distinguished generals that clustered around the person of the greatest warrior of his age? Before, "unknown to fame," they are now indelibly registered on the pages of the historian, and all futurity will remember the "glory of their achievements." Thus, the imminent danger which menaced the Turkish empire, brought upon the stage of political action, a new character, who was to shape the destiny of generations yet unborn. Aided only by superior talents, and indomitable energy, Mehemet Ali, from an obscure peasant, has become the founder of an hereditary throne in the most important province of the Ottoman porte, and this too in a land where bribery and corruption are the most efficient, indeed, almost the only means employed in the acquisition of power.

But the energies, and extraordinary abilities displayed in overcoming the obstacles to the attainment of his exalted station, constitute, nevertheless, his least claim to the admiration of mankind. It is from his character as a reformer, that he has gathered his brightest laurels. To him belongs the praise of elevating the condition of Egypt; of raising her from the degradation of ages; and of giving her that progressive impulse which is, even now, rapidly introducing civilization, and which, if continued, will ere long give her again "a name and a place" among the enlightened nations of the earth.

Jon the accession of Mehemet Ali to the viceroyalty, Egypt was in that state of extreme lawlessness and disorder, which has long been characteristic of the distant provinces of the Porte. Her governors appointed by the Sultan, and subject, at any moment, to recall, knowing that they were constantly in danger of being supplanted in the affections of their master by some new favorite, and under no responsibility but the payment of an vince, which they were at full liberty to pillage while their short season of power lasted. This evil extended to all the offices of the government. The administration of justice was but another name for bribery; taxes were collected without system or law, the officers seizing every thing indiscriminately, until the requisite amount was raised; the rich were plundered, either by direct seizure of their property, or by being compelled to purchase government articles at an enormous price; the most cruel punishments were inflicted by every petty officer for light and trivial offences; and, in the language of Volney, "barbarism was complete." That celebrated traveller gives us the following graphic description of the deplorable state of things in Egypt, under its former rulers. "All that we see, and all that we hear, announce that we are in a land of slavery and of tyranny; nothing is talked of but civil tumults, public misery, extortions of money, bastinadoes and murders. No security for life and property; human blood is poured out like that of an ox; justice even sheds it without the process of formality. The officer of the night, during his rounds, the officer of the day, in his walks, judge, condemn and execute, in the twinkling of an eye, and without appeal. Executioners accompany them; and, at the first order, the head of a miserable wretch tumbles into the leathern

The Bedouins were likewise independent of all control, and even carried their marauding expeditions to the very walls of Cairo, seizing women and children, and retaining them until ransomed. No one could ascend the Nile as far as the first cataract or the pyramids, without being exposed to their outrages; nor could the caravans cross the desert to the Red sea, without paying them tribute.

sack."

Such being the condition of Egypt under the Turks, we shall be better qualified to judge of its improvements, by the contrast at present exhibited.

It is related of one of the earlier Norman Chiefs. that he so completely suppressed theft within his jurisdiction, that a massive gold chain, suspended near the wayside, remained secure. Mehemet Ali has accomplished a task almost equally difficult; he has tamed the wild and lawless Arab. arid wastes, over which they had hitherto roamed unchecked and uncontrolled, no longer afforded The cavalry of the Pacha purthem protection. sued them into their native wilds, until, wearied with an enemy whom they could neither overcome in battle, nor escape by flight, they acknowledged his sway, and ceased their depredations. traveller in the desert, in any part of his dominion, is now as safe as in the streets of Alexandria.

The great superiority of the present government over the former, consists in its regular organizacharacter, but it is impartial in its operation. It the whole would have long since been converted

annual tribute, treated her only as a conquered pro- has created order and tranquility where once was confusion; and were it incomparably more severe, would still be preferable to the anarchy which it The judiciary system has been resucceeded. formed, so that justice is no longer a mockery, and thus, safety of person and property is established; indeed, it was observed in a debate in the House of Commons, that property was more secure in Egypt than in any country in Europe. A system of taxation, as uniform as circumstances will admit, has also been substituted for the former irregular mode, and though its weight is oppressive, it rests equally upon all.

> This severity of taxation is frequently mentioned in condemnation of Mehemet Ali; but a moment's. thought will suffice to show that this is unreasonable. It is well known that, from the commencement of his career, he has been obliged to contend against the opposition of the Sultan. True, it may be urged in proof of his high stand in the favor of the Porte, that, when it was unable to rescue the "Holy Cities" from the heretical Wahabees, his services were demanded, and that his assistance was likewise required in the attempt to subjugate Greece; but neither the Sultan, in making these demands, nor he, in complying with them, entertain any sentiments of mutual confidence or attachment. the contrary, while he was engaged in the first of these undertakings, the successful execution of which has rendered him so dear to every Moslem heart, an imperial decree arrived in Alexandria, depriving him of the Pachalic and appointing the bearer in his stead. His assistance was demanded as being the most powerful vassal in the empire: he gave it, because he was impelled both by promises of reward, and zeal for the interests of his faith. Since that time, he has been twice deposed. and compelled to defend himself by arms. In such a situation, it is evident that he could not maintain himself on the throne a moment without the aid of an army, and one too, powerful enough to resist effectually any force which could be sent against Such an army is disproportionate to the comparatively slender resources of Egypt, and can only be supported by grievous exactions. No censure should then be attached to Mehemet Ali, who is thus made the victim of circumstances beyond his control, but rather to those who have been instrumental in creating discord between him and the Sultan, and thus compelling him, in sheer selfdefence, to be oppressive.

Egypt, that land of unrivalled fertility, and once of sufficient extent to be the granary of Rome, has now, through long subjection to the Turkish system of neglect, been contracted, by the encroachments of the desert, to a narrow strip of land upon the banks of the Nile. Indeed, were it not that the annual inundation of that river, of itself, pretion. True, it is a despotism, and of the most rigid serves the fertility of the soil as far as it extends,

into a barren waste, inhabited only by the wander- | Jews and Christians : and not only in this, but even ing Bedouin. But, under Mehemet Ali, the ancient system of irrigation has been renewed, and the advances of the desert effectually prevented. The agriculture of the country, before in a deplorably wretched condition, has been already materially improved through his efforts, and is rapidly attaining that perfection to which it has been brought by the enlightened nations of Europe. He has likewise introduced the culture of various tropical plants, which have been found by experiment to be adapted to the soil, the most important of which are cotton, and the sugar-cane. Nor have his improvements ceased here. Canals have been dug, railroads projected, extensive manufactories established, and even now the steamboat—gift of the new worldmay be seen ploughing its way through the classic waters of the Nile-a more magnificent spectacle than the royal galley of Cleopatra. Other improvements, which owe their origin to him, evince the superiority of his mind, in its exemption from some of those deep-rooted prejudices which are generally entertained by the followers of the Prophet. In consequence of the doctrine of the unchangeable decrees of fate, which Mahomet found it necessary to inculcate in order to inspire his soldiers with that reckless disregard of danger which almost enabled them to subjugate the world, no effortsnot even such as the most savage people are accustomed to make-have been exerted to combat those numerous and deadly maladies so peculiar to tropical elimates. Consequently, the Plague, whenever it makes its appearance, rages with uncontrolled violence throughout the countries of the Levant, bringing death into the bosom of every family. The Asiatic Cholera, so terrible a scourge to the civilized nations of Europe and America. when it swept its "darkening desolating way" over the globe, carried off half the population of the Mohammedan world. To such an extreme, indeed, does the Mussulman carry his notions of fate, that he fearlessly wears the infected garments of his deceased relatives, and saying, " Allah Kerim," "God is merciful!" walks with the most stoical indifference beneath the tottering and falling walls, amid the shocks of the earthquake.

But Mehemet Ali is superior to these prejudices. He has established hospitals, and schools of medicine in various parts of his dominions, with already perceptible benefit, and engaged the services of eminent physicians from France and England. Throwing off that self-complacent ignorance, within which the Turk wraps himself and contemns Europeans as degraded barbarians, he has acknowledged their superior intelligence, willingly countenanced the efforts of missionaries to found schools, and has even himself set the example. Nor can though cruel and tyrannical body, which had so we too highly commend the spirit of toleration, so long ruled Egypt with the most singular governunusual in a Moslem, which he has manifested in ment ever known, had at length been reduced to a

in advancing them to stations of trust, some of them occupying the most important civil as well as military offices. This, together with the security of property, and the favorable opportunities for the investment of capital, is fast drawing into Egypt commercial men from the various countries of Europe, and will become one of the most efficient means of civilizing his dominions.

Such are some of the benefits which have resulted from the government of Mehemet Ali. That government is still a bad one, and would be utterly unfit for any enlightened nation; but it is probably as good as the condition of his subjects will admit. At all events, it is immeasurably superior, both in energy and humanity, to that which it has displaced, and to any other Mahommedan government that is now or has for ages been in existence. Those who dwell chiefly on its faults should recollect that Mehemet Ali is a Turk, and as such has been reared up under a despotism far more tyrannical than his own. He should therefore rather receive credit for those improvements which he has made, than censure for such as he has not, and probably could not have made. We shall be better able to judge of the merits of his government, by comparing it with that which preceded it, or indeed with that of any oriental nation; then his true character as a reformer will be appreciated. We may indeed say, that some of those very measures for which he is most frequently and perhaps most justly condemned, are paralleled in the usages of some of the most enlightened nations in the world. Nothing is more common than to hear Mehemet Ali called an infamous despot on account of the severity of his conscription. He has no other apology for it than the exigencies of his situation. And what other had Napoleon, when he decimated the population of France or England, when her seamen were compelled to secrete themselves, untiltheir reembarkation, in the filthiest hovels, and vilest dens of wretchedness and crime, in order to escape impressment on their arrival in their native land? Russia now has not even that plea, and yet, the Emperor Nicholas is permitted to tear his miserable subjects from their homes, with the most ruthless barbarity, and to force them into an unwilling and rigorous service, without exciting the indignation of mankind. It would be well if, in reference to this and some other topics, the Europeans would reserve their censure until they had reformed those very abuses at home, of which, in other governments, they so loudly complain.

The darkest stain upon the character of Mehemet Ali has been incurred by his treacherous murder of the Mamelukes. That brave and chivalrous. removing the restrictions previously existing upon mere handful, which, however, still retained the original bravery of their order. Having incurred the enmity of the Pacha, he determined upon their destruction, and for that purpose decoyed them into Cairo by an invitation to a feast, accompanied by a promise of safety. They were there slain to a man, in violation of every obligation of faith and justice. Black as was the perfidy of this deed, and deeply as it deserves the execration of mankind, yet Mehemet Ali has been treated with injustice, even with regard to this. All are ready to lift up their voices in condemnation of the viceroy of Egypt, while the wholesale massacre of the Janizaries by the Sultan Mahmoud, an act equally perfidious and cruel, and involving far greater destruction of human life, is not only passed over without censure, but even finds apologists. Such is the way of the world. The ruler of a vast realm, the descendant of a "long line" of illustrious monarchs, may perpetrate atrocities with impunity, which forever stigmatize one whose own exertions have raised him to the throne.

Mehemet Ali is undoubtedly, even now, the most powerful, as he is now the most enlightened and humane of Mahommedan sovereigns; and, before he was unjustly despoiled by the four allied powers of the greater part of his possessions, his dominions were more extensive than those of the Sultan himself. Nothing but his forbearance, or more probably, that respect which, in every true Moslem, attaches itself to the person and power of the Caliph, prevented him from overthrowing the Turkish Empire upon the commencement of his difficulties with the Porte. No monarch in Europe could have then interposed, before his armies had entered Constantinople. Twice since that time, he has utterly destroyed the last army that could arrest the march of his forces upon the capital, and but for the timely assistance of his Christian Friends, the power of the Ottoman would now be numbered with "the things that were."

Whatever may be the ultimate result of the struggles of Mahemet Ali to increase his power and extend his dominions, he has already surrounded his name with a halo of renown which all coming time will fail to dissipate. He is now far advanced in life, and though still enjoying a green old age, he is nearing the close of his stormy and eventful Should his adopted son and probable successor, Ibrahim Pacha, exhibit the same abilities upon the throne which he has displayed in the conduct of armies, his sceptre will not have fallen into an unworthy hand. Numerous indications proclaim the rapid approach of the inevitable downfall of Mahommedan sovereignty in Europe. Whether Egypt is destined to be swallowed up in the vortex. or to rise still more powerful after the subsiding of the agitated waters, and Mehemet Ali to be the founder of a dynasty which will, partially at least, restore the ancient glory of her name, futurity alone can tell.

THE WITCH.

A WANDERING ESSAY.

In looking abroad over the varied productions of nature, and observing, with an attentive and discriminating eye, the numerous beautiful and extraordinary contrivances she makes use of to perfect the growth and reproduction of the simplest flower; or bring to its final state of perfection the most minute insect, a reflecting mind can scarcely fail to be struck with wonder and admiration; and, seeing through his complicated works the Great Author of all things, feel a pardonable pride in the superior instincts and faculties which, of all the great masses of created beings, enables him alone, to lift his eyes and behold the glories of the universe, and elevate his mind by the power of reason and reflection to a just appreciation of that Great Being who created them.

Of all men, naturalists are, in my estimation, the most truly to be esteemed and envied. Since the pursuit of happiness is the great end and aim of our existence, surely he, who finds it in the loveliest haunts of nature, amid flowers, trees, and birds, searching out their innate properties, developing their instincts, and tracing, with untiring perseverance, their minute and beautiful structure, is a man to be envied. That he does find happiness in this pursuit, cannot be doubted-for, he prosecutes it with no other hope of reward than the glorious triumphs of discovery, and that deep, unwearying pleasure which finer minds derive from the contemplation of nature's various aspects, from the pure breath of Heaven, and from the deep calm peace which seems to brood ever amid her leafy halls; and the fact that so many men, in all ages of the world, have devoted themselves with untiring devotion to these gentle studies, men of great acquirements too, and not by any means incapable of entering the arena, where sterner prizes were contested, is sufficient evidence that the study possesses a degree of fascination, in itself a more than sufficient reward for all the labor and pains it requires. The naturalist is then, I pronounce, a man to be envied, as one who possesses an inward resource, of which nothing can deprive him, so long as our old mother continues to don her many colored robes, and afford sustenance to her myriads of children; and, moreover, as a man, likely to be, from the very nature of his pursuits, more simpleminded, unambitious, and freer from all the stormy passions which deface our nature, and leave their earth-stains on our immortal path-than many who look down upon his quiet labors, and scorn his peaceful triumphs.

I am, myself, something of a naturalist on a small scale, and take exceeding delight in watching the manœuvres of various anta, bees and spiders of my acquaintance, as well as in cherishing, with peculiar care, every little shrub, plant and green

thing which thrusts forth its tender petals to the bestows upon all her children, and utterly heedless light in my vicinity. I am an admirer of cats, a staunch friend of dogs; in fact, a general and indiscriminate patron of the entire animal and vegetable kingdom. I might now enter into a minute, and I doubt not, interesting description of various unmatchable and wonderful pets, which have, at various times, shared my affections; -my little Querido, a curly importation from Havana, the prettiest, whitest, and most knowing of quadrupeds-or my sage and reverend parrot, Josephusor my poor, lame greybound, Fritz, with his almost human eye and perfectly formed head-besides innumerable others. But that would be straying widely from my subject, and these memorials of buried affections must be reserved for some future lacubrations, which shall be forthcoming, if the worthy editor approves, and can find in this present specimen any indication of fitness for his columns.

Those persons who have made the curious processes of nature, in the germination and reproduction of plants, an object of study, can scarcely have failed to remark, with wonder and delight, the innumerable contrivances, whereby the seeds of various kinds are scattered and dispersed from their parent plant, -- some projected with great force to almost incredible distances,-some carried by means of birds to distant and remote places—and some borne gently through the air by means of a light and delicate fabric wherewith they are clothed, like gallant little vessels, each freighted with its grain of life, its vegetable soul, seeking some friendly harbor, wherein to cast its anchoring root. It is to one of these latter kind,—the downy seed of the thistle, commonly called by children "witches," from the lightness with which they avoid the grasp and clude capture, that I wish more particularly to introduce you—that you may follow with me its devious wandering, and note the varied scenes and adventures through which it passes.

It was a bright morning in Autumn, when the sun was shining with that mellow lustre so peculiar to our lovely falls, when the leaves were merrily dancing in every breeze, and the little brooklets leapt gaily along their tiny beds, with a song so sweet and cheerful it was joy to hear them, when all nature appeared so full of harmony and beauty, it was a luxury to breathe, and the very air was redolent of a delicious and hopeful excitement—a little witch separated itself lightly from the maternal bush, and set forth on its journey into the regions of space.

It was a light and buoyant creature, floating gracefully along on its feathery pinions, which presented, on every side, a mass of slender and symmetrical fibres, to the passing breeze, white and fleepy as the cloud which remains last of all its fellows, when the storm has passed away. Full murmurs a tiny and most capricious streamlet, of the wanton and capricious grace which nature which may be traced on its devious course by the

of the low, soft murmur of farewell, and the parting admonition of its forsaken parent, our little adventurer, captivated with the novel prospect opening to its view on every side, and full of the most joyful anticipations, like many another goodly bark just setting forth upon its voyage down the stream of time,-launched forth, freely and fearlesely, in a delicious trance of excitement. The sweet, warm south-west wind breathed pleasantly into its downy bosom, and, yielding itself to the gentle influence, it floated like a miniature balloon, far away from the quiet orchard where its infancy had been passed. from the kindly shelter of its parent's protecting arms, from all the gentle ties of brotherhood it had so long shared, to trust itself with swelling hopes and bright anticipations to the unknown, untried world. And now, behold it, like a speck against the blue sky-rising and falling-at one moment almost lost to view, the next darting suddenly down to the feathery top of yonder elm, and swinging backwards and forwards with its graceful undulations,-many and curious are its gambols, utterly erratic and incomprehensible are its movements; it is an emblem of youth-of youth, bright, hopeful and joyous, as it ever is upon its first setting forth into the world-rash, heedless and inconsiderate, as it never fails to be, until the hard lesson of experience is duly conned, and time, the stern old teacher, stripping life of all its cherished illusions, and showing it to our unwilling eyes, in all its naked deformity, brings every man, of woman born, to the same inevitable and unalterable conclusion-that "all is vanity." Some denizens of this, our planet, obtain this result, much sooner than others, although I believe it is necessary that a certain amount of sorrow, pain and disappointment, should prepare the mind, ere it can be fully brought to realize the painful truth.

For the sake of convenience, and because I think witches are necessarily feminine, and I mean my witch to be peculiarly delicate and lady-like, I shall henceforth promote my little seed to the honors of a personality, and make her a heroine in the true sense of the term. So, my readers, if I am destined to have any, must not be surprised at the novel circumstance of so insignificant a thing being supposed to possess sentiments, feelings and passions-but look upon it as simply one of those wanderings of the fancy to which scribblers are subject, and accept the thoughts, without reference to the vehicle whereby they are transmitted.

And now let me transport you, in company with our heroine, who sports gaily along above our heads, to a fair and sunny meadow,—one of those green, unbroken vistas in a woody landscape, which comes as refreshingly to the eye, as a heartfelt smile in a beloved face. Through its midst, ripples and threads which secured our heroine, and with its own formidable pinchers, dispatched her unharmed upon her way, bearing no trace of her recent imprisonment, except a long, silken streamer, which rather added to the symmetry of her appearance by the addition of a graceful, undulating tail.

Who can conceive the joyous sensations which now filled her breast !-- the gambols which she performed—the feats which she executed, as, poised high in air, she abandoned herself without reserve to the sportive breeze, which seemed to rejoice in her emancipation? But the day is declining, and already the chill atmosphere of evening begins to be felt—the sky, before so cloudless, is now flickered with light clouds, and in the west, towards which the sun is rapidly hastening, a heavy bank of vapor, its edges already tipped with gold, gives warning of some approaching change. The great luminary sinks into its midst, as upon a gorgeous couch, dispensing on all sides his parting beams, and gilding with unexampled glory the place of his repose-while ever and anon, a bright glance from betwixt his curtains sends the long shadows of the evening across the meadows, and lights up the darkening vistas of the wood with a contrasted glory.

Like a mote in these lingering sunbeams, our witch still deports herself, although shuddering ever and anon, as a chilly gust from the rapidly rising clouds mixes itself with the more genial atmosphere and penetrates her tender frame. The storms of thy life are at hand, oh! fragile wanderer! The dark eide of existence is about to be unfolded to thee-and hast thou prepared thyself for its approach? No, ever restless and unsettled, thou hast neglected to secure a refuge from the tempest: thou hast passed heedlessly by all the safe and sheltered spots; thou hast abandoned the fair meadow and the sunny glade, and now, in the evening, thou art at the mercy of the driving storm, which is whirling thee rapidly and irresistibly towards the bare and desolate common. In truth, the storm had arisen in all its fury, the rain poured down in torrents, blast contended against blast, and the stately trees of the forest bowed down their leafy heads. Amid a chaos of leaves, flowers and branches, blended and bewildered by the driving rain, and crushed and wounded by contact with the rough substances which surrounded her, the little witch, stripped of all her beauty, her pinions clogged and broken, her buoyancy gone, sank helplese and fainting to the earth. The rain poured on, the wind swept over her; leaves, earth, and other fragments of the storm fell around her, and soon shut from her the light of day. In the dark bosom of our mother earth, to which we are all destined to return, she awaits the consummation of her destiny; in darkness, in solitude, but in safety, the vegetable germ lies shrouded from the view,-the storms of winter howl over her resting-place in vain; its

iron-bound imprisonment—but the keenest severity of the season affects not the small grain of life, which its Creator has endowed with such powerful vitality. In the genial spring, when Nature starts from her long slumber and begins to put on all her charms for the eyes of men, when blossoms open on the trees, and insects awarm from the hedges, when the painted butterfly, "the winged flower"-as some writer has appropriately named it-flits from meadow to meadow, and the gay birds seek the materials of their delicate habitation-our little heroine will once more emerge to the light of day. No longer as a restless and unsatisfied wanderer, but rooted and anchored to the soil which has so long sheltered her,-no longer an erratic substance, floating about at the mercy of every breeze, but a fair and tender daughter of the spring, exulting in the sunshine, and crowned with a leafy glory. And despise not, oh ye proud collectors of rare exotics, who, in your admiration of a curious but useless herb, too often overlook the fairest children of the summer, despise not the humble plant whose metamorphosis I have now presented to you. Surely the emblem of Scotland's liberty has some claims to your attention, even if prejudice and custom will allow you to find no beauty in its imbricated bud and purple crown; and the singular analogy which the history of its winged seeds presents to the life of man, frail man! tossed about by every wind of passion, at the mercy of every evil impulse, should give it another claim to your serious consideration. Thus are we borne on from the cradle to the tomb. tasting pleasure but in anticipation and remembrance, ever seeking happiness which eludes our grasp, rushing into dangers, against which we have been vainly warned-learning only by bitter experience the hollowness of earthly pleasures, and sinking at last into the earth, whence we sprang. human and immortal seed, destined to another and final reproduction.

Even as the inanimate germ of the plant quickens and comes forth from the earth where it has lain in darkness, even as the helpless pupa of the caterpillar emerges to the light a perfect and winged butterfly, even as every product of our earth sinks to decay, only to be again reproduced in various forms and by innumerable means—so by the inscrutable Providence of God are our souls, immortal and imperishable, quickened to a second flowering and more abundant harvest.

TREES AND FLOWERS.

Not a tree,

A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains

A folio volume. We may read, and read,

And read again; and still find something new;

Something to please, and something to instruct.

Even in the humblest weed.—Anon.

RHODODAPHNE; OR, THE THESSALIAN SPELL. A POEM.

A Literary Lady placed in my hands a few days since a copy of Rhododaphne or the Thessalian Spell; a poem which issued from the Philadelphia press about 25 years since, and which I well remember at the time to have read with unusual delight. It is probable that this copy is the only one which has escaped the destruction of time, and I therefore send it to the Messenger to be preserved and circulated in its pages. The author of this rare and beautiful poetical gem, was Richard Dabney, of Louisa county, Virginia, a man of remarkable gentus and attainments, whom it was my good fortune to know intimately more than twenty years ago, and who, poor fellow-like so many similarly gifted-has long since found a premature grave. He had great sensibilities, and probably fell a martyr as much to disappointed ambition as to any other cause. That generation was essentially behind even the present in the appreciation of merit, unless connected with the so called learned and profitable professions, or displayed in the gladiatorial conflicts of the Legislative Hall. Poetry, and especially refined classical poetry, was generally laid aside as something useless and repulsive, unless perchance it was wasted from the English side of the Atlantic and stamped with approbation by the world of fashion. A Poem of domestic manufacture was regarded as a very absurd thing, and hardly ever attracted even the contempt of criticism, and hence I believe that the beautiful production which I send you, fell unnoticed and undistinguished, and was lost in the glitter of foreign lyrics and romances. Nor was that the fate of Rhododaphne alone. The lamented author also published a small edition of minor poems-imitations of classical odes, &c., containing a variety of excellence,—but equally unsuccessful in attracting public favor and attention. I trust that W. C. Bryant, if he continues his selections from American poets-will not disdain the tribute which genius owes to its kindred, nor fail to record the neglected name of Richard Dabney.

PREFACE.

The ancient celebrity of Thessalian magic is familiar, even from Horace, to every classical reader. The Metamorphoses of Apuleius turn entirely upon it, and the following passage in that work might serve as the text of a long commentary on the subject. "Considering that I was now in the middle of Thessaly, celebrated by the accordant voice of the world as the birthplace of the magic art, I examined all things with intense curiosity. Nor did I believe any thing which I saw in that city (Hypata) to be what it appeared; but I imagined that every object around me had been changed by incantation from its natural shape; that the stones of the streets, and the waters of the fountains, were indurated and liquified human bodies; and that the trees which surrounded the city, and the birds which were singing in their boughs, were equally human beings, in the disguise of leaves and feathers. I expected the statues and images to walk, the walls to speak; I anticipated prophetic voices from the cattle, and oracles from the morning sky."

According to Pliny, Menander, who was skilled her native Thespia, was held in immense admirain the subtleties of learning, composed a Thessalian drama, in which he comprised the incantations great and only attraction of Thespia.

and magic ceremonies of women drawing down the moon. Pliny considers the belief in magic as the combined effect of the operations of three powerful causes, medicine, superstition, and the mathematical arts. He does not mention music, to which the ancients (as is shown by the fables of Orpheus, Amphion, the Sirens, &c.) ascribed the most miraculous powers: but, strictly speaking, it was included in the mathematical arts, as being a science of numerical proportion.

The belief in the supernatural powers of music and pharmacy ascends to the earliest ages of poetry. Its most beautiful forms are the Circe of Homer, and Medea, in the days of her youth, as she appears in the third book of Apollonius.

Lucian's treatise on the Syrian Goddess contains much wild and wonderful imagery; and his Philopseudes, though it does not mention Thessalian magic in particular, is a compendium of almost all the ideas entertained by the ancients of supernatural power, distinct from, and subordinate to, that of the gods; though the gods were supposed to be drawn from their cars by magic and compelled, however reluctantly, to yield it a temporary obedience. These subjects appear to have been favorite topics with the ancients in their social hours, as we may judge from the Philopseudes, and from the tales related by Niceros and Trimalchio at the feast given by the latter in the Satyricon of Petronius. Trimalchio concludes his marvellous narrative by saying (in the words which form the motto of this poem:) "You must of necessity believe that there are women of supernatural science, framers of nocturnal incantations, who can turn the world upside down."

It will appear from these references, and more might have been made if it had not appeared superfluous, that the power ascribed by the ancients to Thessalian magic is by no means exaggerated in the following poem, though its forms are in some measure diversified.

The opening scene of the poem is in the Temple of Love at Thespia, a town of Bœotia, near the foot of Mount Helicon. That Love was the principal deity of Thespia, we learn from Pausanias; and Plutarch, in the beginning of his Erotic dialogue, informs us, that a festival in honor of this deity was celebrated by the Thespians with great splendor every fifth year. They also celebrated a quinquennial festival in honor of the Muses, who had a sacred grove and temple in Helicon. Both these festivals are noticed by Pausanias, who mentions likewise the three statues of Love, (though without any distinguishing attributes,) and those of Venus, and Phryne by Praxiteles. The Winged Love of Praxiteles, in Pentelican marble, which he gave to his mistress Phryne, who bestowed it on her native Thespia, was held in immense admiraThe time is an intermediate period between the age of the Greek tragedians, who are alluded to in the second canto, and that of Pausanias, in whose time the Thespian altar had been violated by Nero, and Praxiteles' statue of Love removed to Rome, for which outrageous impiety, says Pausanias, he was pursued by the just and manifest vengeance of the gods, who, it would seem, had already terrified Claudius into restoring it, when Caligula had previously taken it away.

Creative, Heavenly, Earthly Love.*

The first, of stone and sculpture rude. From immemorial time has stood;

Not even in vague tradition known The hand that raised that ancient stoof brass the next, with holiest thoughth the gods, who, it would seem, had already terrified The third, a marble form divine, Claudius into restoring it, when Caligula had previously taken it away.

The second song in the fifth canto is founded on the Homeric hymn, "Bacchus, or the Pirates." Some other imitations of classical passages, but for the most part interwoven with unborrowed ideas, will occur to the classical reader.

The few notes subjoined are such as seemed absolutely necessary to explain or justify the text. Those of the latter description might, perhaps, have been more numerous, if much deference had seemed due to that species of judgment, which, having neither light nor tact of its own, can only see and feel through the medium of authority.

Σοφος 6 πολλα ειδως φυα· μαθοντες δε λαβροι παγγλωσσια, κορακες ώς, ακραντα γαρυετον Διος προς ορνιχα θειον.

Pind, Olymp. II.

Rogo vos, oportet, credatis, sunt mulieres plus aciæ, sunt nocturnæ, et quod sursum est deorsum faciunt.

[PETRONIUS.

The bards and sages of departed Greece
Yet live, for mind survives material doom;
Still, as of yore, beneath the myrtle bloom
They strike their golden lyres, in sylvan peace.
Wisdom and Liberty may never cease,
Once having been, to be: but from the tomb
Their mighty radiance streams along the gloom
Of ages evermore without decrease.
Among those gifted bards and sages old,
Shunning the living world, I dwell, and hear,
Reverent, the creeds they held, the tales they told:
And from the songs that charmed their latest ear,
A yet ungathered wreath, with fingers bold,
I weave, of bleeding love and magic mysteries drear.

CANTO I.

The rose and myrtle blend in beauty Round Thespian Love's hypethric fane; And there alone, with festal duty Of joyous song and choral train, From many a mountain, stream, and vale, And many a city fair and free, The sons of Greece commingling hail Love's primogenial deity.

Central amid the myrtle grove
That venerable temple stands:
Three statues, raised by gifted hands,
Distinct with sculptured emblems fair,
His threefold influence imaged bear,

The first, of stone and sculpture rude, From immemorial time has stood; Not even in vague tradition known The hand that raised that ancient stone. Of brass the next, with holiest thought, The skill of Sicyon's artist wrought. † The third, a marble form divine, That seems to move, and breathe, and smile, Fair Phryne to this holy shrine Conveyed, when her propitious wile Had forced her lover to impart The choicest treasure of his art.1 Her, too, in sculptured beauty's pride, His skill has placed by Venus' side; Nor well the enraptured gaze descries Which best might claim the Hesperian prize.

Fairest youths and maids assembling
Dance the myrtle bowers among:
Harps to softest numbers trembling
Pour the impassioned strain along,
Where the poet's gifted song
Holds the intensely listening throng.
Matrons grave and sages grey
Lead the youthful train to pay
Homage on the opening day

* Primogenial, or Creative Love, in the Orphic mythology, is the first born of Night and Chaos, the most ancient of the Gods and the parent of all things. According to Aristophanes, Night produced an egg in the bosom of Erebus, and golden-winged Love burst in due season from the shell. The Egyptians, as Plutarch informs us in his Erotic dialogue, recognized three distinct powers of Love: the Uranian, or Heavenly; the Pandemian, Vulgar or Earthly; and the Sun. That the identity of the Sun and Primogenial Love was recognized also by the Greeks, appears from the community of their epithets in mythological poetry, as in this Orphic line: Πρωτογονος Φαιθων περιμηκίος ηκρος διος. Lactantius observes that Love was called Hoursyores, which signifies both first-produced and first-producing, because nothing was born before him, but all things have proceeded from him. Primogenial Love is represented in antiques mounted on the back of a lion, and, being of Egyptian origin, is traced by the modern astronomical interpreters of mythology to the Leo of the Zodiac. Uranian Love, in the mythological philosophy of Plato, is the deity or genius of pure mental passion for the good and the beautiful; and Pandemian Love, of ordinary sexual attachment. † Lysippus.

† Phryne was the mistress of Praxiteles. She requested him to give her his most beautiful work, which he promised to do, but refused to tell which of his works was in his own estimation the best. One day when he was with Phryne, her servant running in, announced to him that his house was on fire. Praxiteles started up in great agitation, declaring that all the fruit of his labor would be lost, if his Love should be injured by the flames. His mistress dispelled his alarm, by telling him that the report of the fire was merely a stratagem, by which she obtained the information she desired. Phryne thus became possessed of the masterpiece of Praxiteles, and bestowed it on her native Thespia. Strabo names, instead of Phryne, Glycera, who was also a Thespian; but in addition to the testimony of Pausanias and Atheneus, Casuabon cites a Greek epigram on Phryne, which mentions her dedication of the Thespian Love.

Of Love's returning feetival: Every fruit and every flower Sacred to his gentler power, Twined in garlands bright and sweet, They place before his sculptured feet, And on his name they call: From thousand lips, with glad acclaim, Is breathed at once that sacred name; And music, kindling at the sound, Wasts holier, tenderer strains around: The rose a richer sweet exhales: The myrtle waves in softer gales; Through every breast one influence flies; All hate, all evil passion dies: The heart of man, in that blest spell, Becomes at once a sacred cell, Where Love, and only Love, can dwell.

From Ladon's shores Anthemion came, . Arcadian Ladon, loveliest tide Of all the streams of Grecian name Through rocks and sylvan hills that glide. The flower of all Arcadia's youth Was her: such form and face, in truth, As thoughts of gentlest maidens seek In their day-dreams: soft glossy hair Shadowed his forehead, snowy-fair, With many a hyacinthine cluster: Lips, that in silence seemed to speak, Were his, and eyes of mild blue lustre: And even the paleness of his cheek, The passing trace of tender care, Still showed how beautiful it were If its own natural bloom were there.

His native vale, whose mountains high The barriers of his world had been, His cottage home, and each dear scene His haunt from earliest infancy, He left, to Love's fair fane to bring His simple wild-flower offering. She with whose life his life was twined, His own Calliroe, long had pined With some strange ill, and none could find What secret cause did thus consume That peerless maiden's roseate bloom: The Asclepian sage's skill was vain; And vainly have their vows been paid To Pan, beneath the odorous shade Of his tall pine; and other aid Must needs be sought to save the maid: And hence Anthemion came, to try In Thespia's old solemnity, If such a lover's prayers may gain From Love in his primæval fane. He mingled in the votive train,

* Sacrifices were offered at this festival for the appessing of all public and all private dissensions. Autobulus, in the beginning of Plutarch's Erotic dialogue, says. at his father and mother, when first married, went to the Thespian festival, to sacrifice to Love, on account of a quarcel between their parents.

That moved around the altar's base. Every statue's beauteous face Was turned towards that central alter. Why did Anthemion's footsteps falter ! Why paused he, like a tale-struck child, Whom darkness fills with fancies wild? A vision strange his sense had bound; It seemed the brazen statue frowned-The marble statue smiled. A moment, and the semblance fled: And when again he lifts his head, Each sculptured face alone presents Its fixed and placid lineaments.

He bore a simple wild-flower wreath: Narcissus, and the sweet-briar rose: Vervain, and flexile thyme, that breathe Rich fragrance; modest heath, that glows With purple bells; the amaranth bright, That no decay nor fading knows, Like true love's holiest, rarest light; And every purest flower, that blows In that sweet time, which Love most blesses, When spring on summer's confines presses.

Beside the altar's foot he stands, And murmurs low his suppliant vow, And now uplifts with duteous hands The votive wild-flower wreath, and now-At once as when in vernal night Comes pale frost or eastern blight, Sweeping with destructive wing Banks untimely blossoming, Droops the wreath, the wild-flowers die; One by one on earth they lie, Blighted strangely, suddenly.

His brain swims round; portentous fear Across his wildered fancy flies: Shall death thus seize his maiden dear? Does Love reject his sacrifice ! He caught the arm of a damsel near, And soft sweet accents smote his ear; -" What ails thee, stranger? Leaves are sear, "And flowers are dead, and fields are drear,

- "And streams are wild, and skies are bleak,
- "And white with snow each mountain's peak,
- "When winter rules the year;
- "And children grieve, as if for aye
- "Leaves, flowers, and birds were past away:
- "But buds and blooms again are seen.
- "And fields are gay, and hills are green,
- "And streams are bright, and sweet birds sing;
- "And where is the infant's sorrowing?"-Dimly he heard the words she said,

Nor well their latent meaning drew; But languidly he raised his head, And on the damsel fixed his view. Was it a form of mortal mould That did his dazzled sense impress !

Even painful from its loveliness!

Her bright hair, in the noon-beams glowing, A rose-bud wreath above confined,

From whence, as from a fountain flowing, Long ringlets round her temples twined, And fell in many a graceful fold, Streaming in curls of feathery lightness Around her neck's marmoreal whiteness. Love, in the smile that round her lips, Twin roses of persuasion, played, -Nectaries of balmer sweets than sips The Hymettian bee,-his ambush laid; And his own shafts of liquid fire Came on the soul with sweet surprise, Through the soft dews of young desire That trembled in her large dark eyes; But in those eyes there seemed to move A flame, almost too bright for love. That shone, with intermitting flashes, Beneath their long deep-shadowy lashes.

-" What ails thee, youth !"-her lips repeat, In tones more musically sweet Than breath of shepherd's twilight reed, From far to woodland echo borne. That floats like dew o'er stream and mead, And whispers peace to souls that mourn.

- "What ails thee, youth ?"-" A fearful sign
- " For one whose dear sake led me hither:
- "Love repels me from his shrine,
- "And seems to say; That maid divine
- " Like these ill-omened flowers shall wither."
- -"Flowers may die on many a stem ;
- "Fruits may fall from many a tree;
- " Not the more for loss of them
- "Shall this fair world a desert be:
- "Thou in every grove wilt see
- "Fruits and flowers enough for thee.
- "Stranger! I with thee will share
- "The votive fruits and flowers I bear,
- "Rich in fragrance, fresh in bloom;
- "These may find a happier doom:
- "If they change not, fade not now,
- "Deem that Love accepts thy vow."-

The youth, mistrustless, from the maid Received, and on the altar laid The votive wreath; it did not fade; And she on his her offering threw. Did fancy cloud Anthemion's view? Or did those sister garlands fair Indeed entwine and blend again, Wreathed into one, even as they were, Ere she, their brilliant sweets to share, Unwove their flowery chain! She fixed on him her radiant eyes, And-" Love's propitious power,"-she said, "Accepts thy second sacrifice.

- "The sun descends tow'rds ocean's bed.
- "Day by day the sun doth set,
- "And day by day the sun doth rise,
- "And grass with evening dew-drops wet
- "The morning radiance dries:
- "And what if beauty slept, where peers
- "That mossy grass? and lover's tears

- "Were mingled with that evening dew!
- "The morning sun would dry them too.
- " Many a loving heart is near,
- "That shall its plighted love formake;
- "Many lips are breathing here,
- " Vows a few short days will break;
- " Many, lone amidst mankind,
- "Claim from Love's unpitying power
- "The kindred heart they ne'er shall find:
- "Many, at this festal hour,
- "Joyless in the joyous scene,
- "Pass, with idle glance unmoved,
- " Even those whom they could best have loved,
- " Had means of mutual knowledge been:
- "Some meet for once and part for aye,
- " Like thee and me, and scarce a day
- "Shall each by each remembered be:
- "But take the flower I give to thee,
- "And till it fades remember me."-

Anthemion answered not: his brain Was troubled with conflicting thought: A dim and dizzy sense of pain That maid's surpassing beauty brought; And strangely on his fancy wrought Her mystic moralisings, fraught With half-prophetic sense, and breathed In tones so sweetly wild. Unconsciously the flower he took, And with absorbed admiring look Gazed as with fascinated eye The lone bard gazes on the sky, Who, in the bright clouds rolled and wreathed Around the sun's descending car, Sees shadowy rocks sublimely piled, And phantom standards wide unfurled, And towers of an erial world Embattled for unearthly war. So stood Anthemion, till among The mazes of the festal throng

CANTO II.

Does Love so weave his subtle spell, So closely bind his golden chain, That only one fair form may dwell In dear remembrance, and in vain May other beauty seek to gain A place that idol form beside In feelings all pre-occupied ? Or does one radiant image, shrined Within the inmost soul's recess, Exalt, expand, and make the mind A temple, to receive and bless All forms of kindred loveliness!

The damsel from his sight had past.

A backward look, perchance to see

If he watched her still so fixedly.

Yet well he marked that once she cast

Howbeit, as from those myrtle bowers, And that bright altar crowned with flowers. Anthemion turned, as thought's wild stream Its interrupted course resumed, Still, like the phantom of a dream, Before his dazzled memory bloomed The image of that maiden strange: Yet not a passing thought of change He knew, nor once his fancy strayed From his long-loved Arcadian maid. Vaguely his mind the scene retraced. Image on image wildly driven, As in his bosom's fold he placed The flower that radiant nymph had given. With idle steps, at random bent, Through Thespia's crowded ways he went; And on his troubled ear the strains Of choral music idly smote; And with vacant eye he saw the trains Of youthful dancers round him float, As the musing bard from his sylvan seat Looks on the dance of the noon-tide heat, Or the play of the watery flowers, that quiver In the eddies of a lowland river.

Around, beside him, to and fro, The assembled thousands hurrying go. These the palæstric sports invite, Where courage, strength, and skill contend; The gentler Muses those delight, Where throngs of silent listeners bend, While rival bards, with lips of fire, Attune to Love the impassioned lyre; Or where the mimic scene displays Some solemn tale of elder days, Despairing Phædra's vengeful doom, Alcestis' love too dearly tried, Or Hæmon dying on the tomb That closes o'er his living bride.

But choral dance, and bardic strain, Palæstric sport, and scenic tale, Around Anthemien spread in vain Their mixed attractions: sad and pale He moved along, in musing sadness, Amid all sights and sounds of gladness.

A sudden voice his musings broke. He looked; an aged man was near, Of rugged brow, and eye severe.

- -" What evil,"-thus the stranger spoke,-
- "Has this our city done to thee,
- "Ill-omened boy, that thou should'st be
- "A blot on our solemnity!
- "Or what Alastor bade thee wear
- "That laurel-rose, to Love profane,
- "Whose leaves, in semblance falsely fair
- " Of Love's maternal flower, contain
- "For purest fragrance deadliest bane !†
- The allusions are to the Hyppolytus and Alcestis of Euripides, and to the Antigone of Sophocles.
- † Τα δε βοδα εκεινα ψκ ην βοδα αληθινά τα δ'ην εκ της αγριας φαφράς φρούτρα, φοροφαφρών αρτών καγήσια ανθρομοί, κακολ αδίerev eve τήτο παντι, και ίππω φασι γαρ τον φαγεντα αποθνη been changed to an ass by a Thessalian ointment, and can sugar syring. Lucianus in Asino.—" These roses were not be restored to his true shape only by the eating of roses.

- "Art thou a scorner! dost thou throw
- "Defiance at his power! Beware!
- " Full soon thy impious youth may know
- "What pange his shafts of anger bear:
- " For not the sun's descending dart,
- " Nor yet the lightning-brand of Jove,
- "Fall like the shaft that strikes the heart
- "Thrown by the mightier hand of Love."--" Oh stranger! not with impious thought
- " My steps this holy rite have sought.
- "With pious heart and offerings due
- "I mingled in the votive train;
- " Nor did I deem this flower profane;
- "Nor she, I ween, its evil knew,
- "That radiant girl, who bade me cherish
- "Her memory till its bloom should perish."-
 - -" Who, and what, and whence was she!"
 - -" A stranger till this hour to me."--"Oh youth, beware! that laurel-rose
- " Around Larissa's evil walls
- "In tufts of rank luxuriance grows,
- "'Mid dreary valleys, by the falls
- "Of haunted streams; and magic knows
- " No herb or plant of deadlier might,
- "When impious footsteps wake by night
- "The echoes of those dismal dells,
- "What time the murky midnight dew
- "Trembles on many a leaf and blossom,
- "That draws from earth's polluted bosom
- " Mysterious virtue, to imbue
- "The chalice of unnatural spells.
- "Oft, those dreary rocks among,

true roses: they were flowers of the wild laurel, which men call rhododaphne, or rose-laurel. It is a bad dinner for either horse or ass, the eating of it being attended by immediate death." Apuleius has amplified this passage: "I observed from afar the deep shades of a leafy grove, through whose diversified and abundant verdure shone the snowy color of refulgent roses. As my perceptions and feelings were not asinine like my shape,* I judged it to be a sacred grove of Venus and the Graces, where, the celestial splendor of their genial flower glittered through the dark-green shades. I invoked the propitious power of joyful Event, and sprang forward with such velocity, as if I were not indeed an ass, but the horse of an Olympic charioteer. But this splendid effort of energy could not enable me to outrun the cruelty of my fortune. For on approaching the spot, I saw, not those tender and delicate roses, the offspring of auspicious bushes, whose fragrant leaves make nectar of the morning-dew; nor yet the deep wood I had seemed to see from afar: but only a thick line of trees skirting the edge of a river. These trees, clothed with an abundant and laurel-like foliage, from which they stretch forth the cups of their pale and inodorous flowers, are called among the unlearned rustics, hy the far from rustic appellation of laurel-roses: the eating of which is mortal to all quadrupeds. Thus entangled by evil fate, and despairing of safety, I was on the point of swallowing the poison of those fictitious roses, &c." Pliny says, that this plant, though poison to quadrupeds, is an antidote to men against the venom of serpents.

* This is spoken in the character of Lucius, who has

- "The murmurs of unholy song,
- "Breathed by lips as fair as her's
- " By whose false hands that flower was given,
- "The solid earth's firm breast have riven,
- "And burst the silent sepulchres,
- "And called strange shapes of ghastly fear,
- "To hold, beneath the sickening moon,
- "Portentous parle, at night's deep noon,
- "With beauty skilled in mysteries drear.
- "Oh, youth! Larissa's maids are fair;
- "But the dæmons of the earth and air
- "Their spells obey, their councils share,
- "And wide o'er earth and ocean bear
- "Their mandates to the storms that tear
- "The rock-enrooted oak, and sweep
- "With whirlwind wings the laboring deep.
- "Their words of power can make the streams
- "Roll refluent on their mountain-springs,
- "Can torture sleep with direful dreams,
- "And on the shapes of earthly things,
- "Man, beast, bird, fish, with influence strange,
- "Breathe foul and fearful interchange,
- "And fix in marble bonds the form
- " Erewhile with natural being warm,
- "And give to senseless stones and stocks
- " Motion, and breath, and shape that mocks,
- "As far as nicest eye can scan,
- "The action and the life of man.
- "Beware! yet once again beware!
- " Ere round thy inexperienced mind,
- "With voice and semblance falsely fair,
- "A chain Thessalian magic bind,
- "Which never more, oh youth! believe,
- "Shall either earth or heaven unweave."-

While yet he spoke, the morning scene, In more portentous hues arrayed, Dwelt on Anthemion's mind: a shade Of deeper mystery veiled the mien And words of that refulgent maid. The frown, that, ere he breathed his vow, Dwelt on the brazen statue's brow; His votive flowers, so strangely blighted; The wreath her beauteous hands untwined To share with him, that, self-combined, Its sister tendrils re-united, Strange sympathy! as in his mind These forms of troubled memory blended With dreams of evil undefined, Of magic and Thessalian guile, Now by the warning voice portended Of that mysterious man, awhile, Even when the stranger's speech had ended, He stood as if he listened still.

At length he said:—"Oh, reverend stranger!
"Thy solemn words are words of fear.

- "Not for myself I shrink from danger;
- "But there is one to me more dear
- "Than all within this earthly sphere,
- "And many are the omens ill
- "That threaten her: to Jove's high will,

- "We bow; but if in human skill
- "Be aught of aid or expiation
- "That may this peril turn away,
- "For old Experience holds his station
- "On that grave brow, oh stranger! say."—
- -" Oh youth! experience sad indeed
- "Is mine; and should I tell my tale,
- "Therein thou might'st too clearly read
- "How little may all aid avail
- "To him whose hapless steps around
- "Thessalian spells their chains have bound:
- "And yet such counsel as I may
- "I give to thee. Ere close of day
- "Seek thou the planes, whose broad shades fall
- "On the stream that laves you mountain's base:
- "There on thy Natal Genius call"
- " For aid and with averted face
- "Give to the stream that flower, nor look
- "Upon the running wave again;
- "For, if thou should'st, the sacred plane
- "Has heard thy suppliant vows in vain;
- "Nor then thy Natal Genius can,
- " Nor Phæbus, nor Arcadian Pan,
- "Dissolve thy tenfold chain."-

The stranger said, and turned away.
Anthemion sought the plane-grove's shade.
'Twas near the closing hour of day,
The slanting sunbeam's golden ray,

That through the massy foliage made Scarce here and there a passage, played

Upon the silver-eddying stream,

Even on the rocky channel throwing

Through the clear flood its golden gleam.

The bright waves danced beneath the beam

To the music of their own sweet flowing.

The flowering sallows on the bank,

Beneath the o'ershadowing plane-trees wreathing In sweet association, drank

The grateful moisture, round them breathing

Soft fragrance through the lonely wood.

There, where the mingling foliage wove

Its closest bower, two altars stood,

This to the Genius of the Grove,

That to the Naiad of the Flood.

So light a breath was on the trees,

That rather like a spirit's sigh

Than motion of an earthly breeze,

Among the summits broad and high Of those tall planes its whispers stirred;

And save that gentlest symphony

Of air and stream, no sound was heard, But of the solitary bird,

That aye, at summer's evening hour,

* The plane was sacred to the Genius, as the oak to Jupiter, the olive to Minerva, the palm to the Muses, the myrtle and rose to Venus, the laurel to Apollo, the ash to Mars, the beech to Hercules, the pine to Pan, the fir and ivy to Bacchus, the cypress to Sylvanus, the cedar to the Eumenides, the yew and poppy to Ceres, &c. "I swear to you," says Socrates in the Phædrus of Plato, "by any one of the gods, if you will, by this plane."

When music save her own is none, Attunes, from her invisible bower, Her hymn to the descending sun.

Anthemion paused upon the shore:
All thought of magic's impious lore,
All dread of evil powers, combined
Against his peace, attempered ill
With that sweet scene; and on his mind
Fair, graceful, gentle, radiant still,
The form of that strange damsel came;
And something like a sense of shame
He felt, as if his coward thought
Foul wrong to guileless beauty wrought.
At length—"Oh radiant girl!"—he said,—
"If in the cause that bids me tread
"These banks, be mixed injurious dread

- "Of thy fair thoughts, the fears of love "Must with thy injured kindness plead
- "My pardon for the wrongful deed.
 "Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods, that rove
- "The precincts of this sacred wood!
 "Thou, Achelous gentle daughter,
- "Bright Naiad of this beauteous water!
 "And thou, my Natal Genius good!
- "Lo! with pure hands the crystal flood
- "Collecting, on these altars blest, "Libation holiest, brightest, best,
- "I pour. If round my footsteps dwell
- "Unholy sign or evil spell,
- "Receive me in your guardian sway;
- "And thou, oh gentle Naiad! bear
- "With this false flower those spells away,
- "If such be lingering there."-

Then from the stream he turned his view, And o'er his back the flower he threw. Hark! from the wave a sudden cry, Of one in last extremity, A voice as of a drowning maid! The echoes of a sylvan shade Gave response long and drear. He starts: he does not turn. Again! It is Callirœ's cry! In vain Could that dear maiden's cry of pain Strike on Anthemion's ear? At once, forgetting all beside, He turned to plunge into the tide, But all again was still: The sun upon the surface bright Poured his last line of crimson light, Half-sunk behind the hill: But through the solemn plane-trees past The pinions of a mightier blast, And in its many-sounding sweep, Among the foliage broad and deep, Ærial voices seemed to sigh, As if the spirits of the grove Mourned, in prophetic sympathy With some disastrous love.

CANTO III.

By living streams, in sylvan shades, Where winds and waves symphonious make Sweet melody, the youths and maids No more with choral music wake Lone Echo from her tangled brake, On Pan, or Sylvan Genius, calling, Naiad or Nymph, in suppliant song: No more by living fountain, falling The poplar's circling bower among, Where pious hands have carved of yore Rude bason for its lucid store And reared the grassy altar nigh, The traveller, when the sun rides high, For cool refreshment lingering there, Pours to the Sister Nymphs his prayer. Yet still the green vales smile: the springs Gush forth in light: the forest weaves Its own wild bowers; the breeze's wings Make music in their rustling leaves; But 'tis no spirit's breath that sighs Among their tangled canopies: In ocean's caves no Nereid dwells: No Oread walks the mountain dells: The streams no sedge-crowned Genii roll From bounteous urn: great Pan is dead: The life, the intellectual soul Of vale, and grove, and stream, has fled For ever with the creed sublime That nursed the Muse of earlier time.

The broad moon rose o'er Thespia's walls, And on the light wind's swells and falls Came to Anthemion's ear the sounds Of dance, and song, and festal pleasure, As slowly tow'rds the city's bounds He turned, his backward steps to measure. But with such sounds his heart confessed No sympathy: his mind was pressed With thoughts too heavy to endure The contrast of a scene so gay; And from the walls he turned away, To where, in distant moonlight pure, Mount Helicon's conspicuous height Rose in the dark-blue vault of night. Along the solitary road Alone he went; for who but he On that fair night would absent be From Thespia's joyous revelry! The sounds that on the soft air flowed By slow degrees in distance died; And now he climbed the rock's steep side, Where frowned o'er sterile regions wide Neptunian Ascra's ruined tower: **

* Ascra derived its name from a nymph, of whom Neptune was enamored. She bore him a son named Œoclus, who built Ascra in conjunction with the giants Ophus and Ephialtes, who were also sons of Neptune, by Iphimedia, the wife of Alous. Pausanius mentions, that nothing but a solitary tower of Ascra was remaining in his time. Strabo describes it as having a lofty and ragged site. It was the birth-place of Hesiod, who gives a dismal picture of it.

Memorial of gigantic power:
But thoughts more dear and more refined
Awakening in the pensive mind,
Of him, the Muses' gentlest son,
The shepherd-bard of Helicon,
Whose song, to peace and Wisdom dear,
The Aonian Dryads loved to hear.

By Aganippe's fountain-wave
Anthemion passed: the moon-beams fell
Pale on the darkness of the cave,
Within whose mossy rock-hewn cell
The sculptured form of Linus stood,
Primeval bard. The Nymphs for him
'Through every spring, and mountain flood,
Green vale, and twilight woodland dim,
Long wept: all living nature wept
For Linus; when, in minstrel strife,
Apollo's wrath from love and life
The child of music swept.

The Muses' grove is nigh. He treads Its sacred precincts. O'er him spreads The palm's ærial canopy, That, nurtured by perennial springs, Around its summit broad and high Its light and branchy foliage flings, Arching in graceful symmetry. Among the tall stems jagg'd and bare Luxuriant laurel interweaves An undershade of myriad leaves, Here black in rayless masses, there In partial moonlight glittering fair; And wheresoe'er the barren rock Peers through the grassy soil, its roots The sweet andrachne strikes, to mock* Sterility, and profusely shoots Its light boughs, rich with ripening fruits. The moonbeams, through the chequering shade, Upon the silent temple played, The Muses' fane. The nightingale, Those consecrated bowers among, Poured on the air a warbled tale, So sweet, that scarcely from her nest, Where Orpheus' hallowed relics rest. She breathes a sweeter song.† A scene, whose power the maniac sense

A scene, whose power the maniac sense
Of passion's wildest mood might own!
Anthemion felt its influence:
His fancy drank the soothing tone
Of all that tranquil loveliness;
And health and bloom returned to bless
His dear Calliroë, and the groves
And rocks where pastoral Ladon roves

* "The andrachne," says Pausanias, "grows abundantly in Helicon, and bears fruit of incomparable sweetness." Pliny says, "It is the same plant which is called in Latin illecebra: it grows on rocks, and is gathered for food."

† It was said by the Thracians, that those nightingales which had their nests about the tomb of Orpheus, sang more sweetly and powerfully than any others. Pausanias, L. IX.

Bore record of their blissful loves. List! there is music on the wind! Sweet music! seldom mortal ear On sounds so tender, so refined, Has dwelt. Perchance some Muse is near, Euterpe, or Polymnia bright, Or Erato, whose gentle lyre Responds to love and young desire! It is the central hour of night: The time is holy, lone, severe, And mortals may not linger here! Still on the air those wild notes fling Their airy spells of voice and string, In sweet accordance, sweeter made By response soft from caverned shade. He turns to where a lovely glade Sleeps in the open moonlight's smile, A natural fane, whose ample bound The palm's columnar stems surround, A wild and stately peristyle; Save where their interrupted ring Bends on the consecrated cave, From whose dark arch, with tuneful wave, Libethrus issues, sacred spring. Beside its gentle murmuring, A maiden, on a mossy stone, Full in the moonlight, sits alone: Her eyes, with humid radiance bright, As if a tear had dimmed their light, Are fixed upon the moon; her hair Flows long and loose in the light soft air; A golden lyre her white hands bear; Its chords, beneath her fingers fleet, To such wild symphonies awake, Her sweet lips breathe a song so sweet, That the echoes of the cave repeat Its closes with as soft a sigh, As if they almost feared to break The magic of its harmony. Oh! there was passion in the sound, Intensest passion, strange and deep; Wild breathings of a soul, around Whose every pulse one hope had bound, One burning hope, which might not sleep. But hark! that wild and solemn swell! And was there in those tones a spell, Which none may disobey? For lo! Anthemion from the sylvan shade Moves with reluctant steps and slow, And in the lonely moonlight glade He stands before the radiant maid. She ceased her song, and with a smile

She ceased her song, and with a smile
She welcomed him, but nothing said:
And silently he stood the while,
And tow'rds the ground he drooped his head,
As if he shrunk beneath the light
Of those dark eyes so dazzling bright.
At length she spoke:—"The flower was fair
"I bade thee till its fading wear:
"And didst thou scorn the boon,

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"Or died the flower so soon!"-
  -" It did not fade,
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- "Oh radiant maid!
- "But Thespia's rites its use forbade,
- "To Love's vindictive power profane:
- "If soothly spoke the reverend seer,
- "Whose voice rebuked, with words severe,
- "Its beauty's secret bane."-
 - -": The world, oh youth! deems many wise,
- "Who dream at noon with waking eyes,
- "While spectral fancy round them flings
- " Phantoms of unexisting things;
- "Whose truth is lies, whose paths are error,
- "Whose gods are fiends, whose heaven is terror;
- "And such a slave has been with thee,
- "And thou, in thy simplicity,
- "Hast deemed his idle sayings truth.
- "The flower I gave thee, thankless youth!
- "The harmless flower thy hand rejected,
- "Was fair: my native river sees
- "Its verdure, and its bloom reflected
- "Wave in the eddies and the breeze.
- "My mother felt its beauty's claim,
- "And gave, in sportive fondness wild,
- "Its name to me, her only child."-
- -" Then RHODODAPHNE is thy name?"-Anthemion said: the maiden bent Her head in token of assent.
- -" Say once again, if sooth I deem,
- "Penëus is thy native stream ?"-
- -" Down Pindus' steep Penëus falls,
- "And swift and clear through hill and dale
- "It flows, and by Larissa's walls,
- "And through wild Tempe, loveliest vale:
- "And on its banks the cypress gloom
- "Waves round my father's lonely tomb.
- "My mother's only child am I:
- "Mid Tempe's sylvan rocks we dwell;
- "And from my earliest infancy,
- "The darling of our cottage-dell.
- " For its bright leaves and clusters fair,
- "My namesake flower has bound my hair.
- "With costly gift and flattering song,
- "Youths, rich and valiant, sought my love.
- "They moved me not. I shunned the throng
- "Of suitors, for the mountain-grove
- "Where Sylvan gods and Oreads rove.
- "The Muses, whom I worship here,
- "Had breathed their influence on my being,
- "Keeping my youthful spirit clear
- "From all corrupting thoughts, and freeing
- "My footsteps from the crowd, to tread
- "Beside the torrent's echoing bed.
- "Mid wind-tost pines, on steeps ærial,
- "Where elemental Genii throw
- "Effluence of natures more ethereal
- "Than vulgar minds can feel or know.
- "Oft on those steeps, at earliest dawn,
- "The world in mist beneath me lay,
- "Whose vapory curtains, half withdrawn,

- "Revealed the flow of Therma's bay,
- "Red with the nascent light of day;
- " Till full from Athos' distant height
- "The sun poured down his golden beams "Scattering the mists like morning dreams,
- "And rocks and lakes and isles and streams
- "Burst, like creation, into light.
- "In noontide bowers the bubbling springs,
- "In evening vales the winds that sigh
- "To eddying rivers murmuring by,
- "Have heard to these symphonious strings
- "The rocks and caverned glens reply.
- "Spirits that love the moonlight hour
- "Have met me on the shadowy hill:
- "Dream'st thou of Magic? of the power
- "That makes the blood of life run chill,
- "And shakes the world with dæmon skill!
- "Beauty is Magic; grace and song:
- "Fair form, light motion, airy sound:
- "Frail webs! and yet a chain more strong
- "They weave the strongest hearts around,
- "Than e'er Alcides' arm unbound:
- "And such a chain I weave round thee,
- "Though but with mortal witchery."-

His eyes and ears had drank the charm. The damsel rose, and on his arm

She laid her hand. Through all his frame

The soft touch thrilled like liquid flame;

But on his mind Calliroë came All pale and sad, her sweet eyes dim

With tears which for herself and him

Fell: by that modest image mild

Recalled, inspired, Anthemion strove

Against the charm that now beguiled His sense, and cried, in accents wild,

-"Oh maid! I have another love!"-

But still she held his arm, and spoke

- Again in accents thrilling sweet:
- -- "In Tempe's vale a lonely oak "Has felt the storms of ages beat:
- "Blasted by the lightning-stroke,
- "A hollow, leafless, branchless trunk
- "It stands; but in its giant cell
- "A mighty sylvan power doth dwell,
- "An old and holy oracle.
- "Kneeling by that ancient tree,
- "I sought the voice of destiny,
- "And in my ear these accents sank:
- "' Waste not in loneliness thy bloom:
- "' With flowers the Thespian altar dress:
- "'The youth whom Love's mysterious doom
- " 'Assigns to thee, thy sight shall bless "' With no ambiguous loveliness;
- "'And thou, amid the joyous scene,
- "'Shalt know him, by his mournful mien,
- "'And by the paleness of his cheek,
- " 'And by the sadness of his eye,
- "' And by his withered flowers, and by
- "'The language thy own heart shall speak."
- "And I did know thee, youth! and thou

- "Art mine, and I thy bride must be.
- " Another love! the gods allow
- "No other love to thee or me!"-

She gathered up her glittering hair,
And round his neck its tresses threw,
And twined her arms of beauty rare
Around him, and the light curls drew
In closer bands: ethereal dew
Of love and young desire was swimming
In her bright eyes, albeit not dimming
Their starry radiance, rather brightning
Their beams with passion's liquid lightning.
She clasped him to her throbbing breast,
And on his lips her lips she prest,
And cried the while
With joyous smile:

- -" These lips are mine; the spells have won them,
- "Which round and round thy soul I twine;
- "And be the kiss I print upon them
- "Poison to all lips but mine!"—

Dizzy awhile Anthemion stood, With thirst-parched lips and fevered blood, In those enchanting ringlets twined: The fane, the cave, the moonlight wood, The world, and all the world enshrined, Seemed melting from his troubled mind: But those last words the thought recalled Of his Calliroë, and appalled His mind with many a nameless fear For her, so good, so mild, so dear. With sudden start of gentle force From Rhododaphne's arms he sprung. And swifter than the torrent's course From rock to rock in tumult flung, Adown the steeps of Helicon, By spring, and cave, and tower, he fled, But turned from Thespia's walls, and on Along the rocky way, that led Tow'rds the Corinthian Isthmus, sped, Impatient to behold again His cottage-home by Ladon's side, And her, for whose dear sake his brain Was giddy with foreboding pain. Fairest of Ladon's virgin train, His own long-destined bride.

CANTO IV.

Magic and mystery, spells Circæan,
The Siren voice, that calmed the sea,
And steeped the soul in dews Lethæan:
The enchanted chalice, sparkling free
With wine, amid whose ruby glow
Love couched, with madness linked, and wo:
Mantle and zone, whose woof beneath
Lurked wily grace, in subtle wreath
With blandishment and young desire
And soft persuasion, intertwined,
Whose touch, with sympathetic fire,
Could melt at once the sternest mind:

Have passed away: for vestal Truth Young Fancy's foe, and Reason chill, Have chased the dreams that charmed the youth Of nature and the world, which still, Amid that vestal light severe, Our colder spirits leap to hear Like echoes from a fairy hill. Yet deem not so. The Power of Spells Still lingers on the earth, but dwells In deeper folds of close disguise, That baffle Reason's searching eyes: Nor shall that mystic Power resign To Truth's cold sway his webs of guile, Till woman's eyes have ceased to shine, And woman's lips have ceased to smile, And woman's voice has ceased to be The earthly soul of melody.

A night and day had passed away: A second night. A second day Had risen. The noon on vale and hill Was glowing, and the pensive herds In rocky pool and sylvan rill The shadowy coolness sought. The birds Among their leafy bowers were still, Save where the red-breast on the pine, In thickest ivy's shelt'ring nest, Attuned a lonely song divine, To sooth old Pan's meridian rest. The stream's eternal eddies played In light and music; on its edge The soft light air scarce moved the sedge: The bees a pleasant murmuring made On thymy bank and flowery hedge: From field to field the grasshopper Kept up his joyous descant shrill; When once again the wanderer, With arduous travel faint and pale, Beheld his own Arcadian vale.

From Oryx, down the sylvan way, With hurried pace the youth proceeds. Sweet Ladon's waves beside him stray In dear companionship: the reeds Seem, whispering on the margin clear, The doom of Syrinx to rehearse, Ladonian Syrinx, name most dear To music and Mænalian verse.

It is the Aphrodisian grove.

Anthemion's home is near. He sees
The light smoke rising from the trees
That shade the dwelling of his love.
Sad bodings, shadowy fears of ill,
Pressed heavier on him, in wild strife
With many wandering hope, that still
Leaves on the darkest clouds of life
Some vestige of her radiant way:
But soon those torturing struggles end;
For where the poplar silver-gray

^{*} It was the custom of Pan to repose from the chace at noon. Theoritus, Id. I.

And dark associate cedar blend
Their hospitable shade, before
One human dwelling's well-known door,
Old Pheidou sits, and by his side
His only child, his age's pride,
Herself, Anthemion's destined bride.

She hears his coming tread. She flies
To meet him. Health is on her cheeks,
And pleasure sparkles in her eyes,
And their soft light a welcome speaks
More eloquent than words. Oh, joy!
The maid he left so fast consuming,
Whom death, impatient to destroy,
Had marked his prey, now rosy-blooming,
And beaming like the morning star
With loveliness and love, has flown
To welcome him: his cares fly far,
Like clouds when storms are overblown;
For where such perfect transports reign
Even memory has no place for pain.

The poet's task were passing sweet,
If, when he tells how lovers meet,
One half the flow of joy, that flings
Its magic on that blissful hour,
Could touch, with sympathetic power,
His lyre's accordant strings.
It may not be. The lyre is mute,
When venturous minstrelsy would suit
Its numbers to so dear a theme:
But many a gentle maid, I deem,
Whose heart has known and felt the like,
Can hear, in fancy's kinder dream,
The cords I dare not strike.

They spread a banquet in the shade Of those old trees. The friendly board Calliroë's beauteous hands arrayed, With self-requiting toil, and poured In fair-carved bowl the sparkling wine. In order due Anthemion made Libation, to Olympian Jove, Arcadian Pan, and Thespian Love, And Bacchus, giver of the vine. The generous draught dispelled the sense Of weariness. His limbs were light: His heart was free: Love banished thence All forms but one most dear, most bright: And ever with insatiate sight He gazed upon the maid, and listened, Absorbed in ever new delight, To that dear voice, whose balmy sighing To his full joy blest response gave, Like music doubly-sweet replying From twilight echo's sylvan cave; And her mild eyes with soft rays glistened, Imparting and reflecting pleasure; For this is Love's terrestrial treasure, That in participation lives, And evermore, the more it gives, keelf abounds in fuller measure.

Old Pheidon felt his heart expand, With joy that from their joy had birth And said:—"Anthemion! Love's own hand

- "Is here, and mighty on the earth
- "Is he, the primogenial power,
- "Whose sacred grove and antique fane
- "Thy prompted footsteps, not in vain,
- "Have sought; for, on the day and hour
- " Of his incipient rite, most strange
- "And sudden was Calliroë's change.
- "The sickness under which she bowed,
- "Swiftly, as though it ne'er had been,
- "Passed, like the shadow of a cloud
- "From April's hills of green.
- "And bliss once more is yours; and mine
- "In seeing yours, and more than this;
- "For ever, in our children's bliss,
- "The sun of our past youth doth shine
- "Upon our age anew. Divine
- "No less than our own Pan must be
- "To us Love's bounteous deity;
- "And round our old and hallowed pine
- "The myrtle and the rose must twine,
- "Memorial of the Thespian shrine."-

'Twas strange indeed, Anthemion thought,
That, in the hour when omens dread
Most tortured him, such change was wrought;
But love and hope their lustre shed
On all his visions now, and led
His memory from the mystic train
Of fears which that strange damsel wove
Around him in the Thespian fane
And in the heliconian grove.

Eve came, and twilight's balmy hour:
Alone, beneath the cedar bower,
The lovers sate, in converse dear
Retracing many a backward year,
Their infant sports in field and grove,
Their mutual tasks, their dawning love,
Their mingled tears of past distress,
Now all absorbed in happiness;
And oft would Fancy intervene,
To throw, on many a pictured scene
Of life's untrodden path, such gleams
Of golden light, such blissful dreams,
As in young Love's enraptured eye
Hope almost made reality.

So in that dear accustomed shade,
With Ladon flowing at their feet,
Together sate the youth and maid,
In that uncertain shadowy light
When day and darkness mingling meet.
Her bright eyes ne'er had seemed so bright,
Her sweet voice ne'er had seemed so sweet,
As then they seemed. Upon his neck
Her head was resting, and her eyes
Were raised to his, for no disguise
Her feelings knew; untaught to check,
As in these days more worldly wise,
The heart's best, purest sympathies.

Fond youth! her lips are near to thins: The ringlets of her temples twine Against thy cheek: Oh! more or less Than mortal wert thou not to press Those ruby lips! Or does it dwell Upon thy mind, that fervid spell Which Rhododophne breathed upon Thy lips erewhile in Helicon! Ah! pause, rash boy! bethink thee yet; And canst thou then the charm forget? Or dost thou scorn its import vain As vision of a fevered brain?

Oh! he has kissed Calliroë's lips! And with the touch the maid grew pale, And sudden shade of strange eclipse Drew o'er her eyes its dusky veil. As droops the meadow-pink its head, By the rude scythe in summer's prime Cleft from its parent stem, and spread On earth to wither ere its time: Even so the flower of Ladon faded. Swifter than when the sun hath shaded In the young storm his setting ray, The western radiance dies away.

He pressed her heart: no pulse was there. Before her lips his hand he place: No breath was in them. Wild despair Came on him, as, with sudden waste, When snows dissolve in vernal rain. The mountain-torrent on the plain Descends; and with that fearful swell Of passionate grief, the midnight spell Of the Thessalian maid recurred, Distinct in every fatal word;

- —" These lips are mine; the spells have won them,
- "Which round and round thy soul I twine;
- "And be the kiss I print upon them "Poison to all lips but mine!"-
- "Oh, thou art dead, my love!"-he cried, "Art dead, and I have murdered thee!"-He started up in agony.

The beauteous maiden from his side Sunk down on earth. Like one who slept She lay, still, cold, and pale of hue; And her long hair all loosely swept The thin grass, wet with evening dew.

He could not weep; but anguish burned Within him like consuming flame. He shrieked: the distant rocks returned The voice of wo. Old Pheidon came In terror forth: he saw; and wild With misery fell upon his child, And cried aloud, and rent his hair. Stung by the voice of his despair, And by the intolerable thought That he, how innocent soe'er, Had all this grief and ruin wrought, And urged perchance by secret might Of magic spells, that drew their chain More closely round his phrensied brain,

Beneath the swiftly-closing night Anthemion sprang away, and fled O'er plain and steep, with frantic tread, As Passion's aimless impulse led.

[To be concluded in the July No.]

REFLECTIONS ON THE CENSUS OF 1840.

We hope that the length of the subjoined article, from the pen of a vigorous and comprehensive mind, will not deter the readers of the Messenger from giving it an attentive perusal.—Ed. Mess.

The census of 1840, affords many proofs of a nation increasing in numbers, and in all the essential elements of strength. Perhaps no people were ever so blessed in an ample supply of the means indispensable for human comfort. Food, the want of which produces so much misery in many parts of Europe, exists with us to an extent far beyond our wants. We are removed from the vicinity of powerful and ambitious nations, and are relieved from the necessity of maintaining large standing armies. At first view it would seem we had little to do, but to enjoy the blessings a bounteous providence has showered upon us.

But there are some dark shades in a picture apparently so prepossessing.

Conflicting opinions, engendering fierce passions, come in to disturb the serenity of the scene; and pecuniary embarrassments pour many drops of bitterness into the cup of life. The human mind, too often gives way, and the census exhibits a startling amount of insanity among our people. Whatever are the causes, they act as powerful disturbers of happiness, where their whole weight is

Our attention has for some years been painfully called to the latter subject, in Virginia, by finding that although liberal appropriations had been made toward the erection of asylums for the unfortunate portion of our people, who labored under insanity, yet the applications for admission into them, always exceeded their means of accommodation. It was still necessary to use the jails for the confinement of those who could not be received there. In his last report to the Legislature, the Auditor says:

"I suggest whether some better mode could not be devised for maintaining lunatics, who are unable to obtain admission in the hospitals, than that which is now pursued, by confinement in the county jails, at the expense of the commonwealth. It is a remarkable fact that the liberal appropriations made by the Legislature, from time to time, for enlarging the hospitals, seem to have had but little effect in diminishing the number annually committed to the jails—and from past experience, it would seem to be a difficult problem to decide

institutions, will be sufficient for the reception of all that unfortunate class of our population."

The census informs us that many other States of the Union are in a worse situation than we are, in this respect. According to that document, the number of insane and idiots, in the white population of Virginia, are 1 in 707; whilst in New Hampshire it rises as high as 1 in 584, and in Rhode Island to 1 in 520. In this classification no distinction is made between insane and idiots. but none are inserted who do not require to be taken care of by others-and as insanity, after continuing for a longer or shorter period, without

what extent of accommodation, at the two State | relief, commonly terminates in fatuity, for most of the purposes of statistical calculation, it is a matter of little importance.

> But if we are startled at the number of insane, among the white population, what are we to think of the free colored, who have one insane or idiotical in every 43 in Massachusetts, and in Maine 1 in 14? We have prepared a table, with the aid of the compendium of the census of 1840, and the tables of the American Almanac, which presents the relative condition, of the white, free colored and slave population of the different States and territories in this respect.

				White population.	Insane and Idiots.			- 1	Free colored.	Slaves.	Insane and Idiots.		Proportion to population.			
Maine				500,438	537	1	in	9	31	1,355		94	1	in		14
New Hampshire	•	-		284,036	486	1	in		94	537	1	19	1	in	. !	28
Massachusetts	-	•	•	729,030	1,071				80	8,669.		200	1	in		43
Rhode Island	-	-	-	105,587	203	1	in		50	3,238	- 5	13 ·	1	in	2	49
Connecticut	-	•	-	301,856	498	1	in		06	8,105	17	44	1	in	. 1	84
Vermont	-	•	-	291,218	398	1	in	7	31	730		13	1	in	, ,	56
New York	-	•	•	2,378,890	2,146	1	in	1,1		50,027	4	194	1	in	2	57
New Jersey	-	•	-	351,588	369	1	in		52	21,044	674	73	1	in	. 2	97
Pennsylvania	-	-	•	1,676,115	1,946	1	ia	8	61	47,854	64	187	1	. in	. 2	56
Delaware	•	-	-	58,561	52	1	in	1,1	26	16,919	2,605	28	1	in	6	96
Maryland	-			318,204	387	1	in	8	22	62,078	89,737	141	1	in	1,0	76
Virginia	-	-	-	740,968	1,048	1	in	7	07	49,872	448,987	384	1	in	1,2	.99
North Carolina	-	-	-	484,870	580	1	in	8	36	22,732	245,817	221	1	in	1.2	10
South Carolina	-	-	-	259,084	376	1	in	6	89	8,276	327,038	137	1	in	2,4	77
Georgia	-	-	-	407,695	293	1	ip	1,3	91	2,753	280,944	134	1	in	2,1	17
Alabama	-	•		335,185	232	1	in	1,4	44	2,039	337,224	125	1	in	2,7	14
Mississippi	-	-	-	179,074	116	1	in	1,5	43	1,366	195,215	82	1	in	2,3	97
Louisiana				158,457	55	1	in	2,8	81	25,502	168,452	45	1	in	4,3	10
Tennessee	-	-	-	640,627	699	1	in	ġ	16	5,524	183,059	152	1	. in	1,2	40
Kentucky	-	-	-	590,253	795	1	in	. 7	42	7,317	182,258	180	1	in	1,0	J53
Ohio	-			1,502,122	1,195	1	in	1,2	57	17,342	3	165	1	in	ĺ	05
Indiana	-	-	-	678,702	487	1	in	1,3	93	7,165	j	75	1	in		95
Illinois	-			472,254	213	1	in	2,2	16	3,598	}	79	1	in	1	45
Missouri	-	-	-	323,888	202	1	in	1,6	03	1,574	58,240	68	1	in	. 8	379
Arkansas	-	-	-	77,174	45	1	in	1,7	15	465	19,935	21	1	in	9	770
Michigan			-	211,560	39	1	in	5,4	24	707	İ	26	11	l in	1	27
Florida	-			27,943	10	1	in	2,7	94	817	28,767	12	1			43
Wisconsin		-		30,749	8	1	in	3,8	43	185	111	3	1	in		65
lowa				42,924	7	1	in	6,1	32	172	16	4	1	lin		47
District of Columbia	-		-	30.657	14 .	1	in	2,1	69 l	8,361	4,694	7	11	in	1,8	65

From the foregoing table, it appears there are 14,189,709 white inhabitants in the States and territories of the Union, and 14,507 white insane and idiots—affording one of the latter class in 978 of the first.

There are 2,788,573 slaves and free colored in the slave States and territory, containing 1,737 insane and idiots. That is 1 in 1,605.

There are 170,720 colored in the free States and territories, containing 1,189 insane and idiots. That is 1 in every 143.

The extraordinary contrast here exhibited, between the colored classes of the slave and free States, exists with little variation throughout their whole extent.

The free States extend from the northern extremity of Maine to the southern extremity of Illinois—from latitude 37° north to latitude 48—and stretch from the Atlantic Ocean to the western limits of Illinois, over twenty-two degrees of lonshould be added the territories of Iowa and Wisconsin, containing 300,000 square miles more.

The slave States and territory of Florida extend from the northern line of Delaware to Cape Sable, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the western limits of Missouri, from latitude 25° north, to latitude 40°, and over twenty degrees of longitude. The States containing 548,150 square miles, and the territory 45,000.

The difference in the surfaces of the country, under opposite institutions, is not greater than the extent of a single State; and never was there an experiment on human affairs made under circumstances better qualified to test their efficacy.

The returns from this vast surface are made by officers of the respective States and territories. acting under similar instructions, and between whom no collusion or previous understanding could be suspected. The uniformity of the results too, from these multiplied sources, attests the acgitude, and contain 352,918 square miles; to which | curacy with which the inquiry was made.

Insanity arises from moral and physical causes; but we think most frequently from moral causes, acting on physical predisposition.

It is known to be greatly increased in times of public distress. The statistics of Germany show how much it increased in that country during the campaigns of the French armies there, subsequent to the French revolution.

In England, the Edinburgh Review (for August, 1817,) states, the increase of insanity was somewhat greater than in the proportion of 2 to 8, for a period of five years, from 1810 inclusive, and adds, "The moral circumstances, probably connected with this great change, might be a subject of instructive reflection."

It should be remembered that this period was one of the most anxious of British history.

Public distress has produced the same results in France, as appears from the evidence of Mr. Bennett, before a committee of the House of Commons in England, in relation to the celebrated Hospital for Lunatics, at Paris, named the Salpetrère. He states, "The annual number of admissions was about 280, but the number always increased in proportion to the popular feelings that were excited. Thus the Allies coming to Paris, sent many patients to the Hospital."

We have a statement before us of the patients in three Hospitals, viz: The Hospital at Worcester, Massachusetts; the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, and the Western Lunatic Asylum of Virginia. The cases of 1,284 patients are given—among whom, the causes of 367 are traced to vicious practices, 255 are described by the term ill-health, which explains nothing, and 151 are referred to epilepsy, puerperal disease and injuries of the head. But when it is recollected how extremely difficult it is, in many instances, to trace the causes of insanity, from the inability of the patient himself to explain, and from the ignorance of those who have been about him, before he was brought to the Hospital, it is not surprising that many are classed by a vague term. The disease is known to be hereditary. but from the wandering character of our population, that may often be the cause, without its being possible to ascertain it. 503 cases are mentioned as having arisen from distressing affections of the mind-as domestic affliction, religious feeling, grief for loss of property, fright, disappointed affection, and jealousy. These are called the moral causes; but as 367 of the first class are traced to vicious habits, the principal cause in them is moral. If then we add these to the 503 cases, from moral causes just mentioned, there will be 879 in 1,284,

arising from moral causes, and 414 from physical. But 255 of these are merely described as arising from ill-health; so that in truth, there are only 159 cases in the whole, in which, causes merely physical seem to preponderate.

That it is the most dreadful of human afflictions, may be understood from the fact, that whilst men bear other diseases with comparative patience, this and its kindred grades often prompt them to terminate their suffering by self-destruction. The pangs of Gout, Stone, Scrofula, and Cancer, are borne, until they finish their course. But the scorpion lash, which a diseased imagination applies to irritated nerves, is insupportable, and the wretched victim often becomes a suicide.

But, whatever doubt may arise in particular cases, whether the origin of insanity is physical or moral, the circumstances that exist in relation to the colored population of the slave and non-slave-holding States, remove all doubt with respect to them. the extent of insanity among the free colored of the extreme northern States, be supposed to originate from climate, we ask reference to States presenting opposite results, with a similarity of climate and soil. Ohio, Indiana and Illinois lie nearly in the same parallels of latitude as Virginia and Maryland. The average amount of insane, in the three first named States, is 1 in 88 of the free colored population. The average amount of insane, in the colored population of Virginia and Maryland, is 1 in 1,299. If it be supposed that the western position of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, has any agency in this matter, we refer to Missouri, which is more western still, and is divided from Illinois only by the Mississippi river. In Illinois, the average is 1 in 45, in Missouri, 1 in 879.

No man, who has the least acquaintance with the uniformity of the laws of nature, will suppose, that they act up to the line of a non-slave-holding State, and suspend their force that moment the line is crossed to a slave-holding State, and that in every instance where a State of the one description is bounded by a State of the other: For, the rule applies in every such instance.

If this were the case, it would be one of the most decisive miracles the world has ever seen.

The controlling causes, then, of this extraordinary contrast, must be moral; and they produce effects in the New England States unparalleled, we think, in the history of the human race.

In Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, the average number of insane and idiots is 1 in 34 of the colored population. If the proportion was as great in the white population of these States, there would be 53,080 of that unfortunate class. We here insert a table from the Annual Report of the Court of Directors of the Western Lunatic Asylum, to the Legislature of Virginia, made in 1842, which shows the cost of

¹ American Almanac, for 1843, p. 171.

² It is an indisputable fact, that the offspring of insane persons are more liable to be affected with insanity, than those whose parents enjoy sound minds; which shews that a predisposition to the disease may be entailed by either parent. Thomas' Practice, p. 349.

States, and the number of patients accommodated.

Name of Asylum.	State.	No. of patients accommoda- ted.	Cost of construction including land, &c.
Bloomingdale Asylum	New York	150 ab't.	\$ 219,000
*State dot	Do.	1,000	500,000
Pennsylvania	1	l '	
Hospital for insane	Penn.	210	325,000
Friend's Asylum	Do.	65	84,000
Insane Hospital	Maryland	120	200,000
M'Lean Asylum	Mass.	140	250,000
State do.	Do.	230	103.000
State do.	Ohio	145	108,000
State do.	S. Carolina	100	100,000
Western do.	Virginia	140	70,000

The aggregate cost of the buildings, is 1,959,000. The number of patients that can be accommodated, 2,300. Cost of accommodation for each patient, \$851 73. The annual support of each patient cannot be safely estimated at less than 150 per annum.2 Estimating then the cost of buildings, in round numbers, at \$800, for each patient, and 150 per annum for maintenance; if there were as many lunatics among the white population of these States, in proportion to number, as there are among the black, it would require forty-two millions four hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars for hospitals, and an annual appropriation of seven millions nine hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars for their maintenance. Without assistance of this kind there can be no relief. If the disease is neglected, it becomes incurable, and the patient is doomed to insanity for the remainder of his wretched life. Whether the resources of these States would admit such appropriations, we leave to them to determine.6 But the misery that would require them, presents a prospect at which humanity shudders.

Although we know people often increase in number, under great distress, yet one would suppose that a wretchedness, which produces one insane in every thirty-four, would prevent it; and there seems to be a decline in the colored population of most of these States.

In New Hampshire, from 1810 to 1820, the diminution was 18-9 per cent. In Vermont 20-4 per From 1820 to 1830, the decline in Vermont

 Appropriation by Legislature—hullding not completed. ¹ From 1810 to 1823, the annual expense of each patient in the Hospital at Williamsburg, Virginia, was 186 dollars. Each pauper patient, in the Western Lunatic Asylum, cost in 1841, \$147. See Reports to the Legislature. In England the expense has varied from £29, 10s. 6d. to £19, 9s. 9d., in different institutions .- Edinburgh Review, vol. 28th.

*" Of the hundreds and thousands who have been con-"fined in prison, nobody ever knew or heard of more than "three instances of recovery from insanity, during the "confinement of a person in a jail-or house of correction." First Report of the Trustees of the New Hampshire Asylum.

For the dreadful state of destitution and suffering of the white insane poor of Massachusetts, at this time, see an article signed Samuel G. Howe and R. C. Waterson, in the United States Gasette, of Feb'y 11, 1843.

erecting ten Hospitals, for Lunatics, in the United was 2-4 per cent. In New Hampshire 23-1 per cent. From 1830 to 1840, the decline in Vermont was 17-1 per cent. In New Hampshire 11 per

> In Massachusetts, from 1800 to 1830, a period of thirty years, the increase in this class of persons, was between nine and ten per cent.; at which-rate it would require more than three hundred years to double their number. The white population of that State, in the same period, increased 44-7 per cent. The white population of Massachusetts is within a few thousands the same as that of Virginia. If her black population was as great, she would have 11,600 insane, who, for Lunatic Asylums, would require \$9,280,000, and for annual support, \$1,740,000. Looking to the condition of her white insane poor, we may imagine the fate of the black. It is probable, however, in the event we have supposed, she would have at least one insane in 14, as in Maine; which would give her 35,630. The sum then necessary for hospitals, would be \$28,504,000, and for annual support, \$5,344,500, notwithstanding the emigration from thence was so excessive, as to leave there a surplus of females, varying from seven to thirteen thousand. In the same period the slaves of the Union increased 124 per cent. During the last ten years, since the abolition spirit has been raging in Massachusetts, the increase in the free colored class has been 23 per cent.

In Maine, during the latter decade, it has also increased 13-8 per cent., although every fourteenth is an idiot or maniac.

The difference between Maine and Massachusetts, and New Hampshire and Vermont, probably arises from the latter States being less accessible to fugitives from the South. New Hampshire has only twenty miles of sea coast, and but 452 of her people employed in the navigation of the ocean. Vermont has no sea coast. Massachusetts has 27,153 of her population employed in the navigation of the ocean, and Maine has 10,091; each with an extensive sea coast, with coasting vessels entering every creek and inlet of the South; and offering every facility and encouragement to the elopement of slaves. Immigration into Maine and Massachusetts, from the South, are known to have been considerable, and the harboring fugitives there, has been a subject of public controversy with both Georgia and Virginia.

But notwithstanding the apparent increase in Maine, there is reason to believe the native free colored population there has actually declined. If the children under ten years of age are taken as the basis of calculation, among whom immigrants are least likely to be found, there appears to have been a decline of 4-7 per cent. The actual decline may have been considerably more-for, the abolitionists carry off negroes of various ages. We quote the following statement from the Virginian,

of Jan'y 16th, 1843, derived from the annual report it has been extinguished more than half a century. of the Vigilance Committee of Abolitionists, at In New Hampshire and Vermont, there have not Albany. "They state that they have added about been more than eight slaves, at any time, within 350 runaway negroes since the opening of naviga- the last forty years; and throughout this region tion last spring. Of these fugitives, about 150 the amount of insane in the colored class is 1 in 34. were men, 150 women, and 50 children. Most of them came from Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, and nearly or quite a hundred came from Washington and Georgetown. These fugitives have chiefly gone to Canada, and the sum of 500 dollars has been expended for their board, passage, and other expenses."6

In Rhode Island, Vermont, Connecticut, and New Hampshire, there were fewer children, according to the census, under ten years of age, in 1840, than in 1830—shewing a regular decline in the native free colored population of each of these States. But, according to the tables, which include the whole population, there has been an increase in Connecticut, in the last twenty years, of 1-8 per cent., at which rate it would require something more than a thousand years to double their to 1 in 297 as in New Jersey. But it is worthy number. In Rhode Island, there has been a dimi- of remark, that there are still in New Jersey 674 nution in the same period, of 8-9 per cent., a rate slaves. Delaware is the first of those called slavethat would require about two hundred and twenty holding States, having, when the census was taken, years to extinguish them. But, in both Rhode 2,605 slaves. Here we at once see a marked dif-Island and Connecticut, there have been some alaves in the progress of emancipation; and it is in 696 of the colored population. In Maryland, obvious this must have added to the number of the the proportion is still smaller, being 1 in 1,076, and free colored, otherwise the decrease would have appeared larger.

If it be supposed that emigration from these States has produced these results, we observe that emigration, however extensive, has never prevented the white population of any State in the Union from increasing; and the black race are less inclined to emigrate than the white.

In New York, Pennsylvania and Jersey, it is difficult to arrive at any conclusion in this matter. Their slaves, in larger numbers, have been in the process of emancipation, and in Pennsylvania and New York, many slaves from the South have found refuge. We are led to believe from the number of insane in these States, reported by the census, and from other causes to be mentioned hereafter, that if all ingress to the colored population of the South was closed, there would be a constant decline in the number of these people in all the States north of Delaware.

It is a remarkable fact, that where slavery has been longest extinguished, the condition of the colored race is worse. In Massachusetts and Maine

f It is quite as probable they have gone to a slave market as some of the northern people are still engaged in the slavetrade. A vessel, lately from New York, touched at Monrovia, professing to have come for the purchase of camwood and palm-oil. Soon after leaving that place she took in a cargo of 250 slaves, and put immediately to sea. See letter of J. J. Roberts, August 11th, 1842, to the Executive Committee American Colonization Society, in the African Repository, for January 1843.

We have already shown that the difference between the slaveholding and the free States arises from moral-not physical causes; and we will add, that cold, as a mere physical agent, is not injurious to the race of African descent. When furnished with the ordinary necessaries of life, they enjoy as good health in cold climates as other people; but when left to provide for themselves, their habitual idleness, want of forethought, and dissolute practices, expose them to suffer more, in a rigorous climate, than in a mild one. Dreadful indeed are the evils, from whatever causes, that produce a maniac in every 34 of a population!

In the States south of Massachusetts to Delaware, their condition appears better. The number of insane varying from 1 in 184, as in Connecticut ference, there being in Delaware only one insane in Virginia, it is 1 in 1,299. Throughout the slave region, after leaving Delaware, the largest number found anywhere are in Missouri and Kentucky; the smallest in Louisiana. But the contrast between Missouri and Kentucky, and the free States adjoining, is very impressive. Whilst the insane in Missouri are 1 in 879, and in Kentucky 1 in 1,053, in Ohio the proportion is 1 in 105, in Indiana 1 in 95, and in Illinois 1 in 45.

The free colored population of the slave States. are in a better condition than that class in the free States. If there were as many insane in the 49,872 free colored in Virginia, in proportion to number, as there are in the 17,342 of Ohio, there would be 475, which are 91 more than there are in the whole colored population, slave and free, amounting to 498,857. If there were as many insane among the free colored in Maryland, as there are in the same class in Ohio, in proportion to number, there would be 590. But there are actually only 141 in the whole State, of slaves and free, amounting to 151,815.

We select Ohio as an object of comparison, because it gives the utmost advantage to the other side of the question; the condition of the free colored, tried by this rule, seeming far better there than in Indiana and Illinois. If then emancipation was extended at once to the whole negro race of the slave States, we might form some idea of the extent of insanity that would ensue. But the amount of felonies should also be taken into consideration. things than exist in Pennsylvania, where every effort has been made to improve their condition. The following is a statement from the Presbyterian Advocate, published in Pittsburg: "There are 25,549 negroes in the city and county of Philadelphia. A house of refuge for colored children is proposed. There are 50,000 negroes in the State. Of every nine convicts in the eastern penitentiary, in 1831, four were negroes; of every nine, in 1841, seven are blacks! This is an alarming disproportion, considering the fewness of the blacks."

Here, then, is a picture, (says the Rev. Mr. Thornton,) one too drawn by ministers of a Christian church, friendly to the cause of emancipation; some of which, at least, are believed to be abolitionists; but who, in presenting the true condition of the colored man, have given the foregoing faithful statements. But, if any doubt, let him go and read for himself the statistics of the Pennsylvania penitentiaries, and behold the truth of what these good men here state. If, then, these be facts, and this the condition of the colored people in the free States, what must be their condition in the slave States! There they induce the slaves to stealthere most of them are accustomed to spend their all for drink. There, every effort to induce industry and care are abortive; and because others provide for them, idleness and profligacy ensue." It is true, they are profligate to a great extent, but we think the Rev'd author should not have referred their idleness and profligacy to the fact they have others to steal for them. It is the effect and not the cause of their profligacy. Certainly, in the alave States, many of them are supported to a great extent by the thefts of the slaves. But, in general, they are a more respectable class than persons of their race in the free States. In the Virginia Penitentiary, there were, on the 30th of September last, 76 colored convicts and 129 white. Nearly These 76 three times as many white as colored. were furnished from a population of 49,842, and the whites from a population of 740,968, which, if it had been as vicious as the former, would have vielded 1,129 instead of 129. This is an alarming disproportion, but trifling, compared to that of Pennsylvania, where the blacks constitute sevenninths of the whole number.

The free colored race, in the free States, have been for many years deteriorating. We find the following statements in an article on the penitentiary system of Pennsylvania, furnished for the First American edition of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia. The author proposes a system of transportation, and adds: "One of the prominent good effects resulting from the proposed mode of disposing of those convicted of second offences, will be, to relieve the State of the vicious part of the free BLACK POPULATION, the increase of which, and the never presented any thing like that.

We could not expect a better state of evils thereof, are obvious to all. They add greatly to the number of convicts, and serve to keep up the very large poor tax paid by the city and county of Philadelphia, from the great numbers which are annually admitted into the alms house." By an authentic statement, it appears, that in one year, ending October 5th, 1818, 2,117 whites and 1,070 blacks, were committed to the Philadelphia prison, for various crimes, giving the proportion which the number of white offenders bore to the black, not of

> ⁷ By the census of the year 1810, there were 10,522 colored persons in the city and county of Philadelphia. The census of the year 1820, states the number in the city to be 7,581, county 4,310. Total 11,891. The trifling addition of colored persons, in the city and county of Philadelphia, since the year 1810, notwithstanding the number which are known to have migrated from the States of Delaware and Maryland, and their rapid natural increase is to be accounted for, from the great mortality that annually takes place among them, owing to causes not necessary to specify in this place. In the year 1821, when the deaths of the blacks were first noticed by the health office, they amounted to 686 in the city and county. In 1822, the number was 560. In 1823, 800 died. It is believed that 500 may be fairly taken as the average for the ten years preceding 1820."

> The African Repository of Feb. 1843, contains the following interesting statements, from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal:

> 1st. That the longevity of the pure Africans is greater than that of the inhabitants of any other portion of the globe.

> 2nd. That mulattoes, i. e. those born of parents, one being African, and the other Caucasian or white, are decidedly the shortest lived of the human race.

3rd. That mulattoes are no more liable to die under the age of 25, than the whites or blacks; but from 25 to 40, their deaths are as 10 to 1 of either the whites or blacks between those ages-from 40 to 55, 50 to 1-and from 55 to

4th. That the mortality of the free people of color, in the United States, is more than 100 per cent. greater than that of slaves.

5th. That those of unmixed African extraction in the "free States" are not more liable to sickness or premature death than the whites, of their rank and condition in society; but that the striking mortality so manifest among the free people of color, is in every community and section of country invariably confined to mulattoes.

If the mortality among the free people of color is more than 100 per cent. greater than that of the slaves, and is invariably confined to the mulattoes, why is it that the mulattoes, who are freed, die in such larger proportions than the mulattoes who are slaves? It must arise from their different habits.

The foregoing are nevertheless exceedingly interesting facts, and the inquiry ought to be further prosecuted. If it be found that those of mixed blood are more liable to insanity than the pure Africans, as we believe from facts within our knowledge will be found the case, it will place in a strong point of view the unnatural character of the sexual union between the black and white races, and show, if it is carried to a great extent, it must end in the ruin of the nation.

Imagine a nation of twenty millions, and nearly a million and a half insane, (the one-fourteenth part, as in Maine, of the free colored,) with all the consequences of such a state of things! The world, with its long list of calamities, has

quite two to one; whereas, the proportion of white inhabitants to negroes, within the city and county, is about eight to one. In other words, it follows, that one out of every sixteen blacks, was committed to prison in the space of a single year; while of the whites, only one out of sixty became amenable in like manner to justice." In July, 1816, of four hundred and seven convicts then confined, one hundred and seventy-six were colored. In August, 1819, of four hundred and seventy-four convicts in prison, one hundred and sixty-five were colored, or nearly one-third. Of these, 139 were men, and 26 women. In the apartment for untried and vagrant prisoners, there were 273; of these, 183 were men, and 90 women. The number of blacks bears a greater proportion to the whites than those on the convict side; those committed as vagrants, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment, being chiefly black.

At the court of Over and Terminer, that ended January 1819, of twenty-eight persons indicted, twelve were black, seven of whom were old offenders.

During the year 1820, of 687 convicts in prison, 424 were white and 263 colored.

In the year 1821, of 300 admitted, 113 were colored. In the New Jersey Prison, of the total admitted, (805) since it was opened, 194 were black, (158 men and 35 women,) on the 15th of October, 1819, of 98 prisoners then confined, 25 were black.

In the Virginia Penitentiary, of 909 admitted, to October 1819, 227 were black. Of 175 then confined, 39 were black.

By the annual census for 1819, of the humane and criminal institutions in New York by the attending minister, the Rev. John Stanford, the following proportion of whites to blacks is given:

70, Black, 29 Bridewell, White Penitentiary Bellvue criminals, Do. 105, Do. 82 Do. Do. vagrants, Do. 128, Do. State Prison, Do. 489, Do. 110

In 1820, of 655 persons in those institutions there were 195 colored men, and 78 colored womentotal 173.

Of 744 convicts during the year 1823, 150 were colored. In 1819, the census taken by order of the corporation of New York, gave 9,923 as the total number of blacks in the city and county.8

In the statement transmitted from the Massachusetts state prison, the color of those convicted the first time is not mentioned, but of those convicted a second, third, fourth, and fifth time, amounting to 142, from its establishment in 1805, to October 1st, 1819, 31 were black. At this last date, of 340 convicts then in prison, 48 were black.

In January 1821, of 292 in prison, 46 were black. On the 30th September 1821, of 282 convicts then in prison, 41 were colored.

The whole population of the city of New York in 1820 New York is but a forty-sixth part of the whole. was 112,820.

These statements show plainly an increase of black convicts in the state of Massachusetts, although the colored population therein is much less than in New York, New Jersey, or Pennsylvania.º

In 1820, the whole colored population of Massachusetts was 6,740.

If the present white population of Massachusetts afforded the same proportion of convicts to population, there would be 4,298; an alarming number for penitentiary confinement. The negroes of Jersey appear to have been more moral than those of any of the states north of Delaware, from whom we have statements.

There were at that time in Jersey 20,017 negroes, of whom 7,557 were slaves; and if the slaves furnished no convict, the remaining 12,460, who were free, would have afforded 74 instead of 25, if they had been as vicious as those of Massachusetts.

We have little doubt they are still more moral than those of Massachusetts, for with them insanity bears a close relation to crime. In Jersey, when the last census was taken, the colored insane were 1 in 297, in Massachusetts 1 in 43.

In 1821, the colored convicts in Massachusetts were 1 in 164 of the population.

In Jersey, in 1819, 1 in 425 of the free colored. In England, in 1821, for all offences against persons and property, the number convicted bore the proportion to the population of 1 in 1,373. In France for similar offences 1 in 763.16

These statements show that the free negroes of the northern states are the most vicious persons on this continent, perhaps on the earth. In England with its immense mass of starving, homeless, houseless poor, with every temptation that can be offered to human frailty to violate the laws, there was but one convict in 1373 of the population. While in Massachusetts, where the negroes have been free more than half a century, in the land of steady habits where they have been caressed, and latterly the males have been the "love of ladies," if not the "theme of song," there is a felon in every 164, and a maniac in every 43 of the population.

Let us then suppose a half of a million of free negroes suddenly turned loose in Virginia, whose

In Virginia in 1819, 1 in 945 of the free colored. In 1842, 1 in 655.

The convicts in the white population of Massachusetts, in 1821 were 1 in 3,682 of the population.

In Virginia in 1819, 1 in 4,436. In 1842, 1 in 5,743. In the state of New York in 1842, there were 1,602 convictions in courts of record, as we are informed by the New York Evening Post, of whom 800 were born in the United States. Of these, 100 were colored, and two Indians

Of those of American birth the negroes constituted an eighth part, although the colored population of the state of

10 Malte-Brun's Geography, vol 8th.

propensity it is, constantly to grow more vicious thern States, our population would at once seize in a state of freedom; all sympathy on the part their arms.12 Without powerful assistance in the of the master to the slave ended; the white population employed in vigilantly guarding their own property. If peace could be preserved between the different races, the number of the negroes would have a powerful effect in increasing their suffering. Pestilence and famine would rage among them with uncontrolled fury. If in Philadelphia, so distinguished for its benevolence, they are now perishing from want,11 what would be their fate where they exist in such numbers! Where should we find Penitentiaries for the thousands of felons? Where, lunatic asylums for the tens of thousands of maniacs! Would it be possible to live in a country where maniacs and felons met the traveller at every cross-road?

But the dear loving ladies at the North may suppose in such an event every thing would go on smoothly. We ask thinking men to look at Jamaica. The Jamaica despatch of Jan. 18th, 1842, says "It is our painful duty to apprise our British readers, that the calamities to which the inhabitants of this unfortunate colony have recently been subjected, are not yet brought to an end, but that the unavoidable visitation of heaven, which we hoped would chasten and subdue unruly spirits, have been followed up by acts of turbulence and popular outrage, concluded by alarming, incendiary attempts. This will prove to the government and people of Great Britain the jeopardy in which the peace and property of the Jamaica colonist have been placed by the unlicensed liberty, which has been preached and claimed for the newly emancipated people, who consider themselves not only free to neglect work, but to riot and revel in defiance of the law, and to break the peace of the city at pleasure." Things have not mended since. The following, says the National Intelligencer of Feb. 2nd, 1843, is from the last Jamaica papers, "The negroes have set up what they term Myalism, a series of religious, maniacal and riotous dances; these are interspersed with songs, the most popular of which is "John Baptize in de Sixty four warrants were issued on the 26th September for the apprehension of as many blacks. In the parish of St. James the ramifications of this doctrine, have extended from the Spring estate to the Moor Park, embracing a circuit of sixteen plantations. The negroes attack all who attempt to restrain their antics. At Montego bay, "Obeaism" has been incorporated with Myalism. "This is negro witchcraft engrafted on religious fanaticism."

In Jamaica, there are more than ten times as many negroes as whites, and if the British military force was withdrawn, we would soon see an attempt there to repeat the scenes of St. Domingo.

If these outrages were committed in the Sou-

11 See United States Gazette, Dec. 14, 1842.

conflict, the negro race would soon disappear from the scene; for, never sparing age or sex where they obtain the mastery, they would speedily infuriate the whole population in such a manner, as to shut the doors of mercy.

But let us imagine, that with the aid of the abolitionists they could succeed in the conflict, and extirpate the white race as in St. Domingo. Then the South would be a savage wilderness where the strong would rob and murder the weak without mercy. An eye witness, whose letter is published in the Westminster Review for October 1842, thus describes the scenes that occurred in St. Domingo. at the time of the late earthquake. "On the very night of the earthquake the canaille of the town began thieving on a small scale, but it was on the third day that the sack and plunder commenced en grand. On that day, the country people flocked in, and for eight or ten successive days it was one continued scene of open, undisguised, sword-in-hand pillage. No town given up to a victorious army was ever so thoroughly gutted. The merchants, stores on the Bord de la Mer, were the most especial objects of spoliation. Every man was armed, and bloody fights were of common occurrence over the division of the spoil, or when a stronger party attempted to wrest the booty from a weaker. Not the slightest effort was made by the authorities to keep order. The great hardship is, that soldiers and officers, who should have been our protectors, vied with each other in the unholy work of robbing the wounded and the dying. No foreigner, but at the imminent risk of his life, could have put a foot on the ruins of his house to save even a change of clothes. To attempt such a thing would have been extreme fool-hardiness. The robbers killed each other in and before the stores for a piece of cotton check. What then could an owner of property and a foreigner expect, if he dared to interfere with them?" And is it to a fate like this, that dear Mr. Chapman is anxious to surrender the South !12 Alas! it is not scenes like these that can check the course of fanaticism!

Philosophy has been long laboring for the advantage of mankind, but aware of the extreme fallibility of the human intellect, it perpetually requires experiment as the test of theory. This is peculiarly necessary in matters connected with the institutions of society, where passions, existing in an infinite variety of degrees, and variously compounded as they are in the different stages of civilization, are the agents in producing every result. Motives that influence the life and death of a civilized man, are not only inoperative on a savage,

¹² For less offences than these, the negroes have been exposed within a few years to great danger, in two riots in Philadelphia and one in Cincinnati.

¹³ See Lord Morpeth's letter.

but absolutely incomprehensible by him. And there | quite in despair at the prospect of having their are many feelings of infinite importance in human husbands and sweet hearts monopolized by the affairs, that we think the lower grades of the white ladies.16 human race can never attain.

But fanatieism seeks its object, most commonly a preposterous one, with little or no calculation of the sacrifices to be encountered in attaining it. In religion, in politics, in morals, in physics, it commits every kind of mischief. The projector, who spends his life and substance in searching for the philosopher's stone, or perpetual motion, or other schemes of that impracticable character, labors under a mental delusion as decided, although not so pernicious, as him who thinks he does God a favor by murdering those who differ from him in opinion, or him who would hazard the existence of a people to carry out a theory. A fanatic, who was engaged in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's (the story is well known,) told his confessor on his death-bed, when asked if he had any thing to say on that subject, That on that day God Almighty was obliged to him!

"Perish the colonies rather than one iota of our principles," was the exclamation of one of the bloodiest fanatics of the French revolution. the massacres of St. Domingo are a commentary on that text.

It is a kindred feeling to insanity, 14 and to oppose it, "by such feeble maxims as these, (to use the language of Mr. Hume) that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be; that the whole is greater than a part, that two and three make five, is pretending to stop the ocean with a bulrush."

The Northern States have afforded many manifestations of this spirit in late years. Abolitionism, Mormonism, Millerism, Antimarriageism, and we do not know how many different isms have prevailed there. The last modification, however, was not intended to prevent, but to facilitate the congress of the sexes; for, fanaticism has been remarked to have a strong tendency to excite the tender passion. The ladies of Reheboth in Massachusetts, petitioned the legislature of that State to repeal the laws which forbade marriage between the whites and blacks; the negroes of Boston presented a counter petition. At that time the white ladies failed; but their perseverance has been crowned with success—the laws have been recently repealed, and at the last account the sables are

14 It often ends in raving madness. "On Saturday last, (says the United States Guzette, Feb. 11, 1843,) a female, a convert to Millerism, was taken out of one of the Harlom rail road cars in such a state of raving insanity, that it required the strength of four men to hold her. Her religious feeling was the cause of it.

"A young man at Meredith, New Hampshire, named Noah Sinclair, died a few day since a raving maniac, after attending one of Miller's meetings in the neighborhood.' United States Gazette, Feb. 22, 1843.

Many other facts of a similar character might be added.

A long familiarity with the various forms of human weakness, prompted Dean Swift to write the bitter satire on our nature, contained in his Day of Judgment, where he represents Jupiter as saying to the trembling crowd who stand before him,-

> Offending race of human kind By nature, reason, learning, blind; You, who through frailty stepped aside, And you who never fell from pride; You, who in different sects were shamm'd And come to see each other damn'd; (So some folks told you, but they knew No more of Jove's designs than you) -The world's mad business now is o'er And I resent these pranks no more, -I to such blockheads set my wit! I damn such fools! Go, go, you're bit.

It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for two races to prosper together of different civilization, and distinguished by ineffaceable marks, unless one is subordinate to the other.

The Indian is perhaps better qualified by nature than the negro to avail himself of the strength that civilization gives; but without previous preparation, he has been brought in contact with it, and has been unable to sustain himself. It requires time and many successive generations to prepare the mind of man for the difficult task of safe direction, amidst the dangerous temptations and ardent To go lightly armed rivalries of civilized life. into the conflict, is like opposing the bow and arrow to the rifle. The least gifted of the civilized race, are always thrust to the bottom in the struggle; the prospect of the barbarous is much more hope-

The Indians, like the animals of the forest, shrink and disappear from the neighborhood of the white race; but they are comparatively inoffensive when deprived by the vices acquired from civilization, of the heroism of the wild warrior.16

The negroes have more resemblance to Norway rats; and, although dwindling from their incorrigible vices when in a state of freedom, have sufficient tenacity of life to be a grievous burthen on society where they are numerous. So far from

15 See New York Courier.

The experiments of Banuel upon the different odors emitted from the blood on the addition of sulphuric acid, prove that peculiar substances are contained in the blood of different individuals. The blood of a man of fair complexion, and that of a man of dark complexion were found to yield different odors; the blood of animals also differed in this respect, very perceptibly from that of man."-Liebig's A Chemistry, p. 403.

Hence the fetor of the negroe's excretions to all but amorous ladies.

16 For many interesting facts in relation to the Indians, see Mr. Bell's report to the House of Representatives, 1830.

being corrected by time, they evidently grow worse, | expectations were destined never to be realized. the further they are removed from the discipline

In Virginia, in 1819, the free black convicts bore the proportion to white in equal masses of population of nearly 5 to 1.

In 1842, of nearly 9 to 1.

In 1818, in the city and county of Philadelphia, the proportion was about 4 black to 1 white.

In 1831, about 21 black to 1 white.

In 1841, about 28 black to 1 white.

In 1821, the proportion in Massachusetts was 23 black to 1 white; the black having constantly increased in crime.

These are the people of whom Dr. Channing says, "we are holding in bondage one of the best races of the human family."-(Treatise on Emancipation, p. 33)

And what point they are ultimately to reach, when insanity is further propagated by inheritance, and crime is more diffused by example, it exceeds human foresight to conceive. To hope they are to become, without much more previous preparation, a virtuous and civilized race in the midst of white men, is to cherish a delusion greater than that Eliot formerly entertained of the Indians of Massachusetts, of whom his biographer, Mr. Francis, thus speaks: "He believed that the time would come, when all other civil institutions in the world would be compelled to yield to those derived directly from the Bible." Of his Indians he says, "They shall be wholly governed by the Scriptures in all things, both in church and state; the Lord shall be their law-giver, the Lord shall be their judge, the Lord shall be their king, and unto that frame the Lord will bring all the world ere he hath done."

It was his earnest prayer that the Puritans in England, after the overthrow of the monarchy, might be led to reconstruct their civil state on these principles. But his plan, he supposed, would be more easily effected among the unsophisticated men of the wilderness, than anywhere else. "Other nations," he says, " would be loth to lay down the imperfect star-light of their laws for the perfect sun-light of the Scriptures;" but the Indians, being neither blinded by preconceived ideas, nor led astray by false wisdom, would readily "yield to any direction from the Lord" with respect to their polity, as well as religion.17 He translated the Bible into the Indian language for their use. praying Indians, as they were called, were numerous.18 Mr. Francis adds: "but these cheering

¹⁷ Life of John Eliot, by Convers Francis, p. 166-7. 18 In Massachusetts, under the care of Mr. Eliot, -1.100 In Plymouth Colony Under Cotton's care in Plymouth Colony On Nantucket -On Martha's Vineyard and Cheppaquedick, under the care of the Mayhews, 1,500

The second edition of his translation of the Scriptures was the last. The printer never was, and never will be again called to set his types for those words, so strange and uncouth to our ears. A century and a half has elapsed since the last impression of the volume appeared; and it is a thought, full of melancholy interest, that the people for whom it was designed may be considered as no longer on the roll of living men, and that probably not an individual in the wide world can read the Indian Bible."19

The most profound philosopher, who has ever written on Zoology, has described in the following terms the three races who now inhabit North America. The white is thus delineated: "The Caucasian to which we belong, is distinguished by the beauty of the oval, formed by his head, varying in complexion, and the color of the bair. To this variety the most highly civilized nations, and those which have generally held all others in subjection, are indebted for their origin."

Of the American Indian, he says, " we have not yet been able to refer the Americans to any of the races of the Eastern convinent; still, they have no precise nor constant character which can entitle them to be considered as a particular one. Their copper-colored complexion is not sufficient; their generally black hair and scanty beard would induce us to refer them to the Mongoles, if their defined features, projecting nose, large and open eye, did not oppose such a theory, and correspond with the features of the European."

"The negro race, (he adds,) is confined to the South of Mount Atlas; it is marked by a black complexion, crisped or woolly hair, compressed cranium, and a flat nose. The projection of the lower parts of the face, and the thick lips, evidently approximate it to the monkey tribe. The hordes of which it consists have always remained in the most complete state of utter barbarism."26

The instincts of our nature attest the accuracy of this description. We feel very differently towards the Indian and the negro, on the subject of matrimonial connexion; and our instincts are implanted by nature for wise purposes; they are intended to guard our race from deterioration. It is an abuse of words to call them prejudices. It is true, the storm of brute passion may sometimes overcome them; or the practice of low vices may so degrade us, as to make us insensible of them, or the fury of fanaticism may overleap them; but

19 P. 234, idem.

530

170

300

The Indians last longer in the Southern States. The Catawba tribe in South Carolina, (the only one inhabiting that State) according to the report of the Indian agent to the legislature, contains yet fifty-one individuals, of whom six are men, the rest women and children. See National Intelligencer, Dec. 25th, 1840.

²⁰ Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Vol. 1, p. 52.

it is an unquestionable fact, that the purest and any of the "free states" are as happy as the slaves; most cultivated among us feel them in the strongest degree. No man is ashamed of having Indian blood in his veins, but it would be a mortal affront (at least in the South) to insinuate to him that his ancestor was a negro. Let it not be supposed, that this arises from the circumstance, that negroes are slaves. The affront would be deeper still, if he were told that he was descended from an Ourang Outang.

We are not friendly to slavery, we lament and deplore it as the greatest evil that could have been inflicted on our country. We would extirpate it at any cost less than the evil itself. But for its existence, Virginia would have been in wealth and strength, the first State in the Union, instead of marching, as M. Chevalier has so well expressed it, "baulet a pied." We lament it not for the sake of the black race, but of the white. The latter, who are slaves, we have cited facts to prove, are not only far happier in a state of slavery than of freedom, but we believe the happiest class on this continent.31 Southern slavery is a different institution from British slavery or Northern freedom. the slaves of the Southern States had been treated like those of the British West Indies, where, according to Bryan Edwards, they declined at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, they would have been extinct long ago.22/ Or, if they had been placed in the situation of the free blacks of the North, particularly of New England, where there is a maniac in every thirty-four, they would have advanced far on the road to extinction. But they have increased in an enormous ratio, alike injurious to the prosperity, and dangerous to the safety of the white race when stimulated to disaffection by the traiterous intrigues of Northern fanatics.

We cannot pause here on a subject of such grave national importance to discuss the Northern dogma, "Man cannot hold property in man," a gratuitous assumption at most, and which, if pushed to its legitimate consequences, would deny all control of one human being over another, even of the parent over the child.

The true question is, what is most promotive of human happiness? We admit all men are bound by Christian charity, as well as natural benevolence to further that great cause. And whenever it can be shown to us of the South, that the free blacks of

.21 We merely submit the question who are the happiest. those among whom moral causes produce an insane person in every 143 of their number, or those among whom a case of insanity occurs in only one in 1605?

22 History of the West Indies, Vol. 2, p. 323.

Mr. Jenkinson made a motion in the British parliament, in 1792, to introduce a plan for improving the treatment of slaves, "by means of which he asserted they would become more and more prolific, so that in a short time no importation would be required."

The motion was rejected. Continuation of the History of England, by Rev. T. S. Hughes, vol 17, p. 193.

In 1833 the decrease of the slaves had risen to 71 per cent. per annum-vol. 21, p. 249.

nay, that they are even able to sustain themselves so far above moral evil as to furnish a reasonable hope of future progress, notwithstanding the great difference in the cases arising from disparity of numbers, the subject of general emancipation will be entitled to more consideration. But so long as they furnish little else but materials for jails, penitentiaries and mad-houses; warned by such examples, we cannot desire to be the destroyers of the dependant race, that the merciless spirit of British avarice and injustice, against the earnest remonstrances of our forefathers, forced into our country.

The colony of Liberia once presented the cheering hope to the lover of his species, that there, if any where on earth, the emancipated negro might enjoy the blessings of freedom and civilization. Remote from a superior race with whom he could not contend in the rivalries of civilized life, he might there advance in safety, happiness and peace; that there a nucleus might be formed, around which might grow a great nation, diffusing blessings throughout Africa, and ultimately receiving in its bosom the greater part, if not the whole, of the colored race on this side the ocean. But it required the zealous cooperation of the whole American people, to carry out this scheme of high wisdom and pure philanthropy; and that has been prevented by the exertions, the clamors, the falsehoods of a numerous band determined to prevent it.

England, too, that peculiar professor of benevolence, has lately appeared as an enemy of that harmless little colony. We copy the following extract from the United States Gazette of Jan. 7, 1843: "We have received a Colonization Herald, extra, containing a plea for further aid to carry out the benevolent intentions of the Colonization Society, and setting forth numerous facts, concerning the state of the colonies and their wants. We confess we felt astonished at reading a letter from the Rev. Mr. Teaze, at Monrovia, complaining of the British maltreatment of the colonists, and their disregard of the rights and comforts of the colored people on that side the Atlantic. This certainly sounds strange, when taken in connection with the high claims of the British to enlarged humanity, and especially towards the African race. It is difficult to understand all the policy of such a nation as Great Britain; but it appears not difficult to suppose that she is consulting her own power and aggrandizement."

We think there is no difficulty in coming to this conclusion, or in understanding why she receives the fugitive slave with open arms in Canada, and maltreats the colonist at Liberia. The colonist goes from this country with affectionate feelings towards the United States, in close connexion with them, and inclined, both from interest and affection, to promote their commerce on the coast of Africa. But the fugitive slave goes to Canada

with different sentiments; he can be enlisted into I dissolution of the Union will prevent much of this, the British military service, and with the aid of and restore to Britain a great deal of what she discipline may be made what Lord Morpeth calls lost by the revolution? "The erect and disciplined recruit, who firmly treads the soil of Canada." He is not so liable to desert as the white soldier, who is strongly tempted to abandon his colors for a residence in the States.33 And he may be made a dangerous instrument in the South in the event of a collision with the United States. But above all, it facilitates the operations of the abolitionists, and serves to foment a spirit which imminently threatens a dissolution of the Union.

Britain has always lamented the loss of her sovereignty over this country, as one of the greatest evils she ever experienced. The following lively description is given by Mr. Hughes of the manner the news of the capture of Cornwallis affected the prime minister, Lord North: "The minister's firmness, and even his presence of mind, gave way for a short time under this disaster! I asked lord George afterwards, says Sir Nathaniel, 'how he took the communication.' 'As he would have taken a ball in his breast,' was the reply: 'he opened his arms exclaiming wildly, as he paced the apartment during a few minutes, 'O God! it is all over;' words which he repeated many times, under emotions of the deepest agitation and distress.' The next picture drawn is that of a cabinet council in terror, &c."34

Whoever has attended to the History of Britain, knows that her regrets on this subject have been lively and constant ever since. Lord Palmerston, in his recent essays on the treaty of Washington, expresses them in strong terms: "Laying aside, (says he) for the moment, all consideration of the immense difference which it must make to England, as an independent power, whether that great tract of country which now constitutes the United States, had been a portion of herself, bound to her by the as far as climate is concerned, as the white, on ties of family, and following her fortunes in war as well as in peace, or whether that great tract of country be, as it is, an independent power, liable to be in hostility with England, and at all events having separate views and a separate policy; setting, for a moment, aside all those considerationswhich, however, in their bearings involve questions of fleets, and armies, and vast expenses-looking for the present to the mere commercial question, must it not be manifest to every man, that if commerce is our object, it is better to have commerce with people who are sure not to endeavor to cripple our commerce by hostile tariffs, and with whom there is no danger of our commerce being interrupted by war, than it can be to carry on commerce with people who may fight us in peace with tariffs, and in war with cruizers and privateers?" And is there any one who does not see at once that a

When the North and South are severed, Northern commerce sustained, as it is now, by Southern produce, will at once decline: the Navy, now so much dreaded, will decay; the manufactures which are now in the North, without a Southern market, must tumble at once into ruin.

The North has little that Britain wants, and much that she fears: but the staples of the South are indispensable to her, and she will hope in return to find a market for her manufactures, free from "hostile tariffs," or "cruizers and privateers."

Can any one doubt, who knows any thing of her history, that she, who regards "as the wind a widowed nation's wail," when obstructing her own political views, would, for objects like these, feed the avarice of rogues, and stimulate the fanaticism of fools?

We must now bring these observations to a close for the present, leaving many interesting subjects connected with them untouched, and having little more than alluded to principles, which would require a volume for their proper development. But what we have stated, we think will sustain the following propositions:

1st. That insanity, although sometimes the lot of the virtuous and highly gifted, and occasionally widely extended by national calamities, is in the ordinary course of affairs very often the result of evil, moral or physical, brought on by vicious habits and uncontrolled passions.

2nd. The vast disparity between the insane colored population of the non-slave-holding and the slave-holding States, in regard to numbers, is the result of moral causes, arising from their situation, and in no degree the effect of climate.

3rd. That the black man enjoys as good health, every part of this continent.

4th. That the free blacks of the non-slave-holding States are vicious to an enormous extent, and in many of those States dwindling, whilst the slaves in the other States are increasing in a rapid ratio.

5th. That the vices of the free blacks have increased in proportion to the time which has elapsed since their emancipation.

6th. That the free blacks of the slave-holding States are more virtuous, and more happy, than the same class in the non-slave-holding States.

7th. That general emancipation would be attended with most injurious consequences to the country where it took place, and eventually prove fatal to the emancipated race.

8th. That intermarriage between the white and black races is unnatural, i. e. contrary to the order and design of Providence, and fatal to posterity, in inducing disease and premature death.

9th. That the only situation in which the free

²³ See Lord Palmerston on the treaty of Washington.

²⁴ Continuation of the History of England, Vol. 16, p. 154.

blacks of this country can be placed consistently with humanity and sound policy in their present state of civilization, is in a colony remote from white men.

10th. That the coast of Africa is admirably adapted for that purpose.

11th. That the British have shown themselves unfriendly to the American colonies there, although encouraging fugitive slaves from the United States in their own colonies, and professing to be the peculiar friends of the African race.

12th. That they are influenced by motives most grossly selfish, and desirous of stimulating the abolition spirit, which they hope will produce a dissolution of this Union.

ALBAN.

THE PROTO-MARTYR OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. JANE L. SWIFT.

In ancient Britain's sea-girt isle,
When Romans swayed the land,
The Christian standard was unfurled
By a devoted band
Of true and lion-hearted men,
Who vowed to "do or die."
In planting on their mountain-tops
The cross of Calvary.

They faced the storm of heathen wrath,
And braved its fiercest shock;
Their arms were weapons from above,
Their foothold was the rock;
On—on with conquering might they came
To lay the idols low;
And strike at superstition's fane
A fell and deadly blow.

At Verulam, St. Alban's now,—
It bears his sainted name—
There dwelt a chief of Roman clan
Not all unknown to fame;
A pagan he—yet, nobly kind,
He could befriend a foe,
And feel for man as brother man,
Whether in joy or woe.

A Christian priest, in hate pursued,
To Alhan's cottage fied;
And prayed that he would shelter give
To his defenceless head.
The pagan did not turn away
In coldness from that prayer,
But took the aged Christian in,
And gave him refuge there.

The holy man could not partake
Of Alban's daily bread,
Without imploring that the light
Of Heaven might be shed,
To guide from error's path, a soul
So noble, just, and brave—
The orison was heard, and blessed
With power divine to save.

For, day by day, as Alban viewed
The pure and holy zeal,
That burned within the Christian's breast,
He learned that glow to feel.

Ere long, he knelt in hope beside
The persecuted man;
And pledged his faith upon the cross,
No matter what the ban.

At length, the human blood hounds came
To hunt their harmless prey;
With warrant to arrest, or smite
The Christian in the fray.
But Alban put the cassock on,
And opening wide his door,
They seized him for the holy man
Who erst that cassock wore.

With placid smile, and brow serene,
He suffered them to bind
With heavy chain his manly limbs,
Nor ever looked behind,
To cast a parting glance at forms
Endeared by fondest tie,
Although he felt he had gone forth
To suffer, and to die.

They dragged him to his trial then,
With bitter, fiendish hate;
And bade him trample on his faith,
Or meet a dreaded fate.
"I am a Christian!" Alban cried,
"I glory in the name,
And were ten thousand deaths at hand,
I still would say the same."

"To death! to death!" they cried;
And, pointing to a rising mound
Upon the river's side,
Divided from them by a stream
O'er which a bridge was thrown—
"There let th' accursed Christian die,
Before the sun goes down."

Loud rose the tumult's angry roar,

The crowd with eager feet pressed on
To reach that spot of ground,
And numbers choked that narrow bridge,
To view that fatal mound;
The block and axe were ready there
To drink the Christian's blood,
But when the dread procession came,
It could not pass the flood.

The bridge was thronged—the infuriate crowd
Were maddening with delay—
"Ford, ford the stream," then Alban cried,
"Myself will lead the way."
Into the briny flood he plunged,
And reaching safe the shore,
He held on high the crucifix,

The heathen soldier who had come
To lay that proud head low,
Beheld the triumph of that hour,
And could not strike the blow.
"I will not take the life of one
Who dies, his faith to seal;
I'll share this Christian's life or death,
Be it for woe or weal."

Which in his breast he bore.

Fierce rose the din on every side,
And wilder still, the cry
Of maddened heathen in their rage,
"The Christians! let them die."
They knelt together as in prayer,
Then laid them calmly down;
And Alban and his comrade shared
The palm of martyrdom.

MURRAY'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEOGRAPHY.

PART FOUR: PHILADELPHIA-LEA AND BLANCHARD.

The republication of this and other valuable encyclopædias is a land-mark in the history of cheap literature upon which we dwell with much interest, and to which we delight to call the attention of our friends. Alluding to the cheap republication of these and similar works in the United States, the London Athenseum observes:

"Our attention has been called by Messrs. Longman to a flagrant case of injustice to individuals, and of injury to literature, and to the public arising from an absence of an international law of protec-The valuable series of encyclopædias publishing by that firm, is well known; and, among the most useful and popular volumes, is Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature and Art. work is now republishing in America, at a price which precludes the future sale of a single copy of the original edition—for, those who pay nothing to authors, [can, of course, afford to sell cheap. On this volume alone, the Messrs. Longman expended more than £6,000 (\$30,000) whereof, above a half was paid to authors. It is well observed that the Americans gain much less by this piratical system, than might be at first supposed; for, if they agreed to an international copy-right-if they secured the original publishers an exclusive sale in the American market,—the price of the original edition of Brande's Dictionary, would be reduced fully one third."

We must confess we do not comprehend this reasoning; for, we have yet to learn that the tendency or the effect of monopoly is to cheapen. We admit, that the English author would be benefitted. if we would protect him in copy-right. But what are we to receive in return? or why should we tax our people to enrich the foreign author who never saw them? He owes us no allegiance, nor we him protection. We hear a good deal said about the Americans and their book-piracies-and about the advantages of free trade in books being all on the American side-how our own authors go unrequited, while our publishers are stealing from England, etc. But this is assertion made without a proper examination of the per contra. Let us merely glance at it, for we have not time to do

That American authors do not go unpaid, nor their works lack for circulation, we might mention Prescott and Stevens among others. The Ferdinand and Isabella of the former has gone through the same time, about 12,000 copies of the "Central America" of the latter have found sale in the United States. Moreover, there has been a sale of 4000 sets of Washington's writings in 12-8vo. volumes;—as many of Franklin's in 10;—of nine editions of Bancroft's History of the United States;—

author. Not so, on the other side; they in England pirate in a less gentlemanly way—they steal; for they not only reprint there the works of many of an American author, but they rob him of his honors. In their reprints of American works, they generally strike out the preface, print a new title-page and give the work another name—and it is issued as an original British production. Spark's Life of Ledyard, the American Traveller, was pirated and published there, as "The Memoirs of Ledyard, the African Traveller" (Anon.) Muzzey's "Young

with other elaborate works; such as the Mécanique Celestè, with a commentary of nearly the same bulk—forming altogether four large quarto volumes. Then, there is the Natural History of the state of New-York in 10 quarto volumes, which was published at an outlay of \$200,000. Besides, the number of original and copyright novels, published in the United States within the last ten years, amounts to about 120 different works; and, within the same time, sacrifice has been offered to the muses, more than 100 times, with as many different books of American poetry.

As for Alison's charge against us, of indifference to our historical records,—where are the American publications of the historical memoirs of Washington, Franklin, Jay, Jefferson and others-amounting to more than 50 octavo volumes !-- of 20 volumes diplomatic correspondence?—the 15 or 20 folio volumes of American Archives now in course of publication by Colonel Force under congressional authority? The American state papers, in about 40 folio volumes? The thousands of Documents published by Congress and the State Legislatures? The systematic collection and arrangements of original archives, by the different states? The contributions from the historical societies in various parts of the union-first in Massachusetts, 26 volumes? then in New-York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Georgia, et-al? So that in spite of the charge that we do nothing for our own authors, literature or history, much appears to have been done.

Again, we are accused, in the absence of any law on the subject, of pirating the brains of bookish Englishmen, and circulating them here 'dirt cheap'-Martin Chuzzlewit, exempli gratid, for four-penceha'-penny. But this same Dickens, of copy-right memory, appropriates the "Charcoal Sketches" of our Neale, and transfers them bodily, plates and all, except Neal's name and title page, into his " Pickwick" papers, and nothing is said. They are pronounced capital, brought over here and read as fresh from the pen of the inimitable "Boz." If flotsam and jetsan be piracy, and the gathering of treasuretrove be robbery, then we plead guilty to the soft impeachment—but while we feloniously enjoy this literary usufruct, we rob not the author of his honors, nor the writer of his fame; his good name is religiously regarded among us, and never is there a book republished here, except in the name of its author. Not so, on the other side; they in England pirate in a less gentlemanly way—they steal; for they not only reprint there the works of many of an American author, but they rob him of his honors. In their reprints of American works, they generally strike out the preface, print a new titlepage and give the work another name-and it is issued as an original British production. Spark's Life of Ledyard, the American Traveller, was pirated

Maiden and Young Wife" were done into "The lown opinions; and, the various conformations thus English Maiden" and "The English Wife"-- "The Infidel," into "Cortes or the Fall of Mexico"and "Burton or the Sieges," into "New-York and Quebec, or the three Beauties"-Harris' "Natural History of the Bible," Bancroft's "Translation of Heeren's politics of Greece," Everett's Translation of Buttman's "Greek Grammar," were all reprinted and sold there as English works. And Mr. Theobold, the lawyer, levied black-mail upon Judge Story's "Law of Bailments," and used it as his own notes upon Sir William Jones; - others have been served in the same way. Those who are curious to know more on the subject, we beg to refer to the "American Book Circular," Wiley and Putnam; to which we are indebted for most of the foregoing particulars.

THIERS' HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FOUR VOLUMES, PUBLISHED BY CARRY AND HART-1842.

This concise and impartial history, embracing a period of 11 years, from the convocation of the States-General in 1789, to the establishment of the 1st consulate in 1801, has excited considerable interest in the literary world, and elicited from various reviewers indiscriminate expressions of condemnation and approval. The addition of our feeble judgment to those already expressed, can neither detract from, nor enhance the merits of the work itself: we shall therefore submit an opinion (derived from a careful perusal of the work) which, though perhaps destitute of every other merit, may, at least, claim that of candor and impartiality. The events in M. Thiers' history, are narrated with regularity and precision, unmarked by those colorings of prejudice and pre-conception that so generally characterize the writings of even the most eminent historians. The details of that fearful epoch are given with a constant, unvarying simplicity, that secures the confidence of the reader. while it inspires respect for the author; who, under circumstances so well calculated to biass his judgment and enlist his prejudices, has, nevertheless, displayed admirable firmness, in adhering to truth, and discarding error, with the inflexibility and rigor of a judge. Others have suffered their preëxistent opinions to influence, to a most unwarrantable extent, their respective histories of this period, and whenever the stern outline of truth has opposed itself to their cherished views, its features have been softened into an unnatural and erroneous coincidence with those views, alike discreditable to their virtue, and repugnant to the spirit that should ever actuate the true historiansuch writers have cast as it were, the events and

occasioned, have been utterly prejudicial to truth, and productive of the most dissonant and irreconcilable sentiments in the minds of readers with reference to the same individual circumstances, that if represented fairly, would have induced but one feeling and one opinion. In this respect, M. Thiers has set a noble example of disinterestedness, of entire freedom from the shackles of political or personal feelings, that has elevated his work to the rank of true history, and placed it beyond the suspicion of partiality or party spirit. There is a generosity in such conduct, deservedly calculated to win our esteem, an esteem enhanced by the reflection that similar conduct has been rarely evinced in works of a like character; but, the absence of which, serves to degrade history, from its elevated standing to the level of ex parte and ad captandum representations. Thiers—although elevated in official rank-although associated with a party, whose sentiments might naturally be expected to imbue his mind and give color to the expressions of opinion he is constantly obliged to make, although himself the advocate in a political capacity of peculiar forms of government, and surrounded by those exciting influences that operate so strongly on the mind: has, nevertheless, maintained a dignified impartiality, alike creditable to his head and heart. This degree of firmness is the very acme of historical merit-a disideratum rarely attained. Other writers, placed under far less disadvantageous circumstances, within the sphere of influences far less prejudicial to the elicitation of truth, have failed to attain this impartiality; have, on the contrary, yielded to the operations of their own prejudices and those of others, and presented us with the semblance of histories, but in truth mere tissues of misrepresentations, the bare reflection of their warped and perverted judgments. We might present illustrations of this truth without number, as Scott, Las Casas, Mignet and others; but we forbear; the public mind is too familiar with them to need any repetition or exposure of their fallacies. Another feature in M. Thiers' work peculiarly agreeable to us, and we doubt not to the reading public likewise, is the comparative absence of those digressive episodes of different species, so generally introduced into works of this nature, ostensibly for the purpose of elucidating the subject treated of, while in reality they serve to weary the reader, distract his attention and retard the advancement of the history, without conducing in the slightest degree, to his edification or amusement. This unnecessary prolixity, so common and so censurable, has been almost entirely avoided by Thiers. goes right on, continually advancing the history, preserving an uniform unbroken connexion, explaining in the most lucid and satisfactory manner, and introducing such illustrations only in the body of circumstances of the time, in the mould of their the work, as tend to portray more vividly the characteristics of the actors and the age. The same impartiality, evinced in the simply narrative parts of the work, also characterizes his delineations of in-Discarding all personal feelings, he dividuals. seems, in the language of Othello,

> "Nothing to extenuate nor to set down Aught in malice;"

but a plain unvarnished tale delivers, framed from the best authenticated statements he has been able to procure. A republican at heart, he seeks not to defend the unnatural and revolting excesses of the dominant republican factions. Where their tumultuous passions have hurried them into the unrestrained commission of the most dreadful crimes, he seeks neither to shield nor palliate their conduct. When the stern requirements of truth demand it, he presents the very party to which his principles attach him, with hands imbrued in the blood of their slaughtered fellow citizens, with hearts burning with the insatiate fires of revenge, and feelings steeled alike to the dictates of justice, and the implorations of mercy. Demoniac cruelties, unbridled licentiousness, the revellings of crime and injustice, concentrated as he expresses it, in the very Saturnalia of hell, meet at his hands, no matter by whom displayed, neither favor nor suppres-The frightful picture garnished with no exaggerations of fancy, but wrought only in those colors derived from the strictest impartiality and truth, are exposed unsparingly to the withering condemnation of the friends of decency and humanity. The midnight orgies of the soi disant patriots of the revolution, characterized by the display of the most inordinate passions, the comminglings of debauchery and crime, realizing almost in the persons of the actors, the idea of the incarnation of vice itself, are stripped of the veil with which some have endeavored to conceal them, and exposed in all the vividness of the reality to our shuddering The atrocities he recounts with such fearful impartiality, are such as his love of country would prompt him to suppress; but the same manly spirit that induces him to record the virtues and talents of his fellow citizens, teaches him to depict their errors and vices likewise. There are no relentings, no waverings of purpose, but a steady determination to execute justice by a constant adhesion to truth. Decidedly opposed to the exercise of absolute power, as vested in the monarchy, previous to the Revolution; favorable to the restriction of the prerogatives of royalty within the limits prescribed by the constituent assembly; indignant at the tyrannies constantly displayed, and the exactions countenanced under a long series of oppressions; inclined to favor the efforts of the republicans for the limitation of arbitrary sway, and the extennate monarch, freely ascribing to him, all the vir- reasons that induced the moral phenomena he at-

tues which his most devoted friends have ever challenged for him, and treating his errors as mildly as is consistent with a due regard for truth.

Amidst the crowd of calumnies and detractions aimed at the fallen monarch, by contemporaries, and in which the republican feeling still delights to indulge; calumnies which, in the hands of grovelling spirits, have been so arrayed as to cast a deeper shade over the ignorances and negligencies of the virtuous but unfortunate Louis the sixteenth; he, unmoved, has formed that dispassionate estimate of the character and conduct of the monarch, that serves at once to exculpate his memory from the calumnious charges and treasonable imputations which literary assassins have labored so assiduously to heap upon it, and to reveal the king in that attitude in which truth and justice conspire to place Yet, while the historian presents the claims of Louis upon our commiseration and sympathy, in their most advantageous and striking light, he is scrupulously careful to omit no unfavorable circumstance, no discreditable act or sentiment calculated to justify the pretensions of his enemies. He furnishes a faithful record, from the pages of which we may unhesitatingly form a candid judg-What has been said of the king, is equally applicable to all the individuals who figure in his history. He has essayed to give the world a faithful portraiture, undistorted by party spleen and unsullied by the breath of envy. This is strikingly illustrated in the character of Marie Antoinette, as depicted by him. It is plainly, yet vividly portray-The hereditary foibles that characterized her, and her peculiarly offensive exhibitions of aristocratic feeling, that rendered her so obnoxious to the republican spirits of the day, do not abate in the slightest degree the mead of praise which he cheerfully awards to her distinguished attainments, her energy and fortitude. Her firmness, nay, her heroism as repeatedly displayed in those trying hours that preceded her condemnation, but preeminently in that awful moment, when as a royal sacrifice to the Goddess of Liberty, she stood beneath the axe of the fearful guillotine, awaiting with calm resignation, the stroke that was to extinguish with her life, the last remains of royalty, shed a rich lustre on her memory, and tend wonderfully to enhance those feelings of sorrow and indignation with which we regard her untimely fate. The same impartiality that is evident in the simple narrative of Thiers, pervades the philosophic portion of his work. Whenever he attempts to analyze the causes productive of political changes and events, there is a candor in the selection of argument, an absence of all sophistry and an evident desire for the elicitation of truth, that resembles the summing up of the judge, rather than the sion of popular power-yet, M. Thiers evinces the pleadings of an advocate. He appears to have no most constant loyalty and respect for the unfortu- other object in view, than the discovery of the true

tempts to investigate, and in every line, there is apparently an honest adaptation of theory to truth, rather than an ingenious modelling of truth to theory. It is for the possession and practical display of those qualities, that we are led to admire M. Thiers. We do not challenge for him the debatable distinction of a polished writer. He evinces no extraordinary fertility of imagination nor extreme profundity of research, yet, his style is eminently simple and graceful, without pedantry or affectation. Its peculiar charm is in that species of naivetè, that frankness and sincerity of expression, which enlists our confidence and forms the means of enlightening our understandings. He divests himself, as it were, of those national and political attributes with which he is invested, and stands forth conscious of his duties and responsibilities as a historian, pledged to no sect, religious or political, the champion of no principle but eternal truth, the advocate of naught save justice untrammelled by prejudices, unfettered by usages, combatting error only by the establishment of truth, and maintaining that combined dignity and impartiality, without which, no historian, however gifted, can hope to discharge his duty with benefit to society.

The fame of La Belle France has had many chroniclers, but the laurel wreath has been reserved to decorate the brow of one who has proved fully equal to the trust confided to him; one who, despite the solicitations of friends and the imprecations of enemies, with an integrity, worthy of the Elder Brutus, has scanned the faults of his adored country to the end that he might record them with his censure amidst all the difficulties he encountered, maintaining that resolute fixedness of purpose that neither petty intrigue nor violence of opposition could resist. We have prolonged our article beyond the limits, within which it was our purpose to restrain it. If, in so doing, we trespass too greatly on the time and attention of the reader, we offer him the only reparation in our power. We earnestly beg him to revert to the work itself, and there seek and find an ample indemnification for the boring he may have undergone in the perusal of this criticism.

SERENADE.

BY R. FRENCH FERGUSON, JR.

Soft may thy slumbers be,
And bright thy dreams to-night;
May thou not sigh to see
The gleam of morning light.
The night was made for bliss—
The light 's no friend to joy—
O, may the morning's kiss,
To thee bring no alloy!

Why should the early sun,
Shine, on the young heart, sad?
And when the day is done,
Why should the heart'be glad?

The day's a stagnant stream,
That drowns the fires of youth;
The night's a glorious dream,
Of all that should be truth.

O, softly, sweetly sleep!
The dew is falling by,
As if the night did weep,
The march of morning nigh.
Could but this selfish heart,
All hope of bliss give o'er,
I'd bid—nay do not start—
I'd bid thee wake no more!

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

This is an English work, extended and improved, to include the productions also of the United States, its peculiar soils and climates, with the best method of cultivation, etc. It is made up with the lights and assistance of the best authors and agriculturists—such as Liebig, Lowe, Brande, Smith, Youatt, Stephens, Thompson, Lindley, et al.

It has been a reproach upon those who till the ground, that all improvements in husbandry are viewed with but little favor, and work their way into use only by slow degrees; whereas, in all other callings, they take the wings of steam, and in a few years, spread themseves over the civilized world. He who, by any contrivance or improvement, can make one acre of ground yield the fruits of two, is more entitled to be considered as a benefactor of his race, than he who, by improvements in his machinery, enables one man to do the work of two. The latter only multiplies laborers: the former enlarges the earth by doubling its capacities of maintenance. Such a man was Coke, of Holkam, England; he succeeded, by a judicious plan of tillage, in converting a sterile district, such as the poorest of our waste lands in Virginia, into one of great productiveness. His improvements were on a large scale and obvious to every one; yet such was the reluctance among his neighbors and countrymen, to forsake their old ways, or to admit of any thing like innovation upon what their fathers had practised before them, that those very great and striking improvements only spread themselves among his neighbors at the rate of three miles the year-truly, a snail's pace. The potato-that most valuable and important of all vegetables, in all countries-required upwards of a hundred years to bring it into general cultivation, after it was first carried to Europe, by Sir Walter Raleigh. Indeed, it was not brought into general cultivation until about 120 years ago, when it began to be commonly used as a vegetable.

* The Farmer's Encyclopædia and Dictionary of Rural Life, by Cuthbert W. Johnston, Esq., adapted to the United States, by a practical Farmer, with Engravings. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, Chesnut Street. Published in semimonthly numbers.

In this country, however, there is happily more | been worn out by successive years of culture without knowledge and a greater desire among the farmers adequate help, the thinnest soils first, and next the to introduce improvements. It is the farmers who deeper moulds. But let not those whose lots are constitute the head and body of that august personage, known on this happy, free and independent side of the "great waters," as we THE PEOPLE. And there is no country in the world, where Geology-itself a new science-and most intimately connected with agriculture, has been so fostered and encouraged as it has been here. We the PEOPLE, in almost every State, have authorized its Geological Survey; and in this way, more has been done for that science by the States of this confederacy, than by all the world else beside. From the fruits of these surveys, the improvements of the agricultural condition of some districts have been all but miraculous.

Horticultural societies in and around our cities, and agricultural societies in almost every county of every State, have also done much toward the improvement of agriculture, and in arresting that rainous system of tillage of which, alas for the Old Dominion! there are so many monuments to be seen at this day-like plague spots, resting upon her green bosom.

"The first history of American Agriculture differs from that of countries in the old world, where the advances in the arts were slow, and every acquisition marked by rudeness and simplicity. Not so, however, in America, whose intelligent European settlers came with all the appliances of advanced civilization, prepared to chop down the forests and clear away the thickets which had so long encumbered the ground and furnished a scanty subsistence to the savage hunter. For a time the roots obstructed the plough and prevented the deep turning of the soil: but they afforded no impediment to the raising of grain crops, since the light virgin mould, abounding in the alkalies and all other elements of fertility, required but the slightest stirring of the surface to answer the purposes of the plough and harrow. Here then commenced the career of the American planter and farmer, upon a capital accumulated by nature herself through the most gradual accessions. Rich harvests of grain, crops of tobacco and other products sent to Europe and sold at high prices, stimulated to renewed exertions, and the generous soil was subjected to a scourging course of tillage, by which many of the essential elements of its fertility were finally exhausted without any compensating additions. In Virginia, where the primitive settlements were made, large tracts of many hundreds and even thousands of acres, the once profitable culture of which is shown by the extensive ruins of stately mansions, now lie waste and uncultivated, or are covered with a new growth of the oak and pine, renewing forests to which the deer, once driven away, has returned.

cast in other and more prosperous parts of the Union sympathize over the decayed fortunes of once flourishing districts, and overlook their own gradual decline. It is in vain for the farmers of the western vallies and prairies to boast of the depth and inexhaustible productive powers of their lands. With every crop, some of the elements of fertility must of necessity be removed, and the greater the crops the speedier the exhaustion, unless some adequate compensation be made. The following fact, stated in the fifth volume of that valuable American periodical, 'The Cultivator,' shows the progress of deterioration in one of the finest wheat districts in the whole country:

"'Thomas Burrall, Esq., has a most excellent wheat farm in the neighborhood of Geneva, (New York,) which he began to clear and improve twenty-one or twenty-two years ago, and on which he has made and applied much manure. Mr. Burrall informed us, in the summer of 1836, that he had noted down the average product of his wheat crop every year; that dividing the twenty years into three periods, he found that his wheat had averaged twenty-nine bushels per acre during the first of these periods; twenty-five bushels the acre during the second; and but twenty bushels the acre during the third period—thus showing a diminished fertility of nearly one-third, under what may there be denominated a good system of husbandry.'

"All, then, who are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and even those now luxuriating upon the most fertile soils, must, sooner or later, be reduced to the necessity of adding to their fields some of the agents of fertility, and of adopting new means by which they can obtain crops that may be compensating and profitable.

"The late Judge Buel, in referring to a picture drawn by the Hon. James M. Garnett, of the deteriorated condition of Virginia agriculture, says: 'Let not the Northerners take credit to themselves, from this outline of old Virginia husbandry, or from the ingenuous detail of the causes which brought it to so low a condition. Though not exactly the like causes have operated, the same deteriorating system of husbandry has prevailed with us, though perhaps to a more limited extent. Though we have personally attended more to the art—to the practice-yet we have been equally deficient in the science with our brethren in Virginia-equally indifferent to the study and application of the principles upon which good husbandry must ever be based. And although we may have begun earlier in the business of reform, whether from necessity or from choice, we will not say, we are still too defective in practice to boast of our trivial acquirements. The truth is, we have regarded the soil "The lands bordering on the atlantic have thus as a kind mother, expecting her always to give, without regarding her ability to give. We have ter rewarded. Such has been the agricultural imternal admonitions. We have managed the culture power, rather than as one in which the intellect could be brought largely to cooperate.'

of his zeal for the promotion of agriculture, 'there is a redeeming spirit abroad. The lights of scidissipating the clouds of superstitious ignorance causes which have for some time been actively operating to improve the condition of the other arts, and to elevate the character of those who conduct them, are extending their influence to agriculture.'

"The course of tillage followed in America since its first settlement, and with such exhausting and disastrous effects upon the soil, has been of late aptly styled the old system, to distinguish it from the New Husbandry, which last consists in the employment of means calculated not only to arrest and prevent the exhaustion of soils, but to increase their productiveness. It is indeed gratifying to know, that in many parts of our country which have suffered from the impoverishment of the land, agriculture has for many years shown signs of progressive improvement, reduced farms having been brought into increased value, and the products of many of them being raised even above the amount afforded in the days of their first exuberant culture. This has occurred in New England, in the Valley of the Hudson, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the upper portion of the Peninsula including Delaware and Eastern Maryland, in several parts of Western Maryland, Old or Eastern Virginia, etc.

"It is the chief object of the numerous and many agricultural publications so extensively circulated at the present day, as well as of the active societies everywhere instituted, to set forth the principles and practical details of the new system of husbandry, and to demonstrate the advantages resulting from the judicious application of manures and all sorts of fertilizing agents; -from good tillage;—from proper rotation of crops;—from the assistance to be derived from root-culture :-- from the substitution for naked fallows, of clover and other good fallow crops. All these means are to be adopted in conjunction with ample draining, with or without the additional advantages derived from sub-soil ploughing.

to in carrying out the new system are in a great therefore, agriculture is the most ancient, so it is degree mysteries to thousands in the United States, although familiarly known and long employed in And so hath it ever been considered in all counother countries, where with not half the natural tries. And though Adams' first born was also a advantages the labor of the husbandman is far bet-""tiller of the earth," the great offence committed

expected a continuance of her bounties, though we provement effected in Flanders, that the whole have abused her kindness, and disregarded her ma- country may almost be styled a garden, each acre being capable of supporting its man. Scotland, in of the soil as a business requiring mere animal little more than half a century, has changed from comparative unproductiveness, into one of the richest agricultural districts in Europe. In Great "'But,' continues the Judge, in the full fervor Britain, the products of the grain harvests have increased within sixty years, from one hundred and seventy to three hundred and forty millions of ence are beaming upon the agricultural world, and bushels. The system inculcated by the new principles, has even in some districts of our own counwhich have so long shrouded it in darkness. The try, where they have been well followed up, increased the value of farms, two, three, and four handred per cent; from twenty and thirty dollars to one hundred dollars per acre. 'It has,' says Buel, 'made every acre of arable land, upon which it has been practised ten years, and lying contiguous to navigable waters, or a good market, worth, at least, one hundred dollars, for agricultural purposes.' "

> As a proof of the present desire for agricultural knowledge and improvements in the United States, we need only mention the almost unprecedented circulation of Liebig's Agricultural Chemistryan abstruse, scientific work—by no means calculated, it was supposed, on account of the chemical nomenclature and other technicalities of a scientific character, to take the eye of farmers generally-yet though that work first crossed the Atlantic but a few months ago, it has been taken up by the enterprising publishers of the North, and has already passed through several editions. It may not be supererogatory to add, that though much that is trashy is included in what is termed "Cheap Literature," it is more than compensated by the publication of such works as those of Liebig and Brande's Encyclopædia, the book under notice and others, too numerous and well known to be mentioned here.

> The Farmer's Encyclopædia will be published in 16 Nos., at 25 cts. per No. It is in good type and on excellent paper.

> The work in England costs about \$15-here, by the enterprise of Messrs. Carey & Hart, and the advantages as to international copy-right-it is afforded at nearly one-fourth that sum. No tiller of the earth, who has so much as a ten acre field under cultivation, should be without a copy of it. It embraces all branches of his vocation, and spreads before him, in a useful and tangible shape, the benefits of the experience of others similarly engaged in other parts of the world.

When Adam sinned, "God sent him forth from "Many of the processes which may be resorted the garden of Eden, to till the ground." the most honored and honorable of all callings.

by him, seems to have rendered him in the eyes of the Almighty, unworthy of a calling, which was benceforth to be the chief occupation of man, and was to be considered by him, in all time, as the most peaceful and happy. God, in his displeasure, said to the fratricide—"A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth," as if it were the divine will, that the calling which he had appointed unto man, should not be so unworthily followed, nor so given surfaces of soil, instead of enlarging their exsonnd disgraced.

tionately to be enlarged, one favorite spot would be found too small for the subsistence of the whole; and, as in the case of Abraham and Lot, they would have to separate and find pasturage in different districts. This separation into tribes could not proceed beyond a certain extent; and when the land was fully occupied, recourse would by necessity be had to means of increasing the produce of given surfaces of soil, instead of enlarging their exsonnd disgraced.

We said, improvements in agriculture were slow of use. In Peru and the other parts of Spanish America, the implements of husbandry at this day are of the rudest and most clumsy kind—the plough-share is a beam of wood only shod with iron, and, in many parts, sticks are used instead of hoes, and knives—machetes—(a sort of butcher's clever,) instead of axes. And, although foreigners go among them, and carry the most improved agricultural implements of other lands, such is the repugnance there to innovations, that the best "McCormic" or sharpest "Collins" would not travel into use among them, even at the rate of three miles the year.

As the pursuits of agriculture are the most charming and delightful of all occupations, so its history cannot fail to be otherwise than highly interesting. As soon as man was ordained to eat bread in the sweat of his brow, the earth was cursed for his sake, and the business of agriculture was made his chief occupation.

"'In the garden of Eden,' says the work befere us, 'whose fertile soil and genial clime
appear to have combined in maturing a continued variety and unfailing succession of vegetable sustenance, agricultural operations were
unknown; for, that which came spontaneously to
perfection required no assistance from human ingenuity; and where there is no deficiency, there
can be no inducement to strive for improvement.
That period of perfection was but transitory; and
the Deity that had placed man in the garden 'to
dress it and keep it,' eventually drove him thence
'to till the earth from whence he was taken."

"From that time to the present, agriculture has been an improving art; and there is no reason to doubt, but that it will go on advancing as long as mankind continues to increase.

"Man, in his greatest state of ignorance, is always found dependent for subsistence upon the produce of the chase; but, as population increases, recourse must be had to other sources of food. And we find in the shepherd's life of the early ages, the first step to agricultural art, the domestication of animals, which it was found to be more convenient to have constantly at hand, rather than to have to seek precariously at the very time they were required. As the increase of population still went on, and the flocks and the herds had propor-

be found too small for the subsistence of the whole; and, as in the case of Abraham and Lot, they would have to separate and find pasturage in different districts. This separation into tribes could not proceed beyond a certain extent; and when the land was fully occupied, recourse would by necessity be had to means of increasing the produce of given surfaces of soil, instead of enlarging their extent. With Abraham and Isaac it is very evident that wheat and the other fruits of the earth were the rare and choice things of their country; but when such nations once learned, as they might from the example of Egypt, the resource such products were in periods of famine, arising from mortalities among their cattle, they would soon pursue their interests by cultivating them. This completed the acquirement of property in land; for, the space not only long occupied, but upon which the occupier had bestowed his labor, built his habitation, and had enclosed from injury by vagrant animals, would be acknowledged to be his without any one stopping to inquire what right he had to make the enclosure.

"When once thus located, experience and observation would soon teach the employment of manures, irrigation, times of sowing, and other necessary operations; and every generation would be wiser in the art than that which preceded it. especially has occurred in these more northern climates, where art and industry has to compensate for a deficiency of natural advantages. larging numbers,' observes Mr. Sharon Turner, only magnify the effect; for mankind seem to thrive and civilize, in proportion as they multiply; and, by a recurrent action, to multiply again in proportion as they civilize and prosper.' In this manner improved modes of cultivation, the introduction of new species, and of more fruitful varieties of agricultural produce, have universally kept pace with an increasing population. This resting upon a basis of facts, vindicates the wisdom of Providence, and refutes Mr. Malthus' superficial theory of over-production. The agricultural produce of England has gradually increased from the insignificant amount that was its value in the time of the Roman invasion, to the enormous annual return of 200,000,000%; and it is very certain that in this country, and much more in other parts of the world, the produce is a mere fraction of what the total soil is capable of returning.

"Agriculture is the art of obtaining from the earth food for the sustenance of man and his domestic animals; and the perfection of the art is to obtain the greatest possible produce at the smallest possible expense. Upon the importance of the art, it is needless, therefore, to insist; for by it every country is enabled to support in comfort an abundant population. On this its strength as a nation depends; and by it, its independence is secured. An

¹ Gen. ii. 15; iii. 23,

agricultural country has within itself the necessaries and comforts of life; and, to defend these, there will never be wanting a host of patriot sol-

"Of the pleasure attending the judicious cultivation of the soil, we have the evidence of facts. The villa farms sprinkled throughout our happy land, the establishments of Holkham, Woburn, &c., would never have been formed, if the occupation connected with them was not delightful. We have an unexceptionable witness to the same fact in the late Mr. Roscoe, the elegant, talented author of the Lives of Lorenzo de Medici and of Leo the Tenth. Mr. Roscoe was the son of an extensive potato grower, near Liverpool. In the cultivation of that and other farm produce, he had been an active laborer: and he who thus had enjoyed the delights that spring from literary pursuits, and from the cultivation of the soil, has left this recorded opinion, 'If I was asked whom I consider to be the happiest of the human race, I should answer, those who cultivate the earth by their own hands.

"We have but little information to guide us, as to the country in which man first cultivated the soil; nor of that in which he first settled after the deluge. Thus much, however, is certain, that we have the earliest authentic account of the state of agriculture as it existed among the Egyptians and their bond-servants, the Israelites. From the former, probably, the Greeks were descended. The Romans, at a later period, were a colony from Greece; and from the Romans the other countries of Europe derived their earliest marked improvement in the arts."

Of the agriculture of the Egyptians, Israelites, and other early Eastern nations, the Bible gives almost the only account that has been handed down translation does not explicitly state this, but it is to us. Among these primitive nations, every tiller clear in the Hebrew original. It is also certain, of the earth-from the king on his throne to the from the Hebrew original, that they tied up calves peasant in his hut-had his lot of land for cultivation. This system, in some respects, resembled the allotment system of Dr. Law, which was introduced in England some 40 years ago or more, and which, as far as it has gone, has so wonderfully ameliorated the poor man's condition there; since the introduction of this plan, the poor rate has been steadily diminishing, and, from £320 the year, it had gradually been lessened, till 1832when it had come down to only £180.

In the earliest times, division of labor was found necessary: "And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground." These two distinctions were kept up among both the Israelites and Egyptians, as seperate and distinct occupations—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Laban and many iii. 17. 62 Chron. xxxii. 28. others in the Mosaic history, were great flockmasters. "And it shall come to pass," said Joseph, vi. 4, &c., Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon, 673. to his brethren, "when Pharoah shall call you and xxx. 31. 132 Sam. xxvii. 29.

Thy servants' trade hath been about cattle from our youth even until now, both we and also our fathers, that ye may dwell in the land of Goshen, for every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians." But the keeper of flocks was so esteemed by the agricultural Egyptians, "because, about a century before the arrival of Joseph among them, a tribe of Cushite shepherds from Arabia had conquered their nation, and held them in slavery; till, after a sanguinary contest of thirty years, they regained their liberty about twenty-seven years before Joseph was promoted by Pharoah. Egyptians were flock-masters is certain, from many parts of the Scriptures. Thus, when Pharoah gave permission to the Israelites to dwell in Goshen, he added, as he spoke to Joseph, 'And if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle;" and when the murrain came into Egypt, it was upon their horses, asses, camels, oxen, and sheep.3

"The attention and care necessary to be paid to their domestic animals were evidently well known and attended to; for when they proposed to settle in a land, their first thought was to build 'sheepfolds for their cattle.'4 They had stalls for their oxen, and for all their beasts. Thus King Hezekish is said to have made 'stalls for all manner of beasts, and cotes for flocks; moreover, he provided him possessions of flocks and herds in abundance;" and that this abundance exceeded the possessions of the greatest of our modern flock-masters, we may readily acknowledge, when we read that 'Mesha, king of Moab, was a sheep-master, and rendered unto the king of Israel 100,000 lambs, and 100,000 rams, with the wool."

"They prepared the provender for their horses and asses of chaff, or cut straw and barley.8 Our and bullocks for the purpose of fattening them;16 and that they were acquainted with the arts of the dairy. 'Surely the churning of milk,' says Solomon, 'bringeth forth butter;" and Samuel speaks of the 'cheese of kine." The chief vegetable products cultivated by these eastern nations were, wheat, barley, beans, lentils, rye, the olive, and the vine.13

"The scanty notices which we have of their tillage, give us no reason to doubt that they were skilful husbandmen. The name for tillage 14 emphatically expresses their idea of it; for it literally means to serve the ground.16 And that the cares

⁵ Gen. xlvii. 6. ³ Exod. ix. 3. ⁴ Numb. xxxii. 16. ⁵ Hab. 72 Kings, iii. 4. xix. 21; 1 Kings, iv. 28. Dr. Kennicott's xxivth Codex; Harmer's Observations, i. 423. 10 Jerem. xlvi. 21; Amos. 13 Exod. ix. 31; Levit xix. say what is your occupation! That ye shall say, 10; 2 Sam. xvii, 29, &c. 14 Obed. 15 Parkhurst, 508.

denced by the fact, that David, for his extensive estate, had an overseer for the storehouses in the fields; another over the tillage of the ground; a third over the vineyards; a fourth over the olive trees; two to superintend his herds; a seventh over his camels; an eighth to superintend his flocks; and a ninth to attend similar to the asses.16

"Of their ploughing, we know that they turned up the soil in ridges, similarly to our own practice; for the Hebrew name of a husbandman signifies a man who does so.17 That they ploughed with two beasts of the same species attached abreast to the plough.18 That the yoke or collar was fastened to the neck of the animal; and that the plough, in its mode of drawing the furrows, resembled our own; for we read of their sharpening the coulter and the ploughshare.19 Ploughing was an operation that they were aware might be beneficially performed at all seasons; for Solomon mentions it as a symptom of a sluggard, that he will not plough in the winter; o and that too much care could not be devoted to it, they expressed, by deriving their name for ploughing from a Hebrew root, which signifies silent thought and attention.31

"Their sowing was broadcast, from a basket;22 and they gave the land a second superficial ploughing to cover the seed. It is true that harrowing is mentioned in our translation;23 but Schultens and other Hebraists agree that harrowing was not practised by them. Russell, in remarking upon the mode of cultivation now practised near Aleppo, says, 'No harrow is used, but the ground is ploughed a second time after it is sown, to cover the grain."

"The after-cultivation apparently was not neglected; they had hoes or mattocks, which they employed for extirpating injurious plants. 'On all hills,' says the prophet, 'that shall be digged with the mattock, there shall not come thither the fear of briars and thorns.'25 In those hot climates a plentiful supply of moisture was necessary for a healthful vegetation; and the simile of desolation, employed by the same prophet, is 'a garden that hath no water." In Egypt they irrigated their lands; and the water thus supplied to them was raised by an hydraulic machine, worked by men in the same manner as the modern tread-wheel. To this practice Moses alludes, when he reminds the Israelites of their sowing their seed in Egypt, and watering it with their feet, a practice still pursued in Arabia.27

"When the corn was ripe, it was cut with either a sickle or a scythe,26 was bound into sheaves,20

¹⁶1 Chron. xxvii. 25, 31. ¹⁷ Parkhurst, 93. ¹⁸ Deut. zxii. 10. 19 1 Sam. xiii, 20, &c. 30 Prov. xx. 4. 21 Parkhurst, 244. 25 Amos. xi, 13; Psalm cxxvi, 6. 23 Job. xxxix. 10. 24 Parkhurst, 720. 25 Isa. vii. 25. 26 Isa. i. 30. 27 Deut. xi. 10; Niebuhr, Voyage en Arabie, i. 121. 25 Jer. l. 16; xix. 23; xxv. 3; Hosea, x. 12, &c. 432 Chron. xxvi. 10. Joel, iii, 13. 29 Psalm cxxix. 7; Deut. xxiv. 19, &c.

and attention necessary were well sustained, is evi- and was conveyed in carts, so either immediately to the threshing-floor or to the barn. They never formed it into stacks as we do. These passages in the Scriptures 11 refer exclusively to the thraves or shocks in which the sheaves are reared as they are cut.32 The threshing-floors, as they are at the present day, were evidently level plats of ground in the open air.33 They were so placed that the wind might, at the time of the operation, remove the chief part of the chaff. They, perhaps, had threshing-floors under cover, to be used in inclement seasons; for, Hosea,34 speaking of 'the summer threshing-floors,' justifies such surmise. The instruments and modes of threshing were various. They are all mentioned in these two verses of the prophet: 'Fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread-corn is bruised because he will not ever be threshing it, nor break it with the wheel of his cart, nor bruise it with his horsemen.'35 When the seed was threshed by horses, they were ridden by men; and when by cattle, although forbidden to be muzzled,36 yet they were evidently taught to perform the labor.37 The 'instrument' was a kind of sledge made of thick boards, and furnished underneath with teeth of iron.38 The revolving wheels of a cart, and the various sized poles employed for the same purpose, need no further comment. To complete the dressing of the corn, it was passed through a sieve. 36 and thrown up against the wind by means of a shovel. The fan was, and is still, unknown to the eastern husbandmen; and where that word is employed in our translation of the Scriptures, the original seems to intend either the wind or the shovel.40

> " Of their knowledge of manures we know little. Wood was so scarce that they consumed the dung of their animals for fuel.41 Perhaps it was this deficiency of carbonaceous matters for their lands that makes an attention to fallowing so strictly enjoined.42

> "The landed estates were large, both of the kings and of some of their subjects; for we read that Uzziah, king of Judah, 'had much both in the low country and in the plains; husbandmen also, and vine-dressers in the mountains and in Carmel, for he loved husbandry; 40 that Elijah found Elisha with twelve yoke of oxen at plough, himself being with the twelfth yoke; 44 and that Job, the greatest man of the east, had 14,000 sheep, 6,000 camels, 1,000 yoke of oxen, and 1,000 she-asses.45 In the

> 30 Amos, ii, 13. 31 Exod. xxii. 6; Judg. xv. 5; Job, v. 26. 32 Harmer's Observ. iv. 145, &c. 33 Judg. vi. 37; 2 Sam. xxiv. 18-25, &c. 34 Hosea ii. 35. 35 Isaiah, xxviii. 27, 28. ³⁶ Deut. xxv. 4. ³⁷ Hosea, x. 11. ³⁸ Isaiah, xli. 15; Parkhurst, 242, 412. 39 Amos, ix. 9. 40 Isaiah, xxx. 24; Jer. xv. 7; Parkhurst, 183, 689. 41 Parkhurst, 764. 42 Levit. 44 1 Kings, zix. 19. 45 Job, i. 3; zlii. 12.

time of Isaiah, the accumulation of landed property in the hands of a few proprietors was so much on the increase, that a curse was uttered against this engrossment. 'Wo unto them,' says the prophet, 'that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth.'"

The importance and blessings of good husbandry were well understood and thoroughly appreciated by the heathenish but highly civilized and polished Greeks and Romans. And accordingly, there was, in their mythology, no lack of gods and goddesses to preside over this important branch of industry.

"They attributed to Ceres—as their progenitors, the Egyptians, did to Isis—the invention of the arts of tilling the soil. Ceres is said to have imparted these to Triptolemus, of Eleusis, and to have sent him as her missionary round the world to teach mankind the best modes of ploughing, sowing, and reaping. In gratitude for this, the Greeks, about 1356 years before the Christian era, established in honor of Ceres, the Eleusinian mysteries, by far the most celebrated and enduring of all their religious ceremonies; for they were not established at Rome till the close of the fourth century. stition is a prolific weakness; and, consequently, by degrees, every operation of agriculture, and every period of the growth of crops, obtained its presiding and tutelary deity. The goddess, Terra, was the guardian of the soil; Stercutius presided over the manures; Volutia guarded the crops whilst evolving their leaves; Flora received the still more watchful duty of sheltering their blossom; they passed to the guardianship of Lactantia when swelling with milky juices; Rubigo protected them from blight; and they successively became the care of Hostilina, as they shot into ears; of Matura as they ripened; and of Tutelina when they were reaped. Such creations of polytheism are fables; but they are errors that should even now give rise to feelings of gratification rather than of contempt. They must please by their elegance; and much more when we reflect that it is the concurrent testimony of anterior nations, through thousands of years, that they detected and acknowledged a Great First Cause.

"Unlike the arts of luxury, Agriculture has never been subject to any retrograde revolutions; being an occupation necessary for the existence of mankind in any degree of comfort, it has always continued to receive their first attention; and no succeeding age has been more imperfect, but in general more expert, in the art than that which has preceded it. The Greeks are not an exception to this rule; for their agriculture appears to have been much the same in the earliest brief notices we have of them, as it was with the nation of which they were an offset. The early Grecians, like all new nations, were divided into but two classes; landed

46 Isaiah, v. 8.

proprietors, and Helots, or slaves; and the estates of the former were little larger than were sufficient to supply their respective households with necessaries. We read of princes among them; and as we dwell upon the splendid details of the Trojan war, associate with such titles, unreflectingly, all the pageantry and luxury of modern potentates, that are distinguished by similar titles. But in this we are decidedly wrong; for there was probably not a leader of the Greeks who did not, like the father of Ulysses, assist with his own hands in the farming operations.47 Hesiod is the earliest writer who gives us any detail of the Grecian agriculture. He appears to have been the contemporary of Homer; and, in that case, to have flourished about nine centuries before the Christian era. His practical statements, however, are very meager; we have, therefore, preferred taking Xenophon's Œconomics as our text, and introducing the statements of other authors, as they may occur, to supply deficiencies or to afford illustrations.

"Xenophon died at the age of ninety, 359 years before the birth of Christ. The following narrative of the Greek agriculture is from his 'Essay,' if not otherwise specified.

"In Xenophon's time the landed proprietor no longer labored upon his farm, but had a steward as a general superintendant, and numerous laborers, yet he always advises the master to attend to his own affairs. 'My servant,' he says, 'leads my horse into the fields, and I walk thither for the sake of exercise in a purer air; and when arrived where my workmen are planting trees, tilling the ground, and the like, I observe how every thing is performed, and study whether any of these operations may be improved.' After his ride, his servant took his horse, and led him home, 'taking with him,' he adds, 'to my house, such things as are wanted, and I walk home, wash my hands, and dine off whatever is prepared for me moderately.' 'No man,' he says, 'can be a farmer, till he is taught by experience; observation and instruction may do much, but practice teaches many particulars which no master would ever have thought to remark upon.' 'Before we commence the cultivation of the soil,' he observes, that, 'we should notice what crops flourish best upon it; and we may even learn from the weeds it produces, what it will best support.'

""Fallowing, or frequent ploughing in spring or summer,' he observes, 'is of great advantage;' and Hesiod advises the farmer always to be provided with a spare plough, that no accident may interrupt the operation. The same author directs the ploughman to be very careful in his work. 'Let him,' he says, 'attend to his employment, and trace the furrows carefully in straight lines, not looking around him, having his mind intent upon what he is doing."

⁴⁷ Homer's Odyss. l. xxiv. ⁴⁹ Works and Days, 50. ⁴⁹ Ibid. 441—443.

could not be ploughed and stirred about too much, or unseasonably; for the object is to let the earth feel the cold of winter and the sun of summer, to invert the soil, and render it free, light, and clear of all weeds, so that it can most easily afford nourishment. 40

"Xenophon recommends green plants to be ploughed in, and even crops to be raised for the purpose; 'for such,' he says, 'enrich the soil as much as dung.' He also recommends earth that has been long under water to be put upon land to enrich it, upon a scientific principle which we shall explain under Irrigation. Theophrastus, who flourished in the fourth century B. C., is still more particular upon the subject of manures. He states his conviction that a proper mixture of soils, as clay with sand, and the contrary, would produce crops as luxuriant as could be effected by the agency of manures. He describes the properties that render dungs beneficial to vegetation, and dwells upon composts.51 Xenophon recommends the stubble at reaping time to be left long, if the straw is abundant; 'and this, if burned, will enrich the soil very much, or it may be cut and mixed with dung.' 'The time of sowing,' says Xenophon, 'must be regulated by the season; and it is best to allow seed enough.'

"Weeds were carefully eradicated from among their crops; 'for, besides the hindrance they are to corn, or other profitable plants, they keep the ground from receiving the benefit of a free exposure to the sun and air.' Homer describes Laertes as hoeing, when found by his son Ulysses.52

" Water-courses and ditches were made to drain away 'the wet which is apt to do great damage to corn.

"Homer describes the mode of threshing eorn by the trampling of oxen; 53 and to get the grain clear from the straw, Xenophon observes, 'the men who have the care of the work take care to shake up the straw as they see occasion, flinging into the way of the cattle's feet such corn as they observe to remain in the straw.' From Theophrastus and Xenophon combined, we can also very particularly make out that the Greeks separated the grain from the chaff by throwing it with a shovel against the wind."

The Romans were great farmers themselves, and held the occupation of farming in high estimationand almost the first we hear of this people, was the great attention paid by them to their farms:

"When Romulus first partitioned the lands of the infant state among his followers, he assigned to no one more than he could cultivate. This was a space of only two acres.54 After the kings were expelled, seven acres were allotted to each citizen. 55

50 De Causis Plant. lib. iii. cap. 2, 6. 51 Hist. of Plants, ii. cap. 8. 52 Odyss. xxiv. 226. 53 Hiad xx. lin. 495, &c. 44 Varro, i. 10; Pliny, xvii. 11. 55 Pliny, xviii. 3.

"Theophrastos evidently thought that the soil | Cincinnatus, Curius Dentatus, Fabricius, Regulus, and others, distinguished as the most deserving of the Romans, had no larger estates than this. Cincinnatus, according to some authorities, possessed only four acres.44 On these limited spaces they dwelt, and cultivated them with their own hands. It was from the plough that Cincinnatus was summoned to be dictator; 37 and the Samnian ambassadors found Curius Dentatus cooking his own repast of vegetables in an earthen vessel.56

"Some of the noblest families in Rome derived their patronymic names from ancestors designated after some vegetable, in the cultivation of which they excelled, as in the examples of the Fabii, Pisones, Lentuli, Cicerones, and the like. In those days, 'when they praised a good man, they called him an agriculturist and a good husbandman: he was thought to be very greatly honored who was thus praised.'60 As the limits of the empire extended, and its wealth increased, the estates of the Roman proprietors became very greatly enlarged; and, as we shall see more particularly mentioned in our historical notices of gardening, attained to a value of 80,000l.41 Such extensive proprietors let portions of their estates to other citizens, who, if they paid for them a certain rent, like our modern tenants, were called Colonies and Politores, or Partiarii, if they shared the produce in stated proportions with the proprietor.63 Leases were occasionally granted, which appear to have been of longer duration than five years."64

Cato, himself an agriculturist, replied to the question, as to what was the first requisite towards good tillage? To plough. What the second? To plough. What the third ? To manure. The other requisites, continued he, are to sow plentifully, to choose your seed cautiously, and to remove as many weeds as possible in the season. advice another ancient writer adds: "Nature has shown to us two paths which lead to a knowledge of agriculture—experience and imitation. Preceding husbandmen, by making experiments, have established many maxims; their posterity generally imitate them; but we ought not only to imitate others, but make experiments, not directed by chance, but by reason."65

Of what agriculture can do for a country, we have a striking example in the case of England; when Cæsar arrived there, Cicero, in one of his letters, says: "There is not a scruple of money in the Island; nor any hopes of booty, but in slaves." Such have been the improvements in the tillage on that Island, within the last 60 years, that the grain crop has been increased within that time, from one hundred and seventy to three hundred and forty millions of bushels a year.

tarch, in vita Cato. Cens. ⁵⁹ Pliny, xviii. 1. ⁶⁰ Cato, in Præf. ⁶¹ Plutarch in vit. Marius et Lucullus. ⁶² Columella, i. 7; Pliny, Epist. x. 24. ⁶³ Pliny, Epist. vii, 3u, and ix. 37, &c. ⁶⁴ Ibid, ix, 37. ⁶⁵ Vaiio, i. 18.

the island, an almost total revolution in the proprietorship of the lands must have occurred. The conquest was only accomplished after a bloody struggle; and what was won by the sword was considered to possess an equitable title, that the sword alone could disturb. In those days it was considered that the lands of a country all belonged to the king; and on this principle the Saxon monarchs gave to their followers whatever districts they pleased, as rewards for the assistance afforded in the conquest, reserving to themselves certain portions, and imposing certain burdens upon each estate granted. This was only a continuance of that feudal system that prevailed upon the Continent.

"As this feudal system declined, and was finally extinguished in the twelfth year of Charles II., so proportionally did the landed interest increase in prosperity. Freed from the burden of furnishing a soldier and his armour for every certain number of acres, and all restrictions as to lands changing hands being removed, and the numerous impositions being got rid of, with which the lords oppressed their sub-infeudatories, it soon became a marketable species of property; and, as money and merchandise increased, and the proprietor lived less upon his estate, it soon became the most eligible plan for both landlord and tenant, that the whole rent should be paid in money.

"Of the size of these early farms we have no precise information; but, from the laws of Ina we may perhaps conclude that a hide of land, equal to about 100 or 120 acres, was the customary size; for, in speaking of the produce to be given to the lord for ten hides, the law speaks of the smallest division of each county of which it was particularly cognisant; namely, of ten families, or a tithing, as they were collectively called. Again, Bede expressly calls a hide of land familia, and says it was sufficient to support a family. It was otherwise called mansum, or manerium, and was considered to be so much as one could cultivate in a year.

"War succeeded war, and chivalry and the chase were the engrossing occupations of the landed proprietors during the whole of the middle ages; yet, amid all these convulsions, and all this neglect, agriculture continued to obtain a similar degree of attention, and its practitioners to occupy a similarly humble, yet more independent station of life. says Latimer, 'was a yeoman, and had no lands of he tilled as much as kept a half a dozen men. He adventitions distinctions, for they are mentioned in

46 Coke's Littleton, l. 58. 2; Blackstone's Comm. 45, &c.

"When the Saxons established themselves in had a walk for 100 sheep; and my mother milked thirty kine, &c.'67 But that this class of society was then not very refined, is proved by Sir A. Fitzherbert, in his Book of Husbandry, declaring, 'It is the wife's occupation to winnow all manner of corn, to make malt, to wash and wring, to make hay, to shear corn, and in time of need to help her husband to fill the muckwain, or dung-cart; to drive the plough, to load corn, hay, and such other; and to go or ride to the market; to sell butter, cheese, milk, eggs, chickens, capons, hens, pigs, geese, and all manner of corn.'

> "This race of farmers, and this extent of farm, continued much the same till the closing years of the eighteenth century. The wife, indeed, had long previously ceased to participate in the abovementioned drudgery, but she still attended the dairy, and sold its products at market, as her husband still participated in the usual labors of his farm; but in the latter half of that century, and thence to the present time, a different class of men have engaged in the cultivation of the soil. accumulation of wealth from the vast increase and improvement of manufactures and commerce, the diffusion of better information, and the increased population, have all contributed to this effect. dividuals engage in the pursuit, whose education and habits require a larger income for their indulgence, than can be afforded by the profits of a small farm; and, consequently, in districts having the most fertile soils, farms of from 300 to 500 acres are very common; whilst in less productive districts they extend even to 1,000 and 2,000 acres. With the present expenditure of rent, tithe, taxes, rates, and labor, and the reduced prices of agricultural produce, farms, even of those extents, cannot yield a profit sufficient to support the farmer of refined habits. And if the present artificial system of corn laws is removed, we do not see any possible result but a return to smaller farms, and a more laboring class of tenants; for it admits of perfect demonstration, that small farms, having that manual labor, and that careful tillage which small plots obtain, return a more abundant produce than those which are too large to be so attentively cultivated.

"Enclosure of Land .- It is a rule, founded upon general observation, that the most enclosed country is always the best cultivated: for, as Sir Anthony Fitzherbert observed, in the reign of Henry VIII., live stock may be better kept, and Bishop Latimer flourished in the first half of the with less attendance, closes be better alternately sixteenth century; and his father was among the cropped, and the crops better sheltered in inclemost respectable yeomen of his time, yet his farm ment seasons, 'if an acre of land,' he concludes, evidently did not exceed 100 acres. 'My father,' be worth sixpence an acre before it is enclosed.'

"We have seen, already, that hedges, ditches, his own; he had only a farm of three or four and other fences, marked the boundaries of the pounds by the year, at the utmost; and hereupon early Saxon estates; and these were certainly not

most of the Saxon grants of which we are aware, and are strictly regulated and protected by law. If a tenant omitted to keep his farm enclosed, both in winter and summer, and to keep his gate closed, if any damage arose from his hedge being broken down, or his gate being open, he was declared to be legally punishable. If a freeman broke through another's hedge, he was fined 6s. ••

" As woollen manufactures improved, the demand for broadcloths became excessive, not only in England but in the continental nations; and the consequent consumption of wool was so large, and the price was so enhanced, that self-interest dictated to the landed proprietors, even in the reign of Henry III., that the enclosure of their manorial wastes, on which to feed sheep upon their own account, or to let out as pasture farms, would be a source of extensive emolument. The statutes of 90 Hen. 3, 13 Edw. 1, and others, were consequently passed for sanctioning and regulating the practice. The demand for woollens continued, and became so great, that rapidity of manufacture was the chief consideration. 'Yet as ill as they be made,' says King Edward VI., in his private journal, 'the Flemings do at this time desire them wonderfully.' The consequences are depicted by the same genuine authority. 'The artificer will leave the town, and for his mere pastime will live in the country; yea, more than that, will be a justice of the peace, and will scorn to have it denied him, so lordly be they now-a-days; for they are not content with 2,000 sheep, but they must have 20,000, or else they think themselves not well. They must have twenty miles square their own land, or full of their farms: four or five crafts to live by is Such hell-hounds be they."70 rents of land were consequently enormously raised, and the corn farmers were ruined. 'They everywhere,' says Roger Ascham, 'labor, economize, and consume themselves to satisfy their owners. Hence so many families dispersed, so many houses ruined, so many tables common to every one, taken away. Hence the honor and strength of England, the noble yeomanry, are broken up and destroyed."1 Bishops Story, Latimer, and others, raised their voices in their behalf, and hurled their invectives from the pulpit upon those who oppressed them. 'Let them,' said Latimer, in a sermon preached before the king, 'let them have sufficient to maintain them, and to find them in necessaries. plough land must have sheep to dung their ground for bearing corn; they must have awine for their food, to make their bacon of, their bacon is their venison, it is their necessary food to feed on, which they may not lack; they must have other cattle, as horses to draw their plough, and for carriage of things to the markets, and kine for their milk and

most of the Saxon grants of which we are aware, cheese, which they must live upon, and pay their and are strictly regulated and protected by law. rents.'

"The short-sighted executive of that period endeavored to prevent these enclosures by a prohibitory proclamation, as the legislature had done by the statutes 4 Hen. 7, c. 16, 19. There doubtless was great distress, and always will be upon any sudden change in the direction of the national industry, and in none more extensively than in the return from an agricultural to a pastoral mode of life. But, as is observed by one of the most impartial of our historians, 'every one has a legal and social right of employing his property as he pleases; and how far he will make his use of it compatible with the comforts of others, must be always a matter of his private consideration, with which no one, without infringing the common freedom of all, can ever interfere. That no national detriment resulted from this extensive enclosureno diminution of the riches, food, and prosperity of the country at large, is clear to every one who surveys the general state and progress of England with a comprehensive impartiality." 'The landlord,' he further observes, 'advanced his rent, but the farmer also was demanding more for his produce.'

"The evil of converting arable to pasture-land cured itself. The increased growth of wool in other countries, and the improvement of their manufactures, by degrees caused the production of it in England to diminish: and as dearths of corn accrued, and the consequent enormous increase of its value rendered its growth more lucrative, pasture-land gradually returned to the dominion of the plough.

"Since that period enclosures have gone on with various, but certainly undiminished, degrees of activity. More than 3,000 enclosure bills were passed in the reign of George III. The land so enclosed was, and is, chiefly dedicated to the growth of corn; but since the field culture of turnips was introduced in the seventeenth, of mangel wurzel in the nineteenth century, and other improvements in agricultural practice, every farm is enabled to combine the advantages of the stock and tillage husbandry.

"Implements.—It is very certain that the state of any art is intimately connected with that of its instruments. If these are imperfect, it cannot be, much advanced; and this is so universally the case, that agriculture, of course, is no exception.

"We find, in the earliest of our national records, that the plough, the most important implement of husbandmen, was then of a very rude construction. In general form it rudely resembled the plough now employed, but the workmanship was singularly imperfect. This is no matter of surprise; for among the early inhabitants of this country there were no artificers. The ploughman was also the plough-

Wilkins, Leges Sax. 21. "Ibid.

⁷⁰ Edward the Sixth's Remains, p. 101.

⁷¹ Ascham's Epistles, 293—295.

⁷² Turner's History of Edward the Sixth, &c.

one should guide a plough until he could make one; matical form of this implement. In the fourth voand that the driver should make the traces, by which it was drawn, of withs or twisted willow; a circumstance which affords an interpretation to many corrupt terms at present used by farming men to distinguish the parts of the cart harness. Thus the womb withy has degenerated into wambtye or wantye; withen trees into whipping or whipple trees; besides which we have the tail withes, and some others still uncorrupted.72 We read, also, that Easterwin, Abbot of Wearmouth, not only guided the plough and winnowed the corn grown on the abbey lands, but also with his hammer forged the instruments of husbandry upon the anvil.74 Whether the early British or Saxon ploughs had wheels is uncertain, but those of the Normans certainly had such appendages. Pliny says that wheels were first applied to ploughs by the Gauls. The Britons were forbidden to plough with any other animal than the ox; and they attached any requisite number of oxen to the plough. The Normans had been accustomed, in their light soils, to employ only one, or at most two.76

"The gigantic and universal impulse that seemed simultaneously to affect the human mind in the sixteenth century, tended to the improvement of sciences which could not be benefitted without agriculture sharing in the good. Metallurgy and its subservient arts, and applied mathematics, were thus assistant to improving the plough. It received the first improvement among the Dutch and Flemings in the sixteenth century; and still more so in Scotland in the following one.

"The common wooden swing-plough is the state to which it was brought in the last-named country, in the eighteenth century, and still is known in many countries, as the improved Scotch plough. The first author of the improved form is differently stated. A man of the name of Lummis has by one writer this credit assigned to him, though he learned the improvement in Holland. He obtained a patent for his form of construction; but another ploughman, named Pashley, living at Kirkleathem. pirated his invention. The son of Lummis established a manufactory at Rotherham in Yorkshire, whence it is sometimes called the Rotherham plough; but in Scotland it was known as the Dutch or Patent Plough. On the other hand, the Rotherham plough is said to have been made at that town in 1720, or ten years before Lummis' improvements. The grandmother of the Earl Buchan, Lady Stewart of Goodtrees, near Edinburgh, is also named as an improver. She invented the Rutherglen plough, formerly much employed in the west of Scotland. Mr. Small, in 1784, and Mr.

⁷³ Leges Wallicæ, 283-288. ⁷⁴ Bede, Hist. Abb. Wearmoth, 296. 75 Leges Wallicze, 288; Montfaucon's Mon umens de Monarchie François I. Planche, 47; Giraldus W. Riding of Yorkshire, &c. Cambrensis, c. 17.

It was a law of the early Britons that no Bailey, in 1795, published upon the proper mathelume of the Transactions of the Highland Society, and in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture for February, 1829, there are also two valuable Essays upon the same subject. In 1811 this plough came very generally to be made of cast iron.76

> "Wheel ploughs have been commensurately improved. The objects to be attended to in the formation of a plough, and that is the best which attains to them most effectually, are, first, that it shall euter and pass through the soil with the least possible resistance; secondly, that the furrow-slice be accurately turned over; and, thirdly, that the moving power or team shall be placed in the most beneficial line of draught.

> "Scarifiers and horse hoes are implements which were unknown till within about a century ago. Hoeing by manual labor had, in very early ages, been partially practised; for the earliest writers, we have seen, recommended particular attention to the cutting down and destroying of weeds. to Jethro Tull, is indisputably due the honor of having first demonstrated the importance of frequent hoeing, not merely to extirpate weeds, but for the purpose of pulverizing the soil, by which process the gases and moisture of the atmosphere are enabled more freely to penetrate to the roots of the crop. The works of Tull appeared between the years 1731 and 1739.

> "Drills .- We noticed, when considering the Roman agriculture, that the Romans endeavored to attain the advantages incident to row-culture by ploughing in their seeds. A rude machine is described in the Transactions of the Board of Agriculture, as having been used immemorially in India for sowing in rows. The first drill for this purpose introduced into Europe seems to have been the invention of a German, who made it known to the Spanish court in 1647.77 It was first brought much into notice in this country by Tull, in 1731; but the practice did not come into any thing like general adoption till the commencement of the present century. There are now several improved machines adapted to the sowing of corn, beans, and turnips.

> "Draining, as we have seen, was attended to by the Romans, and it was unquestionably practised in Britain during the middle ages; for where lands were too retentive of moisture, or abounded in springs, the obvious remedy was to remove it by drains. This, however, and far simpler operations, are seldom performed in the most correct mode without a knowledge of the sciences connected with their success. Draining was never correctly understood till the scientific observations of Dr. Anderson, and the practical details of Mr. Elking-

⁷⁶ Amos' Essay on Agricultural Machines, Survey of

⁷⁷ Harte's Essays on Husbandry.

enlightened and correct system. The important benefits that have arisen from the adoption of this system are very extensive; and the acknowledgment of 1,000l., voted to Mr. Elkington, was a just testimony that the landed interest appreciated the boon, and that the benefitter of this country is duly estimated by its legislature.

"There are numerous kinds of drain ploughs. The mole plough was invented by a Mr. Adam Scott, and improved by a Mr. Lumley of Gloucestershire during the present century.

"The past and the present century have also given birth to machines totally unknown in previous ages; of these are rollers, machines for haymaking, reaping, threshing, and dressing; and if to these be added the immense improvement that has taken place in the form and quality of all other agricultural implements, the saving of labor, and the power to pursue the necessary operations neatly and well, will be found to be incalculably promoted.

" Crops .- It is probable that wheat was not cultivated by the early Britons; for the climate, owing to the immense preponderance of woods and undrained soil, was so severe and wet, that in winter they could attempt no agricultural employments; and even when Bede wrote, early in the eighth century, the Anglo-Saxons sowed their wheat in spring.79 The quantity cultivated in the reign of Henry III. does not appear to have exceeded the quantity necessary for the year's consumption; for in a very wet, inclement year, 1270, wheat sold for six pounds eight shillings per quarter, which calculating for the difference of the value of money, was equal to twenty-five pounds of our present currency. It continued an article of comparative luxury till nearly the 17th century commenced; for in the household books of several noble families, it is mentioned that manchets, and other loaves of wheat flour, were served at the master's table, but there is only notice taken of coarser kinds for That the cultivation of wheat was the servants. very partial in the reign of Elizabeth is attested by Tusser, who, writing at that period, says,-

'In Suffolk again, whereas wheat never grew, Good husbandry used, good wheat-land I knew.'

"As the climate has improved by the clearing and drying of the surface of the country, so proportionally, has the cultivation of wheat extended.

"It was probably owing to the fickle and inclement climate of England rendering the successful completion of harvests a much rarer and more hazardous event than now, that our forefathers made on the occasion such marked and joyous festivities. We do not know the motive that actuated the farmer, but no dread of an uncertain harvest could have made him more prompt and vigorous,

ton, about the year 1761, placed it upon a more who, in 1289, cut and stored 200 acres of corn in two days. The account is given in 'The History of Hawstead.' About 250 reapers, thatchers, and others, were employed during one day, and more than 200 the next. The expenses of the lord-on this occasion are thus stated :- Nineteen reapers, hired for a day at their own board, 4d. each; eighty men one day, and kept at the lady's board, 4d. each; 140 men, hired for one day, at 3d. each; wages of the head reaper, 6s. 8d.; of the brewer, 3s. 4d.; of the cook, 3s. 4d.; thirty acres of oats, tied up by the job, 1s. 8d.; three acres of wheat, cut and tied up by the job, 1s. 11d.; five pair of gloves, &c.

> "Barley is probably the grain which was most cultivated by the early Britons. The representation of it occurs upon their coins.79 It was not only the grain from which their progenitors, the Cymri, made their bread, but from which they made their favorite beverage, beer.

"Oats being well-known and cultivated by the Germans and other continental nations when Pliny wrote, they were probably known also to this island in the earliest ages. In all periods, even to the present time, bread made of oatmeal has been a very prominent part of the food of the inhabitants of the northern parts of Britain. 'In Lancashire,' says Gerade, in 1597, 'it is their chiefest breadcorn, for jamrocks, haver-cakes, thorffe-cakes, and those which are called generally oaten-cakes; and for the most part they call the grain haver, whereof they do likewise make drink for want of barley.' It is so hardy that it is admirably calculated for a cold climate, and there is scarcely any soil in which it will not be productive. In southern climates it will not flourish.

"'Rye,' says Gerade, 'groweth very plentifully in the most parts of Germany and Polonia, as appeareth by the great quantity brought into England in times of scarcity of corn, as happened in the year 1596; and at other times, when there was a gengral want of bread-corn, by reason of the abundance of rain that fell the year before, whereby great penury ensued, as well of cattle, and all other victuals, as of all manner of grain. It groweth, likewise, very well in most places of England, especially towards the north.'

"Its hardiness probably rendered it a principal grain with the early Britons; but as it is a great impoverisher of the soil upon which it grows, and the grain makes very inferior bread, it is now cultivated to a very small extent.

"Peas have been extensively cultivated in England from a very early period; but they have been much less since the bean has become a more general field crop, which it did not till within the present century. Lentils were brought to England about 1548. Gerade says he had heard they were cultivated as fodder near Waterford.

⁷⁸ Bede's Works, p. 214. 19 Camden's Britannia, by Gibson, Ixxxviii.

Indian corn, was made known in England in 1562. It is commonly cultivated in the south of France as a field crop, and for the same purpose was tried in England in 1828, at the recommendation of Mr. Cobbett, but it has not succeeded. Tares, in 1566, according to Ray, were grown as a seed crop, and given to horses, mixed with oats and peas, though they were sometimes cut green as fodder. This is now their chief use.

" Potatoes were introduced from South America, by Sir Walter Raleigh, about 1586. Sir Robert Southwell, President of the Royal Society, informed the Fellows, in 1693, that his father introduced them into Ireland, having received them from Sir Walter. 90 It long continued to be neglected by gardeners. In 1663, however, attention was drawn to its extensive culture. But notwithstanding the exertions of the Royal Society to effect this purpose, potatoes did not become a field crop till the early part of the last century. They became so in Scotland about 1730, a day-laborer of the name of Prentice having the honor of first cultivating them largely two years previously. Every county of England now grows them extensively. Lancashire and Cheshire are particularly celebrated for them. In the counties round London, especially in Essex, about two thousand acres are annually cultivated for supplying the metropolis with this root.

"Turnips and clover, though known in England during time immemorial, were never much cultivated in the field before the early part of the seventeenth century, and we mention them together, because their introduction among the farmer's crops caused the greatest improvement in the art that it ever received. In 1684, it is observed as a modern discovery, 'sheep fatten very well on turnips, these proving an excellent nourishment for them in hard winters, when fodder is scarce; for they will not only eat the greens, but feed on the roots in the ground, scooping them out even to the very skin.' This is the first notice we have of feeding off turnips; and the same authority adds, 'ten acres sown with clover, turnips, &c., will feed as many sheep as one hundred acres would have done before. 's Brown, Donaldson, and all other writers upon agriculture, agree, that the introduction of the improved mode of cultivating these crops revolutionized the art of husbandry. Previously, light soils could not be cropped with advantage; there was no rotation that the judgment could approve. Tusser, in the sixteenth century, in the following homely lines, tells us that two corn crops were grown consecutively and then a fallow; and many authorities could be quoted to show that some soils were fallowed on alternate years, so that they afforded only one crop in two years.

"First rie and then barlie, the champion saies, Or wheat before barlie, be champion waies: But drink before bread-corn, with Middlesex men, Then laie on more compas, and fallow agen."

"But now, by the aid of green crops, a fallow usually occurs but once in four years. 'Clover and turnips,' it has been observed, 'are the two main pillars of the best courses of British husbandry; they have contributed more to preserve and augment the fertility of the soil for producing grain, to enlarge and improve breeds of cattle and sheep, and to afford a regular supply of butcher's meat all the year, than any other crops.' It was previously a difficult task to support live stock through the winter and spring months; and as for feeding and preparing cattle and sheep for market during these inclement seasons, the practice was hardly thought of, and still more rarely attempted.

"Mangel wurzel has only been cultivated by the farmer for a few years past. Its chief advantage is, that as it will succeed upon tenacious soils which will not produce turnips, it enables farms in which such soils predominate to support a larger quantity of live stock. Its cultivation seems on the increase, its fattening qualities being good, the produce heavy, and liability to failure small.

"Hops, although indigenous to England, were little attended to, and never employed in brewing till the sixteenth century; and then, when they began to be more used, the citizens of London petitioned parliament to prevent them as a nuisance. It is not many years since,' says Walter Blith, writing in the year 1653, 'the famous city of London petitioned against two nuisances, and these were Newcastle coals, in regard of their stench, &c., and hops, in regard they would spoil the taste of drink and endanger the people."

"There are many other crops occasionally cultivated by the farmer which may be enumerated here, and most of them first extensively cultivated within the last 150 years, but which in this place will require no further notice—such as the artificial grasses, rape, mustard, caraway, coriander, flax, hemp, buckwheat or brank, teasel, madder, saintfoin, lucerne, cabbage, carrots, and others.

"General cultivation.—We have no information as to whether the early inhabitants of Britain varied their modes of ploughing with the nature of their soil. They sometimes ploughed with two oxen, sometimes with more; some ploughmen, represented in very old pictures, evidently drove the team as well as guided the plough; but it was usual for them to have a driver. There is a very old Saxon dialogue extant, in which a ploughman, in stating his duties, says, 'I go out at day-break, urging the oxen to the field, and I yoke them to the plough—the oxen being yoked, and the share and coulter fastened on, I ought to plough one entire field or more. I have a boy to threaten the oxen

⁸⁰ MS. Journal of Royal Society.

⁹¹ Houghton's Collections on Husbandry, &c., iv. 142-144.

⁸² English Improver Improved, 3d ed. 240.

with a goad, who is now hoarse through cold and bawling. I ought, also, to fill the bins of the oxen with hay, and water them, and carry out their soil. 183 Repeated ploughings and fallowings, to prepare the soil for wheat, was the common practice; for Giraldus Cambrensis, speaking of the Welsh, says, with astonishment, 'they ploughed their lands only once a year, in March or April, in order to sow them with oats; but did not, like other farmers, plough them twice in summer and once in winter, to prepare them for wheat. 184

"In a law tract, called Fleta, and written early in the fourteenth century, are given several agricultural directions, especially upon dressing and ploughing fallows. In summer, the ploughing is advised to be only so deep as to bury and kill the weeds; and the manure not to be applied till just before the last ploughing, which is to be deep.85

"Sowing was anciently performed in all cases by hand. In the famous antique tapestry of Bayeux, a man is represented sowing. The seed is contained in a cloth fastened round his neck, is supported at the other extremity by his left arm, and he scatters the seed with his right hand.

"All agricultural writers, from the earliest era to the present, have recommended the seed to be soaked in some medicament or other previously to sowing. Virgil recommends oil and nitre for beans; others direct the employment of urine; and Herasbachius, who wrote in 1570, mentions the juice of the houseleek. 'Sow your ridges,' says the same author, 'with an equal hand, and all alike is every place, letting your right foot, especially, and your hand go together. Wheat, rye, barley, cats, and other large seeds must be sown with a full hand, but rape seeds only with three fingers.' 156

"The tapestry of Bayeux, already mentioned, represents a man harrowing; one harrow only being employed, and one horse. In the time of Heresbachius, though harrowing was the usual mode of covering the seed, yet he says, 'in some places it is done with a board tied to the plough.' Rakes seem to have been employed by the Anglo-Saxons; for the accurate researches of Mr. Turner do not appear to have discovered any mention of other implements that were employed by them for the purpose."

"We find no very early mention made of hoeing by any English agricultural writer. Though there are generally some directions for 'plucking up the naughty weeds,' Heresbachius is the first that we have met with who notices the advantage of loosening the surface of the soil about growing crops. 'Sometimes,' he says, 'raking is needful, which, in the spring, loosens the earth made clung by the cold of winter, and letteth in the fresh warmth. It is best to rake wheat, barley, and beans twice.

⁸³ Turner's Anglo-Saxons, ii. 546, ed. 5. ⁸⁴ Descript. Cambrin, c. viii. ⁸⁵ Fleta, lib. ii. c. 73. ⁹⁶ Googe's Heresbachius, 246. ⁸⁷ Hist. Anglo-Sax. ii. 544.

with a goad, who is now hoarse through cold and bawling. I ought, also, to fill the bins of the oxen larger and stiffer clods.'* It was not till the time with hay, and water them, and carry out their soil.'* of Tull, 1731, that the due importance of this was Repeated ploughings and fallowings, to prepare the

reaping, mowing, stacking, and the like, there seems no need of making mention: they were performed much in the same way as now. 'Corn,' says the author last quoted, 'should be cut before it is thorough hard; experience teacheth that if it be cut down in due time, the seed will grow to fulness as it lieth in the barn.' According to Henry the practice with our ancestors was for the women to thresh and the men to reap."

"Irrigation seems to have been practised in a few places in Britain from the time of the Romans, there being meadows near Salisbury which have been irrigated from time immemorial. Lord Bacon mentions it as a practice well understood in his time (1560-1626); and at the same period, 1610, appeared a work by Robert Vaughan, detailing the mode of 'summer and winter drowning of meadows and pastures, thereby to make those grounds more fertile ten for one.' It was not, however, till the close of the last century that the attention of agriculturists was much aroused to the subject. writings of Boswell, Wright, Western, and others, between the years 1780 and 1824, partially awakened the farmers to the importance of the practice. The best examples of it are to be observed in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire; but it is now one of the practices of farming that is the most undeservedly neglected. Mr. Welladvise was its great promoter in Gloucestershire."

Judge Buel is of opinion, that the rich lands in this country, notwithstanding manuring and judicious tillage, do deteriorate. The average yield in wheat of a piece of land owned and cultivated for 20 years by him, near Geneva, New York, had diminished in fertility nearly one-third, during that time. Though this fact is too isolated to warrant general conclusions, there is no doubt that a most destructive system of tillage has been applied to many lands in this country-and that some of the finest districts, particularly in the Atlantic States, have been completely desolated and laid waste by But the means of recuperation are abundant, and our agricultural resources almost unlimited. All other interests of the country are bound up with those of the former.

"'In the pursuit of agriculture,' says a sensible writer in Hunt's Magazine, 'we are, in effect, advancing the other great interests of the country, a fact which we are too apt to forget in discussing any single interest with ex-parte views. We will take the mere subject of commerce, which is supposed to be inimicable to the other interests of the

⁸⁸ Googe's Heresbachius, printed in 1578, 256.

⁸⁹ Googe's Heresbachius, 406.

³⁰ Hist. of Britain, vi. 173.

nation, and what a mighty spring is given to the internal trade of the country by agricultural enterprise, looking at the actual condition of the transportation of agricultural products upon the principal lines of commercial communication, both at the east and west. How large a portion of the freights is furnished by the agriculture of the south to the ships which are continually plying from its ports to the inland ports of our own territory, and to the prominent cotton markets abroad. Of the vessels that are daily taking in their cargoes in the harbors of Charleston and New Orleans, and the intervening ports, it is safe to say that the principal portion of those freights is derived from the cotton, sugar, tobacco, and rice, as well as the other agricultural staples of the surrounding territory. The same is the case with the commerce of the Mississippi: and we find the numerous steam ships and flat boats which ply upon that river during the season of navigation, are laden with the agricultural products of the states that border its banks, or that are sent down through the interior by the The commerce of the lakes is maintained, moreover, in a great measure by the transportation of the agricultural produce of the great states of Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, lying upon their borders, to the eastern markets: and the same may be said of the canal and rail-road transportation of the greater number of the states as well as our coastwise trade. Furthermore, if we examine the decks and holds of the ships which are constantly setting sail from our commercial towns both at the east and south, we find that agriculture supplies the great bulk of the cargoes which are exported abroad. It is agriculture indeed which gives lifeblood to the trade and commerce of the country, and is doubtless as important to the solid vigor of commercial enterprise as nutritious food to the health of the human body. Withdraw this resource from our commerce, and the veins and arteries of the commercial system would sink into a state of collapse, exhibiting the cadaverous and pallid hue of disease and starvation. Of the amount of the several species of agricultural products yielded by the country, we are furnished with full data by the statistical returns, which although perhaps not entirely accurate, present as complete a statement as could, under the circumstances, have been furnished. By a table compiled from these returns, it appears that we have produced during the year ending the 1st of June, 1840, the products, a statement of which we here subjoin, with their amount.

Live Stock.

Herses and	l m	ules	•	-	-	•	-	4,333,669
Neat cattle	•	-	•	•	-	-	•	14,971,586
Sheep	•	•	•	•	•	-	•	19,311,374
Swine	-	-	•	•	-	•	-	26,301,293
Poultry of	all	kinds,	esti	mated	value			\$9,344,410

Cere	al C	trais	15 .		
No. of bushels of wheat					84,823,272
barley	•	-		-	4,161,504
oats		-	-	-	123,071,341
туе			-	-	18,645,567
buckwh	eat	-	-	-	7,291,743
Indian	Com	•	-	•	377,531,875
Various	· Cr	ops.			
No. of pounds of wool		-	-	-	35,802,114
bops		•	•	-	1,238,502
wax	-		-	•	628,303
Bushels of potatoes			•	-	108,298,060
Tons of hay			-	-	10,248,108
Tons of hemp and flax	•	-	-	•	95 ,251
Tobacco, Co	tton	, Sı	ıgar,	go	•
Pounds of tobacco gathere	d	-		-	219,163,319
rice -	-	-	•	•	80,841,422
cotton gal	hered	1 -	-	-	790,479,275
ailk cocoo			-		61,552
	e	-	-	-	155,100,809
Cords of wood sold -			-	-	5,088,891
Value of the produce of th	e da	iry	-		\$33,787,008
	orc	hard	-		\$7,256,904
Gallons of wine made	-	-		-	124,734
Value of home made or far	mily	good	8	-	\$ 29,0 23,380

"Few would believe it, yet such is the truth, that the Indian corn raised in Tennessee is nearly three times the amount raised in Pennsylvania, and more than four times the quantity produced in the great State of New York; and yet Tennessee, in the north, is hardly looked upon as an agricultural State. By the table furnished below, it will be seen that more than two-thirds of the crop of Indian corn is raised in the slave-holding Statesand of this quantity but a very small portion is exported. It is the great staple for the food of all classes—and for beast as well as man. In these States, it will be seen by the table, a comparatively small amount of wheat is raised, though the crops of oats are large. The great wheat-growing States are Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Virginia, as appears by the following table, which has reference to the crops of 1839. These are probably still the greatest in this respect, though it is known they have been greatly gained on the past two years by Illinois and Michigan. The table, as it stands, is an interesting one to all persons, but especially so to farmers. It will be seen that Tennessee is the banner State in corn; Ohio in wheat, and New York in oats; while in the aggregate of these three principal grains, Obio is the banner State of the Union-Pennsylvania rating No. 5 in the list. New England stands very low in the scale, in both corn and wheat, and not very high up in oats. Massachusetts and Connecticut are both below little Delaware in their product of wheat and corn. The following table shows the product of each State in 1839, and the aggregate bushels of the different kinds, excepting rice, buckwheat and barley-their culture being not very extensive—the entire yield of rice being

but eighteen and a half millions of bushels; buckwheat seven and a quarter millions, and barley four and one-eighth millions.

	Corn.	Wheat.	Oats.	Aggregate.
Tennessee	44,986,188	4,569,692		56,591,358
Kentucky	39,847,120	4,803,152		51,806,246
Virginia	34,577,591	10,109,716	13,451,062	58,187,369
Ohio	33,668,144	16,571,661	14,393,103	64,630,908
Indiana	28,158,887	4,049,375	5,981,805	38,186,867
N. Carolina	28,898,763	1,960,855	3,193,941	29,018,559
Illinoia	22,684,211	3,335,393	4,988,008	30,957,612
A labuma	20,947,004	828,051	1,406,358	23,181,409
Georgia	20,905,122	1,801,836	1,610,030	24,316.982
Missouri	17,332,524	1,037,386	2,234,937	20,604,847
S. Carolina	14,722,805	968,354	1,486,208	17,177,367
Penna.	14,240,022	13,213,077	20,641,819	48,094,918
M ississippi	13,161,237	196,626	668,624	14,026,487
New York	10,972,286	12,286,418	20.675,847	43,934,551
Maryland	8,233,086	3,345,783	3,534,211	15,113,070
Louisiana	5,952,912	60	107,353	6,060,325
Arkaness	4,846,632	105,878	189,558	5,142,068
N. Jersey	4,361,975	774,203	3,083,524	8,119,702
Michigan	2,277,039	2,157,108	2,114,051	6,578,198
Delaware	2,099,359	315,168	927,045	3,440,569
Mass.	1,809,192	157,923	1,319,680	3,286,795
Connect.	1,500,441	87,009	1,453,262	3,040,712
lowa	1,406,241	154,693	206,385	1,777,319
N. Hamp.	1,162,572	422,124	1,296,114	2,880,810
Vermont	1,110,678	495,800	2,222,584	3,838,062
Maine	950,528	848,161	1,076,409	2,875,098
Florida	898,974	412	13,829	913,215
Rhode Is.	450,498	3,098	171,517	625,118
Wisconsin	379,35¢	212,116	406,514	997,989
Dis. of Col.	39,48	219,859	156,072	415,416
	377,531,875	4,823,272	123,071,341	585,426,488

"The above, it will be remembered, is the return for the year 1839. The crops of the present year it is estimated have exceeded those enumerated above, at least one-third. It is not immoderate to set the yield of 1842 down at 800,000,000 bushels, the whole of which in price would average about the average selling price of corn, or forty cents per bushel; which gives the enormous aggregate of three hundred and twenty millions of dollars, as the worth of the present year's grain crops, exclusive of rye, buckwheat, and barley-which, according to the same calculation, is worth about sixteen millions dellars more, giving a grand total of three hundred and thirty-six millions!! This is indeed a great country, and in nothing greater than its agricultural resources, which are but partially enumerated above, and which, too, have hardly begun to develope themselves."

The agriculture of Flanders is perhaps in a more improved state than that of any other country-an acre of ground there, being capable of supporting a man.

This is a most interesting and valuable publication. It is illustrated with numerous engravings, and contains just that sort of practical and useful information, which is most calculated to assist and please the intelligent farmer. Its scope is of the widest range-embracing all subjects in either of the three kingdoms-Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral-relating immediately to this branch of in-& Morris.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

DEAR SIR: -For several years past, your journal has been characterized by a healthful Naval feeling, and many of its pages have been given to the advocacy of the interests of the Navy. On this account, though I have not written on Naval subjects, I respectfully offer the following remarks for publication, leaving you to judge whether they fall within your plan or not.

Nearly twenty years ago, (1824,) the lamented Samuel L. Southard, then Secretary of the Navy, in one of his reports to Congress, stated that the Navy was in want of a system of Rules and Regulations, and that the laws which governed it, were defective, and required revision. The laws under which courts-martial act, were imperfect, because, the penalties attached to them, are indefinite; and so much discretion and such wide latitude are given to these tribunals, that the same offence committed under precisely the same circumstances, was scarcely ever punished twice in the same way. This subject was again and again brought to the notice of Congress by his successors up to the present hour; but the laws still remain unchanged, and the Navy is still without a system of Rules and Regulations.

On the 19th of May, 1832, an act was passed authorizing the President of the United States to assemble a board of Navy officers, (Captains,) to revive the rules and regulations of the Navy. This board was convened under Commodore Rogers as its president, and was known as the Board of Revision. On the 19th of November, 1835, after being a whole year engaged in this duty, the Board reported progress; and the result of its labors up to that time, was submitted to Congress for approval. Owing to their imperfections, the officers of almost all grades in the Navy, opposed them; and especially owing to the opposition of the medical corps, these rules and regulations were not approved. Various attempts were afterwards made, at successive sessions, to get them enacted into laws, but without success. In 1841, Mr. Paulding, then Secretary of the Navy, caused the labors of the Board of Revision to be revised; and, had it not been for the expiration of his tenure of office, they would have been put into operation under the authority of the President of the United States, without the approval of Congress. His neighbor, the Secretary of War, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, as long back as 1823, published for the guidance of the officers of the Army, "General Regulations for the Army of the United States," which were revised by Major General Scott, and printed at Washington, 1825, forming dastry. It is for sale by Messrs. Smith, Drinker an octavo volume of about five hundred pages. In 1841, a revised edition of the "Rules and Regulations for the Army of the United States" was issued under the authority of the War Department, accompanied by an order that all its provisions should be observed by the Army, and any unnecessary departure from them would be putished according to law. Time has shown that this plan has been efficient in the Army; and the example is certainly worthy of the consideration of the Navy Department.

The code which was prepared by Mr. Secretary Paulding, was sent to Congress by the present Secretary of the Navy with a recommendation that it should not be approved. At the same session, 1841-'42, the Secretary asked of Congress authority to constitute a Board of Naval officers, composed of two individuals from each grade of commission officers, for the purpose of forming a code to be submitted to Congress for approval at its next ensuing session. But the measure was opposed, I believe, by Mr. Adams, on the ground that it was not constitutional for Congress to delegate its legislative powers; that it might, with equal propriety, give power to other Boards to form laws on other subjects. result of the debate was, that the legislative power was unconstitutionally (!) delegated to the Secretary of the Navy and Attorney General of the United States, who were directed to prepare a system of rules to be submitted to Congress for approval.

In obedience to a resolution of the 24th of May, 1842, Mr. Upshur presented to Congress a system of Rules and Regulations for the Navy, which was referred to the committee on Naval affairs, in the House of Representatives, on the 16th of February, 1843. In his report accompanying these rules, dated January 13, 1843, Mr. Upshur says: "much of this duty, however, related to matters so purely technical, that I did not venture to rely upon my own views in regard to them, but availed myself of the best information I could obtain from officers of the Navy, on whose intelligence, experience, and knowledge, I could rely with confidence. The code now presented is the result of their labors, conjointly with my own. The rules, as prepared by myself, were submitted to their revision and connection, and others were added by them, on subjects which none but seamen understand, and which, for that reason, I had forborne to touch. As officers of acknowledged merit in the different grades of the service were engaged on this duty, the fact that the Rules and Regulations, as now presented, are approved by all of them, affords a strong presumption they are right."

It is pretty generally understood that the Board of officers, alluded to by Mr. Upshur, was composed of a captain, a commander, a lieutenant and a purser, but no surgeon, the place of the latter being represented by a manuscript code of Rules and Regulations for the government of the medical department of the Navy, prepared under directions of the Secretary, by the chief of the Bureau of lated rank with sea-officers of the Navy."

medicine and surgery. For reasons which it is presumed this Board of officers can give, this manuscript was not respected at all, but all its most salutary provisions were peremptorily rejected; and, as has invariably happened with all the revising Boards, the Rules and Regulations made for medical officers were calculated, both in spirit and letter, to degrade, if not insult them. For this reason, opposition was made to their approval by medical officers through their friends in Congress, and the code was rejected, in spite of a surreptitious attempt made at the last hour to enact them into law.

One more remark on the history of the regulations: Mr. Upshur, who has ever evinced a strong desire to foster the Navy, and do justice to all, is not responsible for the objectionable features of this code; for it is firmly believed his confidence was in some manner misled. In proof of Mr. Upshur's desire to hear all parties concerned, he referred Dr. Barton's code of Regulations to a Board of five surgeons which happened to be assembled for the examination of assistant surgeons for promotion. It was carefully examined and fully discussed, and its whole spirit embodied in a system of Rules and Regulations for the Medical Department of the Navy, which has been submitted to the Secretary of the Navy for his examination.

It may be now asked, why has there been so much difficulty in devising a wholesome code of Regulations for the Navy, that twenty years should have passed away, without this object being attained ?

The prominent reason is, that the technicalities of the Navy are so generally unknown to citizens, that no Secretary has possessed the kind of knowledge to enable him to act on the subject; and, on this account, the matter has fallen exclusively into the hands of captains of the Navy. And it is a remarkable fact, that these officers have not been able or willing to perceive the utility of any rules which did not place all power, all privilege, all responsibility and every opportunity of credit, in their own exclusive control. Such is the clear inference from the acts of all Boards of Revision composed of captains; but it is not my design to imply that this obtuseness or illiberality belongs to every member of that most deservedly distinguished grade.

A brief examination of the last code prepared, will show in what spirit and with what intelligence the Rules and Regulations have been usually devised; and it will also show the propriety of resorting to the very judicious and efficient plan suggested by Mr. Upshur, of forming a mixed commission in which all grades of commission officers shall be fully represented.

The first chapter of the regulations is on the subject of rank and command.

The fourth article of the first chapter says, "The civil officers of the Navy shall have assimi-

The context shows that the word "civil" is made; applicable to surgeons, pursers, chaplains, secretaries, professors of mathematics, passed assistant surgeons, assistant surgeons, clerks. But without any disrespect to the Board, I think the term is totally inapplicable, because, according to the established meaning of the word, it can be applied only to persons who do not belong to any military body or community, and as all the persons named are attached to a branch of the military service of the country, known as the Navy, and as they all wear a military badge or uniform, and are subject to military usages and laws, and to trial by courtsmartial, they ought not to be called "civil officers." Strictly speaking, the only civil officers of the Navy are Navy agents, Navy store-keepers, Naval constructors, and perhaps engineers, who are not subject to military law or trial by courts-martial. It is supposed that the term "civil officers," even used in a technical sense, has excited an unhappy influence upon the interests of the persons thus designated in the Navy.

"The term "assimilated" is used technically, and probably means "made to resemble," and when applied, as above, signifies an anomaly—a sort of rank made to resemble rank, or, in other words, a kind of rank which is correlative to lineal or true rank-Assimulated or counterfeit would be a more appropriate word.

"Sea-officer" is another term employed in a technical sense, and is used to designate captains, commanders, lieutenants, passed-midshipmen, midshipmen, masters, boatswains, gunners, carpenters, sail-makers, and none others. But this is not a perfectly legitimate application, because all officers who serve at sea, are sea-officers; and peculiarity of duty or avocation certainly gives those so named, no exclusive title to the epithet. Even on this ground, the purser at any rate, who usually commands the berth-deck division, and superintends the supply of ammunition for the battery in time of battle, is certainly entitled to the term sea-officer, and by no means to that of civil officer. Small as these matters may seem to many, they are really important. According to strict and definite use of language, those persons who are styled sea-officers should be called official military sea-They should be called so, because they are in fact, seamen serving in a military capacity, and as they hold the situation of officers among military men serving on board ship, they are by this term pretty definitely described, and also distinguished from seamen employed in the commercial marine.

It is customary too, to speak of surgeons, pursers and some others, as "non-combatants," just as if their services in action contributed nothing to the success of a fight or battle at sea.

the terms "civil officer," "non-combatant," "idler," England-both the grades of surgeon and chap-

"sea-officer," "assimilated rank," &c .-- is attributable to arrogance and a false estimate placed upon their own intrinsic value, which they themselves would speedily discover if they were called upon to serve and fight in a frigate for a few months, without association with those grades of Navy officers, which they habitually designate by terms, which, if applied to themselves, they would consider derogatory.

The article under consideration gives assimilated, that is, correlative rank, to the grades associated with military seamen, as follows:

Surgeons, Pursers, with Lieutenants. Chaplains, Secretaries, Professors of Mathematics, with Masters. Passed Assistant Surgeons, with Second Masters. Assistant Surgeons, with Passed Midshipmen. Clerks, with Midshipmen.

But after assigning this rank, it declares " on all occasions the sea-officers shall take precedence of civil officers of the same assimilated rank," which virtually takes away any advantage the civil officers might derive from possessing rank of any kind, whether mock or real. And in the case of assistant surgeons, the rank proposed is a mockery, for the preceding article declares that " No officer of any rank below that of a second-master, shall be entitled to exercise any authority or command over any other officer of the same or of an inferior rank"-consequently, even by these regulations, Assistant Surgeons have virtually no rank, because they are assimilated with Passed-Midshipmen, who, being below second-masters, are below the privileges of rank.

The Regulations do not assign any relation or precedence among the grades of civil officers, but agglomerate them, by providing that, "The civil officers of the Navy, of the same assimilated rank, shall take precedence of each other according to the date of commission." Consequently surgeons, pursers and chaplains rank with each other precisely as they should, were they all surgeons, or all pursers, or all chaplains. One objection to this arrangement is, that the surgeon gains nothing in rank for the five or ten years he must serve in the subordinate grades of passed-assistant and assistant surgeon. If two individuals of the same age, enter the Navy on the same day, one as an assistant surgeon, and the other as purser or chaplain, when the assistant surgeon is made a surgeon, the purser or chaplain will rank him at least five years, and it will be probably ten. Does not this give a greater advantage to the commission of a purser or chaplain, than it ought to possess over that of a surgeon! If this matter were settled according to the British table of precedence, we should see a very different relative position; for, according to The sense given by official military seamen to it,—and this subject has been thoroughy studied in

lain would precede that of purser, simply on the might arise a difference of opinion between a surground that degrees of universities give their owners a dignity or consideration higher than those, not noble, who do not possess such degrees. But as we do not acknowledge any legal precedence whatever in civil life, it may be considered idle to refer to British authority to sustain the position, even in argument. There is, however, one ground, it appears to me, strictly in accordance with military principle, which gives surgeons a very strong, if not incontestible claim to precedence of pursers. I mean the age of the commission; for it is to be borne in mind, that prior to the year 1812, pursers were warrant and not commission officers, and surgeons as well as assistant surgeons were always commissioned.

There is another anomalous arrangement in the relative position of other "civil officers." Passed and other assistant surgeons are commissioned by the President and Senate of the United States; and the tenor and terms of their commissions are precisely the same as those of every other commission officer of the Navy. Secretaries are appointed only by commanders-in-chief of squadrons for the term of their respective cruises; and professors of mathematics, (who were not many years ago styled school-masters, and still discharge the same duties) are appointed by the Secretary of the Navy, and until recently were not considered to be permanently attached to the service. Notwithstanding this striking difference in the manner of appointment and their comparative claims to consideration, Passed and other Assistant surgeons, with commissions in their pockets, are inferior to the commodore's secretary and professor of mathematics.

In the next article (5th) we read: "Marine officers will command each other and the marines, in whatever relates to the military duties and police of their detachments, according to their relative rank; and surgeons shall have authority to direct and regulate the professional duties and practice of assistant surgeons: Provided, That, in all cases, the orders given by such marine officer and surgeons shall be in conformity with the general regulations of the Navy, and of their commanding sea-officer!" To say nothing about making the words "will," and " shall have," synonymous, let us analyze this specimen of nautical legislation, without reference to grammatical construction.

Suppose yourself a surgeon seeking to know what is your power or authority, you will see, "surgeons shall have authority to direct-(why not say, surgeons will direct?)-and regulate the professional duties and practice of assistant surgeons," provided the orders given by surgeons, in all cases, "shall be in conformity with the general regulations" "of their commanding sea-officer!"

really thought on the subject at all, imagined there very few, if any, are competent to perform. What

geon and a commanding officer as to the manner in which assistant surgeons should practice and discharge their professional duties, and therefore (providentially for the sick no doubt) it prepared a rule, and placed the right of decision in the hands of the captain. Is it within the range of possibility that any "commanding sea-officer" will ever assume the responsibility of forming "general regulations" which will, in any way, affect "the professional duties and practice" of surgeons or assistant surgeons in the Navy?

Does not such a rule as this transfer, in a degree, the responsibility of medical practice to "commanding sea-officers?" Is it politic to make captains, directly or indirectly, responsible for the professional duties and practice of medical officers! Is it to be presumed, they possess the knowledge requisite to enable them to judge of the correctness or incorrectness of medical or surgical practice? Certainly not. Then, if they ignorantly arrogate such knowledge to themselves, ought they not to be ranked with grannies and old women, who always fancy they know more about diseases and burts than the doctor, until they are sick or hurt themselves, when they are usually not unwilling to admit their own insufficiency?

But the most objectionable feature of the article is, that it here indirectly imposes a duty on "commanding sea-officers" to make "general regulations;" and it further anticipates that they will have the power and disposition to make rules contrary to the "general regulations of the Navy."

We shall again recur to the subject of rank and command in the sequel.

The second chapter relates to commanders-inchief and flag-captains, &c.

The fourth article of this chapter provides, that all requisitions for supplies of all kinds for vessels must be approved by the commanding officer before the articles can be furnished; and directs that, "The approving officer must, in all cases, satisfy himself that the articles and quantity required, are necessary for the public service, or conformable to such allowances as are or shall be established."

As the rule stands, approving officers must possess an amount and extent of knowledge that it is hardly fair to expect them to have. They should be intimately acquainted with all the minutime and details of the trades of carpenter, smith, sailmaker, caulker, rigger, and be able to correctly estimate the rate of wear and tear, under various circumstances, for any given time, of wood and iron work, cordage, canvass, &c .- or how can they conscientiously satisfy themselves as to the weight of cordage, measure of canvass, &c., that the public service may require !

A little reflection will show this rule requires It is somewhat remarkable that the board, if it commanding officers to discharge a duty which, with nautical medicine to decide on the kind and quantity of articles in the surgeon's department, necessary for the public service! To discharge this part of the duty imposed, he must rely upon the judgment and integrity of the surgeon, at any rate until tables of allowances for medicines, &c. be established; and, even then, he might find it difficult to ascertain whether a medical requisition be in conformity to them.

This part of the responsibility, namely, for the kind and quantity of articles, should rest immediately with the surgeon, even if the pecuniary responsibility be with the commanding officer, and the surgeon should be held accountable by some one whose education enables him to understand such accounts—a fleet surgeon, surgeon of a station, or chief of the Bureau of medicine and surgery. We have known an article stricken from a sergeon's requisition by a commodore, when written in English, which, when put into Doctors' Latin, was not objected to.

To take away this sort of accountability from a surgeon, and impose it on an officer who is unacquainted with the subject, must de facto, destroy all responsibility in regard to the matter. The commanding officer is made to assume the surgeon's responsibility; consequently, if there be any thing wrong, he is fairly entitled to the plea of ignorance, on which he ought to be acquitted.

Chapter III, describes the duties of commanders of vessels, and with considerable minuteness prescribes the general internal police of ships-of-

The third article of this chapter declares, that the commander of a vessel "shall immediately prepare such internal regulations for the general police of the vessel under his command, as he may think necessary; but, when under the command of a superior officer, he shall submit the same for his approval or modification."

The general police of vessels is regulated in very many articles of the code; and this article is, therefore, both unnecessary and injudicious, because it gives to commanding officers a discretionary power which they should not possess. Some of them may understand "general police" to mean a great deal more than is here intended.

The general police of all vessels should be the same; and can be, if proper Rules and Regulations be devised on this subject. Little or no arbitrary discretion, at least on such subjects, should be given to commanders; they will all exercise it promptly enough in cases of emergency, under the natural law ex necessitate rei.

Chapter IV, relates to the duties of "executive" officer," and that "he shall be particular in seeing moneys received as prize-agent," in addition to their

commanding officer is sufficiently well acquainted that all the usual honors and etiquette of a man-ofwar are strictly observed."

> This is clearly a provision for the perpetuation and observance of usages, no matter whether good or bad; and as there may be great difference of opinion as to what is usage in the service, on all points, and as there may be some things usual, contrary to the discretionary Regulations of the commander, the article is likely to become the source of difficulties and consequently courts-martial. A proper system of Regulations should contain a definite statement of the kind and nature of reports to be made, and also describe clearly what honors and etiquette are to be observed.

> Chapter V, relates to the duties of master, and changes one of the usages of the service, which will also change or render unnecessary perhaps certain "usual reports." The log-book, which has been heretofore kept in accordance with nautical time, is to be kept, in future, "by civil time both at sea and in pert," and the day will commence at midnight instead of at noon, as has been the usage at sea.

Chapter VI, describes the duties of pursers.

One of the articles provides, that "no person, who is not an officer, shall be entered for pay on the books of any purser, until he shall have signed the usual shipping-articles."

Dr. Samuel Johnson defines the word "officer," "a man employed by the public." But it is not certain that the Naval acceptation of the term embraces any others than the "official military seamen," and we are by no means sure, the term will include pilots, secretaries, clerks, pursers' stewards, surgeons' stewards, &c., or mechanics employed at Navy-Yards, all of whom, it is believed, are entered on the purser's books for pay, although they do not sign "the usual shipping articles." must be borne in mind, that all persons who sign shipping articles in the Navy, subject themselves to the boatswain's lash at the gangway; and if this provision be retained, both surgeons and pursers will find it difficult to obtain competent and trustworthy persons to serve as stewards. A purser requires for steward, (more properly) clerk, an individual who has received a counting-house education; and a surgeon requires for a steward, (the title ought to be apothecary) a person who has some acquaintance with the art and mystery of pharmacy and chemistry: for these reasons, it is not to be expected that worthy and competent men, be they ever so poor, will be found willing to accept of these situations, if they are aware they may be publicly whipt at a ship's gangway at the discretion of a captain or lieutenant.

One article of Chapter VI, provides that when and "watch-officers." The last article requires pursers discharge the duties of prize-agent for the that the watch-officer "shall be particular in making vessel in which they serve, they "shall be allowed all the usual reports to the captain or executive a commission of two and a half per centum on all

pay and share of prize-money; and the article this term "galley," includes all the cooking appafurther provides, if the officers and crew appoint ratus and appliances of ships-of-war, and is synonyno prize-agent, "the purser shall be entitled, ex-of- mous with the "cambouse" of merchant vessels. ficio, to act as prize-agent." The whole of the provision is, in our opinion probably just and judi- by simply requiring the surgeon to "frequently excious; but it is, according to our view, contrary amine the provisions and spirits" without clothing to "an act to regulate the pay of pursers and other him with any power or anthority, direct or indirect, officers of the Navy," approved August 26, 1842, which reads thus: "and it is hereby expressly declared, that the yearly pay provided in this act, is all the pay, compensation, and allowance that shall be received, under any circumstances, by pursers, except," &c., &c.

Chapter VII is devoted to medical officers.

One article declares the surgeon " will be allowed to his exclusive use, WHEN IT CAN BE DONE, a convenient store-room for the preservation of the articles in his charge."

If a surgeon had been of the board that devised these Regulations, it would not have dared to present for adoption, such a regulation as this. What is to become of "the articles in his charge," if the commander chooses to say no store-room can be allowed for their preservation, for it is to be presumed the commander would arrogate the right of deciding whether it can or cannot be done, in all cases! We have heard of a well-authenticated instance, in a frigate, where two or three storerooms were filled up with the private property of the captain, in which it was decided that a convenient store-room for the preservation of the public property in charge of the surgeon, could not be allowed; and further, it would not have been allowed had not the surgeon very promptly and properly refused to be responsible for the property, until a store-room was allowed for his exclusive use.

All officers who are responsible for any description of public property, on board ship, should be provided with the means of its preservation. has been too much a custom to consider the surgeon placed under the obligation of a personal favor whenever a store-room was "allowed to his exclusive use." Through the arbitrary discretion granted to commanders, surgeons have been often obliged to store a part of the vessel's medical outfit, in their sleeping berth, or permit it to perish, and the hospital wine and brandy are almost always stowed in the spirit-room, with the ship's whiskey, and consequently subject to increased liability to loss from breakage and other causes.

One article of this chapter is especially worthy of notice, because it is characteristic, in a measure, of the broad and philosophic views entertained by the framers of these Rules and Regulations. It is in the following terms: "He (the surgeon) shall frequently examine the provisions and spirits issued to the men, and cause the assistant surgeons to inspect and report, daily, to the executive officer of the ship, the state of the galley."

It may be proper to inform you, Mr. Editor, that "cambouse."

What object of utility is gained to the service to object to their issue, if he be of opinion that they are unfit for use? Poor Roderick Random is not forgotten, for though his days have passed away, the practices of his times are still kept up; or else, why are gentlemen of liberal education still required to inspect the galley-the pots and pans of a ship's cook-a duty appropriately belonging to a master-at-arms? By these very regulations, the ship's cook is directed "to see that the boilers and cooking utensils are kept perfectly clean," and to "preserve order and silence about the galley, and report offenders;" and yet assistant surgeons are required to be his special supervisors. Alas, for the noble science of medicine! Well might its votaries exclaim, "To what base uses may we come at last."

Another article of this chapter provides, that the surgeon's "journal shall, at all times, be subject to the inspection of the commanding officer."

It seems to be very exceptionable, to require all the personal infirmities of the officers and men, whether they feel any delicacy on the subject or not, to be subject to the censorship of a captain. What interest can it afford to him or the Navy, to have the right of breaking through the confidence that always exists between a patient and his physician? Why subject a record of personal infirmity to the official gaze of men, whose knowledge is not of a kind to enable them either to comprehend or even appreciate its language ?

Chapter IX, refers to passed and other midshipmen, and begins by stating that, "The duties of passed midshipmen shall embrace all those formerly required of the older midshipmen, and, when necessary, all the duties of midshipmen."

How are passed-midshipmen to know, say ten years hence, what were the duties "formerly required of the older midshipmen?" The article clearly implies, that the traditions of the service, as far as they relate to "older midshipmen," must be preserved. This certainly is contrary to the object of a system of Rules and Regulations, which, ought to be precise as to the duties and rights of all officers it may be designed to guide.

A section of Chapter XII places Naval hospitals under the authority of the captain of the port or station; which is erroneous in principle. If there are no surgeons in the Navy capable of discharging the administrative as well as professional du-

^{*} In the slang of merchant sailors, the cook is called "Doctor," which may be the reason why a "doctor" in a man-of-war, should be the general superintendant of the

missed. There is nothing in the nature of the general discipline of the Naval service which requires hospitals to be under the direction, or even under the general supervision of captains or commanders, at any rate since the creation of the medical bureau in the Navy department. It strikes us that this provision will be looked upon by medical men throughout the country as an insult to the profession.

With a reference to one more article (Chapter XVI,) we will close our hasty critique of this remarkable production, the joint labor of a captain, a commander, a lieutenant, a purser, a judge and an attorney!

The chapter in question provides, that whenever surveys are held for granting pensions, the board or commission of survey shall consist of one or more captains or commanders, and two or more medical officers, and requires them to "report the nature of the injury and the extent to which it disables the person from supporting himself by his labor:" and further charges the surveying officers, (captains and commanders) to make their reports with so much care that " they may be able conscientiously to make oath of their correctness." Here we have captains or commanders, required conscientiously to make oath as to the correctness of their opinions on matters with which it would be illiberal to presume they are acquainted. Would captains or commanders be willing to make oath that an individual's disability is owing to a permanent or false anchylosis, or pseudarthrosis, or to cataract or aneurosis, or nebula or glaucoma !and also swear as to "the nature of the injury," as the article requires? "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." Let Navy captains and commanders swear to their opinions on seamanship and gunnery; but, permit medical officers alone to swear, if necessary, to the nature of injuries, whether from wounds or other causes.

Enough has been said to show the imperfect principles which have been the basis of these regulations; and if space were allowed, it might be demonstrated, that all the Rules and Regulations heretofore devised bear the same inherent evidence of imperfection. It is a mistake to suppose, that Rules and Regulations should be very few and brief and reduced to the leading principle of discipline-"obey all orders." This injunction must be carried out, but the bounds of arbitrary power must be defined, or subordinates will always do their duty aluggishly and in a smothered spirit of resistance, instead of cheerful cooperation. Let the limits of power and prerogative be clearly marked out for all grades, and let the Regulations be such as will not impose duties upon men, for which they are toring officers to the service when they are regunot qualified by education or profession, and above larly dismissed by the sentence of a court-martial. all, do not require any thing from them that they The Regulations should provide a uniform system can reasonably feel as derogatory, and the duties of of internal police for all vessels, Navy-Yards and

ties of hospitals, the whole corps ought to be dis- | the service will be cheerfully performed and courtsmartial will become of rare occurrence. As it is now, the history of every cruise of every ship is blackened by records of courts-martial, the Navy is fast losing its hold upon the affections of the people and becoming an object of disgust and derision. And why is it so? Because, there is no forbearance on the part of those who are clothed. on board ship, with an unlimited and arbitrary power; and because the moral facility which seems to have spread broadly through our land, has found its way into the service; and while decided military offences go "unwhipt of justice," martial law is brought to bear in all its formality, upon petty personal squabbles which are too often traceable to a morbidly sensitive self-esteem, which places men in a false position, relatively to those with whom they are associated; and which, if they are wanting in the intrinsic qualities that are the foundation of character, they are constantly striving to maintain. Again, there is an unworthy struggle observed on the part of a few, to obtain places of trust and profit under the government to which they are not legitimately entitled. This has been noticed already by the public press, and the Navy has been distinctly told, if its captains will contend to be chiefs of clothing and provision bureaus, to place themselves at the head of the medical department, or seek places for which adepts in Naval architecture alone are competent; I say, they have been distinctly and significantly told, the people will take advantage of their numbers and vote them down. Let all concerned bide the warning.

> In the code of Regulations, there is much to commend, although it is wanting in succinctness and precision in very many respects, and some points are omitted altogether. My remarks in relation to it are made not through any captious or illiberal spirit, but with a view to show the impropriety and imperfections of their provisions, and if possible, to suggest a means for their improve-

> It is clear, that the Secretary of the Navy and Attorney General, by themselves, cannot devise Rules and Regulations for the Navy, pursuant to the resolution of the 24th of May, 1842. But the Secretary of the Navy unquestionably has the power to constitute a mixed commission, composed of two officers from each commission grade, not only to devise Regulations on all technical points, but also to revise the existing laws and present a project for a code to govern courts-martial, which shall make every offence specifically and definitely punishable as far as possible, and take away from the President of the United States, the power of changing the character of sentences, and of res

hospitals; clearly define the duties, rights, and | dies, be degraded below their position in civil life, privileges of all persons in the Navy, including the duties and responsibilities of the several bureaus, and establish a proper plan of accountability, with such a system of checks, that even the chief of a bureau, should he be so depraved as to yield to temptation, might not long appropriate public money for private purposes, or self, or family aggrandize-When this is satisfactorily done, let the Secretary of the Navy issue the Regulations and require their observance; and submit the code for the guidance of courts-martial, to Congress for approval. Let it be no longer said, "there is no law for post captains!"

Should the department ever call together such a board as has been suggested, it might not be time lost, if they were to read, in a spirit of candor, the following remarks:

It is the opinion of Vattel, and it will be generally assented to, that "the government ought precisely to determine the functions, duties, and rights of all military men." To do this precisely, it is necessary to enter into details, many of which, it is acknowledged, are generally known; but, since they are daily liable to be forgotten or neglected, they certainly ought not to be suppressed, in a system of General Regulations, designed for the guidance of officers who discharge a variety of important duties, under a great variety of circumstances. As it is desirable that officers should not only discharge their duties well but cheerfully, the Rules and Regulations should be such as will be cheerfully obeyed, and apply equally to all, whether occupying a superior or inferior position. The rewards and penalties attached to the Rules should be clearly defined; but nothing should be left to arbitrary discretion, or men in the Naval service will be placed as slaves amidst a nation of freemen. The only safe discretion is that which leaves men to choose the most satisfactory manner of obedience; but no power should be vested in any Naval officer to make laws at variance with the written code.

Although military rule must be despotic in its character, the subjects of it may be advantageously protected by law or executive Regulation, in certain personal rights and privileges. Men unprotected in these particulars, seeing the power and liberty others possess and from which they themselves are excluded, "are apt to live in a state of perpetual envy and hatred towards the rest of the community in which they are; and perhaps even indulge a malignant pleasure in contributing to destroy those privileges to which they never can be admitted."* Those who serve the country in any military capacity, should not be placed in a worse position, unnecessarily, than any of its freest citizens; nor should those who render important though peaceful assistance officially to military bo-

simply because they place themselves under the operation of martial-law.

However adverse to our republican institutions it may seem, military or Naval government must be essentially aristocratic, both in the social and duty relations of its subjects; consequently, the official members of all military bodies of all governments, even of those pertaining to republics, compose a species of aristocracy, in which there must be definite grades and ranks, without which there can be no discipline, the foundation of all efficiency in military or Naval service. To limit the personal rights, authority and privileges of the several grades and ranks respectively, imparting as much strength and incitement to exertion as possible, to every grade without weakening any, so as to produce a harmonious action throughout the whole, seems to be the problem to be solved.

If an efficient Navy could be constituted of a single series of grades, through which an individual might pass from the lowest to the highest, from midshipman to admiral, there would be little difficulty in determining the rights, privileges and powers, that should belong to each grade. But to enable military seamen to discharge their professional duties well and cheerfully, they require association with several grades, which totally differ from them in their professional avocations, and also, other grades in which the duties are similar to their own, though of a subordinate character, such as boatswains, gunners, &c. One grade of officers is required to manage every thing connected with the subsistence and clothing of those serving in ships; another to instruct the young; a third to keep them mindful of a future world, while warring in this, and still another to guard them against the fatal effects of wounds, hurts and diseases, to which they are more peculiarly liable, from exposure to changes of climate, vicissitudes of weather, &c., than any other class of our fellow citizens. In a word, to complete the personel of a Navy, we must associate with the grades of military seamen, the grades of surgeon, purser, chaplain, naval instructor, and a corps of marines, besides secretaries, clerks, and, since the introduction of war-steamers, engineers and other subordinate grades. Military seamen, or "sea-officers" necessarily form the stalk or standard, by which all the associate grades of the Navy must be measured or compared.

In human affairs, it is desirable that all acts should be skilfully performed; and in none is it more essential to success than in military or nautical Hence the propriety of devising and pursuing that course of policy which will secure for the service of the government, in the several grades associated with sea-officers, the best talent, skill and qualification the country affords. A sea-life is far from being in itself attractive or agreeable, and it is even less so when subject to the undefined ope-

* Blackstone.

ration of military Rule and the penalty of martial-|in which, only those who wear some badge of law: for these reasons, it is necessary to offer men of high tone, professional education and standing in civil life, greater inducements to go afloat, than they usually meet to remain on shore, in the unrestricted enjoyments of home. It is generally supposed that a respectable means of support, added to the chance of reputation and glory which enures to Naval success, is a sufficient inducement for persons, ambitious of such distinction, to leave their friends and country and encounter the perils and privations of sea-life in ships of war. But this glory is out of the reach of the associate grades; and for them, other attractions must be created, which, owing to the general necessity always existing in large populations, is perhaps the more readily accomplished. There are very many persons, fully competent to discharge the required duties, who enter the Navy, more from necessity than choice. But does this circumstance require them to be the unprotected subjects of an absolute power, which is not unfrequently exerted wantonly, capriciously and unnecessarily! And is it necessary, or does it contribute to the common weal, or harmony in the nautical community, to define by law, the personal rights, powers and privileges of one description of officers alone, and leave to their unchecked discretion the personal comfort and standing of all other grades !

We have assumed, that the government and discipline of the Navy are purely aristocratic. No aristocracy can be expected to move on harmoniously, if the laws define and protect the rank of only one of its composing classes, particularly if that aristocracy, as is the case in our Navy, is to be filled up from among a people who refuse to acknowledge any legal rank or title in civil life. Although military and Naval communities must be under a government, despotic in its character, there is nothing in the nature of military institutions which requires one class of officers exclusively to possess rank-on the contrary, it is essential to harmony and efficiency, that all classes of officers necessary to constitute an Army or a Navy, should possess a defined rank of some-kind; whether this be established by executive Regulation, or by the more solemn injunction of the national legislature, is, for all practical purposes, a question of not very great importance. And it might be most expedient, in systematizing a vast number of various and heterogenious operations, such as we find in the Navy, to make the experiment under executive authority, before the scheme is impressed by the approval of Congress.

Rank is the foundation of discipline, of power, of personal privilege and social position in the Naval or military world: and it is chiefly for these advantages that it is appreciated, and not for the insignia by which it is recognized, although these are important to persons living in a community holding the same rank as the medical officers of the

power or authority, are entitled to official respect.

These observations apply with equal force to medical officers, pursers, chaplains, &c., but we shall attempt to illustrate them by referring to the condition or rather, position of the medical officers in the Navy.

It is believed by many, that the general interests of the Navy would be advanced by assigning to medical officers in it, the very highest rank, correlatively, that may be consistent with the general discipline of the service. No assimilated rank, which is in fact a passive kind of rank, can possibly offer any obstacle to efficiency or subordination. The rank and title of "Lord," or even "my Lord Duke" belonging to a midshipman on board a British ship-of-war, commanded by a man whose ancestors received no other title than plain Mister, have never been found in opposition to the most perfect subordination and the most rigid discipline—and if hereditary rank, backed by wealth and political power, be possessed by subordinates, midshipmen and lieutenants, in the English Navy without thwarting its efficiency, we cannot understand in what possible way an assimilated rank for medical officers, can injure the Navy of the United States, or any persons serving in it. The principle has been long tried in the French service, and, for several years, in our own Army, without any objection being urged against it. Medical officers of the Navy ought to be, at the least, on a level with their professional brothers of the Army. Taking the assimilation of rank in the Navy with the Army, as set down in recently proposed Regulations: The Surgeon General of the Army ranks as a colonel, or as a captain in the Navy: all surgeons in the Army rank as majors, or, as commanders in the Navy; assistant surgeons in the Army, over five years standing, rank as captains in the Army, or, as lieutenants in the Navy; and assistant surgeons of the Army of less than five years standing rank as first lieutenants, or, as masters in the Navy. This fact was most probably known to the Naval officers of every Board that has been formed for devising and modifying the Rules and Regulations of the Navy, since 1832. The first Board, under the direction of Commodore Rogers as President, was in session a whole year, from the 2nd of November, 1832, and was known as the Board of Revision. The members of this Board declare, "they are well aware of the great importance to the Navy of a medical corps, possessing high professional qualifications, and feel great gratification in believing that, in this respect, no other service surpasses, if it equals, our own." And the department has expressed a similar opinion; but no act of any of the Boards of Revision can be brought forward to prove the sincerity of such most flattering expressions.

If the medical officers of the Navy are worthy of

they are, they will rank correlatively with the seaofficers as follows:

Chief of the bureau of medicine and surgery, as a captain in the Navy.

Surgeons of the Navy as Commanders;

Passed Assistant Surgeons as Lieutenants; and Assistant Surgeons as Masters.

This scheme of assimilated or correlative rank might be established without interfering in the slightest degree with discipline, or derogating from other officers in the Naval service.

And according to the same measure, pursers in the Navy would rank as commanders, at any rate after they had been ten or fifteen years in service.

Such an arrangement would be startling to those for whom there is no law but their own will. It would be novel certainly; and it is true, that in prejudiced or envious eyes, novelty of every description is objectionable. And perhaps some may be so wise as to suppose, that it would never do to invest an old surgeon, or an old purser in the Navy with so much dignity, as to entitle him to be drummed in and out of a ship; or imagine that it is not within the pale of possibility, for either of these gentlemen ever to know as much about managing a boat and a dozen men, as a boy fourteen years old who has held a midshipman's warrant three months.

To those who are unaccustomed to the influence of defined rank, to those who only defer to individual worth and intelligence, the value of rank will not be readily appreciated, because they are not aware that rank controls association, and points out precisely where the foot may or may not rest on board of public vessels.

The nature of the duties of surgeons and pursers is so far removed from the routine of that of others in the Navy, that they may have a proper and clearly defined rank without in the least interfering with the general efficiency of the Navy. And as the medical corps consists of several promotable grades, the same principles apply to it as to other branches of the service.

But when rank is established for these associate grades, it should be on just principles and proper considerations; they should not be agglomerated to rank with each other according to date of commission, but the grades should be distinct, and have a precedence assigned to each, although the grades of surgeon, purser and chaplain should be all ranked correlatively as lieutenants or commanders.

Among the instances of injustice complained of by the commission officers, composing the associate grades of the Navy, there is not one more remarkable perhaps than the usage which excludes them from sitting as members of courts-martial. grades is tried. Why should a surgeon in the our race.

Army, and, it is presumed, no one will deny that | Navy, be denied the right of trial by his peers? It is conceded to medical officers in the Army and to every citizen.

If it were the practice to appoint surgeons, (who in the course of their professional education, give considerable attention to the principles of law which effect medical cases,) to act as judge advocate when courts-martial assemble abroad, in a very short time, the duty would be more efficiently performed than it now usually is, because they would make themselves intimately acquainted with the subject, and from being long in the Navy, they are always better acquainted with the "usages of the sea-service" than Secretaries (who are commonly detailed for this purpose) whose connexion with the service seldom goes beyond a cruise.

I must close this article, which may be crudely prepared, for want of time and space, and through apprehension that its subject is altogether too special to be of sufficient interest to attract the attention of the readers of the Messenger. But should this, my first exhibition of Naval information on paper, be considered worthy of following in the track of HARRY BLUFF, you may again hear from, TOGA CIVILIS.

OUR YOUNGER POETS.

NO. III.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

In a former number of the Messenger, we presented our readers with brief sketches of the lives and writings of Messrs. C. W. EVEREST and P. K. Kilborn; we purpose continuing the series from time to time, without any special regard to the comparative merits of the gentlemen noticed, in the order in which they are given to the public.

It is a trite observation, that the lives of literary men, as a general rule, are strikingly devoid of incident, and it is for this reason, that their biographies possess so little interest to the mere lovers of fiction and the admirers of the fashionable tales and romances of the day. Unlike the career of the warrior or statesman, his youth and manhood are passed in quiet and seclusion-finding, at once, society, pleasure and employment among his books, and spending his hours of relaxation amidst the hallowed endearments of the social circle. There is usually little in his daily pursuits or habits to attract the observation of the populace; yet are his labors far from being fruitless of good. The rivulet may ofttimes wind its way silently and unseen through lovely vallies, yet, the grass grows greener in those vales, and the flowers that spring up along There its borders, are of a fresher and lighter hue, than is no law against appointing them to perform this if it were not there. And thus, though the career duty; and there is no good reason why they should of the poet may be a noiseless one, his influence is not be represented, when one of their respective powerful in effecting the character and destiny of

One of the most promising of the young poets of this country is, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Aside from a peculiar species of mysticism, or vagueness of thought and expression, which appears to be common in the school of transcendental writersto which he professedly belongs—his style is characterized by great beauty and elegance; and, not the least among its commendable qualities, there is, running through most of his poems which have fallen under our notice, a vein of pure, elevated, spiritual piety. His object in writing appears to be to excite and keep alive in man the feelings of humanity-to awaken his higher and better sympathies-and lead him to the contemplation of the glory of his nature and destiny. He is a son of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, an eminent Unitarian Divine in the city of Boston. The subject of this notice was born in 1819, and graduated at the annual commencement in Harvard College in 1839, on which occasion he delivered a poem which was subsequently published. In 1841, he published a volume entitled "A Year's Life," and has since been a frequent contributor to "The Dial," (a "transcendental" periodical printed in Boston,) and some of the magazines. On the first of January last, Mr. Lowell, in company with Mr. R. J. CARTER, commenced editing "The Pioneer," an elegant and very able monthly; each number of which has contained articles, both in prose and verse, from his pen. The style and spirit of the author are clearly discernable in the annexed sonnets:

THE POET.

"PORT, who sittest in thy pleasant room,
Warming thy heart with idle thoughts of love,
And of a holy life that leads above,
Striving to keep life's spring-flowers still in bloom,
And lingering to snuff their fresh perfume,—
O, there were other duties meant for thee
Than to sit down in peacefulness and Be!
O, there are brother-hearts that dwell in gloom,
Souls loathsome, foul, and black with daily sin,
So crusted o'er with harrenness, that no ray
Of Heaven's blessed light may enter in!
Come down, then, to the hot and dusty way,
And lead them back to hope and peace again—
For, save in act, thy love is all in vain."

THE DEAD.

"To the dark, narrow house when loved ones go, Whence no steps outward turn, whose silent door None but the sexton knocks at any more, Are they not sometimes with us yet below? The longings of the soul would tell us so; Altho' so pure and fine their being's essence, Our bodily eyes are witness of their presence; Yet not within the tomb their spirits glow, Like wizzard lamps pent up, but wheresoever With great thoughts worthy of their high behests Our souls are filled, those bright ones with us be, As, in the patriarch's tent, his angel-guests;—O, let us live so worthily, that never We may be far from that blest company!"

IV.

GEORGE HOOKER COLTON.

The author of "Tecumsek" is a son of the Rev. GEORGE COLTON, who, though a native of Connecticut, was for several years settled as a clergyman of the Presbyterian order, in the western part of the state of New-York, where the subject of this sketch was born. Young Colton, having finished his preparatory studies under the direction of his brother, (the late Rev. John Owen Colton, of New Haven,) entered Yale College in August, 1836. During his collegiate course, he was distinguished not only for his scholarship, but also for his literary industry and talents. At the "Junior Exhibition," in 1839, the faculty of the College awarded him the highest appointment in his class; and about the same time, he was selected by his classmates as one of the editors of the "Yale Literary Magazine," a very excellent monthly journal, which has, for several years, been published by the students of that Institution. At his graduation in August 1840, he delivered the " Salutatory Oration in Latin," and a poem entitled "Life."

He has since devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits, and as one of the results of his labors, he published, about a year since, " Tecumseh;" a poem of about twelve thousand lines—descriptive of the character, customs and habits of the Indian tribes, and particularly of the deeds and exploits of the celebrated chief, whose name is adopted as the title of the work. Of the merits or demerits of this poem, it will not be necessary for the writer to speak, as it has been for several months before the public, and has already been subjected to the criticism and comments of the periodical and newspaper press. As the only extended poem on the subject of the aborigines of this country, which has yet appeared from the pen of an American author, it is worthy of consideration, and will be read with interest. Even a prejudiced mind cannot fail to discover in it many passages of striking beauty, which will long be cherished by the lovers of true poetry as gems of intrinsic worth. The introduction to the first canto is appropriate and beautiful:

"My country! if, unknown to fame, I dare
Amid the gathering years my voice upraise
For thee or thine in other tones than prayer,
Waking long-silent musings into praise
Of thee and of thy glories, let thy grace
Accord me pardon; since no master hand
Thy mighty themes on loftier lyre essays,
Which, treasured long in thought, my mind expand,
And burn into my soul, O thou my native land!

"What the' no tower its ruined form oprears, Nor blazoned heraldry, nor pictured hall, Awake the 'memories of a thousand years;' Yet may we many a glorious scene recall, And deeds long-cherished in the hearts of all Who hail thee mother; yet from mountain gray And forest green, primeval shadows fall O'er lake and plain. The journeying stars survey No lovelier realm than thine, free-born Hesperia! It is thy boast; that never on thy shore Have any unto foreign bondage bow'd; The warrior-tribes of Eld lie mounded o'er, Where fell they wrapped in battle's gory shroud; The children of the forest, rudely proud, Yet struggle nobly for the graves where lie Their fathers' bones; and aye the invading crowd Of foeman leagued, we've met with victory. Of such I sing, O deign one smile, fair Liberty.

A GHOST STORY.

After a raw unpleasant winter's day, a storm burst forth towards evening, that had evidently been some time brewing. The wind howled, the rain and hail beat against the windows, and we instinctively drew our chairs closer around the cheerful, blazing fire; we felt, when doing so, as if our comforts within were sensibly increased by the violent raging of the storm without. We talked over our reminiscences of former storms, and told many a story of peril by flood or field.

One of our party had been a quiet listener all the evening, which we thought unfair; so, before separating for the night, we urged him to give his contribution for the amusement of the rest.

"I have been very little of a traveller," said he, "and have no personal adventures to recount; but if you wish it, I will relate a ghost story, and moreover I am prepared to vouch for its truth."

"Let us have it by all means," cried we, all at once. Our friend then gave the following history:

The city of Exeter, in the south of England, contains one of those venerable Cathedrals, whose magnificence gives evidence alike of the wealth of the church, and of its liberal expenditure in those days when England acknowledged the spiritual supremacy of Rome. Dwelling-houses are now joined to the remains of monkish cloisters, and at the time I speak of, two mansions, on opposite sides of the Cathedral, were inhabited by Mr. Smith and Mr. Sheffield; both of them were clergymen who had connection with its ministerial services.

In order to pass from one house to the other, you were obliged to make a considerable circuit; therefore, for the convenience of social intercourse, the families had solicited and obtained permission, each to make a short passage, by opening a door-way into the cloisters, by means of which they could pass privately from house to house. This explanation is necessary for the understanding of the story.

Fanny Sheffield had been spending an evening at Mr. Smith's, where the young people had enjoyed themselves with so much gayety, that time had alipped away more rapidly than any of the party was aware of, and when Fanny rose to return home, the Smiths begged her to stay the night, which she was as unable to withdraw her eyes from the object had often done before; but she positively declined which created so much alarm, as is the poor little

it, saying, she would just skip across the cloister, and that the door was to be left open for her. She wished good night, and danced and sung with the exuberance of her spirits as she tripped through the ancient monastic precincts. When she reached the door, she was dismayed at finding it locked. The hour was so late, that the family had made sure she was remaining at the Smiths', and all had She knocked as hard as she could retired to rest. with her hand, then she kicked the door; but all in vain; the passage that intervened between the door and the house, prevented the sound being heard. After a moment's consideration, she ran back to the other side to try to gain admittance, but she was there equally unsuccessful, for the door had been locked as she went from it to go home.

Fanny was by no means of a timid temperament, and when she found that she really must spend the night in the Cathedral, her feelings were rather agreeable than otherwise; and the more she thought of it, the better she felt pleased at an occurrence that savored so strongly of romance.

The moon was nearly at the full, and sometimes shone brightly through the gothic windows, forming many grotesque figures, by the shadows it threw around. Flying clouds swept over it occasionally, and all was dark; then again, it would emerge bright as ever. It is not surprising that Fanny should have little inclination for sleep under these circumstances. She walked slowly up and down the aisles, sometimes stopping before a monument where the crossed legs told her that the mortal remains of a gallant crusader had been deposited, and then passed on to tombs, where the youth and beauty of more modern days, had alike mingled with their mother earth. No one could be alone at midnight, in such a place, without feelings of awe; and most persons would be unnerved. After pacing about in various directions, Fanny began to fancy that she saw something in motion near the organ, but she would not permit herself to dwell on the thought, for, said she to herself, "I know that I am alone in this place; it can be nothing but the moonlight; however, as I am growing fanciful, I had better go to sleep."

She thought the pulpit would be a good place for rest, and she mounted its steps, arranged some cushions, amused herself with picturing the surprise of the family when they should hear, in the morning, where she had spent the night, and was in the act of dropping asleep, when she heard footsteps gently approaching up the aisle. All thoughts of sleep vanished, and she looked in the direction from which the noise proceeded—could it be that her eyes deceived her? No, it was not an illusion; for, by the bright moonlight, she saw a white figure, with perfect distinctness. She was rooted to the spot, she could not stir, nor could she scream; she was as unable to withdraw her eyes from the object which created so much alarm, as is the poor little

R.

bird when fascinated by the eye of a snake. She watched the figure gradually drawing nearer and nearer, until it stood at the foot of the pulpit, and after eyeing her for a moment or two, it ascended, and she felt a cold hand laid on her arm. She recollected nothing more—all was blank.

Week after week, she lay upon a sick bed, her body consuming with fever, and her brain so shaken by the shock it had received, that her friends feared her reason never would be restored. By slow degrees, her feeble frame began to regain strength, and as the body became invigorated, the mind also showed symptoms of returning strength, and she was at length able to relate the history I have given you. After doing so, she begged her mother to let her know how and where they had found her.

"We were surprised that you did not make your appearance after breakfast, and sent over to Mr. Smith's to say you were wanted. But our surprise was changed into consternation, when the servant came back and told us that you had not slept there, and that no one had seen you, after taking leave at the cloister door. We went into the Cathedral and called aloud for you, thinking it just possible that you might be hiding from us by way of frolic. On inquiry, from the man who kept the keys, we learnt that on opening the Cathedral at an early hour, he had found a poor idiot boy in it, who, he supposed, had wandered there the day before, and, not being observed, had been locked in. A low moaning sound directed us to the pulpit, where we found you, my dear child, in a perfectly unconscious state."

Fanny entirely recovered from the shock, but in consequence of the distressing circumstances that had caused her illness, the doors to the cloisters were closed, and for the future, both families were willing to walk round about through the frequented streets, instead of taking the short cut.

When the story was finished, there was a general pause, broken by the youngest of the party, saying, in a tone of disappointment—"So, it was not a gbost she saw after all."

"No," said the narrator, "and I make no doubt that other ghost stories, be they ever so well authenticated, would admit of similar explanation if sifted to the bottom."

EVENING TWILIGHT.

At twilight's soft and holy hour, When all around is still, I feel an inward soothing power, My tranquil bosom fill.

'Tis then I love to watch each star,
As from his home he peeps;
The moon's pale face, with radiance fair,
As through the sky she creeps.

'Tis then that fancy's visions bright,
Flit swift before my mind.
And mem'ry's sweet and cheering light,
Doth all around me shipe.

'Tis then that lovers' glances meet,
When they are absent far,
Upon that planet—bright and sweet,—
The lovely evening star.

Then, when nature's sinking to repose, I leave the world behind;— In prayer I spread my griefs and woes, Before th' eternal mind.

'Tis then the forms of those long dead, Who once were dear and true, Before my mind their beauties spread, As if to real view.

As evening twilight—calm and bright,— I wish life's accene to close, And after death's short, lurid night, In endless peace repose.

R. M. College, Va., 1843.

EDITOR'S TABLE.
THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. J. W. Randolph—
Richmond: Agent.

The April number of this, the oldest among American Quarterlies, opens with rather an ill-timed article on the Exploring Expedition. We hope to see justice done to this Expedition, and with that view, we wait till the fruits of its labors be given to the world. Besides what will be the oficial, there is a secret history also of this enterprise, not lagging behind the official in interest. We hope that some of our numerous friends in the Navy, will let us have that also at the proper time. We know that in almost all military enterprises there are two accounts given-one for the public eye-ad captandum-the other for the private information and guidance of the ruling powers. This last is essential to history and indispensable to the right understanding of its acts. There is such an one belonging to this Expedition, whether written and officially communicated, we know not-but we have heard enough of it to know that it is full of interest, and important to enable the public to judge righteously in the matter.

The VII articles on the "Researches concerning the Periodical meteors of August and September. By Sears C. Walker," is well written and striking. We have not read the paper reviewed, but it is to be hoped that this Mr. Sears C. Walker can observe upon meteors better than he has upon "the comet." His last astronomical wkese makes it "hit the sun." The "strong red line" is fully and ably discussed in the article upon the Treaty of Washington. The paper on Alison's History of Europe is an able review. The other articles of the number, are—Paul De Kock's novels—Howitt's Student—Life in Germany. Dillaway's Edition of the Tuscalan Questions. Muller's Elements of Physiology. Hitchcock's Geology of Massachusetts.

The Harpers' cheap edition of SHAKSPEARE, the first and second numbers, at 25 cents each.

This is another gem to 'cheap Literature.' The entire works will be published in eight weekly numbers, on excel lent paper and in good readable type, with 19 steel engravings. Of this work, the Messrs. Harper, in the manner of publication, enable the readers to "judge their sixe-penorth—their shilling's worth—their five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so they do but buy." The players' preface

to the first folio edition of Shakspeare in 1623, will apply now with as much freshness and force as it did then:

" TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS, from the most able, to him that can but spell: there you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, and you wil stand for your priviledges wee know : to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spure not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cockpit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

"It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the author himselfe had lived to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin orduin'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you, doe not envie his Friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the: Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish bim. JOHN HEMINGE,

HENRIE CONDELL."

"And such readers for him," we wish our friends and neighbor, the Harpers, and J. W. Randolph.

The works of cheap literature go bravely on. The second number of Millman's History of the Jews—and part V. of Brande's Encyclopædia, both by the Harpers, and each at 25 cents—and also part IV. of Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography, likewise at 25 cents, by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, and all for sale at Randolph's well furnished bookstore, are before us in the most inviting shape. Go, gentle reader, "judge y'r sixe-pen'orth," for you already know our opinion of these publications.

Fourth Annual Report of the Directors and Superintendant of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, to the Forty-First General Assembly. Dec. 9th, 1842. Columbus: Samuel Medary, State Printer.

It is most pleasing and refreshing to the kindly sympathies of our nature, to witness such highly interesting and praise-worthy efforts, as this Report exhibits, in the cause of human ill. Every year increases the patriotic pride sorrow in which so melanct and pleasure with which we view the land of our sister

States,—that glorious West, whose hands have ever been, "as open as day to melting charity." Institutions for the blind, hospitals for the sick, and asylums for the lunatic, are not among the least noble monuments of the West. This Asylum of Ohio, appears to be particularly well managed. They have our best wishes.

THE MEDICAL NEWS AND LIBRARY. This is the old Medical Intelligencer upon an enlarged plan and in a new dress. It is published monthly by Lee & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

Its object is to enable its readers to keep "the run" of miscellaneous, medical intelligence of all kinds; to give reports of clinical lectures, as well as of the medical schools and hospitals generally.

A Student Library, is to be published in this periodical, of which the "Lectures on the Principles and practice of Medicine," lately delivered by the celebrated Dr. Watson, King's College, London, is to form the first of the series.

We have received the first three numbers of the "News and Library," so far, it is well conducted, and gives promise to become a truly valuable publication, and at the very cheap rate of one dollar a year.

SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW—Nos. V. and VI: 1843.

The reduced subscription price of this journal, now places it within the reach of all. It is well conducted and well supported, and we hope to see it flourish. The present Nos. are particularly good.

EDWARD A. AND EUGENE H. LYNCH.

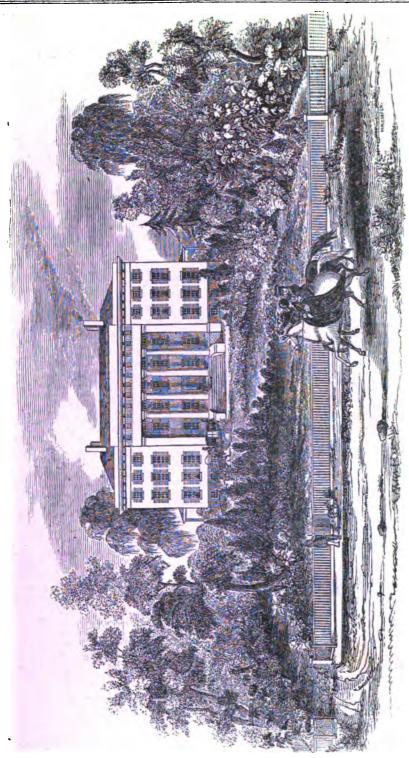
We have observed, in the daily papers, notices of the death of Edward A. Lynch and Eugene H. Lynch, Esqrs., natives of Petersburg. Va.—the former, in the thirty-second, the latter, in the twenty eighth year of his age. They died during the month of March last—five days only intervening between the times of their decease—in the island of Santa Cruz. The elder brother had resorted to the climate of the West Indies on account of delicate health—the younger had gone as his companion.

Both of these gentlemen were among the earliest, ablest, and most friendly contributors to this magazine, after it fell into the hands of its late proprietor. They were both endowed with the highest gifts of intellectual and moral excellence. Mr. Edward A. Lynch, was, but lately, a member of the Maryland legislature, where he acquired an enviable reputation for ability and eloquence. At the last congressional election, he was the candidate of his party in the Fredérick district, where he resided. He was also among the leaders of the bar with which he was associated, and was prominent, as well in the affections, as the confidence of his fellow citizens. Maryland regarded him as among the foremost of her sons.

Mr. Eugene H. Lynch, was a resident of Clark county, Va. He had but recently devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, and had already won the kindest regard of the large and cultivated circle in which he moved. His mind was brilliant, acute, and comprehensive. His literary ac complishments were of a very high order, and his character was gallant, enthusiastic and affectionate. To all this, he added the charm of admirable powers of conversation, and a most fascinating personal address, which gave him the away of all hearts.

The sadness which has been caused by the death of these two gentlemen, thus cut off in the bloom of their manhood and their promise, is heightened by the fact of its occurrence in a strange land, far from the consolation of those immediate sympathies, which none could have enlisted more extensively or warmly. We have felt it a grateful duty to their memory, to testify our participation in the sorrow in which so melancholy a dispensation has involved every one who knew them.





REV. J. F. SCHROEDER, D. D., RECTOR

This Institution is dedicated to the cause of Female Education upon Christian principles. It was founded to afford parents an opportunity to procure for their daughters a thorough discipline, in all the solid and ornamental branches of education; and, at the same time, to associate sound learning and elegant accomplishments with religious motives. The members of the Institution form a Christian family, of which the Rev. Dr. Schroeder and Mrs. Schroeder have the general supervision; and every arrangement is adopted by them, that has been tested by the best séminaries and colleges in Europe and our own country, to promote the intellectual, hodily, and spiritual welfare of the household.

BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

The spacious buildings and the ample pleasure-grounds, comprising six acres of land, are the same that were

occupied by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, until the time of his removal to St. Paul's College, two miles distant. are within the limits of the town of Flushing, seven miles from the city of New-York, and admirably situated on an eminence, commanding a delightful and extensive land and water prospect, and possessing all those advantages which have so justly rendered the neighborhood a favorite place of permanent retirement from the city, or of occasional resort for recreation. The principal building is an attractive edifice, after the best classic models, and is three stories high, with a basement. It presents a front of one hundred and eleven feet; its depth is forty-six feet; and it is supported by a row of lofty columns. The apartments required for all the purposes of the Hall are convenient and airy; the saloon or drawing-room is nearly sixty feet in length, and nearly forty feet in width: all the other apartments are spacious and airy; the outbuildings are convenient, and the grounds are ornamented.

INTELLECTUAL DEPARTMENT.—The course of studies embraces every branch of a thorough English, French, and

Classical education. It is conducted by the Rector with the aid of a number of able, experienced and pious resident English, French and other governesses and teachers, and also eminent lecturers and instructors from the city of New-

English, French and other governesses and teachers, and also eminent lecturers and instructors from the city of New-York. Ample provision is made in this department, for carrying pupils through all the gradations of literary and scientific knowledge imparted in schools, seminaries and colleges; so that ladies who desire to qualify themselves as teachers, may here enjoy very favorable opportunities to attain the object of their wishes.

Accomplishments.—Music, drawing, painting, needlework of every kind, callisthenics, horsemanship and archery, are taught by able instructors; and, among the callisthenic exercises, dancing, as a recreation and a means of imparting case and gracefulness. The Rector's views on these subjects may be seen in the Journal of Christian Education, published at the Union Depository, 28 Ann Street, New-York, which is also the city office of the Hall.

Physical Department.—The mind of no pupil is educated at the expense of the body. A great variety of alluring exercises is introduced, calculated to produce agility and vigor. The saloon, at certain hours, is devoted to innocent and entertaining games and sports, combining corporeal exertion with mental relaxation and amusement.

innocent and entertaining games and sports, combining corporeal exertion with mental relaxation and amusement. Contiguous to the main building is a well furnished Callisthenium, with a number of contrivances to promote cheerfulness, and afford healthy recreation. In the rear of the Callisthenium and Chapel are very extensive Vegetable and Flower Gardens, comprising an area of more than three acres; and every pupil is encouraged to plant and cultivate flowers, shrubbery and trees, and thus become practically acquainted with botany and horticulture. Beyond the gardens is a Hippodrome, particularly devoted to equestrian exercises; the circumference of it is nine hundred feet. The Archery Grounds extend the whole distance of the gardens and Hippodrome. A fully qualified and experienced Governess, who superintends and conducts the physical department, resides with the family, and requires every meanber of it to take proper exercise.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.—The Rector devotes his personal and particular attention to the spiritual prosperity of all the members of the Institution. The Chapel, a building distinct from the main edifice, but connected with it by a covered way, is furnished with a communion table, baptismal four, reading desk, purpit and organ, and is open every day for Morning and Evening Prayer. It is used for religious purposes, and for none other. As a Presbyter of the Church, the Rector is free to avow his ardent attachment to her doctrines and worship; and his purpose is, by the help of God, in every way, to impart the spirit of her devotions to all those who are or may be placed under his care, and to render religion attractive and interesting. It is his aim so to educate his own daughters, and every young lady whom he may receive into his family, that they may be enabled not merely to shine as ornaments of society in this world, but

to gain admittance to the glorious society of heaven.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.—The suits of apartments occupied as studies and dormitories, consist of well furnished and comfortable rooms. There are no general school-rooms, and no ordinary school furniture; but all the classes recite in distinct and neatly carpeted and furnished CLASS-RUOMS, so as to preserve the family association and establish habits of refinement. Each study or dominitory is devoted to two, or, at most, three pupils; so that, instead of the usual and very objectionable custom in boarding-schools, of dressing, undressing and washing in common, a delicacy and neatness are insured, which are believed to be essential to the character of every young lady properly educated. Suitable

instruction is afforded by the Matron, in the arranging and care of wardrobes, and in several branches of household cluty.

The Rector and all the resident Governesses and Teachers take their meals with the pupils, in a spacious DINING. HALL, and the table is furnished by the steward and the housekeeper with the best supplies of every kind. The Matron gives particular attention to the LAUNDRY, with a view to perfect neatness, health and comfort. Beside the general charge of all the members of the family, which devolves upon the Rector and Mrs. Schroeder, there is a special care of them assigned to a number of Curatresses. The whole number of pupils is divided into sections of six; and the members of each section are the proteges of a Curatress, who aids them in their studies, and is their confidential friend.

TERMS.—The academical year is divided into two terms or sessions. The spring session commences in the middle of March, and continues for 21 weeks, to the following August, when a summer vacation takes place. The summer vacation ends on the day before the first Tuesday in October. Suitable measures are taken to accommodate with board, at a moderate price, any of the pupils who may desire to spend the whole or any part of the vacations at the hall; and parents who reside in cities, especially those in the Southern section of the country, will find it agreeable to be with their children at Flushing, at least during a portion of the summer, and improve the many favorable opportunities which it offers for rural recreation and rational enjoyment,

EXPENSES.

Board and Tuition in all the English and Classical studies, and instruction in plain and ornamental Needlework, and	Harp, per qua in, Use of piano and music do.	25. 4			
Callesthenics, with washing, light, fuel and stationery, &c., for the half-year or session of twenty-one weeks,	French language,do	8			
For use of books, &c., 6	German, do. Spanish, do. Use of foreign books, do.	2			
charges whatever. SEPARATE STUDIES.	Drawing and painting, do	10.			
Music, piano, per quarter, \$20 Guitar 15 Singing, do 10	Pupils who prefer it, can furnish their own books and drawing materials.				
Singing,					

At appropriate seasons of the year, horsemanship and archery are taught in classes, at a moderate expe-Each pupil must be provided with a Bible and Prayer Book, bed and bedding, 12 towels, 6 napkins, ring, ... 2 spoons; but all these (when preferred by the parents) may be provided through the agent of the Hall, at a moc charge.

An abatement is made in the case of the younger pupils while in their preparatory studies, the charges being ,

per term, or half-year.

The arrangements of the Institution require, that two months' notice must be given, or a charge made for that time, in of the removal of a pupil. For further information, address the Rector or the Secretary. Flushing, L. I., New-York, 1843.

The Hall may be visited, several times a day, by means of public conveyances from New-York. Coaches an Omnibuses for Flushing leave their station, No. 21 Peck Slip, every morning and afternoon; and a Steamer sets out, twice a day, from the foot of Fulton Street, East River. The coaches and omnibuses call for passengers in any part of the city of New-York, and convey them to the Hall, where they again call for them at appointed hours.

at D. A Collians

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

P. D. BERNARD, PUBLISHER.

VOL. IX.

JULY, 1843.

NO. VII.

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	ORIGINAL PROSE ART	CICLES.	ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES	G—(CONTINUED.)
		PAGE		PAGE
Acts the F propose before whee Rhood it an ment A Co ry of walk a por pove ced rows His the c Kate	o; or, the Spanish Martyr. Scene in the Inquisition; Sing; Audience Hall; Ferding osals; The imprisonment of rethe Inquisition; Riego is el; His execution	A Play in five Treachery of and's infamous Riego; Trial bound to the	Red Sulphur Springs. A letter from Description of the Springs; Win Edmund Burke; Some direction tion Rambles in Switzerland; or, Not rican Tourist. An excursion from Berne via Lausanne; Description and his faces; The Simplon road giore; A ride in the diligence; P. Cantons of Switzerland; Goitre of Their prevalence and cause; Mortiful waterfall; Sion; The beautithe Simplon; The Hospice; Diff way; An excursion on the lake; meo; The handsome island Vacation Scribblings; or, Letters down East. A pleasure-party; England village; An evening particity; Extemporising	rom Mr. Wirt; t's opinion of s in composi- es of an Ame- m Geneva to of the driver and lake Mag- assports; The and cretinisme; tigny; A beau- iful horrors of iculties on the Count Borro- from a College Visit to a New ty; Ladies' so-
ges; wick Mr. l The Clair adve	Statements of "S." corrected; An extract from her Life Irving; His remarks	d; Miss Sedg- of Lucretia;	Love Sketches. The Poet's ex- lancholy; Reflections; A disapp Nina; Her appearance; Edith; flections; A letter; The farewell Seaward's Narrative. Cast away nas;" Straits to which he was re-	perience; Me- pointed author; Perplexing re-
Deat	in love with his pupil; The in hof Mr. Clairwood; Marria	ge of Edward401	resources; Sir Robert Walpole; ORIGINAL POETI	•
The of its ter a ted of so the Gilbo Clerk	istorical Sketch of St. John order of Hospitallers; The dissorigin; Gerard, its founder and benevolence; The motiver with him; Pope Urban; H Peter the Hermit; Changes oldier, for that of a Monk, at Crusade; His character as ert; His personal appearance of the mont; The Pope's address; ims in Syria; Remarkable ins	ate and history ; His charac- s which opera- is councillors, the profession d preaches up d described by ; The style of assemblage at The Christian	B. Wandering. By Rev. Wm. B. T. I. To the Spirit of the Æolian Har A Dream	appan. 391 p
ish l	humanity to Christians; Goo	frey of Bouil-	Notices of New Work	
St. J	Gerard determines to erect John; Vows of the Monks; T erard; The appearance of D of his Monka; Siege of Jeru oument of the Monks; Fall of	The cross given u Puis at the usalem and im-,. 2:	History of Congress De Vere Judich Juratorum Orig Indole Alison's History of Europe; Sha ray's Encyclopædia of Geograph	ine Natura Et 44 kspeare ; Mur-

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RICHMOND, VA.

PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

Received since the publication of the June number. If any names should have been omitted, they will appear on the cover of the August number. II No order hereafter (come from whatever quarter it may.) for the Messenger, will be attended to unless the money accompanies it,—nor will any Bank Bills other than those which are current at par in the States where they are issued, be received in naument for subscriptions. II

they are issued, be received in payment for subscriptions.	π
Allen, JamesRH jrRichmond, Virginiavol 9 Allen, Wm. CRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9	Lester, R. F WG Farmville, Virginia
Ambler, W. MarshallWGYanceyville, Vavol 8	Leake, Walter D. WG. Belham, Virginiavol 9
Anderson, Lewis G. IEJ. Salem, Georgiavol 7 Branch, JosephIEJ. Tallahassee, Floridavol 8	Lane, James T IEJ Milledgeville, Gavol 8 Motta, Jr., Jacob De la. IEJ. Savanna, Georgiavol 8
Brooks, Hiram W. IEJ. Apalachicola, Floridavol 7-8	Merritt, Mrs. Dr. Jane S., WG., Hicks' Ford, Va., vol 8
Benton, John B. WG. Suffolk, Virginiavol 9	Mitchell, Jr., WmRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9
Brown, James SWGSuffolk, Virginiavol 9	McKildoe, JamesRH irRichmond, Vavol 9 Munford, George W.RH irRichmond, Vavol 9
Brown, Jr., JamesRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9 Brown, Jr., JamesRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9	Moneure Charles P RH ir Richmond, Vs. vol 9
Butler, Wm. FRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9	Myers, Gustavus ARH jrRichmond, Vavol 9
Brooks, James G KH 1r Kichmond, Vavoi 9	Newbern Literary SocietyNewbern, N. Cvol 9
Beadles, Andrew FWG. Louisa C. H., Vavol 9 Bolling, ThomasWG. Belham, Virginiavol 9	Neale, Mrs. J. C. RH ir. Parkersburg, Vavol 9 Powers, Virgil. IEJ. Gordon, Georgiavol 9
Cormick, Lewis M. Danville, Va. vol 8	Pairo, Henry T. RH jr Richmond, Va. vol 9
Coles, John PlEJ. Monticello, Floridavol 9	Pairo, Henry TRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9 Patton, John MRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9
Carroll, George W., WG., Burwell's Bay, Virginiavol 9 Claiborne, Dr. D. J., WG., Brunswick, Va., Pd \$2 in full	Priddy, JohnRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9 Price, Thomas RRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9
Chittenden, Wm. B. RH ir Richmond, Va. vol 9	Pratt. Thomas WG Fredericksburg. Va vol 9
Chittenden, Wm. BRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9 Crane, James CRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9	Pratt, Thomas WG t'redericksburg, Vavol 9 Pearson, Maj. J. IEJ Monticello, Georgiavol 8
Clarke, Dr. A. GRH jrParkersburg, Vavol 8	Ridley, Robert WG Bethlehem K Roads, Vavol 9 Rodes, Gen. David WG Lynchburg, Virginiavol 9
Chinn, John LWG. Fredericksburg, Vavol 9 Chew, Miss A. EWG. Fredericksburg, Vavol 9	Reeve, SamuelRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9
Daniel, Jr., WmWG. Lynchburg, Virginiavol 9	Rhodes, Holden RH jr Richmond, Va vol 9
Davenport, IsaacRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9	Rutherfoord, Col. John RH jr Richmond, Va vol 9
Dunlop, James	Robinson, ConwayRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9 Robertson, JohnRH jrRichmond, Vavol 8-9
Denby, NathanielRH jrRichmond, Vavol 8	Reins, Miss Jane C. RH jr Richmond, Va. vol 8
Dabney, Mrs. SallyGarland's Store, Vavol 9	Rives, Wm. CWGBentivolio, Vavol 7-8-9
Davenport, S. J. C. RH jr. Parkersburg, Vavol 9 Eustace, John HRH jr. Richmond, Vavol 9	Reese, Miss Anna StoryIEJ Monticello, Gavol 8 Sykes, Miss Martha ADecatur, Alabamavol 7
Executive Department. IEJ. Milledgeville, Gavol 8	Sylvester & OuldWGHickory Ground, Vavol 7-8
Goode, Mrs. M. E. Wilkins' Shop, Vavol 9	Sydnor, Alexander WG Boydton, Va. vol 9
Garland, Landon CWGBoydton, Vavol 9 Gilliam, Miss Lucy AWGSublett's Tavern, Va.vol 9	Smith, Miss Mary EMiddleburg, Tennesseevol 9 Stanard, RobertRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9
Gibbons, George R RH jr Richmond, Vavol 9	Stratton, NRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9
Gray, JamesRH jr Richmond, Vavol 9	Shepherd, SamuelRH irRichmond, Va vol 9
Glenn, Thomas JRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9 Gardner, James HRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9	Starr, Thomas NRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9 Strobia, John HRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9
Gennett, Jr., Charles. RH jrRichmond, Vavol 9	Smith, Beverley. RH jr. Parkersburg, Va vol 9
Gennett, Jr., Charles. RH jrRichmond, Vavol 9 Gordon, Andrew G. 1EJ. Eatonton, Georgiavol 7-8	Smith, Thomas M. RH jr Richmond, Va.vol 9
Gihson, WmIEJWarrenton, Gavol 8 Hawley, N. & B. SIEJApalachicola, Floridavol 8	Saffold, Wm. O IEJ Madison, Georgiavol 8-9 Sanford, F. H IEJ Milledgeville, Gavol 7
Hurt, E. FIEJColumbus, Georgiavol 8	Taylor, Dr. E. T. IEJ. Columbus, Georgiavol 8
Harrell, Mrs. C. M. WG. Chuckatuck, Va. vol 9	Turnbull, E. RWG. Brunswick co., Vavol 9
Holt, Samuel PWGSt. James' Church, Vavol 8 Hobson, John CRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9	Tanner, J. FRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9 Towles, Dr. Wm. B. WG. Columbia, Vavol 8
Harrison, Wm. BRH jrCabin Point, Vavol 9	Tucker, H. St. George, WG. University of Va vol 9
Jett, Jr., John Flint Hill, Vavol 9	Tucker, George WG University of Virginia vol 9
Jones, Mrs. Ann C.1EJ. Columbus, Georgiavol 8 Jones, NWGBurwell's Bay, Virginiavol 9	Tait, BaconRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9 Valentine, Daniel HRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9
Johnson, ChapmanRH jrRichmond, Vavol 9	Whitner, B. FIEJ. Tallahassee, Floridavol 6-7-8
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NO. 7.

RIEGO; OR, THE SPANISH MARTYR.

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT IV .- Scene 1.

The Curtain rises on DONA THERESA, who is seen at early dawn walking to and fro, disconsolate at the continued absence of her huzband. Her increasing suspicions of the treachery of the King and his advisers, determine her to seek information at the palace. But Diaz, who has been awakened by her complaints, entering, endeavors to allay her fears, and assumes the task of searching for RIRGO.

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to the Inquisition; RIEGO discovered in a solitary dungeon reclining on his pallet.

[Enter UGARTE with a trencher and two covers.]

Ugarte. Thy breakfast, Senor; [Uncovers crusts and water.] humble fare, but all

Our scanty means allow.

Tis quite enough. Riego.

Ugar. This from good Saez; [Uncovers a skull.] a friend he bids me say,

Of thine-

Riego. Of mine ?-

-Who, in thy lonely hours, Ugar. May reach thy heart, and counsel thee to shun

The fate of unrepentant sin :- one Porlier-Riego. Porlier, thou say'st?

Ugar. "Twas sent from Santiago?

Riego. Of what was he accused?

Ugar. O! Deadly sins;

Of heresy and treason.

Riego.

And would not

Confess f

Ugar. Alas! He died impenitent.

Riego. Died? Died?

With stubborn hardihood stood out The question, and so brought death upon himself;

Tho' warned the sin would rest upon his soul.

Riego. Excellent! Suffering death sooner than slander His own fair name, and deemed—a suicide! O! Rare device of vile imposture, that

By cabalistic phrase virtue confounds With vice-picturing things their very opposites.

Porlier !-- He was indeed my friend !-- A man Who practised virtues hypocrites profess:

Who fed the hungry; clothed the naked; was The orphan's father, and the widow's stay:

Who loved his neighbor as himself; and daily

To his God the homage offered of a heart Upright and pure; but worshipped not

His image of molten brass, nor gold,—nor yet of flesh

And blood. Striving to break a tyrant's chain, He met a tyrant's hate; and perished in

The morn of life, victim of perfidy!

He was a heretic! A traitor! while,-O God of Justice! they,-they, who enslave

And massacre mankind, are glorified

As Gods! In mockery of thee tricked up

In all thy attributes :-- Almighty Sovereigns! And God-like Conquerors! Priests Infallible! Holy Inquisitors! Most Holy Allies! And why not too, most Holy King of Hell?

[Enter ROMUALDO habited as an Alguazil of the Holy Office. He and UGARTE converse apart.]

But no: thou liest, Monk! That's not Porlier. Rescued by pious friendship from the most Where Ferdinand's bribed assassins left him steeped In gore, his bones enjoy an honored sepulchre: Nor thence durst monkish vengeance rifle them To point its canting homilies, and teach How vain and sinful were the hopes that warmed his heart.

[UGARTE takes up the head—a label falls off, which RIEGO observes.]

See! See! [Reads.] "DONA JOANNA DE BOHORQUEZ" Poor Lady! Is it thou? Will naught appease The human fiends that tore thee from thy home? Wrested the struggling infant from thy bosom; And when that bosom ceased to heave beneath Their mangling scourge, proclaimed thee void of crime 'Gainst God or man! Still do they envy thee The quiet of a grave?-enforcing thee In treacherous league to plead their hateful cause? Monaters! Monaters! O, would that mouth indeed might find a tongue, and those dark sockets glare With light, to scare them from their feasts of blood. How long, how long, ere Heavenly vengeance wake, And crumble o'er their heads these guilty walls? Away !-Away !

Ugar. [Aside.] Alas! Poor sinful man. Romando. Señor, the Holy Office meets thy wish And cites thee to the Hall. 'Tis rare they grant So speedy hearing.

So! 'Tis much a favor. Riego.

Ugar. Within we'll find a habit better suits Thy present need. Come, Señor, come! Lead on. Riego.

SCENE III.

The Audience Hall of the Inquisition hung round with green tapestry. Three INQUISITORS in black robes, around a table covered with black cloth, on which is a crucifix: green was candles burning; pen, ink, paper, a skull, &c. SAEZ acting as Fiscal: A RECORDING SECRETARY. A FAMILIAR. A large book open before the GRAND INQUISITOR.

Grand Inquisitor. [To Rec. Sec.] Observe this rule,the next and last. [Hands book to Saez.] Saez. [Reads.] "Crowd not

"Thy page with vain excuse or supplication-

"Shifts to elude due penance. Scornful words

"And looks; confessions, faint or full; response

"Evasive; and not less, a stubborn silence,-"Sure tests of guilt-record with strictest care."

Gr. Inq. [To Sacz.] Our Fiscal needs no prompting. [To Familiar.] All is ready.

[Exit the Fam.

[Presently, enter RIEGO-guarded by Romuldo and habited | Brands-so the Holy Office views them,-plucked as a prisoner of the Inquisition.

Gr. Inq. | Motioning Riego to a bench.] Thou art indulged to sit.

Riego. My limbs yet bear

Me well; tho' something cramped by dungeon airs. Saez. And why to dungeon led, 'twere ours to say,

But that Don Rafael, knowing well the cause,

May spare superfluous form.

Riego. The means I know;

Foul treachery: - and haply might surmise The arch contriver: For the cause pray hold me

Ignorant.

Saez. If memory and conscience sleep, Or feign to sleep, our mercy shall awake them. The Holy Office, once again restored By Heavenly Grace, and bound God's sacred laws To guard, hath summoned thee, Don Rafael, here

To atone their oft repeated profunction. Riego. Let him who makes the charge confront me in The face of day; and if I stamp not on

His brow in view of bonest men, the brand Of infamy, your tortures be my doom.

Saez. All strangely in this hall sounds oratory; And little is this audience moved by bursts Of passion.

Riego. Say, by whom am I accused? And what my crime?

Saez. 'Tis ours to question; thine, Don Rafael, to respond: Now answer us: Briefly, and to the point. Didst thou not aid

To strip the Holy Office of her power To punish heretics?

Riego. Of all her power To rob, to torture, and to slay; and now That power's regained, would peril life once more To snatch it from her fiendish grasp.

Saez.

Did'st seize the King? [No answer] - Hence sought his sacred life?

Riego. I sought it not, but saved it twice: else not Myself alone, but Spain had now been free.

Saez. [Takes up the Declaration of Amer. Independence, and a book.] Know'st thou this sinful scroll? This volume filled

With rank conceits of New World Liberals?

Riego. They're mine: their sins I know not of. Saez. But sure

Don Rafael knows all power abides in God. [Riego assents.] He governs man thro' delegated Kings,

And a still higher Potentate, Christ's own Vicegerent. These would teach us power supreme

Belongs to vulgar multitudes, absolved

From spiritual sway: And this Don Rafael holds? Riego. And none denies who would not forge the seal

Of Heaven's Great Judge, raze justice, and truth, From his revealed decrees, that Bigotry May rule a world benighted and corrupt. Say, what were King or mightiest Pontiff, did The multitude with scorn pay back the scorner? Saez. Thou dost but echo subtle tenets held

By infidels who know nor King nor Pontiff.

Riego. Long, long, may they enjoy that happy ignorance! Living exemplars of the truth, their swords Maintained,—that under God, a Nation's weal Or woe rests on its will alone. O! Chief 'Mong honored names, the Patriot Sage who taught That truth; and first irrevocably based On fixed laws, the freedom of the soul.

Sacz. These new-lights from abroad-forbid in Spain ;-

By rebel heretics from hell to fire

The temple and the throne ;-how used by thee?

Riego. As heavenly lamps to guide our steps, as erst The New World Pilgrims, safe through dangerous paths To Peace and Liberty. And holy men

Would quench the flame! Vain thought! Already hath It pierced this vaulted den of Superstition.

Creation's sire hath said, Let there be light! And ye would raise your puny hands to mar

His work !- as easily ye'd quench the spheres. Sacz. Much dost thou speak of holy things; believ'st

Thou in the triune God? Riego. Hold! hold! My faith

Alone concerns myself and that great God Who, if 'tis wrong, may punish or forgive. If he forbear, what mortal impiously

Shall intercept his mercy, and presume, Unbidden, to avenge his cause?

Saez. Thou shun'st Our question. Once more: thy answer; to the point, And temperately.

I tell thee, Monk, my soul Riego. To earthly power disclaims allegiance; nor Save at the bar of Heaven, will make defence.

Saez. And terrible the wrath 'twill there encounter. Nor deem its Church may be despised. Stern her Inflictions; hence, not hasty to condemn.

Who heads this new revolt?

Riego. Riego. Saez.

Thy chief associates? [No answer.] Say, how stand they pledged?

Riego. By all that's sacred never to betray Their friends or cause.

Saez. Once more; their names? their plans?

Riego. My lips are sealed. Then mark us well Don Rafael: Saez.

Till noon this day is given thee to reflect;

If truly penitent, mild penance may Ensue; if thou persist-means may be found-

To draw an answer forth.

Use all the means Riego. Thy Holy Brotherhood from kindred fiends Hath robbed, to make its dark abode a type Of hell-my lips are sealed.

Saez. Our task is done. Blind passion spurns the mercy would have saved Thee from a fearful trial. Haply, in Solitude, reason may resume her sway;

And earnest is our prayer to heaven thou should'st Be ruled by her.

Gr. Inq. [Signs to Fam.] [EXIT RIEGO, GUARDED.] Till noon all stand excused.

[EXEUNT.

In the Fourth Scene, the King gives an audience of leave to ABISBAL, BALLASTEROS, and MORILLO the Nuncio. enter: instead of the rewards they expected for their treachery to the LIBERALS, FEEDINAND banishes them from Spain:

DONA THERESA enters hastily and falls at the King's feet. Doña Theresa. Mercy! O Gracious King! O mercy! mercy!

King Ferdinand. How's this? What would the woman have ! Art frantic ?

Dona The. Aye, well nigh frantic: O, give me my husband! K. Ferd. [Aside.] Riego's wife! the loveliest star of

Madrid.

'Señora, rise! Some str ange conceit disturbs thee.

Doña The. Thy summons called him forth at dead Of night; a dread presentiment then seized K. Ferd. Dost think we lay in wait to cut

Thy husband off?

Dona The. Oh no! Thou know'st his worth, And meant bright honors for him. Now, the place To him assigned another fills. Must I Not fear the worst who know, that never, but With life, Riego would desert his post, Nor leave to wretchedness the wife he loved. Two of most savage mien thy mandate bore, To lead him to thy presence. Oh! if they Obeyed thee not, bring them to speedy justice.

K. Ferd. [Aside.] How grief doth heighten her surpassing charms!

Be calm, Señora: it would pain us much Aught to refuse thee in our power to grant.

Dona The. Who shall dispute thy power? Speak but the word,

Riego, if alive, is free.

K. Ferd. How if

On thee that boon depend? Doña The.

Thank Heaven! he lives! He lives! And soon again shall bless my sight?

K. Ferd. He may: on terms shall mark our clemency. Doña The. O generous King! Thus thou'lt disarm thy foes

And from Riego win a pledge the rack Could ne'er extort.

K. Ferd.

Thy pledge is all we ask. Doña The. 'Tis given;-my life upon my husband's faith. K. Ferd. No life we seek; nor painful sacrifice; But for kind favor claim a kind return.

Doña The. 'Twere justly due: our thanks; our gratitude; Our prayers, that God may lengthen out thy reign, And in a better world reward thy mercy.

K. Ferd. Humph! Thanks! True! Thanks and prayers fit recompense

For mercy! But Señora, love, love must Be paid in love! Our love by thine.

Dona The. A duteous subject owes to gracious Prince; All that a faithful wife should feel towards one Who doubly saves her life; redeeming his In whom alone she lives.

K. Ferd. Tease us no more Fair Dame with feigned coyness. Tis thy love,-We'd have.

Dona The Your Majesty designs some jest: But anxious thoughts have made my senses dull To playful fancies.

K. Ferd. See! the light shines through Thy feigned duliness. Ah! that glowing cheek Betrays the consciousness those lovely lips Blush to disown. Thou know'st the charms which win Our bounty, prompt our hopes: thy love, Señora, Our sole reward ;-Such,-as thou gav'st Don Rafael.

Doña The. The love I gave my husband! why, 'tis his: His title ratified in Heaven: the gift

More than requited by a gift in turn Richer than Mexico's mines :- his noble heart.

K. Ferd. Thou'dst save that noble heart? Dona The. O! its last drop

Would mine pour freely forth to nourish his. K. Ferd. Say, then, his fearful penance We remit: Behold him free! first in our favor-more-With choice of our best provinces endowed: Our fair Señora shining high the while

Above the proudest star that gilds our court. Sure we might hope her smiles would recompense

Doña The.—Never! Impossible! Ah! I could loathe Myself to think my sceming boldness breeds

The impure surmise :- knowest thou Riego? K. Ferd.

Our patience wears apace! Know him?-Too well-Too well; a traitorous heretic, death doomed: And so deserving death, his wife holds that

Which nothing costs, too costly ransom for His forfeit life. Doña The. Ah! much your Majesty

Doth wrong us both. Were I the guilty thing Thou'dst have me, he would loathe me in his sight; And spurn the wages of his wife's dishonor-Tho' 'twere an empire. But-yes, yes-sure I Was very dull: your Majesty would test

A wife's fidelity; not triumph o'er Her frailty.

Dost reject our proffered favor? K. Ferd. Doña The. O, 'tis unkind, though but in sport, to talk

Of favor 'twere a crime even in a king To offer-infamy in me to think of. K. Ferd. [Aside.] Now by the Holy Cross these modest

strivings Would blow the faintest spark into a flame. [To Nuncio, Aside.] Father, thy counsel-

[K. FEED. and NUNCIO converse apart.]

1st Cour. See! the parley's done;

The fortress yields—at last. 2nd Cour. Believe me, Señor, A truce—only a truce. Our amorous King 's

In check. Chamorro. Pshaw! let him bring his Bishop up-The Castle falls! Come, come, the game is over.

[Exeunt Cha., Courtiers, &c.]

K. Ferd. (To Doña The.] This Holy Father, fair Senora, gives Us hope thou may'st incline to wiser judgment.

Thy virtue more than thy excelling beauty That first decoyed our heart, is most our foe. Say that the Church approves thy Monarch's suit.

Dona The. I'm very dull: or else your Majesty Doth much abuse my unprotected state. Within the pale of Honor, task me as Thou wilt! Beyond,-thy throne could not tempt Riego's wife.

Hear'st that, Good Father? Ha! K. Ferd. Hear'st that? The throne of th' Indies might not move This haughty dame!

Our daughter sure was taught-Nuncio. First duty of a loyal heart-submission To her Sovereign's will?

Forgive me, Father, should Doña The. I err :- The priest who blessed our nuptials, ne'er Can I forget, did make me, in the face Of Heaven, repeat the vows my heart had made Before, of loyalty and love ;- I feel, To break them, could a thought so vile e'er stain

My soul, were sin in ma past all forgiveness. Nun. Daughter! Daughter! Thou dost forget the lessons Thy priest enjoined, on whom thou throw'st thy errors. He taught thee that the Church which sanctified

Thy marriage vows hath power to loose the bands. Doña The. O, talk not, Father, of the Church's power, The ties which fetter me no Church created; Nor but with life dissolves. Their root is in

My heart. Whose would pluck them thence pours forth Its vital stream.

K. Fad. Thy holy counsels, Father; Her Sovereign's favors; are alike disdained.

Nun. Natures as stubborn have been brought ere now | The wretches absent should ere this have made To see their folly and repent.

K. Ferd. But why Say more? What kindness may not gain, our power Shall compass; and this lofty Dame, who scorns To be but less than Queen, shall be our Paramour.

Doña The. There is a Power surpasses thine. Frail woman!

Cease! Nor invoke the Power thou dost blaspheme. K. Ferd. And mark us Dame. That paragon of hus-

Whose doom his wife decrees,-high in mid air His traitor form loose swinging in the wind,

A death of shame shall meet.

Doña The. Father !- good Father !-O shield my husband from his fury !-

Oh! King!—But no!—Thou could'st not harm his life: Thine twice he saved at peril of his own.

K. Ferd. By Heaven! Thou waken'st thoughts of vengeance

Which else had slept.—He dies ere set of sun.

Doña The. Recall the horrid sentence! O! Make me The victim of thy wrath, but spare Riego !-

[Falls at his feet. Ladies advance to her assistance: K. Ferd. and the Nuncio converse apart.

Num. And so escape the question, chains, and death! Be sure of it; he'll thank ye on his knees.

K. Ferd. 'Tis plain her scruples spring from doubt Of his displeasure.

Nun.

Plain: Your Majesty May say she but awaits his leave to save him.

K. Ferd. Almost she said as much but now. And what Shall hinder but he'll gladly clutch our offer? A bauble! Sooth! A woman's virtue!-Playing The hero, - rather say the fool-to ensure Its loss with loss of his own life ?-

Let Saez

At once the message bear.

K. Ferd. Ourself will speed it: If, as perforce he must, he yield consent, We'll hear it from his own lips :-- if not--if not--[Estit K. Ferd. and Nuncio, conversing.]

Doña The. [Reviving.] O can ye have the heart to murder him?

Oh no! Oh no! Merciful Heaven! He's dead! He's dead! and his Theresa would not save him!

[Swoons again.] 1st Lady. How dreadful must her sufferings be to

come To this. Aid me, good Ladies! Softly! Softly!

[Exeunt, bearing off DONA THERESA.]

The scene changes to the outside of the Inquisition. Presently SAEZ appears, and in a short soliloguy predicts the failure of his errand. He is admitted into the interior of the Inquisition.

The last scene of the IVth Acr opens in the Cell of Torture : DON RAFABL in chains; UGARTE, ROMUALDO, &c. enter, bearing an engine of torture. They rouse Don Rafael, and prepare to carry his sentence into effect. For a promised reward they finally agree, at his earnest solicitation, to give him instant death in lieu of the more gradual torture used to extort confession. They leave him a few moments, during which he writes at the deak designed for the officers whose province it is to witness the infliction. SAEZ now appears at the door of the cell.

[Aside.] Untouched! Served with forbidden Saez. means of solace!

Him feel the power his haughty spirit braves!

Riego. O, Spain! My tortured country! How much happier

My fate than thine! An instant ends my sufferings, And wafts my soul to mansions of repose: Thy bosom still must heave beneath the weight Of Bigot Power. But come it will,-the day When thou shalt hurl him off, and rivet on His swollen limbs the chains he wrought for thee.

Then shall thy fields no more their treasures yield To idle Pomp and bloated Superstition.

The Spaniard then shall dwell beneath his vine And fig tree, fearing none; and loud the tombs Of thy ill-fated martyrs echo back

His hymn to Liberty. [Pauses.] But for my wife,-And Diaz-all their malice could not reach me.

Poor sufferers! Methinks I see them now! | Puts handkerchief to his face. After a pause writes.] Saez. [Aside.) 'Tis the right strain:-the very key

unlocks

His bosom to my errand.

[Reënter FAMILIARS.]

So! our knaves!

And in good time to let him taste the sweets Of that proud martyrdom he seeks.

Ugar. [Touching Riego.] Good Señor,

Thy pardon—but we fear longer delay

May thwart our good intent.

Riego. Ah, true—I'm ready.

[Gives a paper and a letter.] This, for my wife: [Aside.] Stained with the only tear

E'er shamed my manhood. Now-but one pang more. And that-remember well-sudden and final.

[They bind him to the engine.]

Ugar. Doubt not: so fiercely shall our engine act, That in the instant ere sense of pain be felt-All feeling shall have ceased.

Thanks! thanks! Riego.

Saez The wretches! Hah! No! this must not be. - Suffering's the meed

Of guilt, and must be his, ere he can earn The luxury of a grave. [Advances.] Hold! held! [To Riego.] Didst think

To baffle Saez? What! would Don Rafael crown His noble deeds with suicide? and shrink

Like common men from pain?

Riego. A moment more. This torment he at least had shunned, of now

Again beholding thee.

Saez. And I, it seems

A pleasure lost, never to be recalled.

Riego. That-many such-may still be thine: to stretch Thy victim on the rack—to taunt his sufferings— To catch his blood-shot eye, while glancing looks Would rive or melt aught but a monkish heart-To view his every limb and feature warped And quivering with excess of agony!

O! 'twere a study of most rare delight! Worthy the Devil,—or Saez bimself. Hell,—Hell!

Has nothing comparable.

Saez. Rail on : for all Thy bitter thoughts I'll take a sweet revenge. I came to offer thee deliverance.

'Tis thou didst plot my death: doom me to torture; And now would'st further glut thy vengeance, raising Delusive hopes. I know the e Monk.

In sooth ! Saez. Not mine the boon: the King would be thy friend.

Riego. Ferdinand! Riego's friend! Is he not thine! Thou mock'st:-or tell'st of charm more strange than that Of old transforming men to brutes; a spell Of power to change a monster into man.

Saez. A spell, in sooth. Naught else had thus bewildered Ferdinand: a spell wrought by a fair enchantress.

Riego. I prithee keep this wondrous tale to adorn Thy saintly legends: scarce I'd credit thee

Tho' newly risen from the grave. Saez.

I know:

Don Rafael fain would die for Liberty: Torture and death more precious in his eyes

Than a dull life of case and honor. Even A widowed wife-

Riego.

Draw not my thoughts that way-

Forbear!

Sagz. How else my errand tell? for 'tis To her thou owest thy Sovereign's kindness.

Riege. Monk! Be merciful for once, and torture not

The soul. Speak what thou hast to say; or leave me. Sacs. Know then—the King's enamored of thy wife.

Riego. Impostor! Demon!

Saez. Vanquished by her charms, He deigns to place her next his Queen in rank,

And first in favor-Riego. Sure I have been wrench'd Upon the wheel, and with returning life

My senses stray in dreams more horrid than The pangs it gave. Recall thy wandering reason; First hear me out: then freely make thy choice:

A felon's death-or, and on terms full easy, Freedom; the rule of fair Gallicia:-more

What more? What more? More threats-more Riego. bribes to yield

My spotless wife to infamy! Do I But dream? Or is not this the drear abode Where penal sufferings purify the soul From sins done in the flesh?

Seez. Don Rafael raves. The firm—the resolute Don Rafael—fancying Insults from hands would shower bright honors on him. Say that the Church its sanction gives—thy wife Her free consent.

Say that the sun's an icicle !-Riego. The frozen pole a mass of liquid fire-That Heaven's the dwelling-place of Monks,—say that There's honor-virtue-truth-in Ferdinand And thee :- Tell aught incredible-but that,

Saez. I have it from the King. 'Tis love of thee More than of him favors his suit-and now Thro' me solicits thy approval.

Riego. Amazing liar! Could I but reach thee-I Would grasp thee till some touch of torment thou Should'st feel like that thou giv'st; then leave thy carcass

Fit morsel for the toads this vault engenders. Seez. That fate be thine !--or worse. But mark me well Don Rafael may reject the boon his King Would grant; and not the less yield her on whom He doats. Ferdinand will not be foiled in schemes Of love. When thou shalt in thy grave unquietly

Be laid, thy beauteous dame in his embrace Shall find a solace for her loss. Riero. Ah! Fiends As ye are, ye dare not meet the blasting fire

Which beams from Virtue's eye. Begone! [SARZ going, converses with FAMILIARS.]

Consents?

Consents! 'Tis an infernal plot !- [Pauses] But-Ab!-

So may I once again behold her face And vindicate her truth! O! Happy thought!

[To SARE-going.] Don Victor! Pray return. To hear thee vent Saez. More curses on thy Sovereign's head-and mine?

Riego. Perhaps I-I-was rash :-

Saez. [Returning.] Then thou doet think

More wisely of my errand? Is it so? Riego. My wife,-thou say'st-gives her consent-and freely?

Saez. Freely!

Riego. I would hear it from her own lips.

Saez. What then?

Riego. What then? What then?-

Speak out! The pledge! Same

Thou'lt yield her to the King?

Riego. What? yield her-to-If she consent !- I will :- I will-to him,-

Or thee!

Sees. [Aside.] Scarce can I credit what I hear. [To Familiars.] Conduct your prisoner to the palace!-On. [EXEUNT.

[End of Act IV.]

ACT V.

The drama closes in the Hall of Audience. RIEGO and DONA THERESA left to a brief interview, quickly understand the false representations made to each of the acquiescence of the other in FERDINAND's infamous designs, and renew vows of unchanged affection. FERDINAND returns to learn their determination. At this moment, ALA-GON enters, wounded, and informs him of the escape of MINA, effected by DIAZ, and of their attempt to rescue RIEGO:-in which attempt DIAZ had wounded ALAGON, and had himself been slain by the guard. RIEGO now announces the unalterable determination of DONA THERESA and himself to live or die together. The King orders his instant execution. RIEGO, in pursuance of a resolution previously taken by himself and Dona Theresa, as the last means of freeing themselves from the Tyrant, aims a dagger he had obtained from her at her breast : but his arm is seized by SAEZ. DONA THERESA is borne off to an apartment of the palace; and RIEGO to suffer his ignominious punishment. UGARTE enters with intelligence of the death of ALAGON; and presently after SAEZ announces the execution of RIEGO. The King about to repair to the apartment of DONA THERESA, is met by INEZ, who informs him of the delirious anguish of DONA THERESA, occasioned by seeing her husband borne to a shameful and horrid death. News now arrives of the destruction of the Inquisition, and the rapid advance of MINA, who had placed himself at the head of the insurgents, to the palace. FERDINAND flies in a fit of disappointment, terror and remorse.

The scene changes to a public street in MADRID. A procession enters, bearing the body of RIEGO, which is momentarily arrested by the approach of MINA and his troops. MINA, in a brief address, deplores the tragic close of the great struggle in which he had taken so deep an interest; and pays a passing tribute to the worth of RIEGO; whose bereaved and unhappy widow he resolves to accompany to England. He offers up a fervent prayer for the deliverance of Spain. The procession moves on with solemn musicand the curtain falls.

RHODODAPHNE.

DOUBTS ABOUT THE AUTHORSHIP.

The short communication which was prefixed to the first part of the Poem of Rhododaphne, in the last number of the Messenger, has attracted the notice of a highly respected and intelligent correspondent, who adduces plausible evidence to prove that the authorship of the poem referred to, was erroneously ascribed to the late Richard Dabney of The evidence consists principally of the fact that, in the latter four or five years of Mr. Dabney's life, they were neighbors and on intimate terms, and that the poet "once at least, and perhaps more than once during that time, assured" my correspondent "that he was not the author of Rhododaphne." In further corroboration of the truth of this denial, my correspondent quotes from a letter of the late Matthew Carey of Philadelphia, (who, after Mr. Dabney's death, was appealed to, as the publisher of the poem, for correct information on the subject,) in which Mr. Carey says, "Rhododaphne was an English production, as my son informs me. I had quite forgotten it." Whilst it is admitted that the first impression produced by these circumstances, is unfavorable to the claim of Mr. Dabney's authorship, yet, when duly considered. in connection with other circumstances, leading to a different conclusion, it may, perhaps, be best to pause until some other sources of information can be consulted, or at least, until the claims of the real author,-if any other person than him, can be clearly established. My respected correspondent himself, admits that he had at first supposed that Mr. Dabney's denial might have proceeded from "the success with which authors of highly sensitive minds will sometimes maintain an incognito, till their works are sealed beyond controversy by public approbation"-and he does not appear to have fully renounced the conviction that the poem was the genuine offspring of his gifted friend, until the receipt of Mr. Carey's letter, which refers it to an English origin. In answer to this view of the subject, is it unreasonable to contend that Mr. Carey's remark is too vague and indefinite to be conclusive on a point so important? His son might, doubtless, have been informed that Rhododaphne was an English production, and it is even probable (though not so stated) that the work was first published in England; and yet it might have been actually written in Virginia. I have before me, in the Analectic Magazine for January, 1820, (published in Philadelphia,) a complimentary review of the poem, in which the writer makes no allusion to its supposed English paternity-but speaks of it as the rumored production of a lady. It is somewhat remarkable that if this gem of sparkling beauty was really the offspring of British genius, and first saw the light in that land of poetry and taste, it should, nevertheless, have almost entirely escaped

the notice of British critics and reviewers. Iam informed, on undoubted authority, that the attention of some of the most distinguished literati of the North, was specially invoked to the rare merits and beauties of Rhododaphne, after its publication in this country-and that they had neither seen any reference to it in the numerous English magazines which reached them-nor, indeed, had ever heard of its existence. A literary friend tells me, that the only exception from this general silence of the British press-of which he is aware-is to be found in a volume of collections of American poetry, published several years since in England, (perhaps by the son of Roscoe,) which assigns a conspicuous place to this beautiful production. If this be so; (I do not know that the friend referred to speaks entirely on his own knowledge;)-what a conclusive and important fact in refutation of the English claim?

But it may be said that the work may be American, and yet not the production of Richard Dabney. This is true—yet I still cling to the fond and possibly delusive thought that it might have been, and really was, the genuine creation of that unfortunate and ill-fated child of genius. Among others, I have the following reasons and inducements for cherishing this belief:

1st. The poem was generally ascribed to him on its first appearance. My impression is, that when it issued from the press, Dabney had ceased to be a resident of Richmond, certainly of the house where we first became intimately acquainted. I do not remember, therefore, ever to have conversed with him on the subject, but there can be no doubt that in the reading and literary circles, the credit of the authorship was awarded to him.

2nd. His acknowledged poems were published in Philadelphia, by Matthew Carey, in the year 1815. Notwithstanding their great merit, they attracted but little notice, comparatively. Various causes combined to produce this disheartening result. They did not come from the English mint, but were of homely domestic origin. They were, moreover, accompanied and illustrated by elaborate and learned references to authors in the dead and living languages, which at once placed them beyond the sympathy of the indolent and unlearned, and even of those who might have dipped with pleasure into the deep current of thought and feeling which pervaded the work. It should be added also in justice-that the author possessed the gloomy and melancholy temperament of Cowper, without the consoling faith and Heaven directed philosophy of that gifted Whatever the causes of failure were, it is man. certain that Dabney derived neither fame nor profit from the publication of his poems; and, upon the supposition that he afterwards wrote Rhododaphne, nothing was more natural than the suppression and concealment of his name. But

3rdly. There is a curious resemblance, in several

particulars, between the acknowledged poems and the anonymous Rhododaphne. The same delicate, classical discrimination distinguishes the notes in both productions—the same ardent and passionate devotion to the fair sex-the same purity of thought and diction, and sometimes almost an exact identity of language.* It must be acknowledged, however, in candor, that the anonymous poem, taken as a whole, is superior to the acknowledged productions of Mr. Dabney,-and this, perhaps, might be conclusive with those who did not recollect how the flight of Cowper's or of Byron's muse, acquired strength, and loftiness, and grandeur at every repeated effort. At all events, I should be highly gratified at a perfectly satisfactory solution of the problem.

² I will give but a single instance among many.

From Dabney's Poems.

But drve the alluring charms away, That round thy form seductive play; Quench the soft brilliance of the eyes, And stain thy cheeks, luxuriant dyes; Obscure thy neck, divinely fair, And spoil the hyacinths of thy hair.

From Rhododaphne.
The flower of all Arcadia's youth
Was be; such form and face, in truth,
As thoughts of gentlest maidens seek
In their day dreams: soft glossy hair
Shadowed his forehead, snowy fair,
With many a hyacinthine cluster.

With many a hyacinthine cluster.

It is true that Dabney borrows the idea of hyacinthine hair from Sir William Jones.

WANDERING.

BY REV. WM. B. TAPPAN.

"Evangelist. Art thou not the man that I found crying without the walls of the city of Destruction?

Christian. Yes, dear sir, I am the man.

Evangelist. Did not I direct thee in the way to the little wicket-gate?

Christian. Yes, dear sir.

Exampelist. How is it then that thou art so quickly turned aside?"—Pilgrim's Progress.

Directed, in extremest need,
To sure Salvation's only way,
Tis wise to walk with careful heed,
And more than folly thence to stray.

As guide, the steady "shining light"
The preacher of the gospel shows,—
A star upon the brow of night—
To him on pilgrimage who goes.

To keep it ever in his eye,
Nor lose it for one little hour,
Though wayside tempters to him cry,
Though hell, to hinder, brings its power,

Is duty, and ensures success:—
The goal, though distant, such shall win,
And reach—past sorrow's wilderness—
The heavenly gate and enter in.

But he who shuts to Truth his ears, Forgetting Wisdom's earnest call— And wanders, meets the wo he fears, And wrecks upon one error all.

If Thou hast won me to that road,
My Saviour, bid me, meekly, bear
Along the path, such trial-load
As Thou deem'st good—but keep me there!

"Till, safely at my journey's end,
I drop with life my burden too,
And praise, in Emdless Life, the Friend
Who bore my griefs and brought me through.

Yet wherefore, spirit, should'st thou wait
"Till past from weary night to day?
Sing on thy march to Zion's gate!
"Twill cheer thee on and smooth the way.
Boston, Mass., March, 1843.

A CURE FOR ENNUI.

"I am weary of the world," said Marcus Barrows, while his face, which was cast in nature's choicest mould, expressed the most perfect weariness and discontent—"I am weary of the world!— and a long and dreamless sleep would be preferable to anything there is to be enjoyed in a state of being like this!"

"Weary of the world! Did I understand you aright, Mr. Barrows?" asked Mrs. Hall, as she raised her wondering eyes to her companion's face.

"Yes, Mrs. Hall, you understood me aright. I am weary of the world!" and the gloom on Mr. Barrows' countenance seemed to increase at every repetition of the sentence. "There is not only no profit—there is no comfort under the sun."

"You must pardon me," said Mrs. Hall, "if I differ very widely from you in opinion. I think there may be much profit; and I know that there is not only much comfort, but a great deal of high enjoyment, even in a world so full of pain and sorrow as this is acknowledged to be. But of all its inhabitants," continued the lady, "I should think you, Mr. Barrows, the very last that ought to complain."

"And pray what have I to enjoy?" asked Barrows.

"Ask, rather," said Mrs. Hall, "what can be wanting to your happiness? In the prime of manhood—you are five-and-twenty, are you not?—with a vigorous constitution, a cultivated mind, an ample fortune at your own command, and a large circle of friends, in whose esteem and affection you stand high. What more can you ask of a bounteous providence?"

"And what does it all avail?" asked Barrows. "The catalogue of good things sounds very well from your lips, it is true; but now let me draw the true picture. With all the means of happiness you have enumerated, one cannot sit down quietly to enjoy; we must, necessarily, be in pursuit. And what is the result? Weary limbs, a distracted head, and an aching heart; and all this trouble, and toil, and care is in the pursuit of a bubble!—a bubble, which, though beautiful to the eye—glowing with enchanting hues—bursts at the touch, and leaves us empty, longing, searching, toiling as before! Call you this life? and if it be all, is it worth the having?"

perceive to be repletion and not inanition; and in to Mrs. Hall, rather than conversing with her, Mr. judicious hands, I doubt not, you might yet be brought to consider life, and the blessings you possess, exceedingly valuable. If I mistake not, I could myself prescribe for you, to some considerable advantage. What would induce you to put yourself a little under my care and direction?"

"I would gladly put myself under the care of any one, were there but the shadow of hope of relief from this burden, which presses upon me like an incubus."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Hall, "come to me, at ten o'clock, to-morrow morning, if the weather be good, and I will begin my attempt at a cure, by taking a walk with you. Nay-look not so disconcerted-and so doubtful of the wisdom of my prescription. Judge not, till you see the result. know a patient must be put in a proper state, even to take medicine to advantage."

"Well, I will come," said Barrows; "at least it may help to take the weight from the wheels of one more hour. I might always say, that 'Phœbus' steeds are foundered,' time drags along so heavily."

"Your patient has come, you perceive," said Barrows, with a sickly, joyless smile, as he entered Mrs. Hall's parlor the next morning; "I hope nothing has occurred to deprive me of the benefit you proposed for me."

"Nothing," said Mrs. Hall. "Am happy to see you, and will be ready for our walk in five minutes."

The lady left the room, but very soon returned, prepared to go out, and they immediately left the house.

"And now which way shall we walk?" asked Mrs. Hall, as soon as they were in the street, affecting to leave the choice to her companion.

"I am under your guidance, you know," said Barrows.

"So far as to secure walking," said Mrs. Hall; "but that gained, I can indulge my patient so far as to let him choose his own path, if he happen to have a preference."

"I have no preference," said Barrows. "All paths, with me, end in the same thing-wearinesssatiety."

"Come, then," said Mrs. Hall; "we will take this straight and pleasant street to the suburbs, and then, for variety's sake, fetch a circuit, and come home by some other way."

It was December, and cold, even for that freezing and cheerless month; but the breeze was pure and bracing, and gave a fine color to the cheeks of the pedestrians, as they pursued their walk. Mrs. Hall was in fine spirits. She seemed prepared to inhale enjoyment with every breath. Her conversation was animated, diversified and instructive, and seemed the result of feeling rather than of

"Your difficulty," said Mrs. Hall, smiling, "I | thought. After walking for an hour, and listening Barrows abruptly said-

> "I look on you with astonishment, Mrs. Hall! what is the secret of your enjoyment? your happiness! You have lived in this wearisome world ten years, perhaps, longer than I have." "Fifteen, at least, Mr. Barrows," interrupted Mrs. Hall-"and have drank such cups of sorrow," pursued Barrows, "as have never fallen to my lot. How then are you so contented! so cheerful! so bappy !"

Playfully, but with more seriousness than had hitherto marked her tone, Mrs. Hall replied. " Now you may be sure, Mr. Barrows, that I shall not impart to you so important a secret, as the source of my happiness; yet," she added with a still deeper seriousness, "there is an alchemy by which we may extract sweetness from the bitterest draught."

"No one can see you, and still doubt it," said Mr. Barrows; "and I would willingly drain a cup of sorrow like yours, could I in the bottom find the same contentment and peace."

"You know not what you say, Mr. Barrows," said Mrs. Hall; "alas, you know not what you say!" Mrs. Hall had stopped before a very meanlooking tenement, as she uttered the last sentence, and now added-"But we are growing too serious; and we will now part, for I am going in here. You will pardon me, I know," she added, smiling, "for not seeing you safe home."

"But for what are you going into such a place as this ?" inquired Barrows.

"A few days ago," answered Mrs. Hall, "I chanced to see a poor suffering lady, who lodges here. I then promised to come again soon; and as I am now at the door, it will save me the walk to-morrow, if I fulfil my engagement now."

"A poor lady, did you say !" asked Barrows.

"Yes-a lady," Mrs. Hall replied, "if we may be permitted to judge of one's claim to that title, by manners and conversation, rather than by the trappings of wealth and fashion."

"I have no fancy for finishing my walk alone," said Barrows, "and will pace backward and forward here till you come out again, for I suppose your stay will not be long. Though I should rather," he added, "go in with you, if it would not be deemed an intrusion. It might give some variety to my monotonous life."

"It would be an intrusion or otherwise, Mr. Barrows, just according to your feelings in making the visit. If you call on a poor lady with the same feeling of respect and deference that you would have in calling on a rich one, there can be nothing uncivil in it; otherwise, there would be."

"Well," said Barrows, "I will go in, if you will permit it, and see if I do not practice all due courtesy."

"You may do as you will," said Mrs. Hall; "but

393

A Cure for Ennui.

take my word for it, you will witness a scene very stand, or occupy the foot of the bed. different from anything you have hitherto been acquainted with; and which may give you more pain, in various ways, than you might knowingly, and voluntarily, be willing to encounter. You had better proceed homeward, or walk up and down the street, as you proposed."

Mrs. Hall's seeming opposition, only increased the desire of Mr. Barrows to attend her; and accordingly, without further delay, she knocked for admission. A dirty little girl answered the summons, of whom Mrs. Hall asked "if she could see Mrs. Halley."

"She don't live in our room, ma'am," said the girl, "but I guess you can see her, for she's sick. This is her door"—and the child went forward, and threw it open, followed by Mrs. Hall, and her young friend.

On a small and low bed, placed in a corner of the nearly naked room, into which the visitors were ushered, lay an elderly woman, on whose countenance were deeply imprinted, sickness, care and sorrow. On a stool, at the bed-side, sat a pale and delicate looking girl of fourteen or fifteen, holding a bowl of gruel in her hand, of which she was striving to persuade her grandmother to partakeassuring her, in the gentlest tone, that "it would do her good."

Mr. Barrows, with hat in hand, stood near the door; while Mrs. Hall advanced immediately to the side of the bed, and taking the sufferer's hand, expressed her deep regret at seeing her look so ill. This done, she added, "that she had taken the liberty to permit a young friend, Mr. Barrows, with whom she had been walking, to come in with her." Mrs. Halley acknowledged this introduction by a faint smile, and a slight motion of the head-while Kate, the granddaughter, blushing very deeply. handed the stranger a chair, leaving her stool for the use of Mrs. Hall.

While his companion, with the bowl of gruel in her hand, which she had taken from Kate, was talking in a low voice with Mrs. Halley-Mr. Barrows, though without any rude staring, took a survey of the premises and its occupants. Of the latter there were two, beside those already mentioned—a pair of little boys, some five or six years old, who, from similarity of size and feature, seemed to be twins. They were sitting on a low bench. near the chimney corner, each with an arm lovingly encircling the other, while each had a roasted potato, partly eaten, in the spare hand. They stopt eating, or did it only by stealth, after the strangers came in; and sat perfectly still, watching their grandmother and sister, with looks of childish and doubtful anxiety, and the visitors with curiosity. The room was as bare of furniture as one could well be, to accommodate four inhabitants. There was not even a superfluous seat; for Mrs. Hall and opening the door for Mrs. Hall, they withdrew.

She chose the latter—evidently shrinking as much as possible from observation. The only thing to relieve the feelings, on viewing this scene, was the scrupulous cleanliness of the room, and all that it contained. Even Kate, who must have all the work to do, that was to be done, was perfectly neat, and even genteel in her appearance, though clad in the much worn and faded remnants of better days.

Had there been any gross ill-breeding, or any squalid filthiness, in this abode of the poor and afflicted, the fastidious refinement of Mr. Barrows would have revolted from the exhibition—and his pity would have been swallowed up in disgust-for his benevolence was not a principle but an impulse; but as in this miserable habitation, poverty had done her best to conceal her own deformity, his pity, his sympathy, were awakened in a high degree. He soon grew impatient for Mrs. Hall to take leave, that he might learn from her something more concerning these respectable sufferers, than could be gained by the eye.

It was not long before Mrs. Hall arose; and she held the sick woman by the hand, as she spoke some parting words in a tone too low for Barrows to understand what she said.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Halley, in a clear, though feeble voice; "Heaven bless you with its choicest blessings. But you will be blest, for you are a blessing to others."

Mrs. Hall turned, and said a few kind and cheering words to Kate; then advancing to the little boys, patted their rosy cheeks, and found something to say to them, which occasioned a grateful, though timid smile, and then turned toward the door to depart.

Mr. Barrows rose. He found himself in a most embarrassing position. He felt that he ought to speak to Mrs. Halley, but what could he say? In addressing a wealthy lady, or a common beggar, he would have found no difficulty; but here was a case that required peculiar tact. How much easier would he have found it, to acquit himself with propriety at the court of any monarch in Europe! He felt a respect for Mrs. Halley, and a fear of wounding her feelings, such as had never before been awakened within him. But he must address her; for utter neglect would be almost the worst course that could be pursued. He went to the bed-side, and taking the pale, thin hand that lay on the coverlid, said—he knew not what he said, of his sympathy for her sufferings; but as it came warm from the heart, it went to the heart-and the grateful tear that filled the eye of the afflicted and helpless widow, he felt to be a more precious treasure, than would have been the purest pearl that ever helped to gem the caves of the ocean. He pressed her hand, and bade her adieu; bowed to Kate-and Mr. Barrows being provided for, Kate must either 'The two friends walked on for some time in silence,

as they proceeded homeward, each one absorbed in his own musings. Mr. Barrows was first to speak.

"Pray, Mrs. Hall," said he, "who is this Mrs. Halley we have just left? What is her history !and how came you acquainted with her?"

"Indeed, Mr. Barrows," Mrs. Hall answered, "of her history I know no more than you do. have seen her but few times, and there is something about her to deter one from prying into her affairs. The manner in which I first learned that there was such a person in the world, and the way in which I became acquainted with her, are of too little interest to be detailed. But I rejoice that I went to see her to-day, in her increase of suffering. This sickness has come on her since I was last there; the effect, doubtless, of want, age, and anxiety. Those little boys must be dependent on her, and their delicate looking sister, for support; and when the one is laid aside by illness, and the other occupied as a nurse, I hardly know what they are to do."

Mr. Barrows made no further remark; and Mrs. Hall, willing to change the subject of conversation, said, with a smile-

"You have very civilly called with me on one of my acquaintances; I will return the compliment by calling with you on one of yours, if you will select a house at which I visit."

" I had much rather make another visit with you, even like the last, than perform the penance of making a morning call on people of fashion," said Mr. Barrows. "In the former case, we at least see nature, if we see also misery. These gay people can afford me no pleasure, and I am sure I can afford them none,

> 'There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art, That joy can scarcely reach the heart,

even if there be hearts among them—a thing I sometimes greatly doubt. They are all spoiled by education. All is artificial! nothing natural!"

"O, there are hearts among them," said Mrs. Hall; "good, tender, sympathizing, benevolent hearts; 'hearts that feel for other's woes, and endure their own with patience;' yet, I grant, that there can hardly be a more uncongenial atmosphere for the healthy development of character, than amidst the fashionable circles in cities. The virtue, the sincerity, the purity, the simplicity, that will pass uncontaminated through such an ordeal, must be sterling. But will you pardon me, if I ask, how it is that you, with your morbid sensibility-excuse me-exposed to all the flattery and temptation a young man like yourself, and with such a fortune, is subject to-have escaped without total destruction? Judging from what you say of yourself, one would think you just the person to rush into every species of extravagance, and drain every cup of, what is called, pleasure, to the very dregs, merely for the sake of the excitement."

rows, "spoiled me in my boyhood for a man of pleasure. Perhaps her counsels and instructions would not have proved a sufficient shield-but I happened to have some opportunities of learning the happiness of the votaries of pleasure, before being myself caught in the snare. I saw that an hour of pleasure was oftentimes purchased by days of pain; and I saw, that of all wretchedness, the greatest is that of a man of pleasure. A kind of delirium tremens follows every species of excess. I have looked, for instance, on a company of gamesters, and have seen such practices, and the development of such passions—and have seen such agony too-that one might be almost tempted to believe that he had been let down into the infernal These things, corroborating the pictures my mother used to draw for me, proved a sufficient warning. No, no-I can never be a man of pleasure !"

Here the conversation ended, and a few minutes after, they reached Mrs. Hall's door. Just as he was turning away, Mr. Barrows said-

"Shall you visit Mrs. Halley again soon?"

"Yes, probably in the course of two or three

"Will you permit me to accompany you?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. But shall I not see you here to-morrow, to take my second prescription? I have no doubt," she added, looking archly, "that you will find yourself essentially benefitted by the first, so you had better come."

"Thank you," said Barrows; "and it is very probable you will see me."

Neither the next day, nor the next, brought Mr. Barrows to Mrs. Hall's; and on the third morning she sent him the following note.

" Dear Barrows :- I have been expecting to see your lugubrious face, every day since we last parted, but you come not. Some persons, in my case, would, I apprehend, be highly offended, to be thus neglected, after offering to be your physician, and that without fee. One thing comforts me, however, you are by far the greatest loser! My object in writing this morning, is to inform you, that I shall visit Mrs. Halley to-day; and though your neglect would render it perfectly excusable if I kept no terms with you-yet, as you expressed a wish to make this visit with me, I just write to let you know that I have no objection to your company. If you choose to attend me, be here by ten o'clock.

Yours. H. HALL,"

When Mrs. Hall's messenger returned, he told his mistress she would have an answer from Mr. Barrows in the course of an hour. Within that period the following note was handed her:

" My dear friend:-I should like to know what kind of enchantment you practiced on me, during "My mother, now I trust in Heaven," said Bar- our walk on Tuesday. I have not been so happy

these five years as for the last two days. before this, to have made my acknowledgments in person, but it has not been in my power. I now write to apprise you, that an engagement will prevent me from being at your house at ten this morning-and also to make a request. The other day you offered to make a call with me, and I now venture to ask you to go this morning to No. 19, st., though it is not a house where you visit. Send in your card, if necessary, and you will be admitted. If you find me not there, wait till I come, and then I will attend you wherever you please. By the way-I learned yesterday that Mrs. Halley is very much better. The physician, and the delicacies you sent her, have performed wonders.

> Gratefully, and respectfully yours, MARCUS BARROWS.

P. S.—Now don't fail to comply with my request, but be at No. 19---, by half past ten o'clock."

Mrs. Hall read this note with a good deal of surprise; and it left her in no little doubt how to act. She was a woman of great prudence and circumspection, and liked clearly to understand what she was doing; yet, she could not believe that Mr. Barrows would persuade her to take a step, which could possibly be misconstrued into evil. Weighing the subject as well as she could, she at length determined to comply with his request, and accordingly, at the appointed time, equipped herself, and — street. She readily found the house started for -to which she had been directed, and which, though very respectable, was by no means elegant in appearance. With a trembling hand she raised the old-fashioned knocker, and her heart beat violently as she heard footsteps coming through the entry. Her astonishment was scarcely greater than her relief, when the door opened, and Kate Halley stood before her.

"You here, Miss Halley!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall; "how comes this? and where is your grandmother?"

"Here, certainly ma'am," Kate replied, with a look of surprise; "did you not come here to see her !"

"I certainly left home purposely to visit her," said Mrs. Hall, "but to tell the truth, did not expect to find her here. But lead me to her. am very happy to see this favorable change in your condition."

Kate went forward, and ushered the visitor into a small, but very pleasant, and comfortably furnished parlor. Mrs. Halley, who was seated in an easy chair, arose at her entrance, and gave her a cordial welcome. After Mrs. Hall had finished her inquiries after Mrs. Halley's health, and received satisfactory answers, Kate said-

"Mrs. Hall did not expect to find us here, grandmother!"

I ought, at the old habitation, but called here first, by the particular request of a friend."

395

"Ab, I see how it is!" said Mrs. Halley. Barrows has given you this surprise."

"It was he, indeed, who requested me to call here," said Mrs. Hall.

"And it was he who kindly placed us here," said Mrs. Halley. "I see by your countenance," she continued, "that you are still in perplexity about the matter; and that-friend as you have proved yourself to me-you are too delicate to be inquisitive. Permit me to explain. Through your benevolence, the evening after your last visit, Dr. Floyd came to see me. A kind Providence so ordered it, that you should send a physician who was an old school friend of my son's-for I have a son, Mrs. Hall, though you probably did not know it before." Here the speaker's voice trembled a little, and the pale Kate became still paler, while tears filled her eyes. Mrs. Halley continued: "After prescribing for me, Dr. Floyd made many inquiries about our change of circumstances, and having formerly been William's friend, I gave him the short, but melancholy history of our reverses. The doctor called again the next morning. In the afternoon Mr. Barrows came, and with a delicacy I shall always admire, and for which I shall ever feel grateful, instead of intruding on us, as if our poverty deprived us of all title to courtesy, he sent in his name, with a request to be permitted to see me. After asking about my health, and talking a little while of other things, in the most gentlemanly and kind-hearted manner, he let me know that my physician was a friend of his, and soon gave me to understand that the doctor had made him acquainted with our misfortunes. After that, he remained silent for some time, but at length said. 'The goods of fortune are very unequally distributed, Mrs. Halley;' to which I replied, 'that Providence had merciful, as well as wise reasons in permitting this inequality.' Again he was silent a good while, but at last, with much embarrassment, said-'I have more than I know how to make a good use of; and if you are willing to confer a real favor, Mrs. Halley, you will permit me to remove you and your grandchildren to a more comfortable habitation.' Was ever anything so delicately done, Mrs. Hall? What could I say! What could I do! His generosity opened my heart, and I talked freely of my But I told him, 'that grateful as I was for his benevolent offer, I could not accede to it, and that my son's feelings would revolt as much as my own from lying under such a weight of obligation to a stranger.' He then argued, 'that we need not feel it an obligation; that my son's affairs could not always remain in this state; that the tide of fortune would turn; and that when my son was able, he might, if he insisted on it, make remuneration.' Still I could not feel at liberty to agree to his proposal, "No," said Mrs. Hall, "I was going to seek you knowing that all William's misfortunes had not deprived him of his noble and independent feelings; all that was said, as they clasped each other's and that he would rather live on bread and water, hands. A moment after, Mrs. Halley turned toin the meanest hovel, than be dependent on any one. Seeing my hesitation, Mr. Barrows, with a great deal of feeling, said—'My mother, Mrs. liam. Halley, used to tell me, when I was a boy, always to be kind to the afflicted, and assist the unfortunate. I have not obeyed her injunctions as I should have And now, when I would most gladly do it; when I should feel that I was receiving instead of conferring a favor-what course can I pursue, if the unfortunate resolutely refuse all kindness? I could not resist this, Mrs. Hall, and so I told him, 'he might place us where he would, provided it was in a cheap and modest dwelling.' How his eyes sparkled when I said this! He looked, indeed, as if he had received a favor! Yesterday morning he came again, and informed me that he had seeured a ready-furnished house, which he thought would just suit me; and proposed, if I were able to bear the change, that we should remove in the course of the day. I was so much better, that I thought there could be no danger in going out, and accordingly we came here yesterday afternoon. He sent a man to assist Kate, and promised that he would himself call this morning, and see us in our new abode. And really, Mrs. Hall, I am almost impatient to see him-for stranger as he is-I feel that he is also a friend."

Mrs. Hall's eyes had been swimming in tears, a greater part of the time while Mrs. Halley was speaking, and to recover her self-possession, she inquired " how the little boys liked the change, and where they were."

"O, they were delighted," said Mrs. Halley, "particularly as they soon found a basket of fine apples that Mr. Barrows ordered to be placed in the pantry, together with a good supply of readydressed provision. Another kindness of his is, that he has sent them to a private school, which is kept only three doors from us. What more could benevolence dictate than he has done, Mrs. Hall?'

At this instant a carriage stopt in the street, and immediately after they heard a knock at the door. "There he is," said Mrs. Halley, and Kate started to admit the visitor. The next moment they heard her exclaim—" My father—my dear father!" choking, hysteric laugh followed; and as Mrs. Halley and Mrs. Hall were hastening toward the entry, they met Mr. Barrows rushing forward, bearing the apparently lifeless girl in his arms. He laid her on an old-fashioned couch that occupied one corner of the room; and the first and engrossing object of every one, was to restore her to animation. Even the mother and son exchanged no greetings. until Kate again opened her eyes, and her father had imprinted many kisses on her pallid brow. "My dear mother," and "My dear William," was seek some humble babitation. With all her efforts,

ward Mrs. Hall, and said to her son-

"Here is another friend to the unfortunate, Wil-Mrs. Hall had treated me with the kindness of a daughter. Surely our Heavenly Father has not forgotten to be gracious!"

"Our new friends must excuse me if I remain dumb, my dear mother," said Mr. Halley. are denied me, but I am not ungrateful."

"We have no business here now, Mr. Halley," said Mrs. Hall, with her wonted animation. rents and children abould be left by themselves, after a painful separation. Mr. Barrows," she added, "will you take me home in your carriage !"

"With pleasure," said Mr. Barrows, "and whenever you please."

"Now then," said Mrs. Hall; and added, addressing Mrs. Halley, and taking her hand-" I shall see you again very soon;" then kissing Kate's forehead, and dropping a courtesy to Mr. Halley, she withdrew, followed by Mr. Barrows.

"Now don't drive directly to my house," said Mrs. Hall, as she was ascending the steps of the carriage. "Tell coachy to drive anywhere that will occupy half-an-hour, else there will not be time enough for me to hear all that I want you to tell me."

"Now," said Mrs. Hall, as soon as the coachman had mounted his box, and cracked his whip-" now I want you to tell me all you have been doing. How you found out Mr. Halley, and all about him."

"Well then," said Mr. Barrows, "I will begin at the beginning. Wednesday morning, when starting for my walk, I almost involuntarily took the way toward the miserable place we had visited together the previous day. When within a few rods of the house, I saw Dr. Floyd issue from the door. joined him, and inquired after the health of his patient. I then asked him if he knew anything of her history, and the account he gave me was this: 'Mrs. Halley was the mether of an only child, a son, who for several years had been the master of a merchantman, and by diligence in business had acquired a very decent property. In an evil hour he lent his name to a speculator, who was reputed to be very rich. Two or three years afterwardsand that was something less than a year agowhile he was absent at sea, the speculating gentleman chose to fail, and his creditors seized all Captain Halley's property as endorser. It went off under the hammer, and as is usual in such cases, for half the real value. His widowed mother, who lived with him, and had the charge of his childrentheir mother having died soon after the birth of Even then there was nothing like a scene between her twin boys—was obliged immediately to leave them. Their faces were eloquent, it is true, but the handsome house that had been her son's, and added to these of her granddaughter, she could not | could enjoy the sweets of luxury. procure a competency, but was obliged to sell, one any member of his family, has offered the slightest after another, of the few things that remained to her, until she was reduced to the situation in which you found her. About three months ago, Captain Halley came in from sea, having been absent on a freighting-voyage for a year and a half, and as soon as he arrived, all the fruits of his voyage were seized by his own creditors. A few small debts still remained anpaid. One of two hundred dollars was due to a hard and miserly man, who was so exasperated that the Captain could not make him secure, that he threw him into prison."

"How long since he was incarcerated !" asked Mrs. Hall.

"Only about three weeks ago," Mr. Barrows

"And this debt you have paid!" said Mrs. Hall.

"Yes, I advanced the money; but Captain Halley would not leave the prison walls, until he had given me his note of hand for the amount."

"That looks well," said Mrs. Hall. "But have you learned from Dr. Floyd, or from others, any thing of his true character ?"

"I sought out several of his acquaintances," said Mr. Barrows, "before I visited him in prison; and they uniformly spoke of him in high terms. When I introduced myself to him in his confinement, he received me like a gentleman, but with great reserve, and something like hauteur. I went to work as gently as I could, but he would listen to no proposal I could make, until I described the situation in which I saw his mother and children. This he could not bear-but in spite of his pride and manliness, burst into a passion of tears. At length he listened to my arguments, and on condition of my taking his note, consented that I should discharge the debt."

"I found almost as much difficulty," continued Mr. Barrows, "in personading the mother to leave the wretched habitation in which we saw her, as in persuading the son to be liberated from prison. But, my dear Mrs. Hall, how foolishly I acted in surprising his mother and daughter as I did! I thought it would be so delightful to them, anexpectedly to see the unfortunate prisoner once more at liberty, that I forgot that sudden and excessive joy oftentimes proves fatal. For a moment I was afraid I had killed the gentle Kate." "You have behaved very well, I think, if not with the greatest possible prudence on every point," said Mrs. Hall, while her face betrayed deep emotion. "But who," she asked, after a moment's pause, "who is the speculator who wrought all this ruin?"

"No other than Mr. Z-—, who, as you know, is at this moment living in fashionable style in this city. This is, in fact, the most aggravating part of the affair. No one doubts that he covered his drew a vivid picture of the scene at Mrs. Halley's, property with the express design of defrauding his as he had received it from the lips of Mr. Barrows exeditors; and cared not who suffered, provided he himself.

Neither be, nor service to Mrs. Halley, through all her sufferings."

"But can nothing be recovered from him!" inquired Mrs. Hall.

"That is the very question we design to try," said Mr. Barrows. "Captain Halley objected at first, but I overruled him, and am determined, that if a few hundreds of dollars, or a thousand or two even, can accomplish it, such a swindler shall not escape 'unwhipt of justice!""

Mr. Barrows lost no time in taking the preparatory steps, necessary for carrying his plan into execution. Shrewd and active men were employed to ascertain, if possible, what was the actual state of Mr. Z-'s affairs. It was not long before a handsome amount of property was discovered, which, though nominally in the name of another, could doubtless be proved to be entirely under Mr. Z--'s control, and at his disposal. The matter had been investigated so quietly, and with so much caution, that an attachment on the property was the first notice that Mr. Z. had of what was going forward. He would make no arrangement, and a trial at court was of course to follow. Some months before the cause came on, however, Captain Halley had obtained the command of a ship, and was gone to Hamburg. He felt no uneasiness at leaving home with the affair still pending, however important to him, for the ablest lawyers were engaged in his cause, and the interest and zeal of Mr. Barrows were untiring.

In due course of time the trial came on; and though long and obstinately contested by Mr. ---'s counsel, was, to the inexpressible joy of Mr. Barrows, decided in Captain Halley's favor. The defendant moved for a new trial, but as no sufficient reason could be assigned for this indulgence, it was not granted. The decision of the court secured to the plaintiff about ten thousand dollars; which, though far less than he had lost by Mr. Z., was sufficient to secure the comfort and independence of himself and his family.

Mr. Barrows was almost a fixture in the courthouse, from the commencement to the close of the action. With intense interest he watched every movement, and listened to every word; and it was with delight that he witnessed the impression made, when one of Captain Halley's counsel, in the course of his argument, contrasted the situation of the defendant and his family, enjoying ease and elegance, and luxury-with that of the aged mother and helpless children of the plaintiff, crushed by the iron hand of poverty, toiling till nature sank beneath the effort—and in want of all things. He

Barrows flew to Mrs. Hall, that together they might go and communicate the joyful tidings to Mrs. Halley. His fine face was radiant with pleasure when he entered the widow's little parlor; but his heart was too full for utterance, and he left it to Mrs. Hall to tell the tale. The aged matron was far more sensibly moved by this returning tide of prosperity, than she had been by the billows of adversity that had rolled over her. She spoke not a word, but covering her face with her handkerchief, a burst of tears relieved her grateful and swelling heart.

Mrs. Hall and Mr. Barrows spent the evening with their respected friend; and swiftly and cheerfully the hours flew away. Again and again was the interesting scene of the trial talked over; and as often did tears of thankfulness trickle down the cheeks of Mrs. Halley. Kate scarcely spoke for the evening; but gratitude and joy sparkled in her eyes-and a smile dimpled her cheeks, which were fast recovering their roundness and their bloom. When, at a rather late hour, the visitors prepared to depart, Mrs. Halley arose, and taking a hand of each, said, with much feeling-

"I have abundant cause for thanksgiving to my Father in Heaven, for the many good things he bestows on me; but among the most precious of his temporal mercies, is the raising up to me such friends as yourselves. The blessing of the widow will ever rest upon you!"

One evening, about a month after the above-mentioned visit to Mrs. Halley, Mr. Barrows went to make a parting call on his friend, Mrs. Hall. was on the eve of sailing for the south of Europe, with a friend whose health was declining. After talking awhile about the contemplated voyage, Mrs. Hall said-

"I shall miss you exceedingly, Mr. Barrows, during your absence; yet, I am glad you are going. It will do you much good, doubtless, in many ways; and among other things," she added, archly, "it may help to reconcile you to a world, of which you have been so long weary!"

"Me! O, I am cured of that folly, or ratheras I fear I must call it-wickedness," said Barrows. "A great alteration has taken place in my views of life, and its uses, my dear friend. Every thing seems changed."

"How long has that been ?" asked Mrs. Hall. "I believe," said Barrows, "I must date it back to the period of the walk you took with me, when you undertook to be my physician; for although the walk did me no special good, the visit that we made to Mrs. Halley did. Do you recollect, Mrs. Hall, what she said to you at parting, on that day !"

"I do not," answered Mrs. Hall.

"That is strange," said Barrows.

As soon as the verdict was made known, Mr. | 'that you would be blest, for you were a blessing to others,' and the remark went to the very bottom of my heart. It caused me to reflect; and I learned that the reason why I was so miserable, was, that I lived for myself alone. Even my pure morality, of which I was not a little proud, and which made me look with scorn and contempt on the fallen, was, I found, but a refined species of self-love. avoided no indulgence, because the indulgence was sinful, but because it would in the end cause me The remark of Mrs. Halley opened my pain. eyes."

"I thought," said Mrs. Hall, with great coolness, "that a visit to Mrs. Halley would cure you."

"What can you mean !" asked Barrows. "You strongly opposed my going in with you; naywould not consent until I urged the matter!"

"That is all pretty true," said Mrs. Hall; "nevertheless, I walked with you that morning with the express design of leading you to that abode of suffering. I could have taken you to a spot, compared with which Mrs. Halley's little room was the abode of comfort; but I knew that too strong a potion would counteract my design. You had been too much used to eau-de-cologne and ottar of rose, to bear the 'villainous compound' of offensive odors, that sometimes assail the senses of those who visit the poor. It requires a veteran at the trade to encounter filthiness-and vice perhaps-as well as poverty, and not have the stream of benevolence forced back to its fountain, by loathing and disgust. In Mrs. Halley's situation, I knew there was nothing that could offend your fastidious delicacy. There was every thing to excite pity-nothing revolting."

"If my visit there was a part of your plan," said Barrows, "why did you urge me to go home alone?"

"Because," answered Mrs. Hall, "had you suspected my design, the lesson would have lost half its efficacy. I doubted not, that could you be brought, as if by accident, to witness real trouble, to have your sympathies awakened for the afflicted, all your imaginary causes of uneasiness would vanish away. You can best judge whether or not my opinion was correct."

"O, you judged rightly," said Barrows-" and I shall ever have cause to remember your ruse with deep gratitude. I think I can now sympathize with you in one source of your happiness, though you refused to let me into the secret on that memorable morning. I feel that I am in some degree blest, in having been made a blessing to one family at least."

Mr. Barrows remained four years abroad; and during that time Mrs. Hall removed from Boston to New-York city. From time to time she had "She said news from her young friend, and always such as

cheered her heart. Soon after his return home she received a long letter from him, in which he expressed his regret at her change of residence, and promised himself the pleasure of visiting her ere long. He wrote her a great deal about his voyage, and his travels in Europe; and after expressing his happiness at again finding himself at home, he went on to say-

"It was with much pleasure I found Captain Halley at home on my return. You remember he was absent when I sailed for Europe-consequently, that this is the first time we have met, since the recovery of his property. He is a truly honorable, noble-minded man. The first thing he did, was to free himself completely from all pecuniary ob-'The debt of gratitude,' he was plealigation. sed to say, 'he must be content always to owe; but that was a pleasure rather than otherwiseparticularly as the fact of finding a friend in the depth of his misfortunes, had helped to reconcile him to his fellow-creatures; helped to check the seeds of misanthropy that were germinating in his heart."

"I called as soon as possible to see Mrs. Halley. She is in fine health, and looks as young as when I left home. She participates with me in my regrets at your having left Boston. We spent a very pleasant hour in talking you over, and in recalling those events that made us acquainted with each other."

"But Kate Halley quite took me by surprise. I really did not know her. She is an elegant and accomplished girl; yet, the same modest, retiring, gentle Kate as formerly. I did not think she could ever be so handsome. Her person is graceful and attractive-and her face almost beautiful-especially so when her feelings are awakened. She must have a deal of sensibility, or her emotions could not produce such an effect on her countenance."

In something less than three months after the receipt of the letter, from which the above was extracted, a Boston paper was sent to Mrs. Hall. After tearing off the envelope, she read on the margin of the paper-" For Mrs. Hall, with the grateful regards of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Barrows."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall.

On opening the paper, she saw among the marriages the following marked-for special observation-with red ink.

"Married, on Thursday morning last, by the Rev. Dr. ---, Marcus Barrows, Esquire, to Miss Kate Halley, daughter of Captain William Halley, all of this city."

denouément!"

MISS LUCRETIA DAVIDSON.

MR. EDITOR:

Sir,—Having once enjoyed the pleasure of an acquaintance with Miss Lucretia Davidson, and being somewhat familiar with her early history, I was much surprised at some of the statements contained in your valuable Magazine over the signature of S., dated Irwinton, Alabama, 1842.

From that article, one would very naturally conclude, that Miss Davidson enjoyed no early advantages, but made her way to fame and distinction by the unaided energies of her gifted mind. We gather, however, from the biographies of these remarkable sisters, by Miss Sedgwick and Washington Irving, facts, that abundantly testify to the value and importance of parental instruction and early culture. I beg the privilege of correcting this error, by transcribing their opinions, and also a brief sketch communicated by the frail and feeble mother, in answer to inquiries suggested by that article.

The opening page of Miss Sedgwick's Life of Lucretia, bears ample testimony on this point. "Lucretia Maria Davidson was born at Plattsburgh, in the State of New York, on the 27th of September, 1808. Her father, Dr. Oliver Davidson, is a lover of science, and a man of intellectual tastes. Her mother, Margaret Davidson, (born Miller,) is of a most respectable family, and received the best education her times afforded, at the school of the celebrated Scottish lady, Isabella Graham; an institution in the city of New York, that had no rival in its day, and which derived advantages from the distinguished individual that presided over it, that can scarcely be counterbalanced by the multiplied masters and multiform studies of the present The family of Miss Davidson lived in seclusion. Their pleasures and excitements were intel-Her mother has suffered year after year, lectual. from ill health and debility; and being a person of imaginative character, and most ardent and susceptible feelings, employed on domestic incidents, and concentrated in maternal tenderness, she naturally loved and cherished her daughter's marvellous gifts, and added to the intensity of the fire with which her genius and her affections, mingling in one holy flame, burned till they consumed their mortal investments. We should not have ventured to say thus much of the mother, who still survives to weep and to rejoice over her dead child, more than many parents over their living ones, were it not to prove, that Lucretia Davidson's character was not miraculous, but that this flower of Paradise was nurtured and trained by natural means and influences."

Mr. Irving, speaking of the memoranda furnished "That is capital!" said Mrs. Hall—"capital! him by Mrs. Davidson, remarks: "From these, I Strange that I should never once think of such a have digested and arranged the following particulars, adopting in many places, the original manuscript, without alteration. In fact, the narrative will be found almost as illustrative of the character of the mother as of the child; they were singularly identified in taste, feelings, and pursuits; tenderly entwined together by maternal and filial affection; they reflected an inexpressibly touching grace and interest upon each other, by this holy relationship; and, to my mind, it would be marring one of the most beautiful and affecting groups in the history of modern literature, to sunder them."

Mrs. Davidson says, "Lucretia attended the Plattsburgh academy between the years of three and nine. During the extreme winter weather she rarely attended, on account of her health, for it was a long, cold walk, and I instructed her with the other children at home. I think she was about ten, when Mr. Prescott took charge of the institution. Under his direction, she improved rapidly in geography, grammar, moral philosophy, and history. History was her favorite study; and, in that, and in composition, she excelled. With Mr. P., she commenced the study of Latin, and after reading seven books in Virgil, was obliged, on account of her health, to leave school for a season. Nearly the whole of her education, she received at the Plattsburgh academy, and in my own bedroom. I taught her all I was capable of teaching. and a more indefatigable learner I never wish to see. She was one term at the Troy seminary, and was seized with her last illness just after she had entered Miss Gilbert's school in Albany."

I have every inducement, which friendship, admiration and love, can suggest, to render fitting honor to the memory and genius of Lucretia Davidson. But indiscriminate eulogy is not just praise. A misconception of facts can do her no service, and those who knew her best and loved and admired her most, when living, will be most anxious, now that she is dead, to see her presented to the world precisely as she was. For if the striking beauty of her person, "when unadorned, was adorned the most," so the attractive graces of her character and the rare endowments of her mind, will be best appreciated, when contemplated by the light which the simple and touching history of her life affords. It is for these reasons, that I desire to set your correspondent right, and let the readers of the Messenger know where they can procure authentic information concerning this highly gifted child of song, and her no less remarkable sister. If they will refer to these sources, they will find that, though not born to affluence, they did not "pine in the shade of poverty, nor suffer under the grinding hand of adversity"-that, though they did not enjoy facilities for a fashionable or accomplished education, yet they had that home instruction, which, in many respects, was far better calculated to develope their precocious talents; that, though their genius was all that their fondest friends may claim, still it was chastened by a

In fact, the narrative father's contemplative habits and "intellectual strative of the characchild; they were sinfeelings, and pursuits; watched, as none but a mother could, their earliest by maternal and filial efforts, and sympathized in all their sorrows and inexpressibly touching

This mother, as this article will already have given you to understand, yet lives—lives in the painful, though vigorous exercise of those powers of intellect and fancy, to which her daughters were so much indebted, and which the diseases of her body have happily left untouched.

Since every year increases the interest with which the memory of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson is regarded,—and since the biographies of Miss Sedgwick and Irving, interesting as they are, have served rather to excite, than satisfy the inquiries of the world, in relation to these sisters, it is to be hoped, that the pen of the mother, may yet be employed to supply all that is wanting to a full and accurate conception of their character.

New York.

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Sweet Spirit, kise those strings again, Still longer swell th' entrancing note; And let the full, celestial strain, In varied richness round me float.

Ah, now it breathes upon my ear!

Spirit, thou hast an angel's art;

Thy notes so soft, so deep, so clear—

It is the music of the heart.

Whence art thou, Spirit? for thy voice—
Though swect, methinks, as harps above,
Which in the bliss of Heaven rejoice,
And swell with praise, or melt in love—

Is sad as sweet; know'st thou of grief,
That thus thy plaintive murmurs flow?
Dost thou in music seek relief?
Do these wild notes express thy woe?

Sweet Spirit, no—for mortal pain—
For hoarts surcharged with earthly cares,
Thy gentle pity wakes the strain,
To soothe the soul with heavenly airs.

Who art thou? tell me—mother dear,
Art thou my guardian-angel still?
Com'st thou from the celestial sphere,
Thy daughter's heart with peace to fill?

Father is 't thou who lov'st me yet?
Is it to thee the charge is given,
To teach my breast its cares forget,
And raise my thoughts from earth to Heaven?

Whence, or whoe'er thou art, I love Thy sad, wild, warbling, fitful song, Whether it, joyous, soar above, Or a low, plaintive, wail prolong.

It tells me of the spirit-land
Where peace, and truth, and music dwell,—
All bound in love's celestial band:
Sweet, gentle Spirit, fare-thee-well! S. R. H.

Golden Forest.

A DREAM.

Thou art all one world of affections deep.

Hemans.

Twas night. The cooling zephyrs gently fann'd My burning brow: my throbbing-temples beat Less quick, than when amid the glittering throng Of worshippers, at pleasure's shrine I knelt But one short hour since. And the pale moon, From her bright starry throne on high, beamed In mild lustre o'er a sleeping world. I sought my couch: my heart was lone and sad, And scalding tears bedew'd the pillow where My aching head repos'd. The lov'd, the lost, The aweet remember'd tones of early years O'ershadowed me with mournful memory Filling my heart with yearnings vain,

I slept.

And once again methought myself the same Bright, happy child, as when, in days gone by, I joyed to sport the hours away Beneath the rich clustering vines Of my own native home.

And once again, I seemed to hear my father's fervent prayer, As, joined in holy worship, we all knelt At evening hour: or offered up
Our morning orison, with grateful hearts,
To Him who gave us light. And softly fell
Upon my list'ning ear, the access sweet,—
The gentle music of my mother's voice,—
The prayer I learned to lisp beside her knee,—
Her kind "good night." Oh! how in after years
They are hallowed in our memory!

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," And I was a child no more : yet there I stood, On the same spot, where years before I play'd. And I was happy still: for those I loved, All, all were there. The birds sang sweetly too As they were wont to do in childhood's hours. My flowers look'd bright, as when, with eager step, I chased the gaudy insect from their bed, And little prattlers call'd me sister dear. Oh! it was music to a sister's ear. But were these all, that made my home so bright? Or my heart to thrill with wild ecstasy? Ah! no, 'twas something more, for one was there, Whose slightest tone was music to my ear, Was rapture to my soul. Fondly I lov'd,-Fondly as woman's heart can love but once-And oh! 'twas bliss, unutterable bliss! To feel I was beloved. But then there came A fearful shadow o'er my spirit's light. An after-hour of parting, and of tears, A fond farewell !- Then follow'd years, long years Of hope deferred, 'till the heart sicken'd And grew weary of its woe. He came not. But fondly lingered in a stranger's land, Forgetful of his household gods.

Twas past!
That bright, that sunny dream of early—love!
Oh! who the spirit's mysteries can tell?
Its deep, its passionate devotion: On
The sudden sundering of those sweet ties,
That fondly bound us to our heart's idols!
I stood in festive halls; my smile was bright,
No cloud was on my brow, for woman's pride
Had vow'd that victory should be mine.
Again the spirit of my dream was changed.

Amid a bright and glittering throng I stood,

With the pale orange wreath upon my brow,—
That mystic emblem of the bridal hour.
One took my hand, who thought me all his own,
As at the holy altar tremblingly
I knelt, and breath'd the vows that made me his:
But whence that strange unrest? why did my heart
So wildly throb, as visions of the past
Camo thronging back upon my memory?
Oh! was it all a wild, unreal dream?
Or did a youthful form before me knee!,
And eyes that had been sunlight to my youth
Sadly, and reproachfully look on me?
'Twas all too much for the full heart to bear,
A stiffed scream, and the strange vision fied!

REBECCA.

THE CLAIRWOODS.

A TRUE TALE.

"Go, ingrate! drown yourself if you will! but never let me see your face again," were the words addressed by Mrs. Clairwood to a young man, who had just issued from the hall-door, which she held open far enough to allow his egress, and, as the last sound died upon her lips, the door was violently closed, and the young man stood on the pavement, motionless and alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood had been married many years, and in opposition to the wishes of their respective parents. Their life (up to the period at which this history commences) had been one continued scene of bitter disappointment—the more bitter, because unanticipated. The buoyant and sanguine hopes with which they had commenced the career of life, had been thus far unrealized. The sunny dreams in which youthful imagination is ever prone to indulge, and in which, they, of all others, had delighted to revel, had faded, one by one, before the stern realities of every-day existence.

Their fondest anticipations, to the realization of which they had looked forward as the completion of that happiness, which fate, or an untoward concurrence of circumstances had denied them, were successively withered. Their plans, on the eve of success, had been frustrated, and again and again their most cherished objects of pursuit, with a tantalizing subtlety, had eluded their grasp, leaving them the victims of corroding disappointment and chagrin. Their imprudent marriage effectually precluded all hope of assistance from those who otherwise would have been their friends, and they were compelled to endure the bitter stings of penury, enhanced in bitterness, by the neglect and even contumely of kindred. The contrast between life as they had pictured it, and life as they experienced it, rendered grief, in itself acute, still more poignant. Existence was to them an unreal mockery, with but few relieving or palliating features. They perceived and felt deeply, that the chalice of pleasure is too often drugged with effective, though un- it was in their domestic circle that they sought and seen poisons. It is not strange that Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood became changed by the constant suffer- dren had been the result of their marriage, and in ing it was their lot to encounter. Firmer and better disciplined minds could hardly have withstood cation and moral training of those children, but the influence, which such suffering generally exerts. And they indeed were changed. Their feelings, sympathies, and thoughts became imbaed with the darker color of their lives. This change was gradually apparent. As the gushings of youthful ardor and affection were chilled by rude contact with the iey stream of worldly policy and interest, so did the whole current of their thoughts and feelings undergo an entire revulsion. Affliction, adversity, and the buffetings of the world did not merely chasten them; they did more, they embittered the very sources of happiness and content-They turned into gall and wormwood, those sympathies and kindly feelings which, in a healthy mind, diffuse their renovating and tranquillizing influences over the soul. A morbid sensitiveness usurped the place in their minds, of true delicacy and sensibility. Envy and jealousy succeeded the more liberal and generous sentiments, that once pervaded their bosoms, until finally, by a slow but steady progress, hatred, malice, and the thousand darker propensities and passions of our natures rested in the recesses of their hearts, and exerted their unhallowed influences, to the exclusion of those nobler feelings which it had been their youthful pride to cherish. In the secrecy of their closets they reviewed the calendar of past misfortune, and brooded over many an unkind action shown them in their intercourse with society, until thoughts were engendered and schemes devised, which, a moment after, they blushed to have admitted to their bosoms. Time flew by. The tide of sorrow was unchanged, and they were transformed into those cold, calculating, selfish beings, whom, on their entrance into life, they had avoided and abhorred. Such was the change wrought in their characters, and such is the change which the operation of like circumstances is too apt to effect in the infirmities of the human mind. As in nature, the softer substances are, by the continual drippings of a petrifying stream, converted into stone, so do the feelings become callous and adamantine when wrought upon by the powerful alchemy of sorrow and adversity. It is too true, that this deadning effect is produced by continued misfortune. It benumbs the heart, chills the affections, and infuses a lethargy and torpor into all the sensibilities and finer feelings of our natures. Such is its general tendency; and peculiarly was it manifested in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood.

There was, however, one remedial, one renovaacowling relatives, or slandered by a heartless world, 'dumb. The fear of rejoicing was hushed upon their

obtained partial relief and consolation. the exercise of parental love and duty, in the eduabove all, in watching the unfolding and expansion of their intellects, and in the prospect of their future lives, happiness and usefulness, did they contrive to assuage many a grief and parry many an adverse stroke of fortune. Their children were not extraordinarily beautiful, nor talented, but they were dutiful, and repaid the care of their parents with reciprocal love, and with gratitude.

The eldest, a son, evinced a precocity of intellect that would not perhaps have greatly attracted the attention of a stranger, yet, that served to excite and nourish the hopes of his parents. They loved their children, but him they loved especially. peculiar fondness can exist, and be cherished in a parent's heart for one child above the rest, then it existed and was cherished by Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood for their son Charles. And they spared nothing, that their limited means and the time that they could give from their daily avocations would allow, to improve his mind, and render him fitted for that station in society, which his intelligence and virtue seemed to justify them in believing, he would one day occupy. It was in the family circle then, that they sought an antidote to the vexations and ills of life. When an impending storm darkened their pathway, it was the family fireside that dispelled the gloom and beamed the warm sunlight on their hearts, despite the blackness without. When discouraged and disheartened by ill success. or insult, it was a sight of their family that reassured them, and inspired them with renewed ardor in the thorny journey of their lives. It was this that sustained them. It was this alone which counteracted the influences of sorrow and misfortune, and corrected in some degree, the bitterness of feeling which they caused. On the family altar, the fires of affection still glowed, though with a deadened lustre, and in the channel of familiar intercourse and sympathy there still flowed a current, whose placid waters neutralized the acidity of temper, which conflicts with the world, excite and diffused its tranquillizing and life-giving influences over their souls. They fondly hoped, that this consolation was one of which they could never be deprived, but this last illusion was destined to be torn rudely away, and the staff upon which they had too confidently leaned, to be forever broken.

An epidemic visited the city in which they resided. For a long time, it raged with fearful violence, but they and their family were unharmed. The scourge was suspended for a moment, that the ting influence left to them. They were not utterly infliction might be the more dreadful. On the eve alone. In their children they sought an alleviation of of congratulating themselves on the rescue of their their sorrow, and when repulsed in their advances by | children from this imminent peril, they were struck

lips. Three of their children, the eldest last, were | cease to operate. So it was in this case; Mr. and successively transferred from the death-bed to the grave. No crowd of mourners followed them to the tomb, no friendly voice whispered the accents of consolation and comfort in the ears of the bereaved parents. They met the shock alone, unfriended and unpitied. Each individual, in that unhappy city, had suffered more or less by the visitation. It was no time for sympathy. Each one suffered too greatly himself to feel the burthen of another's woe. The parents witnessed the interment of their third child. It was the eldest. They stood beside the grave, and gazed with the apathy of despair into its yawning bosom, in a moment more to engulph the dearest of their earthly treasures. The clergyman and one or two of the more immediate neighbors were the only persons present. They wept not. They had no tears to shed.

And they were nothing, had they such to give; but they could not meet the gaze of those horrorstricken parents; they could not look at the convulsive writhings of their features, without a thrill of instinctive dread. The service was hastily concluded, and the body lowered into the grave. As the sound of the falling clods fell upon the ear of the bereaved mother, her countenance underwent an instant change. The rigid, fixed stare with which she had gazed on the scene before her, vanished; an earthly wildness lighted at her eye, and pervaded every feature. She uttered a piercing shriek and

What did that shrick tell? It rang the knell of departed hope. It told of an agony of woe, of suffering too poignant to be borne. It spoke of the concentration of every hope upon one object, and that object rudely torn away. It is only such a scene that can fully teach

> "The heart, what dust we dote on When 'tis man we love."

Death had invaded the domestic sanctuary. His iron arm had crushed the altar reared in the recesses of their hearts. His wasting breath had dried up the streams of affection and sympathy to their source. Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood felt this stroke deeply. They felt in the first paroxysm of grief, that their cup of suffering had been filled to everflowing. That life had ceased to offer a reason er wish for existence. The charm that had thus far yielded the evils of life with its fairy touch, was dissolved, and the veil rent, that had hitherto concealed the darkest shades of sorrow. But violest excitations of the mind are transitory. paroxysms of emotion that convulse the mind and threaten, for a while, to unseat reason herself, gradually subside, until they are merged into an sons, the ordeal of affliction through which Mr. and apathy, coincident with the intensity of the emo- Mrs. Clairwood had passed, would have produced tion excited. The violent excitation of the feelings an entirely different effect. It would have subdued is an entirely unnatural state of mind, and must the pride of some! It would have taught them deep

Mrs. Clairwood suffered greatly, but the very intensity of their grief resulted in the production of that ultimate apathy, that insensibility, which is usual in such cases. As time glided on-as the cares of life again pressed upon them, and compelled them again to mingle with the world, the immediate impression caused by their childrens' death, was effaced, and an oblivious forgetfulness seemed to have swept away the record of past sorrow. But the wound was externally healed, while its poisonous influences were lurking at the root, pervading and vitiating the better feelings of their natures. They were soured by misfortune, disgusted with the world, and almost weary of life itself. The continued peltings of adversity had rendered them, as it were, insensible to suffering, and their sympathies and sensibilities had become forever blunted. While their family was unbroken, while in the enjoyment of reciprocal love and affection with their children, these feelings and sensibilities had been kept alive, and in some degree active. In the family circle, their more generous feelings were fostered by constant exercise; but this means of exercise taken away, their feelings, sympathies, all became steeled and insensitive. Mr. Clairwood had labored, until some time after the death of his children, under pecuniary embarrassment. His constant exertions, with those of his wife, were requisite in order to maintain his family. He was a merchant of excess t family, but the unfortunate opposition of his friends to his marriage, sent him into business with extremely limited means. Untoward circumstances operated so very unfavorably, that his business, so far from increasing, had declined, until, by the death of a distant relative, a considerable sum of money was placed at his disposal. He invested it judiciously, and by enterprise and a series of successful speculations, finally established himself on an independent and highly respectable footing among his fellow merchants. But the increased worldly prosperity that visited Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood, affected no corresponding change in their feelings. The smiles of fortune could never compensate for the suffering they had undergone, nor efface the remembrance of the past. Wealth, and its attendant luxury, gradually succeeded their former poverty and simplicity of living; but what wealth can re-attune the sbattered sympathies and affections of the heart, or kindle the flame of love once extinguished! The same coldness, the same insensibility and stagna-The tion of feeling that had been engendered in penury, by the strokes of affliction, still continued to characterize Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood. On other persubside when the causes that have produced it, and abiding lessons of patience and humility. The

Christian, in the midst of adversity and misfortune, | trivial causes, and during their continuance promptrecognizes the chastening hand of his Almighty The dispensations of Providence, however afflictive, are regarded by him as merciful in their design, and they rarely fail to produce a salutary effect. He feels when visited by some distressful stroke, that it is a signal of Divine displeasure, or a test to his faith and constancy, and he immediately addresses himself to the performance of his varied duties with renewed piety and zeal. But Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood had never learned to bow beneath the chastizing rod of an All-Wise Parent; they relied rather upon their own strength than upon the shield and buckler of him, that is able and willing to protect to the uttermost. They repined at misfortune, murmured at every stroke of affliction, and suffered the beggarly elements of envy and uncurbed passion to prey upon their happiness and corrode every real spring of enjoyment.

Edward Clairwood (the youngest of their children) and the only one left them, was, at the period when this history commences, eighteen years old. He had received an excellent education, and had, from childhood, evinced a love of study, an excellent taste, and a constant assiduity in the pursuits of knowledge, that rendered him, at an early age, well versed in classical and modern literature. Combined with his love of study, he possessed a sensitiveness that amounted almost to timidity. shrank instinctively from contact with society, and seemed to ad association with any save those of exact congeniality of temperament. His parents had never manifested any peculiar affection for him. It would naturally be supposed that a deprivation of all other objects of affection would have, as it were, concentrated their love on him; but it was not so. The general change that had been wrought in their feelings, affected no less their conduct towards him. But above all, they could not enter into his feelings; and, when there is no community of feeling, there is rarely a community of interest. His character was highly intellectual, with refined sensibility and quickness of perceptionqualities, in a great degree, foreign to his parents minds. He could never brook a taunt or insult: yet it was too often the case that Mrs. Clairwood indulged in ridiculing his tastes and in upbraiding him for his sensitiveness, and as it appeared his excessive delicacy. The taunts which she occasionally used, and the affectation of pity with which she spoke to him of his bashfulness and reserve, wounded his feelings deeply.

Mrs. Clairwood was a woman who, to the best intentions and most unspotted moral character, joined a singular waywardness of temper that led her into many an unintentional error. She was subject to many sudden bursts of feeling, which, in

ed her to use harsh language, and not unfrequently still harsher measures with all the capriciousness of her sex; however, these passionate moments were transitory. They passed like an April cloud over her usually serene temperament, obscuring its light but for a moment; and serving, by the contrast, to render her general serenity still more striking.

Edward had often suffered by this frailty of his mother's, and it was his peculiar nature never to forget. It was his misfortune to brood over slight injuries, until his heated imagination magnified and distorted them into grievous offences. This was an idiosyncrasy of his constitution, and he vainly tried to shake it off. Edward deployed dependance that compelled him to submit to these petty vexations. He had often meditated a separation from his parents, thus to secure a riddance from a parental government and guidance that proved to him irksome in the extreme.

While revolving plans that as yet were unformed and indecisive, an incident occurred wholly unlooked for and undreamed of. A trivial circumstance one morning, occasioned a dispute in which Edward was forced to participate. Mrs. Clairwood becoming unusually excited, made several remarks highly discreditable to Edward's judgment, which drew from him, in a reply, a caustic answer, in which he intimated, too plainly perhaps, that his mother's anger for the time outstripped her reason. This irritated her to the last degree; conscious of her defect, to be rebuked for it by her own son, was more than she could bear. She vented her indignation in a torrent of the most upbraiding and reproachful language. Edward heard it, unmoved. Nothing on his part, save a flashing of and a livid paleness of countenance, gave any evidence of feeling. But they told too plainly the mood in which he listened to his mother. Mr. Clairwood sat near, and Edward cast one appealing glance towards him, as if to invoke his interposition. But he remained His inferior energy rendered him, to a great degree, subject to the domination of his wife; and, on this occasion, however convinced of its propriety, he dared not interpose. Edward caught up his hat with a hanghty gesture, and without a word, abruptly left the room. He had nearly reached the street door, when Mrs. Clairwood, in a paroxysm of rage, rushed past him, and seized his shoulder.

"Edward," said she, in a voice trembling with excitement, "Edward! you have insulted me; repent this instant! apologize! or you never darken these doors again."

"Mother," he replied calmly, "I am ready to go-apologize, I cannot."

"Go then," said Mrs. Clairwood, opening the youth, she had never learned to govern, and which, door herself. "Go, ingrate! drown yourself, if in maturer years, were almost uncontrollable. These | you will, but never let me see your face again;" sudden fits of passion were frequently excited by and with these words, the door was violently closed

ment musing with folded arms, as if irresolute, and then walked slowly on.

What a change the few last moments had effected in his condition! He found himself not a voluntary exile, but an outcast, ejected from the paternal roof, and that by a mother's hand. The sensations excited in an ordinary bosom by such circumstances would have been powerful; but to his acute sensibilities they were exquisitely, intensely painful. The strong tide of excited feeling swept through his soul, arousing and concentrating every thought, every passion upon the one engrossing, maddening idea of his expulsion from home. It touched his feelings to the quick. He could have borne ridicule, contumely, even ill-treatment, but to be driven out into the world, a wanderer, homeless, friendless, an object for scorn to point her slow unmoving finger at, plunged him into a wretchedness, that was nearly allied to desperation. He had calmly thought of leaving home; but that was honorable; to be driven from it, with a curse upon his head, was maddening. In the giddy whirl of feeling, the delirium of excitement as it were that followed, a thousand wild, incoherent ideas floated through his brain, like wave succeeding wave, each blotting out all trace of that which had preceded it.

It was a calm summer's morning. As Edward walked, the morning breeze played about his temples, and fanned his burning cheek, but in vain; the fires that lighted up his eye and sent the hectic to his cheek, were inward, to be cooled by no external application. The fragrance, wasted from a thousand opening flowers, saluted him, and the tall trees waved their tops, as if in gay carousal. The sun shone brightly and warnily on his path, but all these were unheeded. Nature, though wreathed in smiles, attracts no notice from the sick and weary soul. Edward walked more hurriedly; he had gained the open country and was crossing a bridge that was thrown across a narrow but rapid stream. tally absorbed in his reflections, unconscious of aught beside himself, he was striding hastily across it, when his step was suddenly arrested. Advancing to the side of the bridge, he leaned over the railing, and gazed abstractedly into the stream beneath. The eddying waters swept under him, reflecting the rays of the sun from their pellucid surface. A new idea seemed to flash upon his mind. The workings of his countenance and his incoherent matterings, evinced a new emotion. The last words addressed him by his mother, rang in his ear, go drown yourself, if you will.

"Ay! drown," murmured he. "This were indeed a place for that; O, that it were so! O, that it had been so ere it came to this! To die! yes, death would be indeed a blessing, for what is life ! A burthen! a bitter sting! if death then destroy that sting, or rid me of the burthen, 'twas indeed life was drawing to a sudden close. He felt that it

and locked in Edward's face. He stood for a mo- to be desired. Bright waters! would that your merry gambols were now playing o'er my bosom; would that your embrace had snatched me from this too early anguish!"

> His mutterings became more disconnected and indistinct. His head sank upon the railing, and overcome with fatigue and the intensity of feeling,

> An hour passed by, and Edward still slept. The noise made by a passing traveller disturbed his slumbers. He awoke, and pulling his cap over his eyes, hastily walked on. He was refreshed, and the agitation of his mind in some degree soothed. As he walked, reflection served to tranquillize still more his agitated feelings, and he soon ceased, to all outward appearances, to remember the scene through which he had just passed. His countenance regained its accustomed serenity, and his manner again became calm and undisturbed. The outward traces of emotion had indeed vanished, but the iron had entered his soul.

> It was on a lovely autumn morning, about four years after this event, that a small group were assembled in Mr. Clairwood's chamber. The balmy air breathed through the partly opened casement, and the merry carols of the birds in an adjoining garden made the apartment vocal with enlivening music. Beneath the window, spread out a charming landscape, whose features, thrown into light and shadow by the beam of the morning sun, rendered its beauty still more striking. Every thing wore a pleasant aspect; the very furniture in the room seemed to shine with more than its wonted lustre. The mirrors looked more dazzling, as they caught and reflected every ray that passed across their polished surface. But the brightness of all external objects, by heightening the contrast, rendered the gloom that sat upon the countenances of that group still more gloomy. Mr. Clairwood had been stretched for months upon a bed of disease and suffering, and the only change about to be wrought, was that from a bed of disease to the bed of death. He had lingered on, sustained by hope and comforted with the assurance of ultimate recovery, but a sudden change in the character of the disease, showed too plainly that the hopes were fallacious, and that the moment of his dissolution was rapidly approaching. His physician approached his bed-eide and took his hand. Mr. Clairwood unclosed his eyes, and turned them bitterly upon There were traces of sorrow in that pallid face: the furrowed cheek and wrinkled brow revealed, but too plainly, the harrowing influence of

Harassing care that plucks the roses from its cheek And plants its own dark impress in their stead.

As the physician looked, he felt that his patient's

was his duty to dispel the hope that had sustained | groves and myrtles of that sunny clime, and regishim, and bid him prepare for his final adieu to Time and his coming entrance on Eternity. "Mr. Clairwood," said he, addressing him, "I had hoped, ere this, to have seen you well, but it may be that-" "What!" exclaimed Mr. Clairwood, rising partly up, and fixing his earnest gaze on the countenance of the physician-" You may die," calmly replied the physician, finishing the sentence. Mr. Clairwood fell back upon his pillow. "It is my duty to be candid, Mr. Clairwood," he continued, "nothing can now be gained by concealing the truth; I must be candid, you have not many hours to live." "Candid," gasped the dying man, "why did you conceal it until now-My son! Why could you not have told me, that I might have seen him and have died in peace." "There is yet time," replied the physician.

A few hours after Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood were alone together. Mr. Clairwood had just awoke from a feverish and broken slumber, turning to his wife, who sat by his bedside, he inquired—" is Edward come!" "Not yet," was the reply. Mrs. Clairwood had ascertained from time to time her son's situation. He had gone to the South, and by the assistance of a friend had gained the situation of tutor in a planter's family, where he was still residing. There he was free from the petty vexations which had been once so irksome. He was free, and yet he was not happy. A tide of associations, awakened by some trifling circumstance, thoughts of home, of parents, of childhood with its sunny hours, would often sweep through his mind, creating an almost irresistible desire to re-Familiar images, scenes that were past, haunted his daylight reveries and his midnight There was every thing in his situation that could make him happy and contented. He was now arrived at man's estate; and, by honorable conduct and the exhibition of true talent, had gained the confidence and esteem of the circle in which he moved. His intelligence and refinement of manners made him unconsciously the admired of all admirers. He made no attempt to shine-he affected no brilliancy of character, but there was that about him, which attracted and retained the affections of those by whom he was surrounded. But there was one tie that bound him to that rich planter's family more firmly than the dictates of policy or interest. It was a tie that was woven about the tendrils of his heart, and which gained strength each succeeding day to bind him yet more securely. The eldest daughter of the planter, a lovely girl, confided to his care in his capacity of tutor, had repaid his instructions, not with the offering of gratitude alone, but with the warmer tribute of her love. She had been his protegè. She became his confidante, and was then his betrothed.

tered in heaven. The parents had yielded an unhesitating assent, and the day had been fixed for the consummation of their nuptials.

But there was one drawback on Edward's happiness. One poison mingled in the cap of his felicity, "Go, ingrate, go"-rang in his ears, as memory recalled the words of his mother's parting benediction, as vividly as if they had been but one day uttered.

It was evening. Edward and Lelia Granville were bending over a centre-table, on which was placed a number of engravings. They looked alternately at the engravings and at each other. Those looks were eloquent; they spoke of happiness, pure and unalloyed. Suddenly the hall bell rang violently. Before the servant had time to answer it, Edward was himself at the door. ing it, he was accosted by a man whom he did not recognize.

"Is Edward Clairwood here this evening?" said the stranger in an impatient tone.

"I am the person you seek," replied Edward.

"Good heavens, how you've grown!" replied the stranger. "I knew you once! you have strangely altered. But, well! I have no time to Your father is dying, Mr. Clairwood; he has sent me to implore you to return, if you do not, he dies in wretchedness. As you value his dying blessing, and would secure your future happiness, come immediately."

Edward's emotions may be felt, not described. He stood musing and motionless, till roused by an impatient exclamation from the messenger.

"Yes, I will go! When do you return!"

"That depends upon your promptness," was the quick reply.

"To-morrow morning, then," said Edward, " call then, you will find me ready."

And the stranger nodding his head in token of assent, mounted his carriage and drove rapidly

Edward returned to Lelia, and in a few hurried words, explained the reason of his intended absence, promising a speedy return. She entreated permission to attend him, but it was impossible. He bade adieu to the family, and before the morning's sun had risen into the heavens, he was far advanced on his journey home.

Mr. Clairwood lay on his bed. His regular but labored breathings showed that he slept. The windows of his chamber were carefully darkened, and the attendants glided noiselessly through the room. Every breath of noise was suppressed, that the slumbers of the sufferer might be unbroken. Mr. Clairwood had passed the few last hours in a state Their mutual vows of love and constancy had of feverish anxiety. The certainty of death did been long since murmured beneath the orange not alarm him. He had been for some days conhis property. He indeed awaited his fate with resignation, but it was the fear that his son would come too late, that harassed him. He had felt yearnings of tenderness towards his son, ever since his departure; but in view of death, his every thought was centered on that exiled son-exiled when it should have been his duty and his privilege to have prevented it, and be felt that he must see Edward once more, that a reconciliation must be effected, that his dying lips must pronounce his parting benediction, on his restored child, ere he could depart in peace. And the anxiety, the impatient fear with which he had awaited Edward's arrival, served to hasten the progress of his disease into a fearful rapidity; sleep had been driven from his eyelids; for what opiate could lull that anxiety, or banish that lurking fear? But a few hours now remained to him. His eye grew more dim, and his pulse beat more faintly. Exhaustion had at last thrown him into a broken slumber; a momentary rest to be shortly broken by the pangs of death, then to be succeeded by an eternal sleep.

The attendants moved noiselessly, for it was important that his slumber should be protracted as long as possible. Edward was momentarily expected; and till then, they hoped Mr. Clairwood's repose would remain uninterrupted. A carriage stopped at the door; in a moment, Edward was on the steps; and, in a moment more, clasped in the extended arms, and bedewed with the repentant tears of that mother, whose voice had, in days past, driven him in sorrow from her roof.

A consciousness of right had supported Edward, and he had prepared to see his mother with a feeling of injured pride, but that feeling vanished. Their commingled tears fell upon the record of their unhappy separation, and blotted it out forever.

With what feelings did Edward cross the threshold of his father's chamber? What a tide of associations poured back upon his mind, as he gazed once more on his father's face? That worn and pallid countenance spoke volumes; and, amid the vicissitudes of after life, its impress was vividly renewed in Edward's soul.

Mr. Clairwood heavily unclosed his eyes. They met the earnest gaze of his son.

"Is it you? You are come then at last, or do I still sleep? O, God! it is then, yes—my son"—and he fell back upon his pillow.

"Yes, father, I have come at last, come to ask forgiveness and be reconciled."

"Forgiveness, my son! Yes, I wished you to forgive me, but I feared it would be too late."

"Father, you mistake; I spoke of myself, not of you. I come not to forgive, but to seek forgiveness, at my parents' hands."

"Tis well," replied Mr. Clairwood; "but I fear the greater debt is due from me. I was just dream-

scious of his approaching dissolution, and with ing that you had come—when I awoke, thought that calmness had made the necessary disposition of I heard your voice again, and that we were friends his property. He indeed awaited his fate with re-

"Yes, father."

"Then my last and brightest dream is realized—realized to the utmost, 'tis all I ask!"

Edward could not reply, his heart was too full. The thoughts crowded too thickly up for utterance.

"Edward," continued Mr. Clairwood, "I am dying. I feel already the icy thrill of death creeping over me, and shortly, very shortly, I will be gone, beyond the reach of earthly ills and sorrows.".

"Do not talk thus, father," interrupted Edward.
"I hope that you will recover; yes, I hope that you will see many happy days yet."

"Never, my son, my hours are numbered—yet, tell me one thing, make me one promise."

"What, father ?" Edward eagerly inquired.

"That you will forget every thing that has happened: that you will love your mother, as though there had been nothing to interrupt that affection, which should ever subsist between the parent and the child. Do you promise? It is my last request."

"I do, I do," replied Edward; and, although all unused to the melting mood, his tears fell fast and warm upon his father's hand.

Mr. Clairwood lay for some moments motionless. His lips again parted as if essaying to speak; but the sounds that issued from them, were inarticulate. A gurgling noise succeeded, and a hurried gasping, as if for breath.

Edward hastily raised him, that he might breathe more freely, but in vain. Death had placed his signet on the sufferer's brow. He heaved a deep sigh, and the dreaded agony was over. Earth had claimed the tribute of his mortal body to mingle with her dust, and with that sigh the disembodied spirit had fled beyond that bourne from which no traveller returns.

Edward Clairwood redeemed the promise made to his dying father. He loved his mother with all the strength of filial affection. By the testamentary disposition of Mr. Clairwood, the greater portion of his property had been bequeathed to Edward.

Accompanied by his mother, he returned to Mr. Granville's family, elaiming the hand of his affianced (the lovely Lelia) not as once an humble unfriendly tutor, but as her equal in birth and fortune. They were married; and at this hour, in the society of her son and daughter, and in the family with which they are connected, Mrs. Clairwood finds and enjoys that unalloyed happiness and tranquillity of mind, to which, through the long morning of a troublous life, she had been an utter stranger.

S. S....

Charlottesville, April, 1843.

RHODODAPHNE; OR, THE THESSALIAN SPELL. [CONCLUDED.]

CANTO V.

Though Pity's self has made thy breast Its earthly shrine, Oh gentle maid! Shed not thy tears, where Love's last rest Is sweet beneath the cypress shade; Whence never voice of tyrant power, Nor trumpet-blast from rending skies, Nor winds that howl, nor storms that lower, Shall bid the sleeping sufferer rise. But mourn for them, who live to keep Sad strife with fortune's tempests rude; For them, who live to toil and weep In loveless, joyless solitude; Whose days consume in hope, that flies Like clouds of gold that fading float, Still watched with fondlier lingering eyes As still more dim and more remote. Oh! wisely, truly, sadly sung The bard by old Cephisus' side,* (While not with sadder, sweeter tongue, His own loved nightingale replied:) -- "Man's happiest lot is not to be; "And when we tread life's thorny steep, " Most blest are they, who, earliest free,

"Descend to death's eternal sleep."

Long, wide, and far, the youth has strayed,
Forlorn, and pale, and wild with wo,
And found no rest. His loved, lost maid,
A beauteous, sadly-smiling shade,
Is ever in his thoughts, and slow
Roll on the hopeless, aimless hours.
Sunshine, and grass, and woods, and flowers,
Rivers, and vales, and glittering homes
Of busy men, where'er he roams,
Torment his sense with contrast keen,
Of that which is, and might have been.

The mist that on the mountains high
Its transient wreath light hovering flings,
The clouds and changes of the sky,
The forms of unsubstantial things,
The voice of the tempestuous gale,
The rain-swollen torrent's turbid moan,
And every sound that seems to wail
For beauty past and hope o'erthrown,
Attemper with his wild despair;
But scarce his restless eye can bear
The hills, and rocks, and summer streams,
The things that still are what they were
When life and love were more than dreams.

It chanced, along the rugged shore, Where giant Pelion's piny steep O'erlooks the wide Ægean deep,

* Sophocles, Œd. Col. Μη φυναι τον άπαντα νικα λογον. Το δ', επει φανη, Βηνια κειθεν όθεν πεθ ήκει, Πογο δευτερον, ώς ταχιστα. This was a very favorite sentiment among the Greeks. The same thought occurs in Ecclesiastes iv. 2, 3.

He shunned the steps of humankind, Soothed by the multitudinous roar Of ocean and the ceaseless shock Of spray, high scattering from the rock In the wail of the many-wandering wind. A crew, on lawless venture bound, Such men as roam the seas around, Hearts to fear and pity strangers, Seeking gold through crimes and dangers, Sailing near, the wanderer spied. Sudden through the foaming tide, They drove to land, and on the shore Springing, they seized the youth, and bore To their black-ship, and spread again Their sails, and ploughed the billowy main.

Dark Ossa on their watery way
Looks from his robe of mist; and, gray
With many a deep and shadowy fold,
The sacred mount, Olympus old,
Appears: but where with Therma's sea
Penëus mingles tranquilly,
They anchor with the closing light
Of day, and through the moonless night
Propitious to their lawless toil,
In silent bands they prowl for spoil.

Ere morning dawns, they crowd on board;
And to their vessel's secret hoard
With many a costly robe they pass,
And vase of silver, gold, and brass.
A young maid too their hands have torn
From her maternal home, to mourn
Afar, to some rude master sold,
The crimes and woes that spring from gold.
"There sit!"— cried one in rugged tone,—

- "Beside that boy. A well-matched pair
- "Ye seem, and will, I doubt not, bear,
- "In our good port, a value rare.
- "There sit, but not to wail and moan:
- "The lyre, which in those fingers fair
- "We leave, whose sound through night's thick shade
- "To unwished ears thy haunt bewrayed,
- "Strike; for the lyre, by beauty played,
- "To glad the hearts of men was made."-

The damsel by Anthemion's side Sate down upon the deck. The tide Blushed with the deepening light of morn. A pitying look the youth forlorn Turned on the maiden. Can it be? Or does his sense play false? Too well He knows that radiant form. 'Tis she, The magic maid of Thessaly. 'Tis Rhododaphne! By the spell, That ever round him dwelt, opprest, He bowed his head upon his breast, And o'er his eyes his hand he drew, That fatal beauty's sight to shun. Now from the orient heaven the sun Had clothed the eastward waves with fire: Right from the west the fair breeze blew:

The full sails swelled, and sparkling through

The sounding sea the vessel flew;
With wine and copious cheer the crew
Caroused: the damsel o'er the lyre
Her rapid fingers lightly flung,
And thus, with feigned obedience, sung.

-" The Nereid's home is calm and bright,

"The ocean-depths below,

"Where liquid streams of emerald light

"Through caves of coral flow.

"She has a lyre of silver strings

"Framed on a pearly shell,

"And sweetly to that lyre she sings

"The shipwrecked seaman's knell.

"The ocean-snake in sleep she binds;

"The dolphins round her play:

"His purple conch the Triton winds

"Responsive to the lay:

"Proteus and Phoreys, sea-gods old,

"Watch by her coral cell,

"To hear, on watery echoes rolled,

"The shipwrecked seaman's knell."

"Cease!"-cried the chief in accents rude-

"From songs like these mishap may rise.

"Thus far have we our course pursued

"With smiling seas and cloudless skies.

"From wreck and tempest, omen's ill,

"Forbear; and sing, for well I deem

"Those pretty lips possess the skill,

"Some ancient tale of happier theme;

"Some legend of imperial Jove,

"In uncouth shapes disguised by love;

"Or Hercules, and his hard toils;

"Or Mercury, friend of craft and spoils;

"Or Jove-born Bacchus, whom we prize,

"O'er all the Olympian deities."—

He said, and drained the bowl. The crew With long coarse laugh applauded. Fast With sparkling keel the vessel flew, For there was magic in the breeze That urged her through the sounding seas. By Chanastræum's point they past, And Ampelos. Gray Athos, vast, With woods far-stretching to the sea, Was full before them, while the maid Again her lyre's wild strings assayed, In notes of bolder melody:

- —" Bacchus by the lonely ocean "Stood in youthful semblance fair:
- "Summer winds, with gentle motion,
- "Waved his black and curling hair.
- "Streaming from his manly shoulders
- "Robes of gold and purple dye
- "Told of spoil to fierce beholders
- "In their black ship sailing by.
- "On the vessel's deck they placed him
- "Strongly bound in triple bands;
- "But the iron rings that braced him
- "Melted, wax-like, from his hands.
- "Then the pilot spake in terror:

- "-"Tis a god in mortal form!
- "'Seek the land; repair your error
- " 'Ere his wrath invoke the storm.'-
- "- Silence!'-cried the frowning master,-
- " 'Mind the helm: the breeze is fair:
- " 'Coward! cease to bode disaster:
- "'Leave to men the captive's care.'-
- "While he speaks and fiercely tightens
- "In the full free breeze the sail.
- "From the deck wine bubbling lightens,
- "Winy fragrance fills the gale.
- "Gurgling in ambrosial lustre
- "Flows the purple-eddying wine:
- "O'er the yard-arms trail and cluster
- "Tendrils of the mantling vine:
- "Grapes, beneath the broad leaves springing,
- "Blushing as in vintage-hours,
- "Droop, while round the tall mast clinging
- "Ivy twines its buds and flowers,
- "Fast with graceful berries blackening:-
- "Garlands hang on every oar:
- "Then in fear the cordage slackening,
- "One and all they cry,—'To shore!'—
- "Bacchus changed his shape, and glaring
- "With a lion's eyeballs wide,
- "Roared: the pirate-crew, despairing,
- "Plunged amid the foaming tide.
- "Through the azure depths they flitted
- "Dolphins by transforming fate:
- "But the god the pilot pitied,
- "Saved, and made him rich and great."-

The crew laid by their cups, and frowned. A stern rebuke the leader gave.
With arrowy speed the ship went round
Nymphæum. To the ocean-wave
The mountain-forest sloped, and cast
O'er the white surf its massy shade.
They heard, so near the shore they past,
The hollow sound the sea-breeze made,
As those primeval trees it swayed.

"Curse on thy songs!"—the leader cried,—

"False tales of evil augury!"—
—"Well hast thou said,"—the maid replied,—

"They augur ill to thine and thee."—
She rose, and loosed her radiant hair,
And raised her golden lyre in air.
The lyre, beneath the breeze's wings,
As if a spirit swept the strings,
Breathed airy music, sweet and strange,
In many a wild fantastic change,
Most like a daughter of the Sun*

* The children of the Sun were known by the aplendor of their eyes and hair. Πασα γαρ ηκλιου γεκεη αριδηλος ιδεσθαι Ητον εκει βλεφαρων αποτηλοθι μαρμαρυγησιν Οίον εκ χρυστων αντωπιον ίεσαν αιγλην. Apollonius, IV. 727. And in the Orphic Argonautics Circe is thus described:—εκ δ'αρα παντες θαμβεον ειςδροωντες' απο κρατος γαρ εθειραι Πυρσαις ακτινεσσιν αλιγκιοι ηωρηντο. Στελβε δε καλα προςωπα, φλογος δ'απελαμπεν αθτηη.

She stood: her eyes all radiant shone With beams unutterably bright; And her long tresses, loose and light, As on the playful breeze they rolled, Flamed with rays of burning gold. His wondering eyes Anthemion raised Upon the maid: the seamen gazed In fear and strange suspense, amazed.

From the forest-depths profound Breathes a low and sullen sound: "Tis the woodland spirit's sigh, Ever heard when storms are nigh. On the shore the surf that breaks With the rising breezes makes More tumultuous harmony. Louder yet the breezes sing; Round and round, in dizzy ring, Sca-birds scream on restless wing: Pine and cedar creak and swing To the sea-blasts murmuring. Far and wide on sand and shingle Eddying breakers boil and mingle; Beetling cliff and caverned rock Roll around the echoing shock, Where the spray, like snow-dust whirled, High in vapory wreaths is hurled.

Clouds on clouds, in volumes driven, Curtain round the vault of heaven. -" To shore! to shore!"—the seamen cry. The damsel waved her lyre on high, And to the powers that ruled the sea It whispered notes of witcherv. Swifter than the lightning-flame The sudden breath of the whirlwind came. Round at once in its mighty sweep The vessel whirled on the whirling deep. Right from shore the driving gale Bends the mast and swells the sail: Loud the foaming ocean raves: Through the mighty waste of waves Speeds the vessel swift and free, Like a meteor of the sea.

Day is ended. Darkness shrouds
The shoreless seas and lowering clouds.
Northward now the tempest blows:
Fast and far the vessel goes:
Crouched on deck the seamen lie;
One and all, with charmed eye.
On the magic maid they gaze:
Nor the youth with less amaze
Looks upon her radiant form
Shining by the golden beams
Of her refulgent hair, that streams
Like waving star-light on the storm;
And hears the vocal blast that rings
Among her lyre's enchanted strings.

Onward, onward flies the bark, Through the billows wild and dark. From her prow the spray she hurls; O'er her stern the big wave curls; Fast before the impetuous wind She flies-the wave bursts far behind. Onward, onward flies the bark, Through the raging billows: - Hark! 'Tis the stormy surge's roar On the Ægean's northern shore. Tow'rds the rocks, through surf and surge, The destined ship the wild winds urge. High on one gigantic wave She swings in air. From rock and cave A long loud wail of fate and fear Rings in the hopeless seaman's ear. Forward, with the breaker's dash, She plunges on the rock. The crash Of the dividing bark, the roar Of waters bursting on the deck, Are in Anthemion's ear: no more He hears or sees: but round his neck Are closely twined the silken rings Of Rhododaphne's glittering hair, And round him her bright arms she flings, And cinctured thus in loveliest bands The charmed waves in safety bear The youth and the enchantress fair, And leave them on the golden sands.

CANTO VI.

Hast thou, in some safe retreat, Waked and watched, to hear the roar Of breakers on the wind-swept shore? Go forth at morn. The waves, that beat Still rough and white when blasts are o'er, May wash, all ghastly, to thy feet Some victim of the midnight storm. From that drenched garb and pallid form Shrink not: but fix thy gaze, and see Thy own congenial destiny. For him, perhaps, an anxious wife On some far coast o'erlooks the wave: A child, unknowing of the strife Of elements, to whom he gave His last fond kiss, is at her breast: The skies are clear, the seas at rest Before her, and the hour is nigh Of his return: but black the sky To him, and fierce the hostile main, Have been. He will not come again. But yesterday, and life, and health, And hope, and love, and power, and wealth, Were his: to-day, in one brief hour, Of all his wealth, of all his power, He saved not, on his shattered deck, A plank, to wast him from the wreck. Now turn away, and dry thy tears, And build long schemes for distant years! Wreck is not only on the sea. The warrior dies in victory: The ruin of his natal roof O'erwhelms the sleeping man: the hoof Of his prized steed has struck with fate

The horseman in his own home gate: The feast and mantling bowl destroy The sensual in the hour of joy. The bride from her paternal porch Comes forth among her maids: the torch, That led at morn the nuptial choir, Kindles at night her funeral pyre. Now turn away, indulge thy dreams, And build for distant years thy schemes!

On Thracia's coast the morn was grey. Anthemion, with the opening day, From deep entrancement on the sands Stood up. The magic maid was there Beside him on the shore. Her hands Still held the golden lyre: her hair In all its long luxuriance hung Unringleted, and glittering bright With briny drops of diamond light: Her thin wet garments lightly clung Around her form's rare symmetry. Like Venus risen from the sea She seemed: so beautiful: and who With mortal sight such form could view, And deem that evil lurked beneath? Who could approach those starry eyes, Those dewy coral lips, that breathe Ambrosial fragrance, and that smile In which all Love's Elysium lies, Who this could see, and dream of guile, And brood on wrong and wrath the while! If there be one, who ne'er has felt Resolve, and doubt, and anger melt, Like vernal night-frosts, in one beam Of Beauty's sun, 'twere vain to deem, Between the Muse and him could be A link of human sympathy.

Fain would the youth his lips unclose In keen reproach for all his woes And his Calliroë's doom. In vain: For closer now the magic chain Of the inextricable spell Involved him, and his accents fell Perplexed, confused, inaudible. And so awhile he stood. At length, In painful tones, that gathered strength With feeling's faster flow, he said: -"What would'st thou with me, fatal maid!

- "That ever thus, by land and sea,
- "Thy dangerous beanty follows me ?"-She speaks in gentle accents low,

While dim thro' tears her bright eyes move: -" Thou askest what thou well dost know;

- "I love thee, and I seek thy love."-
- "-My love! It sleeps in dust for ever
- "Within my lost Calliroë's tomb:
- "The smiles of living beauty never
- " May my soul's darkness re-illume.
- "We grew together, like twin flowers,
- "Whose opening buds the same dews cherish;

- "And one is reft, ere noon-tide hours,
- "Violently; one remains, to perish
- "By slow decay; as I remain.
- "Even now, to move and breathe in vain.
- "The late, false love, that worldlings learn,
- "When hearts are hard, and thoughts are stern,
- "And feelings dull, and Custom's rule
- "Omnipotent, that love may cool,
- "And waste, and change: but this-which flings
- "Round the young soul its tendril rings,
- "Strengthening their growth and grasp with years,
- "Till habits, pleasures, hopes, smiles, tears,
- "All modes of thinking, feeling, seeing,
- "Of two congenial spirits, blend
- "In one inseparable being,-
- "Deem'st thou this love can change or end!
- "There is no eddy on the stream,
- "No bough that light winds bend and toss,
- "No chequering of the sunny beam
- "Upon the woodland moss,
- "No star in evening's sky, no flower
- "Whose beauty odorous breezes stir,
- "No sweet bird singing in the bower,
- "Nay, not the rustling of a leaf,
- "That does not nurse and feed my grief
- "By wakening thoughts of her.
- "All lovely things a place possessed
- "Of love in my Calliroë's breast:
- "And from her purer, gentler spirit,
- "Did mine the love and joy inherit,
- "Which that blest maid around her threw.
- "With all I saw, and felt, and knew, "The image of Calliroë grew,
- "Till all the beauty of the earth
- "Seemed as to her it owed its birth,
- "And did but many forms express
- "Of her reflected loveliness.
- "The sunshine and the air seemed less
- "The sources of my life: and how
- "Was she torn from me! Earth is now
- "A waste, where many echoes tell
- "Only of her I loved—how well
- "Words have no power to speak:—and thou—
- "Gather the rose-leaves from the plain
- "Where faded and defiled they lie,
- "And close them in their bud again,
- "And bid them to the morning sky
- "Spread lovely as at first they were:
- "Or from the oak the ivy tear,
- "And wreath it round another tree
- "In vital growth: then turn to me,
- "And bid my spirit cling on thee,
- "As on my lost Calliroë!"—
- -" The Genii of the earth, and sea,
- "And air, and fire, my mandates hear.
- " Even the dread Power, thy Ladon's fear,
- "Arcadian Dæmogorgon, knows*
- * "The dreaded name of Dæmogorgon" is familiar to every reader, in Milton's enumeration of the Powers of Chaos. Mythological writers in general afford but little in-

- "My voice: the ivy or the rose,
- "Though torn and trampled on the plain,
- "May rise, unite, and bloom again,
- "If on his aid I call: thy heart
- "Alone resists and mocks my art."-
- -" Why lov'st thou me, Thessalian maid?
- "Why hast thou, cruel beauty, torn
- "Asunder two young hearts, that played
- "In kindred unison so blest,
- "As they had filled one single breast
- "From life's first opening morn?
- "Why lov'st thou me? The kings of earth
- " Might kneel to charms and power like thine:
- "But I, a youth of shepherd birth-
- " As well the stately mountain-pine
- "Might coil around the eglantine,
- "As thou thy radiant being twine
- "Round one so low, so lost as mine."
 - -" Sceptres and crowns, vain signs that move
- "The souls of slaves, to me are toys.
- "I need but love: I seek but love:
- "And long, amid the heartless noise
- "Of cities, and the woodland peace
- " Of vales, through all the scenes of Greece
- "I sought the fondest and the fairest
- "Of Grecian youths, my love to be:
- "And such a heart and form thou bearest,
- "And my soul sprang at once to thee,
- "Like an arrow to its destiny.
- "Yet shall my lips no spell repeat,
- "To bid thy heart responsive beat
- "To mine: thy love's spontaneous smile,
- "Nor forced by power, nor won by guile,
- "I claim: but yet a little while,
- "And we no more may meet.
- "For I must find a dreary home,
- "And thou, where'er thou wilt, shalt roam:
- "But should one tender thought awake
- "Of Rhododaphne, seek the cell,
- "Where she dissolved in tears doth dwell
- "Of blighted hope, and she will take

formation concerning this terrible Divinity. He is incidentally mentioned in several places by Natalis Comes, who says, in treating of Pan, that Pronapides, in his Protocosmus, makes Pan and the three sister Fates the offspring of Demogorgon. Boccaccio, in a Latin treatise on the Genealogy of the Gods, gives some account of him on the authority of Theodotion and Pronapides. He was the Genius of the Earth, and the Sovereign Power of the Terrestrial Deemons. He dwelt originally with Eternity and Chaos. till, becoming weary of inaction, he organized the chaotic elements, and surrounded the earth with the heavens. In addition to Pan and the Fates, his children were Uranus, Titæa, Pytho, Eris, and Erebus. This awful Power was so sacred among the Arcadians, that it was held impious to pronounce his name. The impious, however, who made less scruple about pronouncing it, are said to have found it of great virtue in magical incantations. He has been supposed to be a philosophical emblem of the principle of vegetable life. The silence of mythologists concerning him, can only be attributed to their veneration for his "dreaded name;" a proof of genuine piety which must be pleasing to our contemporary Pagans, for some such there are.

- "The wanderer to her breast, and make
- "Such flowers of bliss around him blow,
- "As kings would yield their thrones to know."
 - "It must not be. The air is laden
- "With sweetness from thy presence born:
- "Music and light are round thee, maiden,
- "As round the Virgin Power of Morn:
- "I feel, I shrink beneath, thy beauty:
- "But love, truth, wo, remembrance, duty,
- "All point against thee, though arrayed
- "In charms whose power no heart could shun
- "That ne'er had loved another maid
- "Or any but that loveliest one,
- "Who now, within my bosom's void,
- "A sad pale shade, by thee destroyed,
- " Forbids all other love to bind
- "My soul: thine least of womankind."— Faltering and faint his accents broke,

As these concluding words he spoke

As those concluding words he spoke.

No more she said, but sadly smiled,

And took his hand; and like a child

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He followed her. All waste and wild,

A pathless moor before them lies.

Beyond, long chains of mountains rise:

Their summits with eternal snow

Are crowned: vast forests wave below,

And stretch, with ample slope and sweep,

Down to the moorlands and the deep.

Human dwelling see they none,

Save one cottage, only one,

Manager only one;

Mossy, mildewed, frail, and poor, Even as human home can be,

Where the forest skirts the moor.

By the inhospitable sea.

There, in tones of melody,

Sweet and clear as Dian's voice

Sweet and clear as Dian's voice

When the rocks and woods rejoice

In her steps the chase impelling,

Rhododaphne, pausing, calls.

Echo answers from the walls:

Mournful response, vaguely telling

Of a long-deserted dwelling.

Twice her lips the call repeat,

Tuneful summons, thrilling sweet.

Still the same sad accents follow,

Cheerless echo, faint and hollow.

Nearer now, with curious gaze,

The youth that lonely cot surveys.

Long grass chokes the path before it,

Twining ivy mantles o'er it,

On the low roof blend together

Beds of moss and stains of weather,

Flowering weeds that trail and cluster,

Scaly lichen, stone-crops lustre,

All confused in radiance mellow,

Red, grey, green, and golden yellow.

Idle splendor! gleaming only

Over ruins rude and lonely,

When the cold hearth-stone is shattered,

When the ember-dust is scattered,

When the grass that chokes the portal Bends not to the tread of mortal.

The maiden dropped Anthemion's hand, And forward, with a sudden bound, She sprung. He saw the door expand, And close, and all was silence round, And loneliness: and forth again She came not. Until within this hour, To him a burthen, and a chain, Had been her beauty and her power: But now, thus suddenly forsaken, In those drear solitudes, though yet His early love remained unshaken, He felt within his breast awaken A sense of something like regret.

But he pursued her not: his love,
His murdered love, such step forbade.
He turned his doubtful feet, to rove
Amid that forest's maze of shade.
Beneath the matted boughs, that made
A noonday twilight, he espied
No trace of man; and far and wide
Through fern and tangling briar he strayed,
Till toil, and thirst, and hunger weighed
His nature down, and cold and drear
Night came, and no relief was near.

But now at once his steps emerge
Upon the forest's moorland verge,
Beside the white and sounding surge.
For in one long self-circling track,
His mazy path had led him back,
To where that cottage old and lone
Had stood: but now to him unknown
Was all the scene. Mid gardens, fair
With trees and flowers of fragrance rare,
A rich and ample pile was there,
Glittering with myriad lights, that shone
Far-streaming through the dusky air.

With hunger, toil, and weariness,
Outworn, he cannot choose but pass
Tow'rds that fair pile. With gentle stress
He strikes the gate of polished brass.
Loud and long the portal rings,
As back with swift recoil it swings,
Disclosing wide a vaulted hall,
With many columns bright and tall
Encircled. Throned in order round,
Statues of dæmons and of kings
Between the marble columns frowned
With seeming life: each throne beside,
Two humbler statues stood, and raised
Each one a silver lamp, that wide
With many-mingling radiance blazed.

High reared on one surpassing throne, A brazen image sate alone, A dwarfish shape, of wrinkled brow, With sceptered hand and crowned head. No sooner did Anthemion's tread The echoes of the hall awake,

Than up that image rose, and spake, As from a trumpet :- "What would'st thou?"-Anthemion, in amaze and dread, Replied:-"With toil and hunger worn, "I seek but food, and rest till morn."-The image spake again, and said: -- "Enter: fear not; thou art free "To my best hospitality."-Spontaneously, an inner door Unclosed. Anthemion from the hall Passed to a room of state, that wore Aspect of destined festival. Of fragrant cedar was the floor, And round the light-pilastered wall, Curtains of crimson and of gold Hung down in many a gorgeous fold. Bright lamps, through that apartment gay Adorned like Cytherea's bowers With vases filled with odorous flowers, Diffused an artificial day. A banquet's sumptuous order there, In long array of viands rare, Fruits, and ambrosial wine, was spread. A golden boy, in semblance fair Of actual life, came forth, and led Anthemion to a couch, beside That festal table, canopied With cloth by subtlest Tyrian dyed, And ministered the feast: the while, Invisible harps symphonious wreathed Wild webs of soul-dissolving sound. And voices, alternating round, Songs, as of choral maidens, breathed. Now to the brim the boy filled up With sparkling wine a crystal cup, Anthemion took the cup, and quaffed, With reckless thirst, the enchanted draught. That instant came a voice divine, A maiden voice :- "Now art thou mine!"-The golden boy is gone. The song And the symphonious harps no more Their Siren minstrelsy prolong. One crimson curtain waves before His sight, and opens. From its screen, The nymph of more than earthly mien, The magic maid of Thessaly, Came forth, her tresses loosely streaming, Her eyes with dewy radiance beaming, Her form all grace, and symmetry, In silken vesture light and free As if the woof were air, she came, And took his hand, and called his name. " Now art thou mine!"-again she cried,-" My love's indissoluble chain "Has found thee in that goblet's tide, "And thou shalt wear my flower again,"-She said, and in Anthemion's breast She placed the laurel-rose: her arms She twined around him, and imprest

Her lips on his, and fixed on him

Fond looks of passionate love: her charms With tenfold radiance on his sense Shone through the studied negligence Of her light vesture. His eyes swim With dizziness. The lamps grow dim, And tremble, and expire. No more. Darkness is there, and Mystery:

And Silence keeps the golden key Of Beauty's bridal door.

CANTO VII.

First, fairest, best, of powers supernal, Love waved in heaven his wings of gold, And from the depths of Night eternal, Black Erebus, and Chaos old, Bade light, and life, and beauty rise Harmonious from the dark disguise Of elemental discord wild, Which he had charmed and reconciled. Love first in social bonds combined The scattered tribes of humankind, And bade the wild race cease to roam, And learn the endearing name of home. From Love the sister arts began, That charm, adorn, and soften man. To Love the feast, the dance, belong, The temple-rite, the choral song; All feelings that refine and bless, All kindness, sweetness, gentleness. Him men adore, and gods admire, Of delicacy, grace, desire, Persuasion, bliss, the bounteous sire; In hopes, and toils, and pains, and fears, Sole dryer of our human tears; Chief ornament of heaven, and king Of earth, to whom the world doth sing One chorus of accordant pleasure, Of which he taught and leads the measure. He kindles in the inmost mind One lonely flame—for once—for one— A vestal fire, which, there enshrined, Lives on, till life itself be done. All other fires are of the earth, And transient: but of heavenly birth Is Love's first flame, which howsoever Fraud, power, wo, chance, or fate may sever, From its congenial source, must burn Unquenched, but in the funeral urn.

And thus Anthemion knew and felt,
As in that palace on the wild,
By dæmon art adorned, he dwelt
With that bright nymph, who ever smiled
Refulgent as the summer mora
On eastern ocean newly born.
Though oft, in Rhododaphne's sight,
A phrensied feeling of delight,
With painful admiration mixed
Of her surpassing beauty, came
Upon him, yet of earthly flame

That passion was. Even as betwirt
The night-clouds transient lightnings play,
Those feeling came and passed away,
And left him lorn. Calliroë ever
Pursued him like a bleeding shade,
Nor all the magic nymph's endeavor
Could from his constant memory sever
The image of that dearer maid.

Yet all that love and art could do
The enchantress did. The pirate-crew
Her power had snatched from death, and pent
Awhile in ocean's bordering caves,
To be her ministers and slaves:
And there, by murmured spells, she sent
On all their shapes fantastic change.
In many an uncouth form and strange,
Grim dwarf, or bony Æthiop tall,
They plied, throughout the enchanted hall,
Their servile ministries, or sate
Gigantic mastiffs in the gate,
Or stalked around the garden-dells
In lion-guise, gaunt sentinels.

And many blooming youths and maids,
A joyous Bacchanalian train,
(That mid the rocks and piny shades
Of mountains, through whose wild domain
Eagrian Hebrus, swift and cold,
Impels his waves o'er sands of gold,
Their orgies led) by secret force
Of her far-scattered spells compell'd,
With song, and dance, and shout, their course
Tow'rds that enchanted dwelling held.

Oft, 'mid those palace-gardens fair, The beauteous nymph (her radiant hair With mingled oak and vine-leaves crowned) Would grasp the thyrsus ivy-bound, And fold, her festal vest around, The Bacchic nebris, leading thus The swift and dizzy thiasus: And as she moves, in all her charms, With springing feet and flowing arms, 'Tis strange in one fair shape to see How many forms of grace can be. The youths and maids, her beauteous train, Follow fast in sportive ring, Some the torch and mystic cane, Some the vine-bough, brandishing; Some, in giddy circlets fleeting, The Corobantic timbrel beating: Maids, with silver flasks advancing, Pour the wine's red-sparkling tide, Which youths, with heads recumbent dancing, Catch in goblets as they glide: All upon the odorous air Lightly toss their leafy hair, Ever singing, as they move, -" Io Bacchus! son of Jove!"-And oft, the Bacchic fervors ending, Among those garden-bowers they stray,

Dispersed, where fragrant branches blending

Exclude the sun's meridian ray, Or on some thymy bank repose, By which a tinkling rivulet flows, Where birds, on each o'ershadowing spray, Make music through the live-long day. The while, in one sequestered cave, Where roses round the entrance wave, And jasmine sweet and clustering vine With flowers and grapes the arch o'ertwine, Anthemion and the nymph recline, While in the sunny space, before The cave, a fountain's lucid store Its crystal column shoots on high, And bursts, like showery diamonds flashing. So falls, and with melodious dashing Shakes the small pool. A youth stands by, A tuneful rhapsodist, and sings, Accordant to his changeful strings, High strains of ancient poesy. And oft her golden lyre she takes, And such transcendant strains awakes, Such floods of melody, as steep Anthemion's sense in bondage deep Of passionate admiration: still Combining with intenser skill The charm that holds him now, whose bands May ne'er be loosed by mortal hands.

And oft they rouse with clamorous chace
The forest, urging wide and far
Through glades and dells the sylvan war.
Satyrs and Fauns would start around,
And through their ferny dingles bound,
To see that nymph, all life and grace
And radiance, like the huntress-queen,
With sandaled feet and vest of green,
In her soft fingers grasp the spear,
Hang on the track of flying deer,
Shout to the dogs as fast they sweep
Tumultuous down the woodland steep,
And hurl, along the tainted air,
The javelin from her streaming hair.

The bath, the dance, the feast's array, And sweetest rest, conclude the day. And 'twere most witching to disclose, Were there such power in mortal numbers, How she would charm him to repose, And gaze upon his troubled slumbers, With looks of fonder love, than ever Pale Cynthia on Endymion cast, While her forsaken chariot passed O'er Caria's many-winding river. The love she bore him was a flame So strong, so total, so intense, That no desire beside might claim Dominion in her thought or sense. The world had nothing to bestow On her: for wealth and power were her's: The dæmons of the earth (that know The beds of gems and fountain-springs Of undiscovered gold, and where,

In subterranean sepulchres The memory of whose place doth bear No vestige, long-forgotten kings Sit gaunt on monumental thrones. With massy pearls and costly stones Hanging on their half-mouldered bones,) Were slaves to her. The fears and cares Of feebler mortals-Want, and Wo, His daughter, and their mutual child. Remorseless Crime,—keen Wrath, that tears The breast of Hate unreconciled,-Ambition's spectral goad,—Revenge, That finds in consummation food To nurse anew her hydra brood,-Shame, Misery's sister,-dread of change, The bane of wealth and worldly might,-She knew not: Love alone, like ocean, Filled up with one unshared emotion Her soul's capacity: but right And wrong she recked not of, nor owned A law beyond her soul's desire; And from the hour that first enthroned Anthemion in her heart, the fire, That burned within her, like the force Of floods swept with it in its course All feelings that might barriers prove To her illimitable love.

Thus, wreathed with ever-varying flowers, Went by the purple-pinioned hours; Till once, returning from the wood And woodland chace, at evening-fall, Anthemion and the enchantress stood Within the many-columned hall, Alone. They looked around them. Where Are all those youths and maidens fair, Who followed them but now! On high She waves her lyre. Its murmurs die Tremulous. They come not whom she calls. Why starts she? Wherefore does she throw Around the youth her arms of snow, With passion so intense, and weep ? What mean those murmurs, sad and low, That like sepulchral echoes creep Along the marble walls? Her breath is short and quick; and, dim With tears, her eyes are fixed on him: Her lips are quivering and apart : He feels the fluttering of her heart: Her face is pale. He cannot shun Her fear's contagion. Tenderly He kissed her lips in sympathy, And said :- "What ails thee, lovely one !" Low, trembling, faint, her accents fall:-

Low, trembling, faint, her accents fall:—

"Look round: what seest thou in the hall!"—

Anthemion looked, and made return:

- -" The statues, and the lamps that burn:
- "No more."-" Yet look again, where late
- "The solitary image sate,
- "The monarch-dwarf. Dost thou not see
- "An image there which should not be?"--

Even as she bade he looked again:
From his high throne the dwarf was gone.
Lo! there, as in the Thespian fane,
Uranian Love! His bow was bent:
The arrow to its head was drawn;
His frowning brow was fixed intent
On Rhododaphne. Scarce did rest
Upon that form Anthemion's view,
When, sounding shrill, the arrow flew,
And lodged in Rhododaphne's breast.
It was not Love's own shaft, the giver
Of life and joy and tender flame;
But, borrowed from Apollo's quiver,
The death-directed arrow came.

Long, slow, distinct in each stern word, A sweet deep-thrilling voice was heard;
—"With impious spells hast thou profaned "My altars; and all-ruling Jove,
"Though late, yet certain, has unchained "The vengeance of Uranian Love!"—"

The marble palace burst asunder,
Riven by subterranean thunder.
Sudden clouds around them rolled,
Lucid vapour, fold on fold.
Then Rhododaphne closer prest
Anthemion to her bleeding breast,
As, in his arms upheld, her head
All languid on his neck reclined;
And in the curls, that overspread
His cheek, her temple-ringlets twined:
Her dim eyes drew, with fading sight,
From his their last reflected light,
And on his lips, as nature failed,
Her lips their last sweet sigbs exhaled.

—" Farewell!" she said—" another bride "The partner of thy days must be;

"But do not hate my memory:

"And build a tomb, by Ladon's tide,

"To her, who, false in all beside,

"Was but too true in loving thee!"-

The quivering earth beneath them stirred. In dizzy trance upon her bosom
He fell, as falls a wounded bird
Upon a broken rose's blossom.

What sounds are in Anthemion's ear?
It is the lark that carols clear,
And gentle waters murmuring near.
He lifts his head: the new-born day
Is round him, and the sun-beams play
On silver eddies. Can it be?
The stream he loved in infancy?
The hills? the Aphrodisian grove?
The fields that knew Calliroë's love?
And those two sister trees, are they

* The late but certain vengeance of the gods, occurs in many forms as a sentence among the classical writers; and is the subject of an interesting dialogue, among the moral works of Plutarch, which concludes with the fable of Thespesius, a very remarkable prototype of the Inferno of Dante.

And answer unrequired, and smi Through such sweet tears as blispesius, a very remarkable prototype of the Inferno of Dante.

The cedar and the poplar gray,
That shade old Pheidon's door? Alas!
Sad vision now! Does Phantasy
Play with his troubled sense, made dull
By many griefs? He does not dream:
It is his own Arcadian stream,
The fields, the hills: and on the grass,
The dewy grass of Ladon's vale,
Lies Rhododaphne, cold and pale,
But even in death most beautiful:
And there, in mournful silence by her,
Lies on the ground her golden lyre

Lies on the ground her golden lyre. He knelt beside her on the ground: On her pale face and radiant hair He fixed his eyes, in sorrow drowned. That one so gifted and so fair, All light and music, thus should be Quenched like a night-star suddenly, Might move a stranger's tears; but he Had known her love; such love, as yet Never could heart that knew forget! He thought not of his wrongs. Alone Her love and loveliness possest His memory, and her fond cares, shewn In seeking, nature's empire through, Devices ever rare and new, To make him calm and blest. Two maids had loved him; one, the light Of his young soul, the morning star Of life and love; the other, bright As are the noon-tide skies, when far The vertic sun's fierce radiance burns; The world had been too brief to prove The measure of each single love: Yet, from this hour, forlorn, bereft, Companionless, where'er he turns, Of all that love on earth is left No trace but their cinereal urns.

But Pheidon's door unfolds; and who Comes forth in beauty? Oh! 'tis she, Herself, his own Calliroë! And in that burst of blest surprise, Like Lethe's self upon his brain Oblivion of all grief and pain Descends, and tow'rds her path he flies. The maiden knew Her love, and flew To meet him, and her dear arms threw Around his neck, and wept for bliss, And on his lips impressed a kiss He had not dared to give. The spell Was broken now, that gave before Not death, but magic slumber. More The closing measure needs not tell. Love, wonder, transport wild and high, Question that waited not reply, And answer unrequired, and smiles Through such sweet tears as bliss beguiles, Fixed, mutual looks of long delight.

And promise never more to roam, Were theirs. Old Pheidon from his home Came forth, to share their joy, and bless Their love, and all was happiness.

But when the maid Anthemion led To where her beauteous rival slept The long last sleep, on earth dispread, And told her tale, Calliroë wept Sweet tears for Rhododaphne's doom; For in her heart a voice was heard: -"'Twas for Anthemion's love she erred!"--They built by Ladon's banks a tomb; And when the funeral pyre had burned, With seemly rites they there inurned The ashes of the enchantress fair; And sad sweet verse they traced, to show That youth, love, beauty, slept below: And bade the votive marble bear The name of Rhopodaphne. There The laurel-rose luxuriant sprung, And in its boughs her lyre they hung, And often, when, at evening hours, They decked the tomb with mournful flowers, The lyre upon the twilight breeze Would pour mysterious symphonies.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM. FOUNDATION OF THE ORDER.

Although it has been stated by Raffaele Valaterreno, and many other writers, that the Order of the Hospitallers existed long prior to the Christian era, yet, after an attentive perusal of the reasons which they have adduced to prove their assertion, we do not think it correct. Terteferrata, a Maltese, whose family was ennobled by the Grand-Master Lascaris, remarks, that we might as well believe the ancient Egyptian fables to be true, or the Chinese, when they assert that their chronology is coeval with the creation, as that this institution was known before the spring of 1099. This Order can boast of no greater antiquity, than that which seven centuries will give it. And this age is sufficiently honorable; for though the earliest Monks were pious and charitable men, still they were ignorant, and have left records behind them which are very imperfect. Often do we find ourselves obliged to trust to tradition for portions of their history, which would not now be the case had there been any literary men among them. Fortunate it is, that in after ages, persons were found in their ranks, who, born of noble parents, and graduates of the first colleges in Europe, were in every respect worthy of describing their deeds. Periods there were, when the convent was as much known as a school of letters, as it was of arms, and when many Knights were as much distinguished for their learned writings, as they were for their daring exploits in Paynim war. We will name but four of

the most prominent, who enjoyed this honorable distinction. Boisgelin and Vertot, Abela and Bosio.* Had these men lived in another age, possessed a greater field for their labors, and published their works in the English language, they would now rank with a Robertson, a Gibbon, or Hume in the old world, and with an Irving, a Bancroft, or a Prescott in our own.

But to continue with our subject. Where, in looking over the history of the times in which he lived, may we find a man whose actions are more worthy of our remembrance, than were those of Gerard, the pious founder of the Order of St. John ! Although seven centuries have passed away since his decease, and though the marble which covered his remains has for ages been crumbled into dust, still his benevolent character is known, and his Christian deeds more lasting than his monument, are now the subject of remark, and calling forth praises to his memory. Leaving his native town in Italy,† where, with his title, he enjoyed a high rank, and with his fortune, every comfort, we find him a willing exile for life in a heathen land, and for a long time a solitary star among a nation of infidels. Gerard looked not to an earthly notoriety, or to worldly honors to repay him for his trials, privations, and sufferings. He was influenced by higher motives, and governed by far different feelings. Never could this worthy Monk have supposed, that when leaving his lonely dwelling in Jerusalem on his errands of charity, he was laying the corner-stone of an Order which princes and nobles should seek to enter, and emperors, kings, and royal dukes, honor for ages with their friendship and support. Yet, so it was.

Intimately connected as is the foundation of the Hospitallers, with the history of the first crusade. we shall leave Gerard for a time, while we say a word of the councillors whom Pope Urban had summoned at Clermont, to devise means for the conquest of Jerusalem, and of the momentous events which grew out of their deliberations. Foremost in this assembly of bishops, princes, and laymen, sat Peter, the hermit, a poor priest, on whom the eyes of all christendom were turned. Of this man's early life, little is known, save that he was born at Amiens of obscure parents, and entered the French army at the early age of sixteen. Leaving a service in which he had remained for many years, without even rising to a corporal's rank, we next find him dressed in the habit of a Monk, and becoming a soldier of Christ. Peter, in changing his profession of arms for that of the church, doubtless showed his sense. Gifted neither with a military tact, or with a courageous spirit, he would, had he remained in the ranks, have certainly died

[†] It is from the ponderous tomes of these learned writers, that we have so largely drawn, while penning our historical letters.

[†] Marulli.

from his pilgrimage to Palestine, than, by his served only to call forth an unmeaning expression preaching, and austere manner of living, he drew of pity, and thus have ended. Urban, having dearound him crowds of followers, and rapidly rose termined to drive the infidels out of the holy land, to distinction. Gilbert, a writer of note, thus speaks of Peter whom he met with on his journey to embassy to all the European powers, to make known Rome. "He set out (says this writer) from whence his wishes, and ask their assistance to enable him I know not, nor with what design; but I saw him at that time, passing through the towns and villages, preaching every where, and the people surrounding him in crowds, loading him with presents, and celebrating his sanctity with such high eulogiums, that I never remember to have seen such honors rendered to any other person. He showed himself very generous, however, in the distribution of the things given to him. He brought back the women that had abandoned their husbands, not without adding gifts of his own, and reëstablished peace between those who lived unhappily, with wonderful authority. In every thing he said or did, it seemed as if there was something of divine, so much so that people went to pluck some of the hairs from his mule, which they kept afterwards as relics—which I mention here, not that they really were so, but merely served to satisfy the public love of anything extraordinary. While out of doors, he wore ordinarily a woollen tunic, with a brown mantle, which fell down to his heels. He had his arms and his feet bare, eat little or no bread, and lived upon fish and wine."

Bound as we are to credit this description, given as it is by an eye witness and a writer of no doubtful authority, we cannot but suppose that Peter was aiming at a notoriety, and which, by his singular The personal conduct, he did not fail to obtain. appearance of this "accomplished fanatic," as he has been styled by Gibbon, is thus described by Knolles. "He was (says this historian) a little, low, hard-favored fellow, and therefore in show more to be contemned than feared; yet, under such simple and homely features, lay, unregarded, a most subtle, sharp, and piercing wit, fraught with discretion and sound judgment, still applying to some use what he had in his long and painful travel most curiously observed."

Pope Urban, calling the hermit a distinguished servant of Jesus Christ, and desirous of evincing his friendship, sent a messenger to welcome him on his way, and offer him an apartment in the papal palace while he should remain in his capital. How long Peter was the guest of the pope, is now unknown; but whether it might have been for months. or days, it was certainly a most momentous period in Christian history, giving rise as it did to the first crusade. Fortunate it was for this rigid ascetic, that he found in the Roman pontiff, a person of a religious character, and of kind and amiable feel-

But no sooner did he return as a priest passed over in silence; or, if listened to at all, have and make it a Catholic province, sent Peter, on an to compass his object. The manner in which his envoy performed this mission, and the success which attended his efforts, are truly remarkable. Leaving Rome, on foot, with his scrip and staff; receiving alms only to assist his fellow mortals who were poorer than himself, and passing whole days in preaching a war of extermination against the followers of Mahommet in Palestine, in abstinence, and prayer, he soon "won for himself the reverence of a saint, and the fame of a prophet." On his approach, thousands fell on their knees, and on his making known the wish of the Roman pontiff, to wrest Jerusalem out of the hands of its Moslem rulers, his hearers would rise in a body, and with loud shouts of "God wills it, God wills it," offer themselves for the service. This shout, as we shall shortly see, was their war cry in battle, and often caused a horrible carnage. Such was the appearance, character, and conduct of the person, whom Pope Urban charged to execute his mission, and such were the means which he used, to bring it to a favorable conclusion.

While speaking of this form of diplomacy, and of diplomatic etiquette in 1098, we cannot but be struck with the change which it has undergone in the course of seven hundred and forty years. When a powerful monarch now wishes a public duty performed, he appoints a trusty subject to do it,-some person who is famed for his talents or wealth, influence or rank. He sends him abroad in a ship-of-war, which carries a crew of four or five hundred men, and mounts on one or two decks He gives him great priviher fifty or sixty guns. leges, and full powers. He begs foreign rulers to assist him and places him above the law, that he may not be annoyed, or subject to an arrest while engaged on his mission. He allows him to carry his suite; his liveried servants, his services of plate, his carriages, horses, and furniture. He instructs his officers to salute him on his departure, and furnish him with a guard of honor, as an escort on his journey. And when the envoy arives at the court to which he is accredited, he has a palace to reside in, and a princely revenue to maintain his dignity and support his rank. Such is the position given, and the honors paid to any minister of England, France, or Russia, who now walks as the representative of royalty, in the highest grade of diplomatic life. But this rank, and these honors. are not his only reward; for, should he succeed in ings. Had it been otherwise, his vivid descriptions | his mission, and distinguish himself in diplomacy, of what he had seen, and suffered in common with he returns home to be raised to the peerage, to enjoy his poor brethren in Jerusalem, might have been a pension; and, becoming a member of a cabinet, to be a councillor of his king. Was a Christian | barous ideas of a dark age, with the powerful ambassador to travel on foot, at the present day, without a covering for his head, feet, arms, or legs; without a change of clothing, or any thing for his support, save what he might beg by the way-side; without a single companion, and without deigning to notice the lawful authorities of a place; but, making his mission known to the mass of the people, by fasting, preaching, and prayer, he would not only fail in his object, but doubtless, before he had finished his wanderings, become the inmate of a mad-house. Yet such was the course pursued by Peter the hermit, and such was his success, that in less than a year he had called the whole Catholic world to arms. Among the many changes of the last seven hundred years, this, in the form of diplomacy, is not the least which is deserving of notice.

But to return again to our subject. The call made by Pope Urban, through Peter, on all his Christian subjects to meet him at Clermont, and arrange their plans for the first crusade, met with a cordial response. Indeed, so generally and willingly was this summons obeyed, that thousands on their arrival could find no shelter in the town, and were compelled to pass their nights in the fields, where their councils were held. These fanatics, whether exposed to the burning rays of a noonday sun, or to the chilly blasts which followed a drenching rain, would never, for a moment, complain. Thinking that they were on consecrated earth, they said that their sufferings were for the glory of God, and should their bodies perish, their souls would be saved. Daily did the Roman pontiff appear before this crowd, and address his hearers in language which is famed to this day for its spirit, pathos, and eloquence. "Think," said he on one of these occasions, "of the sepulchre of Christ, our Saviour, possessed by the foul heathenthink of all the sacred places dishonored by their sacrilegious impurities! O brave Knights, offspring of invincible fathers, degenerate not from your ancient blood! remember the virtues of your ancestors, and if you feel held back by the soft ties of wives, of children, and of parents, call to mind the words of our Lord himself: 'Whosoever loves father or mother, more than me, is not worthy of Whosoever shall abandon for my name's sake, his house, or his brethren, or his sisters, or his father, or his mother, or his wife, or his children, or his lands, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternal life." "

But even with this urgent appeal it would appear as if the pope had not touched the feelings of all his hearers. Many persons, doubtless, were present, who were to be influenced by other motives than those of altogether a religious nature, to engage in this crusade, and to this class, Urban addressed himself as follows: "He represented their country as poor and arid, and Palestine as a land flowing with milk and honey; and blending the bar- travellers do at present, they were not long without their

figures of enthusiastic eloquence he proceeded:"* "Jerusalem is in the centre of this fertile land; and its territories, rich above all others, offer, so to speak, the delights of Paradise. That land too, the Redeemer of the human race rendered illustrious by his advent, honored by his residence, consecrated by his passion, repurchased by his death, signalized by his sepulture. That royal city of Jerusalem-situated in the midst of the world-held captive by infidels, who deny the God that honored her, now calls on you, and prays for her deliverance. From you-from you, above all people, she looks for comfort, and she hopes for aid, since God has granted to you beyond other nations, glory, and might in arms. Take then the road before you in expiation of your sins, and go assured that after the honor of this world shall have passed away, imperishable glory shall await you even in the kingdom of heaven! Remember, however, that we neither order, nor advise this journey to the old, nor to the weak, nor to those who are unfit to bear arms. Let not this way be taken by women, without their husbands, or their brothers, or their legitimate guardians, for such are rather a burden than an aid. Let the rich assist the poor, and bring with them at their own charge, those who can bear arms in the field. Still let not priests, or clerks, to whatever place they may belong, set out on their journey without the permission of their bishop; nor the laymen undertake it without the blessing of his pastor; for, to such as do so, their journey shall be fruitless. Let whoever is inclined to devote himself to the cause of God, make it a solemn engagement, and bear the cross of the Lord either on his breast, or on his brow, till he set out; and let him who is ready to begin his march, place the holy emblem on his shoulders in memory of that precept of our Saviour- He who does not take up his cross and follow me, is not worthy of me."

From these extracts, it will be seen, that whatever credit may be due to Peter the hermit, for having first suggested a crusade to Palestine, still to Urban alone, the honor belongs of making it a reality.

When the council at Clermont was dissolved, the Roman pontiff journeyed to Rome, to issue his bulls in favor of the holy war, while the councillors scattered themselves all over Europe to raise money, troops, and warlike stores, to enable them to engage in the conflict. So successful were these men in their efforts, that there was no nation (says William of Malmsbury) "so remote, no people so retired, as did not respond to the papal The Welshman left his hunting-the wishes. Scot his fellowship with vermint-the Dane his drinking party—the Norwegian his raw fish,—and

^{*} James.

[†] If the Scots found it the same in the Holy Land, as

neither, surely," adds Fuller, in his quaint way, | passes, to refresh weary travellers, and their jaded "did the Irishman's feet stick in their bogs, though we find no particular mention of their achievements! Singular it is, that both of these English writers, who have so minutely described the nationalities of the Welsh, Scots, Danes, Norwegians, and Irish, should have neglected to say a word of their own ancestors, who fought under the duke of Normandy, the brother of their King. William Rufus was a fortunate monarch, if his subjects could not be ridiculed. It may be that these historians could find nothing to say in favor of their ancestors, and hence, perhaps, their silence. De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

But to return from our digression. Many Christian pilgrims having been induced from time to time, to remain in Syria and dedicate themselves to the service of God, Gerard was prompted to ask the patriarch's permission to form a society and bind his followers with monastic vows. The venerable bishop, who presided over the church, readily gave his consent, and it is therefore from this date, (the spring of 1099) that the foundation of the Order was laid, though some of its members had been residents in Jerusalem for ten, or twenty years The Monks having bound themselves before. together for no other purpose than to assist the poor, and attend on the sick in their hospitals, were anxious to be known by the infidels as a religious body, that they might not be exposed to their insults, or subject to the heavy taxes which were imposed on all Christians who dwelt in the "Holy City" without a regular calling. Taking a long black robe for their habit, and carrying a cross as a sign of their profession, as many pious Monks who had wandered in Palestine, had done for years before them, they were permitted by their rulers to dwell in peace, and perform their duties to their suffering brethren without any tribute or hindrance. Aware as the Mussulmen authorities must have been of the large force which was at this time collecting in Europe to attack them, such a permission was highly honorable to their feelings, leaving as it did so large a force in the heart of their city, and all of whom with so good an excuse they might have so easily and justly expelled. But this is by no means a solitary instance of Turkish humanity. In looking over the page of Ottoman history, we often find that it was only necessary for a Monk to declare that his profession was of a benevolent nature, to enable him to wander whither he would, and everywhere meet with respect. Even to this day, benevolence is a prominent trait of a Moslem's character. Where, in any Christian country, may we find such beautiful fountains erected at the public expense on the high roads, and in mountainous

vermin. Hardly is it possible for one now to journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem without being loaded with insects of a creeping and crawling race, and which, we are told, will not leave a person until he has left the country.

beasts as will now be seen in Turkey ! And where, in any European inn, will a way-worn beggar, without a sou in his possession, find shelter and food as he will in a Mahommedan Khan! The Moslem rulers of Jerusalem, to gratify one of the finest feelings of human nature, that of rendering relief to suffering mortals, not only ceded to Gerard a site for his hospital, but aided him in its construction. This kind act was the foundation of the "Order of the Hospitallers of Jerusalem," an institution which outlived the changes of seven hundred years, and was destined, when at the zenith of its power, to make sultans tremble on their thrones, and to shake the Ottoman empire to its very foundation. Indeed, the tottering condition of Turkey at the present time, may be ascribed, in a great measure, to the ruinous wars in which it was engaged for more than six centuries with these warlike Monks.

But it was not until Godfrey of Bouillon, had driven the infidels out of Jerusalem, and many distinguished crusaders, among whom were Du Puis, and De Comps of Dauphiny, Gastius of Bordies, and Montaigu of Auvergne, had enlisted in his service, that Gerard determined to erect a convent, to call St. John its patron saint,* and ask the pope's protection. Paschal II., desirous of having a Catholic chapter in the Holy Land, not only consented to take this Order under his rule, but continued to shower his blessings and favors on its members, even to the day of his death. It was to this Roman pontiff, that Gerard was indebted for the habit of St. Augustin, and for the power of a prince. When it was known in Europe that the pope had taken the Hospitallers under his special protection; had decreed that their rulers were to be elected from among themselves, and their property should be free from taxation, many persons of noble birth journeyed to Jerusalem, and having taken the vows of "purity, chastity, and of perfect obedience to the Roman See," were allowed to wear the mantle of the Order, and to enroll themselves among its already worthy and powerful Monks.

Whether the cross given to Gerard by the patriarch for his followers to wear was of iron or wood, appears to us to be a matter of little moment, though it has been the subject of frequent and excited discussions. That it was of a white color.

*Whether Gerard, in selecting his patron saint, had reference to St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, or to a pious inhabitant of Cyprus, surnamed the Almoner, who was canonized for his many Christian deeds, is now a matter of doubt. Hallam has stated that it was the Cypriot saint; and when we trace the similarity of character in this person, and the profession of the Monks, we are disposed to think him correct. Mills observes, "that when the Order became military, the Knights renounced the patronage of the Almoner, and placed themselves under the more august tutelage of St. John the Baptist. The Maltese historians have asserted that St. John the Baptist was in every age, the patron saint of the Order.

as being emblematic of their vows, and of the pu- different times during the day, did the foremost in rity of their character, is beyond a doubt; and that it was of a simple form is evident from a monumental slab now to be seen in the Vatican, which represents a Hospitaller in the habit of his Order, and holding one of this description. So long as Gerard lived, and the Monks were engaged in duties which were only of a religious nature, there was no change made in the form of the cross, or in the manner in which it was carried. But during the reign of his successor, when permission was given to the Hospitallers to defend themselves against their enemies, we can suppose that they found it a difficult task to carry any thing with them but their shields, and their arms; and that it was at this period they determined to wear it suspended by a chain or cord from their necks. While the cross was thus worn during the reign of Du Puis, its form was changed five different times, though its color was always the same. It was not until a few months prior to the decease of this prince, (A. D. 1160,) that he ordered the Monks to wear one of eight points on the left breast of their habits, which is now known as the Maltese cross, and worn by all whom the pope is pleased to call his Maltese Knights. Singular it is, that for the long period of six hundred and thirty-eight years, the habit of the Hospitallers was never changed. When Du Puis appeared at the head of his Monks in Jerusalem, he was dressed in a long black robe, with a white cross in eight points embroidered on his left breast, and in this mantle were the Knights ever after distinguished when engaged in Paynim war, or residing in their convents at Cyprus, at Rhodes, and at Malta. How fresh the last Grand-Master was thus robed, when he called, in 1798, to take leave of Napoleon, who had driven him from his throne-and even now some few aged priests who were once in attendance on the Knights will be seen in Valletta with their white cross in eight points, while serving at the altar on festival days.

Early in the summer of 1099, thirty odd thousand crusaders, the sad remnant of several millions. who had started on the expedition, but perished on the way, arrived before the walls of Jerusalem. Composed, as this force was, of a band of as fiery spirits as could be found in Europe, it was not long inactive, when once in sight of the city, it had suffered so much to reach. Twenty hours only did Godfrey give his soldiers to rest before he called them to arms. And with the first discharge of their arrows, and with their first shout "God wills it, God wills it," Gerard and his companions were thrown in prison, and threatened with death, should they be found without the limits of their confinement. The prudent Monks made no attempt to escape, and in the desperate struggle which followed, not one of their number was slain. It was on the tenth of June that the Christians made their first assault, and manfully did they make it. Five

the fight try to scale the fortifications, but the Saracens were true to their trust, and kept their ramparts free. For more than a month, the attacks and assaults were incessant, and had it not have been at last for the happy invention of some Genoese sailors, who constructed two towers, in both of which the crusaders could fight without exposure, and from the upper platform, could land on the walls of Jerusalem, the chance is, that at this period, the city would never have fallen. Grievously had the Christians suffered from the oppressive heat, and from the want of provisions and water, and oftentimes had they proposed to raise the siege before this discovery was made to revive their drooping spirits, and give them a hope of success. No sooner did the Saracens observe these wooden towers under their walls than they began to cast on them balls of fire, and fiery darts to cause their destruction. One tower was quickly in flames, and rendered perfectly useless; but the other, commanded by the Count of Bouillon, remained uninjured, the Moslems being swept from their posts by the arrows of its defenders. "At the bour," says the Monk, Robert, "when the Saviour of the world gave up the ghost, a warrior, named Letolde, who fought in Godfrey's tower, leaped the first on the ramparts. He was followed by Guicher-the Guicher who had vanquished a lion,-Godfrey was the third, and all the other knights, rushed on after their chief. Throwing aside their bows and arrows, they now drew their swords, at sight of which, the enemy abandoned the walls, and ran down into the city, whither the soldiers of Christ with loud shouts pursued them."

Thus fell Jerusalem in the first crusade; and, in such a fiend-like way, did these conquerors carry themselves in these days of conquest, that throughout the city they made a general massacre. Forty thousand persons were slain in the course of a week; and the victors, as they passed through the streets dealing their death-blows, "rode fetlock deep in Saracen gore."*

* Many writers have excused the crusuders for the atrocities which they committed on the capture of Jerusalem, by saying that they considered themselves the soldiers of Christ, and as such, were doing their Saviour a service. when they rid the world of his enemies. We do not doubt that such was the opinion of Peter the hermit; and cunning. and bigotted as he was, we are not surprised that he should have sanctioned with his counsel such a horrible carnage. But far different was it, we think, with the other leaders in this crusade. People whom, it would seem, governed only by their "wild justice of revenge," stopt at the commission of no crime, however diabolical in its nature, or revolting in its execution. Little indeed was the religion of our Saviour understood, if those who performed such fiend-like deeds, considered themselves its true defenders. It is by preaching and prayer, we are told, that Christianity is to gain a foot-hold in the uttermost ends of the earth, and grievously were these men mistaken, if they thought by such acts of savage ferocity to enlarge the Kingdom of Christ, or increase his flock.

their chains, than they did all in their power to stay this horrible work of pillage, destruction, and slaughter. But the crusaders would neither give heed to their wishes, nor to the cries of their victims, and so long as an enemy was at large, so long were their swords unsheathed, and dyed with human blood. A few thousand Moslem maids who were famed for their beauty, and retained for their charms, were the only persons saved from this general slaughter. Such was the miserable fate of the Saracenic inhabitants of Jerusalem, and such was the brutal and murderous conduct of the Christians who conquered them. The first service performed by the crusaders after they had finished their work of slaughter, was to marshal themselves under their chiefs to march to our Saviour's tomb. But no sooner did Peter the hermit, who was at the head of this solemn procession, come in sight of the Holy Sepulchre, than he ordered his followers to fall on the earth, and so remain, while he, on his bended knees, should return thanks to God for their victorious arms.

At the time when these fierce warriors were thus engaged in prayer, a loud cry was heard from a Norwegian sentry, who was stationed in a distant tower, and who, from his high position, could overlook the country for many leagues around the walls of the city. This man having observed a large force passing over a neighboring hill, and supposing that it was the advance guard of an army from Egypt, which had been sent by the sultan to assist the Saracens in their defence of Jerusalem, gave the alarm, which so suddenly called the Christians from their devotions, to buckle on their armor, and prepare for another engagement. When the Egyptian general approached sufficiently near to the city to see the standards of his enemies waving over its walls, he ordered his soldiers to halt, and summoned a council of war. Ignorant as the Turkish officers were of the strength of the garrison, and suffering as they had been from a tedious and unhealthy march, they were not long in deciding what course to pursue. So determined were these infidel officers not to fight, that they left their encampment at nightfall, and retired from the field without even striking a blow for the recovery of the place, they had been sent so far to defend.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]
Rome, April 16, 1843.

EPITAPII ON A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

BY A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH PRELATE.

Daughter, beloved! Oh parallelled by few In genius, goodness, modesty, adieu. Adieu, Maria, till that day more blest, When, if deserving, I with thee shalt rest. Come, then, thy sire will cry in joyful strain, Oh come to my paternal arms again.

Gerard and his Monks were no sooner freed of LINES, TO A LADY ON SINGING eir chains, than they did all in their power to stay MOORE'S SONG,—"OH! BELIEVE ME."

Oh! breathe that gentle air again;
"Tis fraught with rapturous harmony;
It soothes the keenest pang of pain,
And fills the soul with melody.

With fairy hand sweep o'er the strings; Oh! touch that soul-inspiring strain, And Love enchained will fold his wings, And nestle in my heart again.

Cold is the heart that cannot feel
The influence of a power like thine;
Stern is the man that will not kneel,
And worship at so fair a shrine.

"SEMAJ."

RED SULPHUR SPRINGS.

We do not know that we could confer a greater favor upon our readers, than the publication of the following letter, which came from the pen of the late William Wirt, not many months before his death. We trust that its admirable precepts, so eloquently enforced, will not be lost upon our young countrymen. Those who were familiar with the mind and manner of the accomplished author, will see them both in every line. His genius, his taste, and his warm-heartedness, breathe from the whole production.

It is to be hoped that ere long, some friend of Mr. Wirt will undertake the task of giving his correspondence to the public. Few men possessed, in such admirable union, the qualifications for epistolary excellence. Wit, fancy, and originality, gave the brightest charm to his conversation, and we have rarely known a high conversational talent exist, without epistolary powers of similar degree. Our country has only known Mr. Wirt, as a jurist or a statesman, an orator or author. Preëminent as he was in all these honorable capacities, his proudest distinction was his social amiability and excellence. This correspondence would surely disclose this admirable phase of his character. It is due to his fame, and to the high estimation in which he is held by his country, that the memorials of his private worth should be given to the world. Besides this, the correspondence of so eminent a man, occupying so many prominent positions, and associated so intimately with all the contemporary ability of the country, must needs contain much that would illustrate our history, and be interesting to the present and future times. We repeat our hope, that the friends of Mr. Wirt will take the matter into consideration.

RED SULPHUR SPRINGS, August 25, 1833.

My Dear Sir.—I thank you for your letter of the 11th, which has found me at this place—the remotest of the mineral waters of Virginia in this direction, that have any living fame—and I wish you were with me. Your dyspepsia, in all its consequences, would speedily vanish before these waters and the mountain air. I doubt whether you could do a wiser thing, even yet, than to run over in September and spend a few weeks among these springs. It would enable you to lay in a stock of health for the winter's campaign—for what is the mens sana without the corpore sano? The waters are at their best in September, and in this region, they tell me, the month of October is the finest in the whole year—far surpassing our Indian-summer;

having all its mildness and softness, without its ments from greater depths, and learn to fold your enervating effects. It is my purpose to test the truth of this representation by remaining somewhere in this region until October—the principal part of the time perhaps at the White Sulphurthough these waters agree with me marvellously well so far. According to the report of the scales, I am gaining a pound here every day, and I am sensible of great improvement in my strength, good feelings and appetite. For recreation, I have horses, company, a few books and my pen, and do not find my time at all heavy on my hands-though I should certainly find it so at Saratoga, amid such an oppressive throng-such a rabble-route as that must be. . . . I love these green mountains, richly wooded to their summits, with their poetic breadth of lights and shadows at sunrise and sunset-the rich verdure of the lawns, fields and meadows—the autumnal flowers that are bursting around us-the rains, the lightning, and the thunders reverberating among the mountains and rolling their echoes along the valleys. These are the scenes for great thinking. A petit maitre would be out of his element here, for he cannot think at all, much less think greatly. One cannot be frivolous amid so much natural grandeur. The mountains would frown their rebuke upon him, and the starry firmament, sparkling with such unwonted lustre, these cold nights, would awe him into solemnity if they could not raise him to sublimity. I think you would spend two or three weeks here with great enjoyment, as well as advantage to your health.

Have you ever dipped into the works of Edmund Burke ? I do not think he is properly estimated in our country, nor, I suspect in his own, except by a few. His speeches have so much richness and splendor of imagination, that the great mass of readers seldom look farther, and learn nothing of the abundance, the greatness and accuracy of his thinking. I have just been carousing with him, in the first volume of his works, which I have found here, and have been much struck with the powerful grasp of his mind, compared with some other modern writers, who had just passed through my hands. He is, indeed, a masterly thinker, and I commend him to your acquaintance. I like his essays better than his speeches, for they are all thought, without any ambition of ornament, and show the great play of his mental machinery, in the naked majesty of its strength. Such are the models on which I would wish you to form the action of your own mind. You must look far above and beyond the living models that meet your daily view. These are, some of them, good examples of energy, pushing industry, and untiring perseverance, and are, so far, highly worthy of imitation. But when to professional preparation, you must look far, very horizon—sweep in larger circles—draw your argu- arts or science, which issued from the press. Thus

adversary in coils of a more anaconda-gripe. pregnancy and force of thinking, this fertility of resource, this depth and breadth and amplitude of idea, is to be learned only by studying the greatest masters. Take up, for example, Butler's Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, and study it as a specimen of thinking and reasoning. Observe how profoundly and widely he surveys his subject: how carefully and beautifully he evolves his argument, and with what resistless cogency he draws his conclusions. Bacon's Essay on the Advancement of Science-Locke on the Human Understanding and on Government, and some of the preliminary chapters of Hooker on Ecclesiastical Polity, are on the same gigantic scale of thinking. These essays of Burke and the constitutional opinions of Chief Justice Marshall, belong to the same great class of intellectual effort, and you ought to become familiar with them.

In composing, think much more of your matter than your manner. To be sure, spirit, grace, and dignity of manner are of great importance both to speaker and writer-but of infinitely more importance is the weight and worth of matter. fashion of the times is much changed, since Thompson wrote his Seasons, and Hervey his Meditations. It will no longer do to fill the ear only with pleasant sounds, or the fancy with fine images. mind, the understanding, must be filled with solid thought. The age of ornament is over: that of utility has succeeded—the pugna quam pompa aptius is the order of the day, and men fight now with clenched fists, not with the open hand-with logic, and not with rhetoric. It is the rough, abrupt strength of Mr. ****** which has given him reputation. It is its roughness and abruptness, which makes it the more manifest and striking. This roughness and abruptness, are natural to him, but I believe it is his policy rather to encourage than to subdue them, since any infusion of softness and grace would conceal that ourang-outang muscularity, which is his peculiar boast and pride. I have seen equal strength and greater accuracy in others: but it has been partly veiled by a more graceful and polished manner, and a more creative imagination.

The fashion of the age, therefore, calls on you to cultivate this great, powerful and wide-aweeping habit of thinking, and to go for strength and not for beauty. As connected with it, and essential to it, you must begin forthwith, and persevere in treasuring up all sorts of useful knowledge. You must be continually awake and alive to all that is passing around you, and let nothing that can be turned to account escape your observation. Mr. Jefferson was only sixteen years of age when he began to you come to the article of thinking, with reference keep regular files of his newspapers, and to preserve every pamphlet, whether speech or dissertafar beyond and above them, you must take a wider tion, on any public subject, whether of politics,

he was continually master of all that was passing in his own age, in every quarter of the world. These newspapers and pamphlets, he would have assorted and bound in volumes at the end of the year, so as to be always ready for reference. But beside these collectania which I earnestly recommend to you, there is a great field for personal observation, which must depend on your own sight and memory, and such minutes as you may choose to make of them, in your own private diary or common-place book. Perhaps there is no property in which men are more strikingly distinguished from each other, than in the various degrees in which they possess this faculty of observation. The great herd of mankind—the fruges consumere natipass their lives in listless inattention and indifference to what is going on around them, being perfectly content to satisfy the mere cravings of nature; while those who are destined to distinction, have a lynx-eyed vigilance, that nothing can escape. You see nothing of the Paul Pry in them, yet they know all that is passing, and keep a perfect reckoning not only of every interesting passage, but of all the characters of the age who have any concern in them. It is this that makes that large experience which is the great school of wisdom. This is that thorough and wide-extended knowledge of mankind for which all the great men, of all ages and countries, have been so celebrated, and without which, it is impossible that they ever should have been great men. This is but a meagre sketch of what you have to do, if you aspire to a high niche in the temple of Fame. There are all the arrears of past history, ancient and modern, to settle, and all the sciences and arts. Mr. Jefferson was, himself, a living and walking Cyclopedia—so is Mr. Madison, and Mr. John Q. Adams. Vita brevis, ars longa. There is too much to acquire, to expect to become a thorough master of every thing. will have to make a selection. This is recommended by Mr. Locke, as you will see in the first article of No. XCIX, of the Edinburgh Review. But, even with a selection, young as you are, you have no time to lose, if you wish to be one of the first men of the day, and to mix your name, historically, with that of your age and country. It is only by such a lofty aspiration, that you can reach your own highest attainable point. It was by such a struggle with the aliquid vastum et immensum, that Cicero gained the summit, from which his fame still beams, through more than eighteen centuries, to this distant land of ours-and those who would shine imperishably, must follow his example.

But I have given you a prelection, instead of a letter, which is more than you bargained for. I shall be glad to hear from you again, and still more to see you. Wishing you health, prosperity and happiness, both here and hereafter,

I remain, very truly, yours,

WM. WIRT.

PYSCHE; OR, THE BUTTERFLY.

The original of the following poem was found in a very ancient edition of the Anthologia, and is ascribed to Julian, any του υπαρχων Αιγυνητον, a king of Egypt, who wrote some elegant poems in the style of Amacroon. The translator has adhered as closely as possible to the meaning of the text, and has made a literal interpretation of many of the terms found in the Greek, on account of the great difficulty of adapting English expressions to the style and idiom of the original; believing that, in such a case, the force of accuracy would be preferable even to the elegance of a paraphrase.

The annexed annotations and references will serve to elucidate the sentiments of the poet, and the opinions of the age in which he lived.

A butterfly clung to a moss-mantled flower!

Just bedewed by the drops of a fresh summer shower,

But she sipped not the moisture that clustered around,

Nor tasted the nectar she there might have found.

The butterfly's life was as brief as 'twas bright, Like those flow'rs that are born and that die with the light; And now she has come, without murmur or sigh, To kiss the sweet rose-bud, and kissing to die, For much was she wearied of all that she knew-The flow'r and its fragrance—the leaf and its dew.2 The moment she sprang from her tomb into birth, She had known all the treasures of air and of earth, And, sporting along on her glittering wings, Had stray'd 'mid the sweetest and brightest of things, The honey and dew had been hers, ere she sought, She had drank of the perfumes the zephyrs had brought. At first, all the beauties that burst on her sight To her heart bore a wild and a thrilling delight, And the odors which rose from the gardens and groves, Where the nightingale sings and the humming-bird roves Were so deeply delicious, her senses were drunk, And her soul in the languor of luxury sunk.3

But soon she was sated with raptures like this,
And she started again in her search after Bliss.
For she'd learned that Delight was the offspring of Change,
And that Joy only flowed from the new and the strange.
'Twas in vain—still in vain; for the earth would not yield'
A sweet not inhaled, nor a tint not revealed;
And drooping her wings on a fair summer day,
To the rose thus she sighed, as her life ebbed away:

"Fairest of flowers, my languid hearts"
From things of earth—from thee must part,
I leave thy charms behind; I go
Where Joys from Change forever flow,
And where the sense is never cloyed
With sweets too constantly enjoyed!

I've wander'd ever since my birth, Amid the richest scenes of earth, And sought for pleasures many a day, That would not sate nor pass away; But never—never have I won The peace my hopes were fixed upon.

I look'd upon the tranquil sea When all its waves slept beauteously, And when the gentle zephyr sighed His music o'er the purple tide, I thought it lovely, know'st thou why? Because the tempest rage was nigh! I saw the glorious sun arise, And kiss with light the blushing skies. The wakening earth received his beams
With smiles upon her fields and streams,
The scene was charming—for the Night
Had fled before the God of Light.
The foolish man who prates of woe,
My sad existence does not know.

One ceaseless course of changeless bliss⁶ Is worse than varied wretchedness; And every transport of the heart Is dear, because it must depart.

Whoever dreams a sluggish life
Not dashed with sorrow nor with strife,
The dross of pleasure may possess,
But knows not real happiness.

Louisiana, April, 1943.

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1 In the mythology of the ancients, the butterfly was the representation of Psyche. The animating and immortal principle—filling the corporal existence with sensibility and intelligence, and destined to reappear in another form and new region of being. This metaphorical allusion is yet visible on some of their grave-stones, and formed the device of many of their gems. Like this insect, the nature of man has three modifications of being. It emerges from the woman in the human shape; it reposes in the grave undestroyed although dissolved: and it will spring from dust into an ethereal existence, more perfect, because more expanded, and more glorious, because more capable of enjoying the wonders and felicities of eternal light.

Noi aiam vermi Nati a formar l'angillica forfalla?

Pysche was the divinity of Pleasure. She was the companion of Zephyrus and the mistress of Love. Jupiter made her immortal after death.

³ Dew is the nutriment of some insects. The poets fancied that it made them melodious.

Αρκει Tεττιγασ μεθυσαῖ δροσοσ, αλλα ποιουτεσ Aειδειν αυκναν εισι γεγωνοτερον

Book 1 of the Anthologia.

In dew that drops from morning's wings,
The gay Cicada sipping floats;
And drank with dew his matin sings
Sweeter than any Cygnet's notes.—Moore.

Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore Cycades.—Virgil.

³ Imbecillitas de societate fragilitatis redundat ad mentem.

Lactantius Library.

⁴To please thee I have emptied all my store: I can invent and can supply no more, But run the round, against the round I ran before. Lucretius Liber 3. De Rerum Natura.

Dryden.

⁵ Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti Tempus abire tibi est.—*Horace*.

⁶Menippus, in Lucian, asks Chiron, why he chose death when he might have been divine. Chiron answers that he was disgusted with the identity and continual similitude of the things of life; the same scenes perpetually recurring, and the same actions incessantly exhibited; for he considered Delight a continual vicissitude, not a changeless monotony.

Ου γαρ εν τω αυτω dei αλλα και εν τῶ μετασκευδη δλωσ το τερπ-

Yet still the self same scene of things appears;
And would be, even could'st thou ever live;
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give.

Druden.

⁷ Seneca asserts that misfortune is necessary to the pleasures of the mind. "He that never was acquainted with adversity," says he, "has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature."

RAMBLES IN SWITZERLAND;

OR, NOTES OF AN AMERICAN TOURIST.

EXCURSION TO LAUSANNE AND BERNE.

It was on the morning of the 17th August, 1841, that a one horse carriage, bearing the local denomination of a fiacre, in which was seated your humble servant, set out from that part of the suburbs of Geneva, called l' Evéché, or Bishop's grounds. His object was an excursion for health and observation, to commence with a visit via Lausanne to Berne, a city whose wealth and local position had formerly secured to it a kind of ascendancy in Switzerland. It is regarded, even now, as the capital of the republic, being the residence of the representatives of foreign governments; with the exception of our own consul, however, who is located at Basle, a frontier town at the angle made by France, Germany, and Switzerland.

The driver, who was also the proprietor of the fiacre, was an individual whom I had had occasion to employ before, and in whose story I had been much interested. He was a Savoyard, who had a passport permitting him to leave his country, for the purpose of pursuing his occupation in Geneva, which city is not more than three miles distant from the frontier of Savoy. Even this man, oppressed as he was at home, and with difficulty procuring permission to leave his country for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood abroad, could not bear to hear a stranger speak in disrespectful terms of his native land; an evidence that Providence has made the love of country a part of our very being. When I had spoken to him of the pain I had experienced while travelling over a country so down-trodden as Savoy is, and alluded to that iron rule which held to the earth a people already bowed down by ignorance and poverty, and by a spiritual despotism worse than either, he seemed to regard my remarks as personal, and replied to them in a manner which showed that there is no cause so bad but some good things may be said in its favor. He pointed to Savoy as the country from which some of Napoleon's bravest generals derived their birth, and eulogised the grandeur of the public edifices of Turin, and the charming aspect of the country itself; with reference to which, I must confess that his highest eulogies were not excessive. But when

I spoke to him of the spirit of a free people, and way of Lausanne, and I wished to see more of the of the moral beauty exhibited in the universal diffusion of intelligence in the United States of America, my remarks seemed not to be comprehended, and the only answer they elicited was, " Elles appartierment á l' Angleterre!" (" They," the United States, "belong to England?") a question which indicated that our recent history was not made a subject of study in the towns and villages of Savoy.

The carriage had been selected with a particular reference to affording a good opportunity for viewing the scenery of the country through which my proposed jaunt led; for which purpose it was provided with a seat on the back; a fact which it might be unnecessary to mention, were it not that there is a curious vehicle in common use at Geneva, and often selected by Englishmen, in which the seat occupies one of the sides, instead of the back of the interior, so as to give the traveller an admirable opportunity of riding the whole day along by the lake of Geneva, without seeing anything of it.

But we are now entering the Porte de Rive, one of the south gates of the city, under the middle archway; on each side are two smaller archways intended for foot-passengers. passed the miniature draw-bridge over the ditch. through which we passed, no matter how small its A soldier stands by the entrance, scanning our size, or plain as regards the construction of its appearance with as much formality as if we were entering a beleagured city. We must cross the city, and then the bridge over the Rhone, in order to get on the northern side of the lake. All is life and motion among the market by the appearance of well built houses with grounds folks and trades' people, even at this early hour. We rattle over the stone pavements and look upon the dirty stuccoed walls of stores and dwellings; from the doors and windows of the former, goods planted as to receive the full rays of the sun. A are already displayed, inviting purchasers. Here hilly, is much more favorable than a plain country, and there are shops for the sale of wines. Bidding adieu to my friend, who had accompanied me thus far, I was soon borne across the city to the quay, and to the bridge over the river Rhone. The color of the water of this river, as it issues from the one gets of the Gothic spire of the cathedral, is lake, strikes the stranger with surprise. It has exceedingly imposing; an effect produced both by often been compared to the indigo water, as it issues its own height, and by the commanding position it from a dyer's vat. It is of a bright and beautiful occupies. Indeed, as I subsequently observed, the blue color. Sir Humphrey Davy attributed it to first object the stranger sees, on approaching a the presence of Iodine; but the cause of so singu-|Swiss town of any note, rising from amid a mass lar a phenomenon has not yet been explained. of matter that the senses have not yet separated a muddy or lime-colored fluid, and leaves it on the dark-looking object surmounting a building whose

There were three modes of conveyance, which any one might use for the purpose of travelling to any point upon the lake, either by Bateau-

country and obtain a more intimate knowledge of the Swiss character in the rich Cantons of Geneva, Vaud, Friburg, Neuchatel and Berne, than I could have done in the hurried transit of a steamer or diligence. English families, who can afford it, bring their carriages and travel post through the country. Horses and postilions, or drivers, are easily procured at any of the ions of the interior, as elsewhere on the continent. There were three very good steamers on the lake, small, and constructed á l' Anglaise. They took passengers to the end of the lake for about 9 francs, "stopping at the intermediate places," as our steamboat advertisements read. This route, (which I afterwards adopted,) affords an excellent opportunity to view the lake, that should be embraced by all travellers.

The ride along the northern border, in a pleasant day, is as charming as any body could wish; but, it is, for the first twenty-five miles at least, of that character of scenery which it is difficult to describe; as there is so much that is soothing in the quiet waters of the lake, or charming in the green aspect of the vineyards, or interesting in the numerous chateaux which crown most of the heights. I was We have already interested in observing that every Swiss town buildings, was furnished with a green and level promenade, ornamented with stately elms, and provided with seats arranged here and there.

One is reminded of his approach to Lausanne, around them laid out with care. Vineyards, which are said to produce some of the finest wine in Switzerland, are to be seen on all the hills, so to the growth of vines, as the soil is kept more permanently dry; a state which is necessary for the maturing of the grapes.

When within four miles of the city, the view The Rhone enters the lake of Geneva on the east, into the abodes of men and marts of trade, is a west, a fluid of the most beautiful bright blue color. immense size and well-balanced architectural pro-It was not a work of necessity that led me to portions would astonish the architects of our younger travel for thirty miles along the lake of Geneva country. Indeed, the inquiry often presented itself to my mind, where were the funds obtained, or where were the people by whom these costly structures were erected, in their magnificence and proá-vapeur, (steamer,) diligence, or voiture publique, portions contrasting so strangely with the seeming (public carriage.) I chose the last, as my destina- poverty around. The cathedral of Lausanne is a tion was Berne, about 90 miles from Geneva, by very old edifice, dating originally from the year

1000; though it was rebuilt in 1300. usual stone for cathedrals, a dark brown sandstone; and is provided with enormous buttresses, gracefully carved windows, and numerous niches and points characteristic of the order. This cathedral. like others of the same age, is made the restingplace of certain individuals once distinguished. Among other tombs is that of Victor Amadeus of Savoy, who united in his person the characters of Duke, Bishop of Geneva and Pope, and finally died a Monk in a convent of Savoy.

Lausanne, the capital of the Canton Vand, one of the few strongholds of Protestantism in Switzerland, stands about three quarters of a mile from the lake of Geneva, on the side of a slope, probably from three to four hundred feet above the lake. Above, and at each side of the city, the ground seems to defy any attempt at regularity of outline, by the graceful forms of numerous little hills; while the slope beneath the city presents a broad surface of green, broken only here and there by the tasteful mansion of some gentleman, and by luxuriant vineyards which cover the whole like a carpet. The city is built on two principal ridges, with a ravine between, through which flows a rapid stream of water. On one of these ridges, stands the cathedral, and near to it the castle, an old building with high walls, round towers, and a heavy archway, once the residence of the bishops of Lausanne. There are several churches besides the cathedral, both of Protestant and Catholic denominations. The cathedral is used by the former as a place of worship. The population of the city is about 14,000; that of the Canton is estimated at 17,700.

To the stranger conversant with the leading works of English literature, Lausanne is interesting as having been the city where Gibbon, the historian, finished his grand work of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The first hotel one sees on entering the city from Geneva, is the hotel Gibbon, a new and elegant edifice. The private house of the historian is still pointed out, and is visited with interest by travellers.

After passing through a fine avenue of trees, which constituted a public promenade, I entered the city, and driving up hill and down hill over stone pavements, with here and there a stone fountain emitting graceful jets d'eau, I stopped at the Hotel de la Canorme. Preliminaries being adjusted, I sallied forth with Joseph as guide, who had been here before to see the city.

The language principally used at Lausanne is the French; though the German is the prevailing language of the Canton. Every thing about the city strikes the stranger favorably. It has a location highly favored by nature. Surrounded by every thing that is picturesque in natural scenery, from the pines and cedars that cover the brow of the signal (a hill overlooking the city and suburbs) or elevation of several hundred feet back of the town,

It is of the the city, the deep and rugged clefts in the hills which divide the latter, to the luxuriant vineyards which form a carpet of green, sloping down to the lake. Though the general aspect of the town is not of so modern a character as some parts of Geneva, and though it has to contend with unevenness in the ground which do not favor the progress of "public improvements," yet these difficulties presented by nature have been so vigorously combatted by an industrious population, that the architectural merit of Lausanne is by no means inferior. But it is the natural beauty thrown with such profusion around Lausanne, and that of the lake of Geneva within her view, which constitutes the attraction for many English people of taste, who make it a place of residence through the summer: but the great majority of these go to Geneva for that purpose; or else, penetrating into the interior of Switzerland, seek the sequestered retirement of Intutaken. It may be premature to institute in this place, a comparison respecting the relative merits of the three. Geneva, after some few objects have been visited, has little to interest the stranger. The mountains of Switzerland are all distant, and nothing would indicate to the stranger, that he was in a country of high mountains, save the distant prospect of Mt. Blanc, (which, however, is in Savoy.) The lake, narrowing in the shape of a horn, as it approaches the city, becomes simply a plain sheet of water, whose banks contain no features of extraordinary interest. Another consideration, that hotel charges are rather high there, might not be without its weight, other things being equal. Intutaken, too, labors under the latter objection. Buried in the heart of Switzerland, between the lakes of Thun and Buinz, it has a distant view of some of the noblest of the Obuland mountains, and its streets and walks are laid out in so regular a manner as to afford abundant delight to the eye of taste. But Lausanne enjoys a position from which one takes in, at a bird's eye view, nearly the whole of the lake of Geneva; and it has charming environs which the stranger can never tire of visiting. is the centre of Protestant influence in Switzerland, and the capital of one of its richest Cantons. could not but mark the contrast, as I stood on an eminence, subsequently, from which I could view the numerous thriving villages of the Canton Vaud and its rich fields, and then look over into Savoy where the villages are more rare amid the wrecks of baronial towers and castles. One meets with comparatively few of the latter in the Canton Vaud, as in other parts of Switzerland, where nature seems to have given to the landscape generally a rugged character, more congenial with the wild spirit of the feudal barons.

Having learned from my host, that the finest point of view about Lausanne was the signal, an the abundant foliage of elms and ash trees back of I proceeded thither, taking the "cocher" for a guide,

as he had been here before. Going up back of the more directly to the point. We followed the path heedlessly, till we found ourselves within a gentleman's vineyard, the vines of which, trained with care upon a thousand short poles, were hanging with clusters of grapes. We had proceeded but a little way, when my eye was caught by a notice at the side of the path, to which I called the attention of Joseph. The latter had no sooner read it,* than sneaking from the path, he worked his way most stealthily to the nearest fence, over which he leaped, and carefully searching with his eye to see if he was noticed by any one, put on an innocent air, and walked along composedly. I followed, though not with equal precipitancy. I thought that he displayed the genuine spirit of a Savoyard, who, having led another into a difficulty, would leave him to bear the penalty. Observing several ladies and gentlemen taking a path that seemed to lead up the hill, I followed suite, thinking that they were safer guides than Joseph. As we proceeded, I was astonished to see so many persons moving up and down the hill, and all attired in holiday dresses. It struck me that there must be something unusual to give rise to all this movement. The forest became denser and denser as we ascended. equally dense mass of foliage covered a long hill on the opposite side of the ravine. A winding and well made walk told that this must be a great resort for the pleasure-seeking part of Lausanne.

At length, the top was gained, and the great attraction to so many idlers ascertained. The young people of Lausanne, of both sexes, were holding a festival, called the "Fefe des Ecoliers. We pressed forward to the ring formed by the spectators. My claims were not opposed; but Joseph, who was just after me, received a severe rebuke from a gen d' arme for his forwardness, accompanied with an intimation to step back a little; which the Savoyard obeyed, at the same time touching his hat very respectfully. Within the ring, the youth of both sexes were waltzing, many couples whirling around close after others, without disturbing the harmony of each other's movements. It was a beautiful sight. The fair obtained from this exercise that vigor and sprightliness of motion, which lent them grace and dignity of carriage. Their complexions were clear and beautiful. I had not expected to meet so much beauty out of America; but, without making any confessions, I must be pardoned for saying that the occasion was enough to have fascinated a Zeno; and if love could ever dart his arrows with fatal effect, it might have been underneath the trees of that grove where nature had assumed her most pleasing attitudes.

*The notice was, "On est désender d'aller par ici, sur la peine d'amende," one is prohibited from passing here, under penalty of being fined. The latter term sufficiently explains the cause of Joseph's consternation.

as he had been here before. Going up back of the town, we found a path which promised to lead us more directly to the point. We followed the path heedlessly, till we found ourselves within a gentleman's vineyard, the vines of which, trained with care upon a thousand short poles, were hanging with clusters of grapes. We had proceeded but a little way, when my eye was caught by a notice at the trunk of a vigorous elm.

I went out for a few moments, to the end of this ridge, called the Signal Point, from which the view is unrivalled. First, looking to the South, you see the lake of Geneva, from its eastern end to its bend, in the manner of a horn, before reaching Geneva; the mountains on the borders of the lake above Lausanne, as they rise bold and rocky, and some of them capped with snow; the "arrowy Rhone," as it empties into that extremity of the lake, after emerging from the narrow valley which, as it retires from the lake, is lost amid enormous mountains in the distance; the city of Lausanne, seeming to be almost on a level with the water of the lake, with its numerous spires and cathedral; the rich country on the right, thickly studded with villages; the deep ravine on the left, winding beneath the hills; and the road from Lausanne to Berne, making its way up the opposite hill, and lost amid a thick forest of pines.

The exercises on the hill closed with sunset. The boys, with the aid of their marshals, whom somebody had "tied to swords," formed a line; each one carrying a bow and quiver of arrows. Falling into a path on the opposite side of the hill from the one by which we had ascended, they marched down towards the city. Glad of an opportunity to see more of the town, I followed them; their joyous faces appearing in strange contrast with the sombre looking walls of the eastle of the bishop, under the arches of which they passed.

It was at 5 o'clock, on the morning of one of the finest days in August, that I set out in Joseph's "fiacre" for Berne, distant from Lausanne about 50 miles: I soon got out of the carriage, and walked up the long ascent immediately back of the Market-men and women were bringing, thus early, milk in huge tubs on their heads, or in deep wooden vessels strapped to their backs. Here and there, a cart, loaded with vegetables, was slowly moving to town. There was a delightful freshness and purity in the morning air, at this elevation. I turned back and gazed upon that prospect which I had before beheld from the "Signal." It seemed a view too beautiful for earth. The sun was just gilding some points about the lake, in striking contrast with the dark shades thrown upon the waters by the mountains. The whole course of the lake was visible as far as Geneva. If I lived at Lausanne, I would walk up to one of those eminences every day, and gaze, to my heart's content, upon a scene like that. The only abatement to my full satisfaction was the consciousness that I enjoy with me riches which could not be diminished by participation. But there was no one near, except the surly looking Savoyard, who interrupted my contemplations by the observation, "C'est une belle vue, Monsieur."

The principal business of the Canton Vaud is farming and raising cattle. We encountered herds of these on the move for the markets of Geneva. They are enormously large France, and Italy. and fat. Those intended for market are raised with much care, and are not forced to work much. Thinking them equally pugnacious with our cattle, I was not disposed to relish the prospect of encountering a herd of them. But the genius loci is mildness, and this feature of the Swiss character, seems to extend even to their domestic animals.

I dined at Payerne, an ancient town surrounded by a curious wall, that must have been built in the old feudal times when bows and arrows were the means of attack and defence. But, as if in contempt for the improvements of centuries, these walls are left, like public works almost everywhere in Switzerland, as monuments of the past, forcibly reminding one of what a theatre was this for the display of chivalrous daring and courage under the earliest German emperors. Indeed, everywhere in Switzerland, the traveller sees monuments left by the hands of those courageous races of men who have maintained the independence of their country, while neighboring states have changed their rulers or lost their rank among the nations.

I was much pleased with certain forms of civility which the Swiss of the interior think proper to manifest towards strangers. Any of the peasantry whom one meets, salutes him with the civil bonjour, or with the German expression for the same. It is certainly more pleasant than that reserve which withholds in our country villages, any testimony of kind feeling due to a stranger; or than that more singular incivility which prevailed in the hearts of two young English students of Oxford, who are said to have met on Mt. Etna, and not to have spoken, because they had not been introduced to one another!

Morat, situated on a lake of the same name, is surrounded by a very old wall, and stands high above the water, flanked at the side by an elevated terrace. There was something more antique in the appearance of the town, than I had thus far beheld in Switzerland. The dresses worn by the women, might have been easily connected in one's mind, with the fashions of the middle ages. Yankees would have turned those old walls to some account; and instead of leaving them to the slow progress of decay, would have transformed them into elegant and useful buildings. But I was led to recognize a principle here, which I afterwards saw more abundantly verified, that any structure which once goes up in Switzerland, is never to be

was alone; that no friend of mine was near, to pulled down again. Exchanging civilities with every body I met, while taking a pleasant ramble by the side of the lake, I passed a part of the afternoon and the evening very pleasantly, and retired to rest in an inn as comfortable as heart could wish.

> The distance from Morat to Berne is about 15 miles. I might remark, en passant, that Morat was the scene of a terrible battle fought in 1476, between the Swiss and Burgundians, in which the latter were defeated. But individual battle-scenes are of little interest in a country, which may be called, emphatically, one vast battle-ground. Probably there is no portion of Swiss ground, but the tops of her lofty mountains, which has not, since the invasion of the ancient Romans, been the scene of some battle; and even the solitudes of her mountains, as we shall see hereafter, are not left without being stern witnesses of "man's inhumanity to man."

> After leaving Morat, our road led up a mountain among pine forests. These always make the route charming, even when destitute of other features to give it interest; for with them, the scenery is never tame. But we are now in the Canton Berne, containing 380,000 inhabitants,* the largest and richest of the Swiss confederation. Farming is carried to a high state of perfection in the Canton, and the people are intelligent and industrious. passed by fields, to-day, laden with abundant crops. and there seemed to be no lack of hands to till them, men and women working together. Judging from what I could see of their respective occupations, as I passed, it struck me that the former had not even the gallantry to assume the heavier tasks to themselves, but admitted the women to be coadjutors in all the severer work of the field.

> The first approach to Berne is very fine. situated on a platform on the side of a hill, about a hundred feet above the river Aar, which is seen winding through the valley in the foreground. The appearance of the city is not so modern as that of Geneva; for it yet retains the old terraces and portions of the old wall of feudal days. Berne had its origin in the 12th century, when the oppression of those petty barons, who ruled in their own castles, and were the terror of a country of serfs and peasants, compelled the latter to resort in numbers to some stronghold, and to depend for their security upon the firm walls which they could erect. The founder was Berchtold V., Duke of Zahringen. It was soon acknowledged a free city of the Empire: that is, was made subject to the Emperor alone, and not to the inferior potentates for whom the realm was pencilled up. But the inhabitants subsequently formed themselves subject to a local aristocracy, who monopolized all the offices of the state, yet managed them without reproach. This order of things, however, was changed at the time of the French revolution. The present popu-

> > * Keller's map of Switzerland.

city by a handsome stone gateway, of modern construction, guarded by several gens d' armes. I found myself immediately in a wide open street, through the centre of which flowed a stream of water in a narrow channel, while at short intervals stood stone fountains each with some tasteful image or device upon it. The walks are conducted under long arcades, which extend, successively, for the whole length of the street. The streets of Berne present the busy and bustling air of a capital. was much amused with the dress of the female peasantry. It has been observed that in every one of the twenty-two Cantons of Switzerland, there prevails a different fashion for the female dress. Whether this is literally true, I have not the means of ascertaining; but it is partially true, at least: that is, as far as relates to the head-dress. That of Berne, in addition to its wide dissimilarity from a device as anything could be; even uglier than as my observation went, were painful enough. One would think, that in the article of head-dress, they had preserved religiously the fashion of the 12th supported by bright metallic radii, expanded on the sides to a great width. The whole looks as if the head had taken to itself wings, and was about to fly away. They wore a waistcoat of white, and a frock of black. But we are now arrived at the Hotel du Faucon, and my early morning ride has rendered breakfast an agreeable incident previous to undergoing that trouble about my passport, which was fated to befal me; a trouble which almost every traveller has to undergo, in consequence of not taking lessons from the experience of others. I will briefly detail an account of my perplexities, not with the intent of inflicting my own personal sufferings on the sympathy of others, but with the hope that some reader who may be undertaking the same tour, may take warning; for it is a disagreeable thing to be obliged to change one's route, when once determined on; though I doubt not, such a change was very much for my advantage.

Previous to leaving Lausanne, I had taken the precaution to get the visée of the Sardinian Minister who happened to reside there. But, for the purpose of visiting Milan and Venice, I needed the visée of the Austrian consul, who resides at Berne. After breakfast at the Hotel du Faucon, I inquired of the garcon (waiter) the address of the Austrian consul, and with Joseph for a guide, set out in search of his residence. On finding the office, I was informed that I must wait till just eleven o'clock, when, if I would make my appearance, my passport would receive the necessary visée. I accordingly went out, and waited till my watch told me my passport, but was told that it was too late. ject of a special agreement.

lation of the city is about 25,000. One enters the There was a disagreement of fifteen minutes between my watch and the chronometers at Berne. The functionary had concluded to do no more business for the day, and my representations of the inconvenience to which his refusal would subject me, were of no avail. Indeed so positive was the refusal that one of the young men, to whom I subsequently offered money to get it done for me could not succeed. I had previously found this a most effectual resort in all cases of necessity, in Savoy and Piedmont, and now to find that its power was limited by any circumstances, afforded me matter of surprise. This difficulty would have been obviated, if I had given my passport to the police at Geneva, directing them to send it on, and return it to me there; for which service, I should have had to pay only a moderate sum for postage. it was, my passport was regular for all purposes of travel in Switzerland, Germany and France, and anything of modern taste in particular, is as ugly the only effect of my disappointment was, that I was thereby prevented from visiting Milan and the faces they were set off to adorn, which, as far Venice. I went back to my hotel, disappointed and perplexed. I thought that it would be best to return to the Hotel de la Canorme at Lausanne, and give my passport to the police there—another century. They were a kind of black cap, which, blunder. I should have given it to my hotel keeper at Berne, and have directed him to send it to me by mail, endorsed. But being determined to return, I went out on the promenade, and amused myself as much as possible till 4 o'clock when the "cocher" and I set out on our return, by way of Friburg. I had stipulated for a difference of route in going and returning, in consideration of which, I had promised the boun main.* As I subsequently visited Berne under more favorable circumstances, and made a longer stay there, I shall reserve all attempts at description to that time.

Friburg is the capital of the Canton of the same name. Its appearance struck me as peculiarly picturesque, on my approach to it at about 7 o'clock in the evening, as we turned a shoulder of the mountain. It was founded about the year 1300. Its architecture seems to hail from the feudal days, as the characteristic walls and watch-towers of that time are still standing. They evince the rude, but strong workmanship of that period. It is built on a rocky platform, nearly surrounded by a ravine 170 feet deep. The precipitous sides which support that platform, at such an elevation, would seem to defy all hostile approach to the town from without, and to make all other defence unnecessary. But to cross this ravine, which is more than 800 feet in width, the famous suspension bridge of Friburg has been erected. Its prodigious length, (nearly 900 feet,) is a matter of astonishment. It may be unnecessary to remark that it is the longest

^{*} A gratuity of two or three francs over the stipulated sum, which is generally expected by an employé, as a matthat it was eleven, when I returned and presented ter of course, unless, as in this case, it was made the sub-

first appearance of it struck me with awe, not unmixed with terror, at the sight of a work of such great length apparently unsupported, while the rocks at the bottom of the ravine afforded but a dreary prospect, should it give way under one. The engineer was Mr. Chaley of Lyons. It was completed in 1834, and opened with great ceremony. I have been told that it is ascertained by calculation, that as many of the heaviest carts loaded, with four horses attached to each, as could stand on the bridge, might be stationed from one end of it to the other, without breaking it. However, as the individual who figured out this problem might have made some mistake, I was willing to get out of the carriage, and let the horse go on first and try the strength of the materials. There is always a slight motion perceptible, even when an individual walks over; this becomes very material under the weight of a horse and carriage. The famous Menai bridge, which ranked next to this, was only 580 feet in length.

After paying our toll of 3 batz, (9 cents,) we entered upon the bridge. At each end of it, stands a strong granite column, of the same width as the bridge, and 70 or 80 feet in height. Two iron stays made fast to the tops of each of these columns, act as the supports on each side of the bridge; about the middle of which, they are allowed to sag down to its level. These stays are made of a great number of thin strips of iron, (my guide-book says 1,056,) bound firmly together at the distance of every two feet. Lest the weight of the bridge should draw too heavily upon the column, these stays are made to pass through the latter, and under the ground, obliquely, behind. The bridge, itself, is of wood, and is as firmly bound together as the repetition of strong timbers at the distance of every two feet could make it. Each of these rafters projects a little from the bridge, and from its end a rod of iron goes up and is made fast to the stay above. In the columns at the end are arches, for the admission of carriages and foot passengers. The bridge does not maintain a perfect level, as regards its length; but is slightly arched upwards.

the capital of the Canton of the same name. The but at the bottom of a long slope, in a most retired principal objects worthy of notice within its walls spot, from whence it could overlook the peaceful are a fine cathedral and its celebrated organ. Tra- lake. One could trace in its position the indicavellers are attracted to Friburg from great dis- tions of a milder spirit pervading the bosom of its tances, to hear this instrument played. There is former occupant than was characteristic of feudal a regular hour, each day, when persons are admitted on a moderate charge; but to hear it at other times, it is necessary to give the organist 10 or the environs of Lausanne. In my daily walks, I 11 francs, (about 2 dollars,) as a compensation for met parties of English who seemed to be permahis trouble.

in the world. Its dimensions are as follows:--|got up early in the morning for the purpose of length nearly 900 feet, breadth 28 feet, and height taking a survey of the city. Multitudes were flockfrom the bottom of the ravine, 170 feet. The ing into the cathedral, actuated by that spirit of Catholic devotion which appeals rather to the senses than to the heart. I repaired once more to the bridge. There is a feeling of awe with which one regards works of such fearful magnitude, which do not soon lose their effect from his mind; and the bridge at Friburg is such an one, unique in its character, and, considering the materials at hand for its construction, as successful a proof of the ability of man to overcome the obstacles of nature, as can be found anywhere. Previous to the construction of this work, Friburg was inaccessible by a direct route from Berne.

> Between Friburg and Payerne stands an old building, once used as a college of Jesuits.

> Monod, the Minidunum of the ancient Romans, is a lifeless looking old town, surrounded with a very old wall provided with picturesque watchtowers, on one of which is a quaint looking clock; which I mention, not for its singularity, but as one of many instances of that singular public tasts which formerly led all the Swiss towns of any note, to put up clocks on some one of their watchtowers. These, of course, are of but little use now: but having once been put up, they must obey the universal law to which every thing in the country is subjected,-viz, to swait there the slow progress of decay.

Arrived at Lausanne, I gave my passport to the police to be sent on to Berne for me, and dismissed Joseph, who returned to Geneva. Meanwhile, I occupied myself in making excursions in the charming environs of Lausanne, intending, on the arrival of my passport, to pass over the Simplon, or grand military road of Napoleon.

THE SIMPLON ROAD.

I remained at Lausanne four days; which time was spent in renewed visits to its charming environs, or in loitering by the shore of "placid Leman," watching a distant sail slowly moving upon its calm bosom. Near the waterside, half buried among the trees, stood the ruins of an old tower. It attracted my attention, in consequence of its peculiar position, being not upon some picturesque promontory, or upon some bold cliff to command Friburg contains about 8,000 inhabitants. It is the awe and respect of a troop of wild retainers; times.

There are many charming walks and drives in nent residents in the place; perhaps some of them On the next day after the above adventures, I were tenants of those fine houses which stand up

here and there from amid the green vineyards, until it has attained an enormous size, in some inattempts to perpetrate a few connected sentences tainous parts of Savoy, and also in some parts of on my own part, the notes of my own language the Canton Valais, as many as one in four of the sounded grateful to my ear, and served to revive whole population are more or less affected with it. the sweet recollections of home.

ed to me at the hotel, without the signature of the be attributed to the water drunk by the people, and Austrian Consul, as it was stated not to be "regu- to their diet. The latter is a compound of the most lar." This determined me to relinquish the idea of miserable things ever used to "keep soul and body visiting Milan and Venice; but after having crossed together," and the former flows from the glaciers over into Sardinia by the Simplon, to return into of their mountains, unwholesome and impure. But Switzerland, by the lake Maggiore.

from my hotel to take my place in the diligence. My it, who would come about the diligence wherever host, who showed the usual rotundity of form of a it stopped, and importune us for money. To give to village landlord, had not seen me just previous to one, would be a sure signal for being overwhelmed my departure. But as propriety enjoined upon him with applicants. to wish his guests, on parting, un bon voyage, he came after me in full chase down the steps with a boy behind him carrying a light and gave me the usual parting salutation of "Monsieur Ie vous Souhaite un bon voyage." All is gloomy enough at one of those diligence offices, at midnight, while passengers are waiting to take their seats in the diligence. When the time of departure arrives. the conducteur assigns to each passenger his seat, and then takes his own seat in the copée (a part of the diligence partitioned off in front and usually selected by travellers,) the postilion mounts one of the wheel horses, and the heavy vehicle moves off. Having taken a seat in the interiour of the diligence, I resigned myself to Morpheus, not undisturbed, however, by the incessant talking of two Frenchmen, my travelling companions.

Morning light was somewhat advanced when I awoke. I found that we had passed the eastern end of the lake of Geneva, and were traversing the valley of the Rhone, which near the lake is very fertile and beautiful, and contains some interesting remains of ancient Roman works. History records that a severe engagement took place in this valley between the Romans and the Helvetii, in which the former were defeated. Further up, the valley contracts to a diameter of from one to two miles, and becomes wild and desolate in appearance. On each side, it is pent up between enormous mountains, while, through the centre, the river Rhone flows a turbid lime-colored fluid. The Canton Valais, in whose territory the valley of the Rhone lies, is one of the poorest, and altogether the most unhealthy of the Swiss Cantons. It was not long before we met with cases of the goitre and cretinisme, diseases which the traveller in Savoy meets with in such distressing frequency, and which give to the person of the patient a disgusting appearance, if they do not drive him to idiocy. Goitre is a swelling in the neck, which commences when the patient is very young, and grows with his growth, stopped to dine. This was an old Roman town,

Forced, as I was at my hotel, to listen to the inces- stances, and hangs down in the form of a "huge sant jargon of French, or German, besides the rude wallet of flesh." In some localities in the moun-There seem to be some doubts as to the cause of On the 24th of August, my passport was return- this malady, though I have no doubt that it is to cretinisme is a more fearful malady, as it affects the It was eleven o'clock at night, when I set out mind. We saw many poor sufferers, afflicted with

> Martigny is situated at the angle, made by the Rhone with the Simplon road, at the mouth of the Drause, a little river that, in 1818, inundated the town, and destroyed nearly the whole of the inhabitants. Above the town, on an elevated promontory, are the ruins of an old castle, picturesquely seated This town was a place of some imon the hill. portance in the time of the Romans, and was called by them Octodurus. It is the place to which travellers who wish to pass the Great St. Bernard from this side resort. We reached here at eight o'clock, and awaited the arrival of the diligence from the south side of the lake of Geneva, for the space of an hour, an interval which I devoted, principally, to visiting one of those fine mineral shops of Martigny, which contain valuable specimens of agates, cornelians, crystals, &c., taken from the mountains. To the mineralogist, a visit to one of those mineral shops is a rich treat. I bought some very valuable specimens of agates and cornelians, at from one to three francs apiece.

> Not long after leaving Martigny, we passed the cascade of Pissevache, a picturesque waterfall, of about fifty feet in height. It is one of those glacier streams, which, from every direction, are pouring into the river Rhone in its progress through the valley, and adding to its volume. The cascade of the Sallenche, a precipitous fall of 150 feet, is another object upon which the eye delights to fix itself, after searching in vain amid the awful sterility that prevails throughout the valley, for any object which could remind him of the milder beauties of external The valley of the Rhone seems to be nature. shut out from communion with the rest of the world, except from its termination near the lake of Geneva. It is hemmed in, on the two sides, by the enormous mountains of the Bernese Alps, or of the Monte Rosa chain, which vary in height from ten to fourteen thousand feet.

We arrived at Sion at about one o'clock, and

and is said to contain some ruins left by that people. seemed about to receive their fulfilment in the It is the capital of the Canton Valais. Its general aspect is lifeless.* A large portion of the inhabitants are more or less affected with the goitres. The walls of Sion, now old and crumbling, were once probably very substantial. Two bold rocky heights on the east of the town, are crowned with picturesque castles, which are conspicuous for a long time to one approaching from the west. the west of the town, are to be seen the ruins of the baronial castle of Montgorges, seated upon the brow of a rocky eminence. History gives an unenviable reputation to its former possessor; one would think that its situation entitled it to be a fit residence for one of the lawless spirits of the middle ages. Even in its dreary aspect, one can see the frowning spirit of the past. In a walk near the outskirts, I passed a monastery, which might have been distinguished by many unfailing characteristics, without the help of a guide book. Even among the wretched population of Sion, some wellfed priests are found, subsisting without labor, and appropriating funds which might go far towards alleviating the misery of the people.

We left Sion at one, and pursued our route through the valley, amid scenes of awful wildness and grandear. Truly it might be said of this valley, " Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority in a scene where all the ordinary powers of nature were raised and exalted." We passed few places of any note or interest to the traveller, and those few were filled with a population afflicted with the goitres, or whose external appearance betokened wretched poverty. Sierres is a town of about the same importance as Sion.

Brieg is the final resting-place before crossing the mountain. We arrived at this point of our journey at seven o'clock, P. M., and halted to await the first light of the following morning. The town is a small collection of old stone buildings, surrounded with an amphitheatre of some of the grandest mountain scenery in Switzerland. Of the Bernese Alps, the most conspicuous is Jungfrau (the Virgin,) a name denoting the pure white which forever mantles its form. It ranks near to Monte Ross, being nearly 13,000 feet in height. The Glyshorn, rises boldly up to an elevation of several thousand feet, and seems to impend over the village, and adds to the horreurs of its situation. We stopped at the Hotel 'd Angleterre, and after partaking of a light supper, retired, preparatory to an early call on the morrow.

At half past two o'clock, A. M., I was aroused from my slumbers. Descending into the salle-amanger, I met my companions. A cup of coffee was ready for us. The anticipations of months.

* It may be necessary to mention here, to avoid the suspicion of writing from hasty observation, that I passed through the valley of the Rhone, subsequently, in a manner which gave me more leisure for observation.

events of a single day. The first glimmerings of morning light were watched with eager impatience, and at about half after three, the welcome call of the conductor summoned us to enter the diligence.

The day was fine, and every thing seemed favorable. The passengers did not long submit to the confinement of the diligence, but all agreed to climb the mountain on foot. At the right of the road, a glacier stream was tumbling in successive cascades over ledges of rocks, as it made its way to unite with the Rhone. Over it was extended one of those fine stone bridges, which, from their frequency in different parts of the route, as well as their strength and elegance, give to the traveller enlarged impressions of the majesty of the undertaking. From this point the scene constantly increases in interest as one ascends. I turned back to look upon Brieg, now far below. The village and one or two spires which stand out from amid other buildings, look like small objects in the plain, with hardly room enough to stand, between the bases of enormous mountains.

The ascent of the Simplon is very gradual from the commencement, but constantly inclined, except in one or two instances, where the road makes a horizontal bend around a projecting shoulder of the mountain. A succession of guard-stones placed at the distance of every ten or fifteen feet, and seen far ahead, marks the passage of the road. There were no fences, and no firm stone walls, to prevent a vehicle descending at a rapid pace, being drawn off into the rocky ravine at the side. The approach to Pont Alto is exceedingly magnificent. For a long distance, the road is cut out of the side of the mountain, while from above, immense masses of rocks seem to impend over the traveller and threaten him with destruction. On the other side of the ravine, the mountain falls off precipitously, and discloses on its sides rooks thrown into the wildest attitudes, as if they had tumbled from the mountain above, and found no resting-place till they were caught by the crags, at a depth of several hundred feet. Many of the guard stones have been broken off by the force of rocks in falling; yet, the road exhibits a wonderful perfection, although the Canton Valais, in whose territory this part of the road lies, is too poor to make any necessary repairs.

About the Pont Alto, one sees les belles horreurs du Simplon in perfection. The bridge, itself of wood, supported on massive masoury, carries the road over a gorge between the mountains. The torrent, over which it is built, is seen tumbling in successive cascades, and burying itself in the ravine far below. It was eight o'clock when we reached this point of our journey. Soon after leaving it. vegetation of all kinds, except pines and larches, and stunted grass, disappeared. We walked slowly on, but easily kept in advance of the diligence,

Shortly after leaving the bridge, the road turned an | sumption, after all the evidence which their brethangle of the mountain. From this position, we obtained a fine view of the towering white mass of but it must be conceded that their profession is Monte Rosa. Its appearance is so much like that highly favorable to their health, which was evinced of Mont Blanc, that travellers have frequently committed the error of supposing that they saw the latter mountain from this point of the Simplon route.

The first gallery that we came to, is that of Chalbec.* This is only about eighty feet in length, and is cut through a projecting mass of the mountain. Shortly after leaving this gallery, one obtains a fine view of the Bernese Alps. That immense sea of ice which fills the ridges between them, and is the source of innumerable glaciers which descend from their sides into the vallies below, is seen to better advantage from this point, probably, than from any other in Switzerland.

Further in the ascent, we came to another gallery, in part built up of masonry, and in part excavated from a projecting shoulder of the mountain. | level of the sea. We arrived there at about eleven, It was made to protect the road from glacier streams and found dinner ready. Our landlady informed us and avalanches. the mountain, a glacier, the source of the stream of water which is conducted over this gallery, and precipitated in a cascade upon the rocks below. the mountain in every direction. On the right, is a rocky ravine, in which lies a heavy mass of mixed snows of autumn have fallen, to recruit the matter off. this station, the view down the valley of the Rhone displaying some signs of vegetable life, in striking larches have failed us, ere now, and we are hemmed in by barren rocks with here and there large masses of ice and snow. With the exception of an occasional stone building constructed for the purpose of affording travellers a refuge from the fearful snow storms of spring or autumn, there was no habitation of any kind within miles of us.

At about ten o'clock, A. M., we reached the Hospice, built on the summit of the pass, 6,540 feet above the level of the sea. This is a very large plain edifice of stone. The diligence stopped, while we went in to inspect the building. We were met at the door by a Monk of the St. Bernard order. habited in the black garb of the order. These Monks have a very benevolent occupation here, as it is to seek out travellers exposed to death amid the awful terrors of an Alpine snow storm. To doubt their disinterested benevolence would be pre-

* The term gallery denotes, in this instance, one of those artificial excavations made to carry the road through a projecting shoulder of the mountain; or it is used to denote protect the road from avalanches or glaciers from above.

ren of Mt. St. Bernard have given to the world; by their well-favored appearances. The reverend father conducted us about the building with a good deal of politeness. The house was very comfortable within. There were many large and commodious rooms. Finally, we were conducted into a neat chapel, attached to the edifice, at one side of which, is a charity box, where each of us put in his donation for the support of this benevolent institu-At parting, the Monk called two noble dogs, one of whom was the celebrated St. Bernard breed. They bounded forward eagerly to their master and seemed impatient for the search.

We entered the diligence and drove rapidly to the village of Simplon, which is on the descent on the Italian side, being only 4,840 feet above the Above, one sees on the side of that one kind of meat, of which we were partaking freely, was that of the chamois, or Alpine goat. This animal occupies the most inaccessible parts of the mountains and is taken with difficulty. The Numerous tiny glacier streams are cascading down chamois go in companies, and observe the custom of setting one or two of their number to watch while the rest are eating. The watchers as soon ice and snow, which is the source of a stream of as they see any indications of danger, give the water, but will not be melted completely before the alarm by a shrill whistle, when the herd scamper Persons travelling among the mountains, are that it has lost during the heat of summer. From surprised, sometimes, at hearing a shrill whistle proceeding from some cliff; looking up, they see is exceedingly fine. Far below, a glimpse of the those watchful sentinels communicating the alarm valley is caught, winding among the mountains, and to their friends. The flesh is tough and unpleasant.

The descent on the Italian side, from the village contrast to the scenes around us. Even pine and of Simplon, is gradual, and possesses no features of particular interest to the traveller, until he reaches the gallery of Algaby. Under other circumstances, this might be an object worthy of particular mention; but amid such an association of magnificent works as crown every short interval of the whole route, this deserves notice only as a kind of waymark, indicating to the traveller from this side, his near approach to the Gorge of the Gondo. The road is supported by solid masonry built up by the side of the Dovedro, a furious glacier torrent, that finds its bed at the bottom of the gorge. bases of the opposite mountains draw very closely together, leaving scarcely room for the road and the torrent between them. The precipices assume a terrific appearance, as they tower above the traveller for several hundred feet. He looks in vain for anything to prevent his vehicle going off the level terraced road, into the boiling torrent below, but a range of small guardstones placed at intervals of ten or fifteen feet. We enter the gallery of Gondo, the longest of the Simplon galleries. It is one of those artificial constructions of masonry, built to cut through the solid rock for the length of 596 feet, and was a work of prodigious labor, having

taken "more than one hundred men, in gange of eight, relieving each other day and night, for eighteen months, to pierce a passage." Two large holes were cut in the outer wall, to admit light and assist their operations. But nothing can exceed the grandeur of the view that presents itself immediately after leaving the gallery on the Italian side. We crossed a bridge and went about forty yards, when we stopped. The entrance to the gallery was in full view before us. At the right of it, the Dovedro was forcing its way between huge rocks which confined its passage, and caused it to make a beautiful cascade; while, on the left of the gallery, another mountain torrent had formed a cascade, the volume of which passed under the bridge as it hastened to unite with the Dovedro.

The road continued for a long distance, close under the side of the mountain, out of which it was scooped in many places. The road is still carried by the bank of the torrent; on the opposite side of the latter, the mountain rises precipitously to the height of several hundred feet. I have seen many pictures of this scene; but none which seemed to me to convey a correct impression of the grandeur and beauty of the original.* Further on, I observed many places where large masses of rock had fallen into the bed of the torrent.

We were now on the Italian side, in the dominions of the king of Sardinia. The road was not in so good a condition as it was on the Swiss side of the pass; still, one could not but observe abundant evidences that great care was originally bestowed to secure perfection throughout the whole work.

We stopped at Irella, the first frontier town, where our passports and baggage were subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. My clothes were tumbled most ruthlessly. My books were taken out, and handed to a functionary. Coming to my bible, he turned over its leaves carefully, and asked if it was protestante. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he scrutinized its pages very closely, to be sure that it contained no leaves of Italian. This investigation was much more rigid than I had been subjected to, two months before, when landing at Genoa. It seems to be a principle of Sardinian officers, to examine the effects of passengers much more closely, who come from the continent, than from sea.

At Crevola, we passed a fine bridge over the Dovedro, that empties into the Toccia, at this place. All the passengers began to remark the bright sky of Italy, and highly cultivated fields. Nature appeared to our eyes clad in a more beautiful mantle than before, as we viewed the strange contrast presented by the luxuriant vegetation of Italy to the sterility of the Canton Valais, or the rocky and

 I held Conder's Italy in my hand at the time, and found the engraving intended to represent this scene, defective in. these respects.

snow clad heights that we had been traversing. The Frenchmen and Swiss, among our passengers, were especially delighted to see grape-vines growing luxuriantly on tall arbors, instead of being confined on short poles.

To a stranger ascending a mountain pass for the first time, the changes which vegetation undergoes at successive grades of elevation, present an interesting spectacle. I do not make this remark so much of the pass of the Simplon, as of that of Mt. Cenis; for the former is too rocky and barren to afford the most striking contrasts. Suppose that about seven hours are requisite for the ascent, as in the case of the Simplon. He commences the ascent from the plain, where vines and various fruits are growing luxuriantly. As he ascenda, these fail imperceptibly, and their place is assumed by the ash, and elm, and maple, or the sturdy oak, with here and there a cedar tree. A chill in the air, begins to be sensible as he advances, such, as in our latitude, would indicate the first approach of This increases as he advances. autumn. seems to be entering amid mountains, whose tops, at no great elevation above him, are crowned with snow. The chilling sensation increases. He feels the necessity of active walking to keep him warm. The trees with which he had been familiar fail, and their places are filled with pines and larches. Even apple trees find too little warmth in this climate for their support. Pines and larches hang on with obstinacy to the last, and do not fail until the appearance of stunted grass indicates the climate of Lapland. Finally, even the stunted grass fails, and nothing succeeds but one universal barrenness, or masses of snow and ice which tower amid perennial winter. The same changes follow, though in an opposite order, as he descends, and vegetation, by being placed in such immediate contrast with the barrenness of winter, assumes new hues of loveliness.

We arrived at Domo d' Ossola at about four o'clock in the afternoon. This is a town of some importance, and to those who have not been conversant with Italian architecture, it exhibits a novel and interesting appearance. It derives much of its importance from the fact of its being on the grand Simplon route. Its buildings are stuccoed, and are usually much more massive than those of Switzerland. There is a heavy style of architecture prevailing in these countries to which we are strangers in the United States; a fact that may easily be accounted for when we consider that works erected here, are expected to survive the lapse of centuries, and to find in future no improvement in society. I looked in vain, in Domo d' Ossola, for those tasteful stone fountains which one meets with so frequently in all Swiss towns.

We drove up to the diligence office, through a heavy archway, and stopped for the night. The Swiss diligence, which had brought us over the mountain, had done its work, and would not be al- | a slight additional sum. To this, we readily aslowed to run regularly any further in Sardinia. A diligence, under the direction of a Sardinian conductor, and postilion, leaves Domo d' Ossola early every morning for Milan, the termination of the Simplon road. This road commences at Geneva. The distance thence to Brieg, where the route leaves the valley of the Rhone, for the purpose of commencing the ascent of the mountain, is about 140 miles; from Brieg to Domo d' Ossola, the distance is about 40 miles; and thence to Milan, about 60 miles, making 240 miles for the whole.

I had found a new inducement for visiting Mi-I had found some agreeable companions in two of my fellow travellers of the diligence, and hoped from their society to derive much pleasure. With their advice, and the promise of their assistance to explain my difficulties, I determined to pay a visit to the commandant of Domo d'Ossola, and Wе solicit his advice respecting my passport. accordingly called upon the commandant at the Hotel de Ville, and were received with an urbanity and kindness unusual among the public officers of Sardinia. In reply to my questions, he advised me Milan, requesting him to endorse the passport, if "regular," and solicit the requisite permission for me to pass the Austrian frontier, from the authorities at Milan. Meanwhile, I could go on with my companions to Baveno, visit the Boromean Islands and repair to Arona, a frontier town, to await the return of my passport. The commandant kindly wrote me a passport provisoire, to serve me meanwhile.

We were summoned at half after two o'clock, on the following morning, to take our places in the diligence for Baveno, a small town on the lake Maggiore, much visited by travellers in consequence of its proximity to the Borromean islands. We arrived at Baveno, at seven o'clock, A. M., and from the windows and balcony of our hotel, had a charming view of the lake. Isola Balla and Isola Madre are seen at a distance in the bay; and some indications of artificial elevations on each island are seen rising amidst a mass of foliage. Simplon road separated our hotel from the water of Near the shore, lazy watermen were seen reclining in their boats, and gazing vacantly upon the blue shade which was thrown over the mountains that seemed to hem in the bay. These fishermen support themselves upon the fees obtained by taking travellers to visit the islands. The charge for this service is five francs for the first hour, and one franc for each additional hour; besides which, they expect a bonne main of a franc or more.

Upon bargaining with our boatman, we were told that he could take us to Arona, a place about eight miles further down the lake, and the last frontier town of Sardinia, on condition of our paying him the poor returns they received.

* There is no American Consul at Milan.

sented; but our calculations were unexpectedly disappointed by the interference of the downsiers (custom-house officers,) as we were about to carry our baggage on board of the craft. We were told that we were at liberty to go upon the lake as much as we chose ourselves, but not to carry our effects thereupon; for the lake being neutral ground between Austria and Sardinia, the authorities of each wish to impose a check upon individuals entering its territory, except by the regular routes. This prohibition, however, does not extend to persons taking passage on board the lake steamer. Accordingly, we returned our baggage to the hotel, and engaged our boat for the trip to the islands simply.

A young Englishman, an artist by profession, solicited permission to accompany us, and was accepted. He had just come from Venice, by way of Milan, and gave us an amusing account of the vexations to which the traveller is subjected all along the route, from the insolence of the douaniers, and the hindrances thrown in his way to cause him to leave some of his money at every important to enclose my passport to the British Consul* at town along the line of his route. Travellers in these countries know the truth of this by sad expe-We were unnecessarily detained over rience. night at Domo d' Ossola, in order to contribute something to the support of that important town.

> The bay of the Borromean Islands, is an arm of the lake Maggiore, and is about ten miles in length and six in breadth. The Count Borromeo, an Italian noble, is the sole proprietor of the lake and of the interesting group of islands it contains. 1671, an ancestor of his, erected a palace upon Isola Bella, the largest of the islands, and by transplanting thither an immense quantity of rich earth, converted this mass of slate into a rich garden abounding with every variety of fruits and flowers. Isola Madre was subsequently built upon. Both are at present unoccupied by the noble proprietor and his family, but are kept in order by servants who reside on them, while a handsome revenue is derived from the contributions of the immense number of visitors who resort to these celebrated islands.

> The water of the lake is of a beautiful green color, and is extremely clear. The heights about the bay, are covered with luxuriant groves of olives and with vines. In the distance, we descried the Simplon mountain covered with snow.

We first passed the Isola di Piscatori, or Isle of Fishermen. It is covered with the huts of fishermen who have purchased of the proprietor, at an enormous charge, the right of practising their vocation within the bay. Our boatmen told us the amount, which I have forgotten, and assured usthat the fishermen with difficulty made a living from

Isola Madre, where we first landed, has not had

isle; but still, it has its peculiar beauties. Its sides are supported by a terrace, at intervals in which are steps constructed for convenience in landing from boats. The first appearance presented by this island, is that of a garden of trees and shrubs under the highest state of cultivation, while nothing unsightly occurs to mar the general beauty. On one side stands a large plain edifice of stone, and near it, another that is in ruins. We landed and were met by the garcon, who is the only resident on the island. We first passed through an arbor of vines, and then ascended three successive terraces. Around each of these were orange and lemon trees artificially spread out so as to cover the perpendicular face of the wall. The island throughout must afford a rich treat to the botanist, as it contains shrubs and flowers selected with the greatest care and without regard to expense.

A short row from here brought us to Isola Bella or handsome island; deservedly so called, one would say, as he gazed upon it, and beheld its nine terraces rising one above another, each covered with orange trees artificially spread out so as to hide the masonry, and looking more like the leafy abode of fairies than a residence for human beings. Calypso and her nymphs, it has been suggested, might delight to ramble over its groves and find in its miniature grottoes (artificial however,) some compensation for the absence of Ulysses. The beauty of this island is marred by one circumstance. collection of rude huts belonging to fishermen, whose craft are seen lying upon the little sandy beach left in that condition, for their use, are seen on the western side of the island, and look in strange contrast with its general beauty.

We landed on this beach, and ascended a pair of steps to the court of the palace, where we met a servant who offered to escort us. The palace is large, but inelegant. We observed within its walls, a few good paintings, and several good specimens of statuary, as a Minerva by Canova, and a Venus by some good artist. I was conducted, into the room where Napoleon slept after the battle of Marengo; a small mahogany bedstead supported the victor, on that occasion. We were conducted into an artificial grotto made of two large rooms. The pillars and walls are covered with rough pieces of lava. A fountain is attached to one of the

From the palace, we were conducted into the grounds. These contain very many valuable trees. Among others, are the coffee plant, which grows here to the height of twenty feet; the magnolia, the olive, and a number of magnificent bay trees. Upon one of these, I saw some illegible carving, which is said to have been done by Napoleon with his penknife. Upon the topmost terrace, there is classmates, and, having bid them farewell, to fola large equestrian statue representing a child mount- low with anxious eye their retreating carriage, ed upon a powerful horse, and controlling the ani- until intervening objects takes it from view-bear-

such vast treasures lavished upon it, as its sister mal; also, a colossal statue of Cardinal Carlo Borromeo.

> One cannot but regard Isola Bella, with its beauty and magnificence, as illustrating the spirit of a semi-barbarous age, when the nobles had power and wealth sufficient to gratify any taste, however fanciful.

After dinner, the Frenchman and I engaged a voiturer, to carry us to Arona, distant nearly nine miles. Here I stopped to await the return of my passport from Milan, while my comrade continued his route to that city.

VACATION SCRIBBLINGS:

OR, LETTERS FROM A COLLEGE DOWN EAST.

BY A SOUTHRON.

Friend Quamdurus,-There are happy moments in the life of the student, as well as in the life of those who have gone forth to try their fortunes in the world. The one, employs his time and talents in devising and maturing plans for the acquisition of wealth and high places of distinction; the other, when uninfluenced by the petty ambition often encouraged by the annual distribution of college honors, delights to revel amid the beauties of the classics, (Horace of course being his favorite) and. admiring the philosophy they inculcate, lives up to the good old maxim of "carpe diem;" and, provided his pockets are not empty, regards with stoical apathy every incident that tends to mar his happiness, or break in upon his "way of life." And while the American student would essentially differ in his opinion with Mr. Howitt, in making the meerschaum and beer-bottle, the indispensable companions of his solitary musings, give him but a mild Havana, and he will walk the earth with as much non-chalance as if he were in reality "lord of creation." But for myself, however, I am free to confess that, with Cowper, I have often "longed for a lodge in some vast wilderness," where my mind might never again be driven to the unwelcome task of investigating the abstruse relations of some "original point," nor where the sound of the matin-bell could put to flight my morning dreams.

Such then being my peculiar temperament, you can more easily imagine than pen describe, with what feelings I lately welcomed the quiet shades of vacation-life. O how one's heart leaps for joy, when the dull routine of college duties has ended, and the morning-star of his long wished-for freedom, first dawns upon him! What bustle and confusion does the final "breaking-up" present! How delightful to join in the hearty laugh of our exulting

ing them on to gladden the hearts of the "friends saw, and "what I did'nt," as Dickens would add, of their better days," who are impatiently awaiting on a certain evening I lately passed in a neighborto sound the "Io triumphe" of their return! After the emotions that such an event always awaken within me, have died away, 'tis a pleasant recreation, since the distance of my home confines me to the north, to tread the winding paths on the neighboring "Sassacus" or "Regicide"-those "mute sentinels" over this queen of cities,—famous both in story and in song. If indeed you are a lover of natural scenery, here, hanging like Virgil's goats from the rugged cliffs, you will have extended before you, landscapes of such exquisite beauty, as seldom greet the eye of the traveller while standing on Alpine heights. And although you may encounter no wandering gypsy to amuse you by the narration of your "buena ventura," nor hear the animating strains of the plodding arriero, still you enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that no "king of Sherwood" will cross your path, and that you are secure from the contrabandistas that infest the wild sierras of Spain.

Indeed, pleasant recollections will at times flit across one's mind, even while forcing his way through the "deep-tangled wild-wood," where

> "At each step the stranger fears to wake The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,"

upon the sudden appearance of a single violet; a flower which, natural to almost every clime, Wordsworth somewhere calls a "pilgrim bold in nature's care," and under the name of "pallentes violas," found a place in the songs of the good old Mantuan bard.

But whenever I climb and gain a seat upon some jutting promontory, the beauty of the material world soon ceases to make an impression on my mind, and leaves me, statue-like, thinking of beloved ones, though far away, and dreaming o'er the memory of those, who, now inhabitants of the mysterious spirit-land, once were accustomed to add livingcharms to the "hour of my childhood." While thus I remain, as it were, buried in one of those delightful reveries in which all are accustomed more or less to indulge-when manhood fancies itself living over again the happier days of youth, the paradise of life-my memory seems to have taken to itself wings, and borne me back to the "green pastures" and "babbling brooks," where, blithe and full of youthful glee, I ran the roundelays of pleasure. O then my heart seems again to bound with the elasticity of childhood, and awakens within me the poetry of the past. The past! 'tis a harp, whose music, provided our conscience is at rest, will ever delight us in our manliest days, and charm away our cares in the "sear and yellow leaf" of age.

But I must check the speed of my wayward Pegasus, and turning about, come down from these mountains, and give you a description of what I clouds of dust.

ing country village.

"What! an evening at a country village in New England!" I fancy you exclaim, "what pleasure could you find there !" "Are not the yankees a cold-hearted and selfish people, rank abolitionists, and do they not connive at the speedy overthrow of our most sacred institutions?"

Calm, for a moment, my friend, your malevolent spirit; and, if you'll only give credence to my word, you will immediately lay aside those ill-founded prejudices that have taken possession of your mind. You are not alone, however, in the opinion you entertain in regard to the land of the "blue laws." Unfortunately, many throughout the sunny South, think and speak as you do,—and your humble servant once was among that deluded number. But from a short sojourn east of the Hudson, I can with pleasure testify to the hospitality of the New England people. There is no land where the stranger is more welcomed, or where the hand of friendship is more freely extended. The abolitionists are few in number; and are universally held in that contempt, which the wildness of their schemes justly draws down upon them.

But to return: When college exercises were lately suspended, "our crowd," believing that the mountain air and rural sports would have a beneficial influence over their health, concluded to pass a short time in some neighboring village; and after consultation, settled upon L-, in distance, only a short day's ride from the university, and beautifully situated near Long Island Sound. As the Don and Squire, the far-famed improvisatorie, had some important "settling-ups" to make, it was thought advisable that myself, in company with a friend. whom I will introduce you to, under the name of Glaucus, should go directly on to the aforesaid village, and make adequate preparations for our company's entertainment; a task easily accomplished, since Glaucus had there been stationed "minister plenipotentiary" during the past year. dingly, we were soon "armed and equipped" in a suitable manner for our romantic excursion; carrying with us, besides all the monthlies, " Hoboken," Fay's last novel (which is decidedly the novel of the day, and among many other good things, contains a fine sketch of the life of a duellist. Although the shocking murder of Frank Lennox may be objected to, as quite unnatural.) After we had repeatedly urged our friends to follow as soon as possible, and were assured of their intention so to do, the long-expected diligence at last made its appearance; we lost but a few seconds in gaining a comfortable (?) seat, the door slammed behind us, the postilion was on his box, and, amid the prancing of our horses and the shrill report of the lash, we were wheeled away, leaving behind us long circling

CHAPTER II.

The next day, we found ourselves welcome guests at the house of a pretty, little, sociable, serio-comico kind of a woman; and, as might be expected, since our good lady was not a disciple of single blessedness, a "pledge of their mutual loves" was at intervals seen and heard about the premises, much to the annoyance of all studiously inclined bachelors. After breakfast, Glaucus and myself strolled away upon the hills to enjoy the rural scenery for which New England is so justly celebrated; each in turn playing the pedant by quoting from almost every author we ever read or heard of, passages which we fain would believe were descriptive of the very scenes around us. But it is a glorious sight—one which, while it fills the mind with all the rainbow hues that tinge the poet's dream, also re-opens the closed up fountains of universal benevolence in the heart of the anchorite-to stand upon these towering mountains that command a distant prospect, where Nature and Art appear to have "improved upon themselves" in spreading out before you the beauties of their own creation. it makes me feel proud of my native land, and calls forth the tribute of a grateful heart to the Creator of all, even while on these barren cliffs to be conscious that here the sceptre of the "tyrant is broken," and that the olive-branch of peace throws a safe-guard around our commerce as it ploughs the briny deep, and adorns the domestic life of our great and happy people.

"The evening and the morning" of several days came and passed away, without bringing any news from our expected friends. And knowing that it is almost as easy to predict the "way of an eagle through the sky," as to anticipate the many whimwhams of an idle student, we were about giving over their arrival altogether, when, on a certain afternoon, the veritable persons of the old Don and Squire were very unexpectedly ushered into our room. A hearty shaking of hands ensued, and after satisfactory apologies were submitted for their not coming sooner, we willingly resigned ourselves to the "feast of reason and flow of"—soul we came near writing, but with stricter propriety we should say—hard-cider.

As Glaucus and myself had an engagement for the evening to call on some of the fairer portion of the village, (the elite of course,) it was decided that our newly arrived cavaliers should "honor us with their company." And for their special benefit, a note was dispatched to Miss Z ——, soliciting the pleasure of introducing our friends, and requesting the additional favor that she would "call in" a few of her neighbors, so that they might accidentally be present upon our entrance.

Tea at length was over; the cirro-stratus extending along the western horizon soon became of a golden hue, as it reflected back on the village

church-steeple, the last lingering rays of day-the twilight of his fading glory. In due time our toilet had been made, and as night began to thicken, we witnessed the Don and Squire make their debut in a country parlor, by an introduction to Miss Eugenia-Miss Laura-and Miss Zarina; their last names we omit for the sake of brevity. Another "belle" was expected in every moment, to complete the number. In the meantime, there sat the Don with Miss Z in one corner of the room, making very particular inquiries about the "village of L-;" "whether it was considered healthy?" "If the society was gay?" "If parties were common!" "The number of inhabitants!" The answers to all of which and such-like questions, he received with much apparent satisfaction. Nearly opposite, across the room, were seated Miss L- and myself, discussing-no matter what; while on the sofa were seen Glaucus and Miss E---, with the Squire (miserable visu) seated hard-by in a remarkably erect posture, giving particular attention to what was being said between the couple at his side; although unfortunately the burden of their remarks happened to be as incomprehensible to him as the language of the Basque. However, the Squire endured right-manfully his painful suspense, and only exhibited a slight embarrassment by now and then thrusting (with an affected dignity) his hand into his coat-pocket, and drawing forth a white kerchief, coolly applied it to his mouth, and having forced a "gentle cough," returned it again to its former place. Knowing him to be a modest or "verdant" young man, I determined to "see him out of his scrape" by resigning to him my own seat; although Miss L---- herself seemed to have been guided by the old German motto "vien bedeuke, wenig sage," or as Shakspeare has it, "a maid should have no tongue but thought." My seat was accordingly offered him; which, after expressing great reluctance at depriving me of my "truly happy situation," he "screwed his courage to the sticking place," and accepted-and verily, it proved a sticking place to him. As soon as he was seated vis-a-vis to Miss - I designedly withdrew a short distance, leaving them alone in their glory.

The Squire was now for a moment even more uneasy than before. He sat for several minutes perfectly silent—"vox fancibus hassit." At one moment he would cast a stealthy glance at Miss L—; then again he would gaze steadily at the figures on the carpet, as if he were admiring the exquisite skill displayed in wedding together their many-colored threads. At length, however, he discovered a bouquet tastily arranged in a tumbler of water which stood upon the centre-table. This seemed to have given him an idea; and he now "lifted up his voice" (at the same time pulling out his handkerchief) and addressed Miss L——(whose face was now like the "rosy-fingered Aurora") by

observing, that "in one respect he believed all man- | the Sylla and Charybdis to the happiness of thoukind were alike."

"What is that?" quickly replied Miss Lif agreeably surprised.

"All seem to coincide in loving flowers," an- poetry in the Squire's remarks. swered the Squire.

The Rubicon was passed, and the Squire was himself again-for his tongue, like the Irishman's donkey, "was hard to get started, but when once it got a-going the D--- couldn't stop it." In the conversation which followed, the words "Italy," "South," and "Georgia" were frequently overheard. And occasionally, after the Squire had spun some wondrous tale about the land of his birth, the fair one expressed her surprise by the emphatical language of "do tell!"

Our company now became more familiar and communicative; when Glaucus suddenly called the attention of all present to himself by the exclamation of "never loved!"

"You are progressing rapidly, Glaucus;" said the Don.

" The fact is, ladies," replied Glaucus, rising up, "Miss E---- has just told me she never loved."

"Why, Eugene!" exclaimed the other fair-ones, and simultaneously approached the "loving pair."

"Well, be that as it may," said Eugene, "I will be bold enough in return, Mr. Glaucus, in presence of these witnesses, to ask if ever you were in love !"

" I in love! ha, ha, ha," shouted Glancus, drawing himself up to his full height, "why, dont you think me capable of loving ! really you might as well have asked me if I ever eat anything."

"By no means, by no means," interrupted the Squire; "no one acquainted with you ever doubted your capacity for that office." The laugh was on Glaucus; but Miss E ___ again put her question: "seriously though, did you ever love, Mr. Glaucus ?"

"To speak frankly, ladies," he replied, "If I never had loved, the time has arrived when my heart would no longer prove invulnerable to the shafts of Cupid."

"Downright flattery," exclaimed the ladies all at once; "and," continued one voice, "I sometimes think there is no such thing as love-'tis a mere fiction of the imagination."

"Fiction of the imagination"-" no such thing as love, indeed!" said the Squire, repeating the words with considerable emphasis-" all the animal and physical world exhibit a sympathy of feeling-a love. Stray forth upon the neighboring hills, Miss E---, and you will hear the feathered warblers of the groves, singing the praises of their lady-love! The school-miss, while secluded from the world, thinks and dreams of naught but love! The cottage-girl in her silent musings, chants a ballad that tells a tale of love! It mingles with the sands! 'Amor vincit omnia.'"

" Et nos cedamus amori," chimed in the Don.

The ladies thought there was more truth than

"A button," "a button," now exclaimed Miss -; at which, the squire, feeling that he deserved one for his eloquent defence of love, began to "color up" and feel for his kerchief. But he was agreeably relieved by seeing those around him form a circle with the chairs, for the purpose of playing the game of "button;" which, though under a very unassuming name, allows one, as will be seen by the sequel, to assume more liberties than gaming generally.

Here the old maid of the house was introduced, to "complete the number and superintend the performances." I have hitherto eschewed all descriptions of our fair friends; because, in most cases, they are neither more nor less than a great bore. But for the benefit of those who are over-scrupulous on this subject, I will here simply state, that the girls were all pretty, and needed none of your rouge to give their cheeks the glow of health. Their dresses were made after the latest city fashions, including of course the "bustle"-Aproposspeaking of "bustles" reminds me of a verse I lately saw somewhere in print, celebrating their beauty and utility; and, as it expresses my own sentiments in regard to those "back-gammons," I quote it:

"Bustles are not an empty show, For man's illusion given; They're filled with bran, or stuffed with tow-They stick out 'bout a feet, or so, And look first rate, by Heaven."

But to proceed with our game; all seated themselves, with the exception of one-but this person took the "button," (which by-the-by was a ring) and went round giving, or at least pretending to give it, to all; then, each one would be asked "who has the button!" If we happened to guess the right one, no penalty ensued; but if not, we must needs appoint some one of the company to pronounce sentence on us; and whatever this sentence may be (even to the kissing of such-and-such a young lady) we are expected to execute it.

Accordingly, we began the game, anticipating much pleasure. The button was passed-and beginning with the Squire, Miss E- inquired of him, "who has the button?" He was no Yankee in "guessing"—his judge was appointed—and the Don sentenced him to "kneel to Miss Lkiss her left hand!" As the play was entirely new to the Squire, he remained for a moment in his chair, doubting the propriety of venturing so far as to kiss the young lady's hand. Being urged, however, by the other fairies to "do his duty," he Poet's fancy, and wakes his lyre to its sweetest stepped up rather awkwardly to Miss L--- and melodies! It has led the warrior captive, and proved (to the great amusement of all present) dropped

down on both knees and kissed his Psyche's hand. At last the Don was called upon to "kiss the old maid," which he readily complied with; wishing, however, that it had been some one else. Miss Zand myself once were judged to "go-a-roaming;" which implies, that she must "accept my arm," and walk round the circle-while she kisses each gentleman, and I each lady. The Don and Squire were very particular not to be overlooked during this manœuvre; and the former, was sentenced to express his opinion on Temperance. The game, however, proved highly interesting to our young southern gallants—especially the "circumstances" and "indispensables." Just before closing the "performances," it was whispered round among the ladies, that the Squire was a Poet, and moreover, an improvisatore! The penalty soon followed; he was to favor us with an "original extemporaneous song."

The Squire made objections by saying, that that was impossible, unless he had a "guitar."

"You shall not long plead that as an excuse," said Miss Z.—; and running into an adjoining room, she soon re-appeared with the stringed instrument—and handing it to the Squire, laughingly observed, "now for the song."

Miss I.— was requested to propose a theme for the poet (!); while his objections to singing at all, were wholly unheeded; the guitar trembled in his hands. At length Miss I.— judged Zarina to be seated directly facing the Squire, and that she should be the "burden of his song."

Miss Z— was accordingly led blushing to the chair; where she remained even more embarrassed than the Squire himself. In the meantime, the guitar sent forth "sweet discord," as the fingers of the poet carelessly strayed across its strings. All were silent, and inquiringly gazed upon "him of the lyre;" who, suddenly striking up the plaintive tune of "Poor Bessy was a sailor's wife," and looking at the inspirer of his muse, began:

Zarina is the girl I love,
Zarina fair and gay;
As harmless as the turtle dove,
And lively as the Jay.

II.

Her cheeks are like the rosy morn,
Ere Phoebus in his car,
To chase the night from hill and lawn,
Comes beaming from a-far!

III.

And, O her eyes, her clear blue eyes!
There there, I see them now,
As, sparkling at my verse, they rise
Beneath her snow-white brow!

IV.

While on her gently budding breast,
Which moves them up and down,
Her auburn hair, in ringlets rest,
In rich profusion thrown!

V.

But ah! that lip, that ruby lip!
I can but it compare—
(Of Herma's dew, one these might sip!)
To the op'ning rose most fair!

VI.

While thus he sits, or night or day, And looks out on the lea, I oft shall say, though far away, Does she remember me?

VII.

"My heart leaps up when I behold" Her heave a gentle sigh! This village will for e'er unfold "A rainbow in my sky!"

Here the song ended; and Glaucus, who had with difficulty refrained from laughter, while the Squire was singing, now gave vent to his pent-up feelings, by observing in a jocose manner, "that the song led him back in imagination to the palmy days of chivalry and romance; when the wandering minstrel and Troubadour poured forth their wild and impassioned notes in the attentive ears of "fair ladye." Truly the gift of song is great! and right well has the Venusian bard expressed it—" poeta nascitur, non fit."

He then moved that a "copy of the Squire's song be requested for publication." But our poet peremptorily refused; at the same time quoting something from Cowper about "poetic birth" and "labors of their own." By the aid of a good memory, however, I have been enabled to rescue from oblivion the above verses, which we hope

"Time shall admire, his mellowing touch employ, And mend the immortal fabric, not destroy."

At a late hour, having wished our fair entertainers happy dreams, as we now do those who have accompanied us thus far, we wended our way home, satisfied with having added another to the Gal-adays of our college life.

On the following morn, much to our regret, and, doubtless, to that of the young ladies also, the Don and Squire bade us adieu, and returned to the city, like him of La-Mancha, highly elated at their "unheard-of adventure;" and with the very natural resolution, that this should not be their last evening in a New England village.

Yours, truly, Sandhill, Ga. E. S. S.

LAPSUS PENNŒ.

Even Mr. Alison, one of the most popular and brilliant writers of the day, is sometimes found tripping in his style. Referring to the violent excesses of the English opposition, and their reprehensible palliation of the crimes of the French Jacobins, he says—"No hesitation need be felt by an English writer in expressing this opinion, because the ablest of the liberal party, in France themselves, admit that their partizans in this county fell into this erroneous error."

This is certainly inelegant, to say nothing of its incorrectness.

LOVE SKETCHES.

NO. VII.

THE POET'S EXPERIENCE.

Ah! never yet, hath human hope, By human love been filled, There liveth in the dreaming heart A longing never stilled.

And poet! for a better light, Thy soul must ever yearn, Till thoughts that had their birth in heaven To heaven shall return.

It were a singular history, the relation of the impulses which prompt individuals to trace the details of their own thoughts and feelings. many, doubtless that amour propre which delights in painting itself, has been the moving motive; some have written from the lack of pleasanter occupation; and a very few, from a painful conviction of their own indiscretions, or failings, have wished to render them to others, a lesson and a warning. In neither of these classes can I be included, and I can scarcely define the emotions which actuate me, to picture now some brief memories of a life that begins to grow wearisome, though its springtime has hardly past. To you, my friend, the guardian angel of my childhood, the companion of my boyish pleasures, the untiring comforter of my graver and sadder years, to you, Edith, these lines will not be valueless, and where could I better lay my vague remembrances, than before one who has long and tenderly striven to render those recollections happy? We are separating now for the first time, and with grief at our parting, mingles a' desire to leave with you something of an explanation of feelings, which even by you, have been occasionally misconstrued. You well know amid what sad and humiliating impressions my boyhood passed, and how wholly destitute it was of the sacred ties which usually link the young heart to its first home. Perhaps that consciousness of loneliness which came so early for me has tended to strengthen my yearning for home happiness, and my desire for the domestic sympathy so soon denied. I believe my character was prematurely developed, and the physical defects, under which I labored, seemed to debar me from the natural enjoyments of my age, and served to sadden and confirm the reflective cast of my temperament. And yet, with all its humbling and keenly felt griefs, my lot was not then a dark It had hours of vivid ecstasy which would have atoned for trials even greater than mine, and when it was a strange pleasure to me to fancy I held spiritual communion with better and brighter beings than those our mortal eyes may look on. I imagined their presence was ever around me, that they haunted me in my nightly dreams, as in my waking visions, and watched with angelic pity the weight of bodily infirmity had pressed so soon for coldness and indifference when my young heart

and heavily. Gradually I lost the perpetual consciousness of my own debility, and my mind sought within itself for solace. The world of my silent thoughts became to me the palpable and real-and actual existence, the nothingness. Education opened resources which prevented the long continuance of depression; I found sympathy and companionship among the poets of many lands, and the sweet shadow-realm of romance, with its inexhaustible and rapturous delights, unfolded before me its enchanted treasures. I well remember the enthusiastic realization of pleasure they produced, and the marvellous loveliness of those untold and bewildering visions which "came without slumber." I lived a life of abstraction, lonely and apart; a life full of beautiful creations, and brilliant with an enthusiast's hopes. There were periods too, when the past lent me a strange sense of enjoyment, when I felt, with the distinctness of reality, that peculiar conviction of a prior existence which probably all have experienced. It came to me, not vaguely but with almost a visible presence, enwrapping my common lot with the mysteries of a different world, with the consciousness of a former life, of which memory retains no records, save these momentary glimpses, which serve but to startle the soul with the knowledge of its own marvels.

It was a blessed era for me, when the power of composition first gleamed on my mind, when I exulted in the wild impulses of a new gift, and hailed the golden dawning of a brighter day. The facility, or perhaps the conviction of possessing it, rose upon me suddenly, and I was astonished at the accuracy with which I could portray emotions that had hitherto appeared so strangely unutterable. As this faculty strengthened, I became ambitious, and the serenity of my existence was lost. For awhile I was happy in the mere expression of my secret dreams, and I indulged unrestrainedly in the wild aspirations of a fervent and suddenly awakened intellect. Composition at length, deepened from an impulse to a passion, and gradually I grew more and more divided from the living world around me. It is a singular thing, how little even those who love us best, know of all we think and feel and hope. Even you, Edith, who watched over me with a tenderness passing that of a sister, knew nothing of the delirious excitement which frequently swayed me; even you divined not the undercurrent of morbidly passionate reflection, concealed by an exterior prematurely calm and subdued. As these new promptings were confirmed, my character grew reserved, and I shrank from even attempting the utterance of feelings, whose whole depth I had no words to tell. I labored under the usual consequences of such habits, the misconstruction of my motives and the false interpretation of my actions. Often, even as a child, have I borne in silence, and more than human tenderness, over one on whom reproofs which I did not deserve, and been blamed

was full to overflowing of an enthusiasm I was too | nate in his literary labors, public criticism had dealt proud and too shy to display. From what source harshly with him, and the sudden disappointment these censures came, you know, dear Edith, and I need not sully my page by tracing a name, whose sound has long been to us both, a sorrowful and forbidden thing. Is it always the lot of fervent feelings to prove a grief to their possessor? I sometimes believe so, for they have been to me, a source of trial through life, and I owe to the careless condemnation which greeted and repressed my childish impulses, that spirit of reserve and distrust which has often darkened my maturer years. The reliance on my own powers which attends all my intellectual exertions, totally forsakes me where the affections are exercised, and I yearn with a visionary's fervor, for that intuitive and comprehending sympathy, which perhaps no tie of the earth can ever bestow. Like all poetical temperaments, mine is slightly superstitious, and I would not relinquish for many material blessings, my pleasant confidence in spiritual guardianship and communion. Smile if you will, Edith, at the wildness of my dreamings; but who shall say such faith is utterly vain and valueless, if it serve to cheer the solitary hours of bodily suffering, and to raise us beyond the thraldom of humanity; if it bear our thoughts upward, even for a moment, from the cares which soil them, and open before us, a passing glimpse of the beautiful land of the blest? O! not the growth of our own natures, are the glorious visions which visit us; there are holy watchers without, prompting the mystery within, and the poet, who turns in childlike credulity from the common, to the purer world, is wasted by angels' wings, and the written words of his inspiration, are but the recorded teachings of spirit-voices. There have been periods in my own experience so full of excited emotion without visible cause, so fraught with permanent influences when I least expected them, that I may be forgiven for fancying such instants the peculiar gift of some presiding genius.

Do you remember, Edith, the evening we attended the concert of Nina de --- ? Have you forgotten how ardently I praised her singing and appearance, during our homeward ride, and how I accused you of unusual indifference, because you were strangely sad and quiet? My feelings that night were uncommonly impressed by the mingled melody and beauty of the songstress, and her voice haunted my dreams with its rich and perfect harmony. My imagination was interested for the time, though even then my tenderer thoughts were linked with another's image, and I should probably soon have forgotten the vivid impression left by the Italian, had it not been accidentally confirmed. I went, the following hours found us visitors to the young invalid, from day, to visit a young man whose situation had long whom I learned, that during his whole illness, Niexcited my melancholy interest. His was a sad, but common story. Like many of his class, he formed her acquaintance during his brief literary had mistaken aspiring for inspiration, and poetical career, but knew nothing of her situation or her enthusiasm for genius. He had proved unfortu- history, and he had attained that state of bodily

of his ambition, had acted fatally on one, whose physical strength could not contend with intellectual depression. His health became feeble, and at the period I first sought him, he was beyond the hope of permanent recovery. My intimacy with one he had vainly loved, formed a link between us, though I did not add to his grief, by revealing that more than friendship united me to the object of his early affection.

I visited him frequently during the months we spent at ----, and the morning after the concert, called at his residence. He was more than ordinarily ill and sorrowful, and at his request, I was reading to him, selections from various poems, when the door of the apartment was noiselessly opened, and with a step whose graceful elasticity I have never seen equalled, a lady approached the invalid's couch, and placed some beautiful flowers on his pillow. He pressed to his lips the fair hand which proffered them, and thanked her with one of his sweet sad smiles. Then, as the visitor turned, on his mentioning my name, I met the lustrous eyes of Nina.

If I had been dazzled by her brilliancy the preceding evening, I was more touched by her gentle kindness to our young companion, and the winning manner in which she endeavored to enliven his weariness and cheer his solitude. She spoke of whatever could interest the sufferer in passing events, and at length opened the volume from which I had been selecting passages. "Will you read to me?" asked the invalid, "but find something sorrowful, for I can appreciate nothing else now!"

I shall not soon forget the glance the lady gave me, as these words were spoken-it was so fraught with eloquent pity and womanly sympathy. She silently turned over the leaves of the book, and then read aloud the few, but beautiful verses of Körner's invocation "In der Nacht."

Her tones were soft and musical, and lent their own melody to a language, which, more than any other, owes its beauty to the voice of its speaker. I regarded her as one inspired, and could have listened to her thus for hours.

Yet with all her witchery, Nina was far from being young, or regularly handsome. It would have been difficult to pronounce on her age; she was probably older than she appeared, for she was an artist in her toilette, and years had bequeathed no trace, save that polished perfection of manner, which only time and varied experience can bestow. It was thus we first met, and many after na's kindness had been unchanging.

feebleness, at which, curiosity ceases to influence. From meeting the stranger under such circumstances, we speedily became, as it were old friends, and more familiar with each other's characters, than would have resulted from an intercourse of many months, under different suspices.

You will perhaps, be surprised, Edith, that I never mentioned to you, having met the Italian lady. I scarcely know my motives for silence on the subject at first, and I did not afterwards allude to it, voices, that long ago, have ceased to speak, and from a fear you would imagine, from the early concealment, that I was more interested than I was willing to confess. This intellectual communion continued for several weeks, and my fancy was singularly fascinated by the graceful mental endow- power of withdrawing my mind from actual things, ments of the stranger, but her attractions had no and of wandering at will among imaginative and power over my gentler feelings, though in many of bright creations. To one who has loved and sufmy upward aspirings she evinced a sympathy I fered—and few are they, who have not! this gift have never found elsewhere. She seemed to read of abstraction is no idle blessing, but a strange and my mind, as it were an open book, and I felt in her precious link between the common world and the presence, as if my inmost thoughts lay visibly be- hidden existence, the two-fold nature of the human fore her. I regarded her as one highly gifted and heart. As I rested solitary and still, vividly came improved, as strangely captivating in appearance the past with its dream-like realities, the future, and manner, but my heart was no longer accessible, even to charms like these; and when I compared fancies. And with both, blended a soft tone, ever of opinion, with the simpler beauty and more timid in love to mine own. spirit of the one I loved, the contrast was ever in Theresa's favor. Yet, Nina had noble traits and ing of affectionate remembrance and solicitude, mental capacities I have seldom seen equalled, around those from whom distance divides us. Not blended with a rare blandness and suavity which a single taint of selfishness sullies such devotedmade even her defects seem but the dark and essen- ness, not a stain of the earth rests on its snow-like tial shading in the glowing mosaic of her character. purity, but, hallowed by the sorrowful ordeal of It was well for me there existed so wide a differ- separation, thought follows the pathway of the abence in our ages, and that I was strengthened by sent with angelic guardianship, and there is holithe enduring influence of an earlier love, or there ness in the watchfulness which looks upward to the might have been danger to me, in this flattering sky, and whose only audible utterance is a blessing and familiar communion with a being so fraught or a prayer. with poetry and enthusiasm, a woman in whom art had perfected the loveliest endowments of nature. | nings of this visionary mood, when I was interrupted

depth of this new affliction I ceased to visit, even since the reception of her last letter. my suffering friend. Many days elapsed without within the heart, now flitted before me on spirit foundation, but the unsatisfying tone of the whole,

wings. Who has not felt the spell of such a time? Who has not lingered in reverie, upon those haunted moments, when reflection forms, as it were, a " bridge of sighs" between light and darkness, when we turn instinctively from the palpable and actual to the spiritual world within; when the fire-gleam is full of images, and those we love gather around us with almost a visible presence; when in fancy, we grasp the hand never again to touch ours, hear feel nearer to those who have gone before us to the silent land, the loved, the loving, and the sadly missed?

I possess, perhaps, in an unusual degree, the with its more dream-like anticipations, to color my her dazzling attractions and careless independence answering tenderly, and a sweet face, looking up

It is one of the beautiful things in life, this hover-

I had been long indulging the wayward imagi-You know the painful event which marked our by the entrance of a messenger, who brought me sojourn at ----, and the impetuous grief, whose two letters. One was from Theresa, for well I violence I could not restrain, though its cause was knew her fair familiar writing, and I greeted it not unexpected, and you will not marvel that in the eagerly, as an interval longer than usual had elapsed,

How delightful it is to grasp a letter from the my leaving my own apartment, and shrouded in the one we love, as we would clasp a friendly hand; dark solitude of an irreparable sorrow, all lighter to unclose the folds carefully, as if it were profaimpressions perished from my memory. I was one nation to break the seal which affection had placed; evening sitting alone, as usual, holding silent com- and then to pore over the lines traced in tendermunion with my mournful thoughts. It was early ness, never beheld by another, but spoken with twilight, the passers-by were few in the shadowed sweetest mystery to our inmost heart! It had come street below, and the stars looked down pale and dim at last, that letter sighed and prayed for, through upon the faintly lighted city. The night was chilly, long dark hours of loneliness and grief-it had for the autumn had then nearly past, and the fire come at last, and after I had read again and again, in my room threw restless and fantastic shadows its words of kindness, why was it, that something around. There was a charm for me in the hour of disappointment succeeded that perusal? I could and its melancholy loneliness, and the visions, which not have explained whence such an impression in the busy daylight fold their pinions and lie still sprang, nor have pointed to one sentence as its

sank on my mind coldly and painfully. Edith, how warm and impetuous my affections are, name of Nina. Impatient to discover what could and how deep has ever been my yearning for that have tempted the Italian to address me, I hastily perfect devotedness my dreamings paint. It is the prevailing fault of such natures to be exacting in their ties, and I feel that the placid tenderness, which might render others blest, would but make me wretched. My early youth, dimmed as it was by physical infirmity and mental disquietude, possessed yet one vision of surpassing beauty, one ideal whose pure and spiritual loveliness, I wildly trusted and believed the future might shadow forth and fulfil. With the credulous enthusiasm of my character, I thought that vague, haunting image of gentleness, fully realized in Theresa, and I have loved her, as only a poet can love, the being he draperies with his own sweetest and fairest imaginings. She has, in truth, every charm which youth and beauty can impart, and her feelings are kind and unsullied, but calm and serene, even to a defect. I remember that once, in the early days of our attachment, you expressed surprise at my vehement admiration of one, who, though refined in taste, had no claim to intellectual superiority, and who, with all her girlish attractions mingled nothing of that mental ardor which so strongly characterized my own disposition. You said hers was not a nature to satisfy expectations like mine; that, quiet in the common tenor of her thoughts, moved to transient emotion by very trifles, yet totally unimaginative, she could neither share in my aspirations, sympathize with my illusions, nor comprehend my enjoyments. I answered you with a lover's impatience, and the subject was never mentioned by either of us again. Yet often, even then, I was constrained to acknowledge, but unwillingly, even to myself, that my dearest anticipations were perishing unfulfilled, that the "love which my spirit had painted," was not the one fires of that young illusion, have died into ashes, whose reality I had found. Sometimes, when my heart was overflowing with its strong tide of affection, when I felt almost painfully, the overwhelming depth of my own devotion, her words have grieved me by their peaceful calmness, by the unruffled screnity of a love, so widely different from the fervor shadowing my very soul. Must it be ever thus? Is the sweetest creed of earthly hope, never realized by earthly beings ;-is there ever in natures like mine, a void only to be filled when their mortality hath passed away! Edith! I am of my movements, you cannot reply to the letters weary and disappointed, and yet I know not why. I am so sad, for Theresa is lovely and gentle and will repay my interest in your welfare, with a kind pure in thought, but I look into the future, and the recollection of me, when your soul is sorrowful, and power of prophecy seems over me, and a voice whispers, "not for thee, is a heart so still and calm, ties of love, if you will remember with something a fitting resting-place!"

You know, | ing to the signature, I read with surprise, the glanced over the pages, and then read attentively, every word of the strange, but characteristic production. It was written in English with the flowing ease and accuracy which bespoke a thorough knowledge of our language, and its lines fraught with the lofty spirit and fearlessness of opinion which distinguished the stranger, were in strong contrast with the timid, reserved tone of Theresa's words. It concluded thus:

"Do not misinterpret my motives in addressing

you, nor wrong me by attributing to one unworthy impulse, the interest which has prompted this letter. I am well aware, your national prejudices would condemn it, that even in your eyes, it may seem worse than imprudent; but I have been reared under warmer skies, where such impressions are less rigid, and there is not a single emotion connected with this step, which could call a blush to the purest cheek. I think of you kindly, but I have outlived the time, when affection is passion, and my dreams of love, have long ago been " dreamed out." There is nothing of them in the solicitude you have excited, for the inherent enthusiasm of my disposition, circumstances have changed in its tendencies, and it now brightens the intellect. but has ceased to warm the heart. I would but be your friend, and sometimes hold communion with you, to give the counsel of one, who knows the world only too well. Your character, its impassioned aspirations, its exacting requirements, attracted me from the first, and your poetic ardor reminded me of that I once possessed. There was too, another link between us, for you singularly resemble in appearance and temperament, one whom I loved, as the heart never loves again. The and yet, if it comforts me now, to recall its beautyif it brings me a solace, to trace the faint resemblance of a reality which is no longer my friend! blame me not, and grant this feeble consolation to a spirit, which, with all its lauded brilliancy, has many moments of unutterable grief! I know-it matters not how-much of your brief history, and I shall watch with earnest anxiety over your future wanderings. Unless I am sure that you need my presence, we shall never meet again, and ignorant I shall send you, and such is my desire. If you when you painfully realize the insufficiency of your of sympathy, that mine have all been rudely broken, At length, tired of reflections that perplexed, it will bring me a pleasant consciousness, to feel I without solacing, I languidly opened the other let- have awakened in a young heart, a gentle thought ter. The writing was singularly bold and grace- for my own youth. Arthur, you must endeavor to ful, but one I had never seen before, and on turn- learn contentment, and to dispel those wild anticipations of perfect happiness, which served but to render you neglectful of calmer, but existing blessings. There are minds, which the world never, even temporarily, satisfies, which pleasure wearies, and ambition only desecrates. Yours is one of these, and mine was; but I have found comfort in the faith of my land, which appeals most forcibly to such natures, and that faith will never be yours. My friend! your genius will not bestow peace; the beautiful visions of the poet, have their home in heaven, and as their brightness shines upon him, it serves but to bewilder him with the mystery of loveliness, and to cast shadows across his path. Be patient and hopeful, and now, for awhile, farewell!"

Ah! Edith, had Theresa spoken to me with half this stranger's earnestness how much happier would have been my thoughts!

You know it was my father's wish that our marriage should not take place until the expiration of two years; a request probably arising from his own fatal experience, and a desire that time should test our constancy while we had still the privilege of change.

Under different circumstances I might have deeply regretted this delay, but Theresa has yielded to it so tranquilly, that I acknowledge the prudence of the ordeal, and cease to lament its necessity. During those years, it was his wish that I should travel, and now, with my silent troubles for companions, I go my lonely way.

Why is it, dear one, that farewell is so hard to be spoken? Why is it, that I have the fortitude to leave you for my pilgrimage beyond the seas, yet cannot bear to feel your parting clasp, to hear your tearful words, to give your sweet sad face, the long, last look for years? Yet, it is thus, and I must depart with the sorrowful sound unuttered. Write to me of Theresa, as you would speak of a friend, kindly, but candidly, and tell me all you would have said in that voice whose gentleness I shall pine for so grievously. These are strange sensations which come over us, when we are leaving those we hold dear, to see them no more for many months. seems as if love becomes fonder when its daily expression is lost, and all that made communion beautiful returns to make absence darker.

Edith! my soul grows sorrowful as it parts with thee! What can I say to thee, of all I tearfully and gratefully feel! Never, before, have I been beyond thy counsel, and without the blessing of thy sisterly care; how I shall miss thee, when the dim night closeth, and thoughts of home are busy with me! I will not bid thee to recall me tenderly: it were to wrong the intensity of thy love, to doubt the kindness of thy memory. But I will bid thee pray for the wanderer, that his yearnings may be stilled and his spirit find its rest. Let the presence of thy prayer go with me, and I shall not be alone.

Peace be around thee, purest and dearest one! the peace thou hast so often brought to him, who may hold it to his heart no longer!

JANE TAYLOR W-

Chilicothe, Ohio.

SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE.

VOL ONE, HARPER AND BROTHERS: NEW-YORK: 1843.

This, we think, is destined to be a story of great popularity in our country, as it has been in England. It is a narrative of extraordinary events, colored and adorned by the lively and graceful fancy of its English editor, Miss Jane Porter. The American edition is abridged and revised, which will add to its attraction, by excluding much matter uninteresting to the lover of story-reading, and giving it a more inviting size and shape. Edward Seaward, at an early age,-about the close of the year 1733, is shipwrecked on his passage from Jamaica to the The captain and crew abandon the vessel Balize. during the height of the gale, leaving Seaward and his young wife blocked up in the cabin, and are never more heard of. The return of high water with a wind off shore, forces the vessel (comparatively uninjured) off the reef on which she has struck, and by hoisting the jib and coasting along shore, Seaward at length contrives to run the vessel into a little creek or inlet, where he secures her with ropes to the trees.

We have examined the map, and find laid down in the latitude and longitude given by Seaward, some rocky islets, called "Las Serenas," surrounded by reefs and shoals, and, we suppose, uninhabited, as we can find them in the books only noted as dangers to the mariner. Seaward, however, found a delicious climate, good water, and some productive soil. By planting the seeds of the fruits and vegetables brought in the brig from Jamaica, subsisting in the meanwhile upon the stores of the vessel, he soon obtained, with the addition of iguanas, (a large and very palatable species of lizard,) turtle and fish, a plentiful supply of necessary food. Blessed with a strong mind, a vigorous body, a never failing trust in God; and. cheered and animated by the counsel and example of his most sweet wife, he lived six months upon the otherwise uninhabited island, a period of unalloyed happiness without a fear, a care, or scarcely an inconvenience. The reader is struck with surprise to see how every thing seems to spring up, as it were, to meet his wants; and he learns that almost every thing needful for a man's support, and even comfort, is to be found among the stores of a well-fitted ship. Subjects are now added to his little dominion by the arrival of a canoe with four or five male and female negroes, the survivors of

the wreck of a Spanish schooner. They, true to you. The minister has two ears, which, perhaps, their habits, are willing to serve, and he governs you may think a very foolish observation. You them with a simple but comprehensive wisdom, which strikes us as the strangest thing in the book. We have attributed it, either to the coloring of Miss Porter, or to Seaward's habitual intercourse with his Creator, who put it into his heart to do right.

In February, 1735, an American schooner is driven in by a Spanish Guarda Costa, who is afraid to follow her in among the shoals. From that hour, the charm of the book is broke; Seaward begins the every day intercourse with his species, and one reads only to finish the story. The American editor has well observed "that the great charm and interest of the book, center in that portion of it which gives an account of the simple Crusoe-like life of Sir Edward and his Eliza, in which they exhibit the rare and beautiful spectacle of two loving hearts, needing nothing for their happiness but communion with their God and with each other." Seaward employs the American to carry him, with an immense amount of treasure, which he has found buried in the sides of a natural cave, and which he supposes to have been deposited there, years before, by the Bucaneers of the Spanish main, to Jamaica. There he charters a vessel, employs mechanics and laborers, purchases necessaries, and commences regular colonization. July, 1736, he visits England, where he endeavors to obtain a grant of these islands from the Government, and we are presented with a curious account of the bribery and corruption necessary to success in matters of this sort during the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole: for instance, "Now, Mr. Seaward," said Mr. Perry, "I hate bribery and corruption of all shapes, and I have reason to believe you are of the same mind; but when you take this card, you must give a crown to the porter at the gate, another to the bardeur in the great hall, and half a guinea to the servant in waiting, who will show you into the secretary's room; and when you present him (I mean the secretary) the card, put a couple of guineas into his hand wrapped up in a to give this to those to whom I have given so much Sir Robert, and it terminated just as I would have right ear. anticipated." "And how do you know how it terminated, Mr. Powis?" I replied. "On your honor, man had his price," and his crooked policy was Mr. Seaward, you will never disclose any commu- well rebuked by honest Mrs. Seaward, who said, nication I may make to you, and I will tell you "There is no point. Mr. Powis, of sufficient immore than you could suppose. You won on my portance to call for the sacrifice of singleness of friendship the first day I had the pleasure of meet- purpose, without which all is perplexity ending in ing you at Mr. Child's, and I am anxious to serve remorse; and if Sir Robert Walpole cannot man-

did not speak to him through the right ear, although I understand you were very impressive, so much so indeed, that he said, 'I must know something more of this young man; I should not like him for an enemy.' But this sort of Puffendorff reasoning with a prime minister wont do, my friend; therefore, if you desire to gain your point, be advised by me; lower your tone and get the right ear of the prime minister, which, by-the-by, he does not wear on his own head, having there only the left and tother ear." Mr. Powis seemed to lay so much stress upon this matter of the right ear, that, coupling it with what the secretary had said about making a friend of some one "who had the ear of the minister," I really began to believe there was an auricular pivot somewhere, on which alone this business, and perhaps all others of a similar kind, could favorably turn. "But," resumed Mr. Powis, "you have not yet promised to keep inviolably what I may impart to you." "I faithfully promise," I replied. "Do you remember," he continued, "what passed between Sir Robert Walpole and you at the interview ?" " I certainly do remember the substance of it," I replied. "Is that anything like it?" he asked, putting a sheet of paper into my hands. After reading it attentively, "it is the very words," I said; "you astonish me Mr. Powis; how is this? there was no person in the room." "You are right," he replied, "there was no one in the room, but Sir Robert and yourself, but there is a listening door, or rather a person within hearing behind a door, who takes down, verbatim, the conversation held with every one admitted to an audience! and this is one of the minister's vouchers for the uprightness and integrity of his conduct which he always keeps. And I do believe he is an honest man and means right," continued Mr. Powis; "but he is so beset and finds so much difficulty in managing parliament, that he must preserve appearances, however ready he may be, under the rose, to grant through other channels any thing for a hope of parliamentary services"-(this last clean piece of paper saying, sir, I will thank you sentence, we are free to admit, we don't understand a word of)-" and indeed he is so hard driven in trouble." And again. After an unsuccessful in- this way, that he has been necessitated to establish terview with Sir Robert, Seaward is visited by a a sort of fund, which is fed by such means as I Jackall of the minister, Mr. Powis, who strives to have hinted at, for the purpose of securing votes enlighten him as to the course he should pursue to from that quarter of the world 'from whence,' as ensure success, when the following conversation the Psalmist says, 'promotion cometh,' and the ensues: "Well, you have had an interview with treasurer of this fund is the person who has his

This is very like the man who said, "that every

plained, he must be both a foolish and a wicked

Seaward refused to tickle the right ear, and the patent was only granted by the minister, after he found that he was rich and likely to be influential, for Mrs. Seaward had obtained the favor of the queen by a present of some splendid gold tissue, a portion of the spoils of the Bucaneers. Seaward was knighted and went back to his islands in 1737, where he remained till 1744, when he returned and purchased estates in England. In 1749, in spite of Sir Edward's earnest remonstrances, his possessions were turned over to the crown of Spain. The colonists were removed and settled on the Mosquito shore, and thenceforth the history of the Seaward Islands is a blank.

· A MEMORY.

Her features wore a pensiveness In childhood's wildest days; A beauty most serenely sad Dwelt in her earnest gaze And rarely from her lovely lips The silvery laughter rang; And chosen for their mournfulness, Were the simple songs she sang.

The thought was very beautiful That rested on her brow With something of a spirit light-Like sunset upon snow. She seldom spoke; although her words Were soft and sweet to hear, And her voice was like a summer bird's, So plaintive and so clear.

Her thoughts were full of tenderness. For every living thing— And oh! for her, what depth of love In human hearts did spring! Her life was like a pleasant dream, Mysterious and brief-She never knew a single care; Ours only, was the grief!

She lingered till the roses came, Then with the roses died; Ah! never can the place be filled Now vacant by our side! But she hath found the brighter land Where flowers do not fade, O! not for spirits pure as her's, This world of our's was made!

Chilicothe, Ohio.

JANE TAYLOR W-

Notices of New Morks.

HISTORY OF CONGRESS; exhibiting a classification of the proceedings of the Senate and House of Representatives. from March 4th, 1789, to March 3rd, 1793; embracing the first term of the Administration of General Washington. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard-1843.

The object of this work is to present a classification of the measures brought before Congress, within this period. The subjects are all classified and arranged and divided into chapters to facilitate references. This work is an experiment, it being the intention of the compiler to follow it padia loses nothing as the work advances.

age parliament in any other way than you have ex- | up, with a like compendium of Congressional proceedings, should encouragement sufficient be held out. It is refreshing to look back to the proceedings of these times, and to see abundant evidence of the order and decorum with which they were conducted. They contrast strikingly with proceedings of the present day. The work is a valuable and useful one, presenting, as it does, the history of our early legislative proceedings.

> DE VERA JUDICII JURATORUM ORIGINE NATURA ET IN-DOLE. Dissertatio inauguralis quam illustri jurisconsultorum ordini in alma literarum Universitate Ruperto-Carola Heidelbergensi ad Gradum Doctorus summos in Jure Civili et Canonico honores rite obtinendos submisit Auctor Thomas Caute Reynolds, Carolina: Americanus. Heidelbergs: 1842, pp. 90.

We heartily subscribe to the opinion expressed in the May number of the Law Journal, that "this Dissertation, which is written in Latin, bears most gratifying testimony to the learning and talents of the author;" and, we add our belief, that the same active spirit which has led him to seek, in the fountains of ancient learning, the true origin of an institution, which is justly said "to be more instinct with the spirit of freedom than any thing which has proceeded from the Campus Martius or the banks of the Tiber," will lead him to eminence in the profession which we understand he has selected for the field of his future exertions. He will manifestly bring to the study and practice of the Common Law, a mind well trained and disciplined, and an indomitable perseverance; qualifications, without which, success is hopeless; while in the rich store of classic lore which he has acquired, he will constantly realize the truth of Tully's flowing eulogium: "Hee studio adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solutium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

Experience has induced us to doubt whether in mere questions of property, some modifications might not be usefully introduced in the trial by Jury in our own State, so as to dispense with the requisition of entire unanimity in the panel. But where life or liberty is involved, we should be extremely reluctant to admit of any change, however slight, in the present system of Jury trial, and fully concur in the words of Dr. Reynolds-"illud vero tempus, quo nostri Jurati indignos fide se ostenderint, reipublica libertatique ruinam minitari servitutisque commerita quasi præcursorem fore arhitramur."

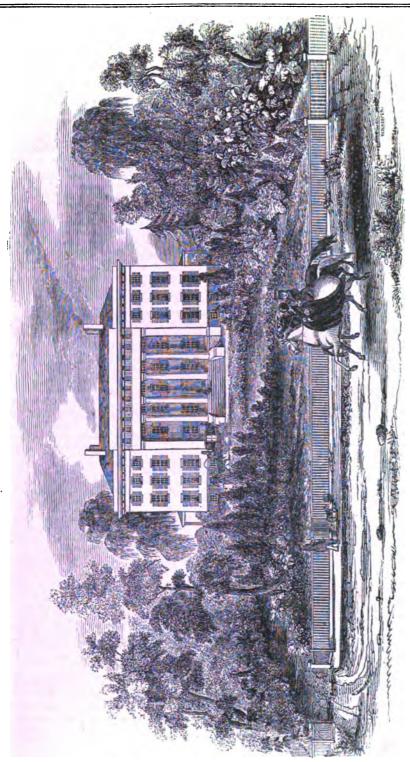
We are gratified to learn that Mr. Reynolds has it in contemplation to make the metropolis of Virginia his permanent abode. More than four years since, he was one of the Alumni of our State University, at the age of sixteen, and the intervening time has been employed in attending three of the best schools of Germany, ending his scholastic career at Heidelberg—whose high honors he has borne to his native country. We sincerely wish him a successful career.

Parts No.'s 8 and 9 of Alison's charming History of Europe-and parts 4, 5 and 6 of Shakspeare, from the press of the Messrs. Harper-and parts 7 and 8 of Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography,-Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, have been laid on our table, by Messra. Smith, Drinker and Morris.

The interest of Alison's History, is kept up with his admirable style-and the value of the Geographical Encyclo-

REV. J. F. SCHROEDER, D. D., RECTOR.

St. Ann's Pall, Flushing, Long Asland, Mew.Lork.



This Institution is dedicated to the cause of Female Education upon Christian principles. It was founded to afford parents an opportunity to procure for their daughters a thorough discipline, in all the solid and ornamental branches of education; and, at the same time, to associate sound learning and elegant accomplishments with religious motives. The members of the Institution form a Christian family, of which the Rev. Dr. Schroeder and Mrs. Schroeder have the general supervision; and every arrangement is adopted by them, that has been tested by the beat seminaries and colleges in Europe and our own country, to promote the intellectual, hodily, and spiritual welfare of the household.

BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.
The spacious buildings and the ample pleasure-grounds, comprising size comprising six acres of land, are the same that were

occupied by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, until the time of his removal to St. Paul's College, two miles distant. They are within the limits of the town of Flushing, seven miles from the city of New-York, and admirably situated on an eminence, commanding a delightful and extensive land and water prospect, and possessing all those advantages which have so justly rendered the neighborhood a favorite place of permanent retirement from the city, or of occasional resort for recreation. The principal building is an attractive edifice, after the best classic models, and is three stories high, with a basement. It presents a front of one hundred and eleven feet; its depth is forty-six feet; and it is supported by a row of lofty columns. The apartments required for all the purposes of the Hall are convenient and airy; the saloon or drawing-room is nearly sixty feet in length, and nearly forty feet in width: all the other apartments are spacious and arry; the outbuildings are convenient, and the grounds are ornamented.

INTELLECTUAL DEPARTMENT.—The course of studies embraces every branch of a thorough English, French, and

Classical education. It is conducted by the Rector with the aid of a number of able, experienced and pious resident Classical education. It is conducted by the Rector with the aid of a number of able, experienced and pious resident English, French and other governesses and teachers, and also eminent lecturers and instructors from the city of New York. Ample provision is made in this department, for carrying pupils through all the gradations of literary and scientific knowledge imparted in schools, seminaries and colleges; so that ladies who desire to qualify themselves as teachers, may here enjoy very favorable opportunities to attain the object of their wishes.

Accomplishments.—Music, drawing, painting, needlework of every kind, callisthenics, horsemanship and archery, are taught by able instructors; and, among the callisthenic exercises, dancing, as a recreation and a means of imparting ease and gracefulness. The Rector's views on these subjects may be seen in the Journal of Christian Education, published at the Union Depository, 28 Ann Street, New-York, which is also the city office of the Hall.

Physical Department.—The mind of no pupil is educated at the expense of the body. A great variety of alluring exercises is introduced, calculated to produce agility and vigor. The saloon, at certain hours, is devoted to innocent and entertaining games and sports, combining corporeal exertion with mental reluxation and amusement.

aniung exercises is introduced, calculated to produce agilty and vigor. In a saloon, at certain hours, is devoted to innocent and entertaining games and sports, combining corporeal exertion with mental relaxation and amusement. Contiguous to the main building is a well furnished Callisthenium, with a number of contrivances to promote cheerfulness, and afford healthy recreation. In the rear of the Callisthenium and Chapel are very extensive Vegetable and Flower Gardens, comprising an area of more than three acres; and every pupil is encouraged to plant and cultivate flowers, shrubbery and trees, and thus become practically acquainted with botany and horticulture. Beyond the gardens is a Hippodrome, particularly devoted to equestrian exercises; the circumference of it is nine hundred feet. The Archery Grounds extend the whole distance of the gardens and Hippodrome. A fully qualified and experienced Governess, who superintends and conducts the physical department, resides with the family, and requires every member of it to the propose exercise. of it to take proper exercise.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.—The Rector devotes his personal and particular attention to the spiritual prosperity of all the members of the Institution. The CHAPEL, a building distinct from the main edifice, but connected with it by a covered way, is furnished with a communion table, baptismal font, reading desk, pulpit and organ, and is open every day for Morning and Evening Prayer. It is used for religious purposes, and for none other. As a Presbyter of the Church, the Rector is free to avow his ardent attachment to her doctrines and worship; and his purpose is, by the help of Gop, in every way, to impart the spirit of her devotions to all those who are or may be placed under his care, and of Cob, in every way, to impart the spirit of ner devotions to air those who are of may be placed under his care, and to render religion attractive and interesting. It is his aim so to educate his own daughters, and every young lady whom he may receive into his family, that they may be enabled not merely to shine as ornaments of society in this world, but to gain admittance to the glorious society of heaven.

Domestic Aerangements.—The suits of apartments occupied as studies and dormitories, consist of well furnished and comfortable rooms. There are no general school-rooms, and no ordinary school furniture; but all the classes resists in distinct and neetly corrected and furnished CLASS-COMS so as to receive the family association and extractions are described.

recite in distinct and neatly carpeted and furnished CLASS-ROOMS, so as to preserve the family association and establish habits of refinement. Each study or dormitory is devoted to two, or, at most, three pupils; so that, instead of the usual and very objectionable custom in boarding-schools, of dressing, undressing and washing in common, a delicacy and neatness are insured, which are believed to be essential to the character of every young lady properly educated. Suitable instruction is afforded by the Matron, in the arranging and care of wardrobes, and in several branches of household duty.

The Rector and all the resident Governesses and Teachers take their meals with the pupils, in a spacious DINING-

The Nettor and at the resident Covernesses and reactives take their means with the publis, it a spacious Dining Malli; and the table is furnished by the steward and the housekeeper with the best supplies of every kind. The Matron gives particular attention to the LAUNDRY, with a view to perfect neatness, health and comfort. Beside the general charge of all the members of the family, which devolves upon the Rector and Mrs. Schroeder, there is a special care of them assigned to a number of Curatresses. The whole number of pupils is divided into sections of six; and the members of each section are the proteges of a Curatress, who aids them in their studies, and is their confidential friend.

TERMS.—The academical year is divided into two terms or sessions. The spring session commences in the middle of March, and continues for 21 weeks, to the following August, when a summer vacation takes place. The summer vacation ends on the day before the first Tuesday in October. Suitable measures are taken to accommodate with board, at a moderate price, any of the pupils who may desire to spend the whole or any part of the vacations at the Hall; and parents who reside in cities, especially those in the Southern section of the country, will find it agreeable to be with their children at Flushing, at least during a portion of the summer, and improve the many favorable opportunities which it offers for rural recreation and rational enjoyment.

EXPENSES.

Board and Tuition in all the English and Classical studies, and instruction in plain and ornamental Needlework, and	Harp, per qu ter, gg	!5 4
Callanthanian with wanting light fuel and stationary	Franch language do	
&c., for the half-year or session of twenty-one weeks,	Italian.	_
payable in advance, \$160	Germando	8
payable in advance,	Spenishdo	
For English and Classical pupils, there are no other	Use of foreign books,do.	2
charges whatever.	Drawing and painting, do. 1	
SEPARATE STUDIES.	Use of drawing-books and materials, per quarter,	
Music, piano, per quarter,\$20	Pupils who prefer it, can furnish their own books and	
Guitar do 15	drawing materials.	
Singing, do. 10		

At appropriate seasons of the year, horsemanship and archery are taught in classes, at a moderate expense Each pupil must be provided with a Bible and Prayer Book, bed and bedding, 12 towels, 6 napkins, ring, form, 2 spoons; but all these (when preferred by the parents) may be provided through the agent of the Hall, at a mode charge.

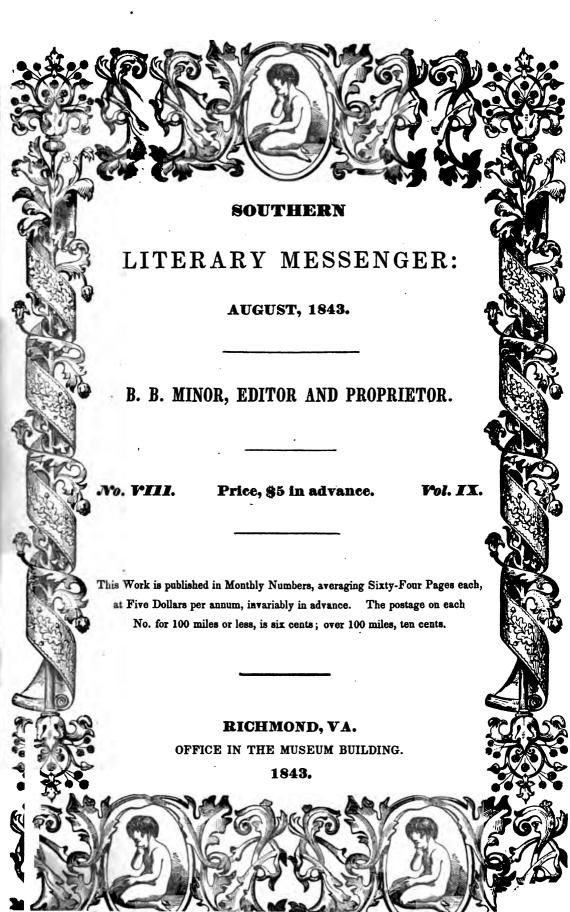
An abatement is made in the case of the younger pupils while in their preparatory studies, the charges being \$_-

per term, or half-year.

The arrangements of the Institution require, that two months' notice must be given, or a charge made for that time, in ca of the removal of a pupil. For further information, address the Rector or the Secretary.

FLUSHING, L. I., New-York, 1843.

ID The Hall may be visited, several times a day, by means of public conveyances from New-York. Coaches ar Omnibuses for Flushing leave their station, No. 21 Peck Slip, every morning and afternoon; and a Steamer sets ou twice a day, from the foot of Fulton Street, East River. The coaches and omnibuses call for passengers in any pa. of the city of New-York, and convey them to the Hall, where they again call for them at appointed hours.



CONTENTS.

NO. VIII.-VOL. IX.-AUGUST, 1843.

	ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.		ORIGINAL POETRY—(continued.)
	PAGE		PAGE
1	Address to the Patrons of the Messenger449	13.	Meditations of a Convict. By C493
2.	Reply to "Toga Civilis," on the Rules and Regula-	14.	Saddened Musings. By Tom Moore, Jr502
	tions of the Navy452	15.	British Oppression. By Wm. Oland Bourne506
3.	Blank Charts on board Public Cruisers. By Lieut.		EDITOR'S TABLE.
	M. F. Maury, U. S. N	16.	Death of Washington Allston, Esq507
4	A Summer Evening Ramble. By A. M., Richmond, Virginia462	17.	St. Ann's Hall. Flushing, New York508
5.	The Bible in Spain, a Review, with interesting		The North American Review, July, 1843509
	Extracts465		Stevens' Travels in Yucatan
6.	My Schoolmaster, or Blackstone made easy489	20.	The Neighbors-A Story of Every Day Life
	Family Library, No. VI. Southey's Life of Nel-		Frederika Bremer511
	son, a review, with extracts. We have heard a		Silliman's Journal of Science and Arts, July, 1843.511
	very distinguished professor say, that this is the		Elliottson, on Mesmerism, in Surgical Operations. 511
	best written biography in the English language.	23.	Ives' Poems. Chips from the Workshop. Mr. Ives
	The substance of the work is here given494		deserves great credit for his industrious efforts
8.	The False Heir, James' last novel. A review, with		after self-improvement, and justly celebrates the
	beautiful extracts503		glory of self-made scholars, who have towered
			above every obstacle that beset them. The reli-
	ORIGINAL POETRY.	١	gious tone seems to us doubtful
_	mi C	24.	Home; or, the Iron Rule—a domestic story. By
9.	The Stars. "The Poetry of Heaven." Part before		Mrs. Ellis
	published, but improved and enlarged. By B.		The Days of Queen Mary, of England
	Johnson, Edisto, South Carolina 458	ı	The Works of Hannah More—No. I. Cheap Series 512
10.	The Avenging Conscience. By Mrs. Jane L.	27.	Biography, &c., of Margaret Miller Davidson. By
	Swift. Excellent		Irving 512
11.	Spanish National Song. This piece, we are in-	28.	Goddard's Address, to the People of Rhode Island,
	formed, has appeared before; but we publish it		on the adoption of their New Constitution. May,
	again, as it will stand a re-reading and many of		1943
	our readers may not have seen it. It was sent by	ı	Brande's Encyclopædia—No. IX
•	the author of Riego, to whom we ascribe it464	30.	Natural History of Insects—1st. Series. No. 8.
13.	Solitary Contemplations. Evening. By J. S. S.,	١,,	Family Library
	Datemore489	31.	Death of Mr. Legare513

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM-BENJAMIN B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. IX.

RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1843.

ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE MESSENGER.

Another number of the Messenger comes to greet you; but under different auspices. The hope is indulged, that its arrival is always welcomed with a smile of satisfaction. But the question must occur to you, what will be the effect of its passing into other hands? This is an important inquiry, involving the interest of yourselves, of the Editor, and of the noble cause which sent the Messenger forth. For the Editor, boasting would neither be congenial to his taste, nor profitable to his enterprise. Promises and resolves you might deem of very little consequence, whilst uncertainty hung over their fulfilment. But uncertainty must hang over every such undertaking, and, though the fondest anticipations are so often disappointed, the Editor, trusting to that love of Literature, which has hitherto appreciated and sustained the Messenger, enters upon his duties, with confidence and pride. Unworthy fears and an ignoble calculation of pecuniary advantage might now lead to the injury, if not the overthrow, of the work. But our people are too liberal and high-minded to indulge the one, or make the other. Utilitarian as they certainly and properly are, they estimate too highly the blessings of Literature and Science, to closely calculate what equivalent they get for their money. Diffuse intelligence and, its attendant, virtue, throughout society; and good will be achieved, which the value of no amount of treasure can equal. Wherever the Messenger has gone, it has borne sound morality, valuable instruction and pure and exalted sentiment. If these, its characteristics, can be preserved, will not you continue its friends! For the sake of the blessings, which these confer, will you not give it your aid, that the community may still receive them! How the Messenger will hereafter maintain its former elevated standard, fulfil the expectations of its friends and its own destiny, the future alone can unfold. Having embarked in it, I shall use every exertion to keep it afloat, a thing of beauty, adorned with gems and laden with treasures of the mind. Until the trial is made, I can only commend it to the generosity and liberality hitherto so bountifully extended, and commit it to its fate. It may not be impertment, however, in assuming the high responsibility, which I feel to have devolved upon me, to present a few observations, as to the plan contemplated, under appropriate heads.

FORM AND STYLE.

If improvement in these were desirable or practicable, it would be aimed at. Subscribers shall certainly have the benefit of any improvement, which ingenuity can devise, or art accomplish. A fair eye-feasting rind is no objection, when there's luscious fruit within. Yet the substance shall not be sacrificed to the shadow, nor will it be forgotten, that, in men and things, a nice exterior is no guaranty of inward excellence and purity.

SUBJECTS.

The usual variety of subjects will be maintained. The work should be a little world of letters, filled with the hills, mountains and vales, of ornamental and practical Science and the meads, flowers, perfume and dewdrops of Literature. Favorite genii will be called to preside over, improve and decorate each department. Longer and more numerous notices of new works will be inserted, and able reviews of the most valuable introduced, as often as they can be procured. The aid of our critics and scholars will be most thankfully received, in this department. Reviews are not only the most useful, but the most entertaining class of compositions, more spicy, more varied and containing more information of the progress of letters. At the same time, that they elevate the periodical and remunerate its patrons, they impart great benefits to the writer, by improving his judgment and taste, inciting him to reflection and impressing knowledge deeply on his mind. The beauties, the power, the truths of a work are more readily discerned by the liberal reviewer; and, all carelessness and inattention being banished, by the object he has in view, his thoughts are concentrated, and his faculties kept in free and healthful exercise. The very cheapness of books now renders able reviews the more desirable. It is true, the originals are more easily procured, but books are greatly multiplied, and their cost, in the aggregate, is still great, and their contents voluminous. As often as we can present the pith and substance of any work, which its cost, or bulk, or his own occupations would prevent a subscriber from perusing, he will credit the Messenger, by nearly the price of the book and by the pleasure he has derived.

CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor doubts not that he will receive the assistance of the many valuable contributors, to whose pens the Messenger stands so much indebted. The work has been, nearly ever since its commencement, entirely dependent, for its matter, upon con-The neat and beautiful form and execution, for tributors. The list of these has become quite exwhich the work is conspicuous, will be preserved. tended and embraces the names of many ripe scholars and elegant writers. A continuation of their fa- | reward of the care and kindness she has received! vors is here invoked. Whilst voluntary contribu- Shall she not rather be invited to pleasant homes tions have been liberally afforded, the Messenger has and quiet retreats, to which she has never yet not been sustained by these alone. The Editor proposes, if he meet with sufficient encouragement to do so, to call learning and genius to his pages; and, like the conductors of the eminent English periodicals, to enlist the ablest writers of the day. will be expensive; but, whenever the public patronage will justify it, it shall be done. It will be done immediately, within such limits as the Editor can afford. It has been beautifully and truly said, that "fame is a dowerless virgin, whom one must wed from love and not from lucre;" yet, there are many gifted ones, whose aspirations beat high for fame, who are forced to live by the exercise of those powers, which will secure their hearts' desire. Their genius must bring them bread, as well as immortality. Many of the most eminent writers, of the present and past times, have commenced their literary career, in the columns of penny papers. As one of the latest cases, may be cited that of Charlotte Elizabeth, now Mrs. Taney, one of the most popular, pure and useful of present English writers. Though deaf and dumb, she maintained herself, her children and her first brutal husband, by her pen. The annals of Literature abound with poverty, as much as with genius. It is not to disparage talent, then, that we propose to draw it, by pecuniary interest, to the support of this periodical.

THE EFFECTS OF THE MESSENGER.

It can hardly be denied, that the Messenger has already improved the Literature of the South. Where has it gone, that more has not been read, and, of necessity, from the character of its contents, more learnt? To the absorbed student, it furnishes refreshment and relaxation, and even food for his studious moods. It delights the enthusiasm of the scholar, by the evidence which it gives of a taste for polite Literature, and is a receptacle for the polished stores of his mind. It entices the idle and indolent to the fountains of knowledge; and, by the variety, beauty and utility of its contents, amuses, cheers and improves all who read it. The benefits, which it confers, will be multiplied in future. For several years, after the tree is planted, it yields no fruit; and its first bearings are small and often immature; but, when its branches spread, from year to year, its stores increase and repay the owner for his care. The Messenger has now just attained the point of diffusing good. She has awakened the energies of inert talent, polished the style of vigorous pens, and raised up a large class of intelligent readers, to reward and encourage their efforts. Shall this Messenger bird, sheding blessings from her wings, be refused the continued support of any, who have larging her flight and bearing on her pinions the pened to any proprietor of this work. Thus, whilst

found her way, and there be permitted to fill friendly hearts and minds, with the melody of her song and the richness of her gifts?

FINANCIAL.

The terms of the Messenger will remain the same as at present. The pressure, under which the whole country has groaned, has not kept its heavy hand from Literary Enterprises. Even education itself has been greatly abridged and impeded, by our pecuniary embarrassments. Our schools and colleges have been thinned, and it could not be expected that periodicals would escape. Retrenchment, necessary to such a vast number, has cut down the subscribers' list. But, by the industry and economy of a resolute and honest people, the debts of the country are nearly paid, and it may be proclaimed with confidence and exultation, that "the times are getting better." The foreign debt is nearly paid, though it amounted to millions. Our home debt, too, is nearly cancelled by Bankrupt Laws and actual payments. It is true, that by the Bankrupt law, the creditors lost a vast amount; but they, prevented from looking to those debts as a basis of calculation and expenditure, have been turned to other sources and put to virtuous economy and reform. The liberated debtors, too, have gone to work, with alacrity, and many of them will yet be able to satisfy their disappointed creditors. It is not intended here to express any opinion, as to the policy of this law, but only to state the effect it has had, upon the indebtedness of the country. State stocks have risen. That of our own state is nearly at par; and better than all, for it would soon have produced every other benefit. our people are endeavoring to live within their means. From this state of things, confident expectations of the increased extension of the Messenger are entertained; and it is believed, that an intelligent people, now freed from debt, will feel an increased desire to promote the cause of learning, which is the cause of true virtue and happiness. In looking round for such objects as are worthy of their patronage, the Messenger presents itself to them and invites an examination. It will aim to gratify the parent, to instruct and incite the child, to tempt the aspiring genius, and to win the smile of genuine favor from all.

From advice and conviction, the Editor is resolved to make every exertion to collect his dues, which, by the terms, will be payable in advance. On this subject, then, subscribers must expect and tolerate some little urging, should it become necessary, which I hope it will not. It does not often happen, that the conductors of Literary publicasuccored her, just at a time, too, when she is en- tions have much capital to invest. It has not hap-

the proprietor, without capital to sustain himself, is ling with productions of every grade and bue. Yet, ferced to pay up as he goes, to hands, who live on their weekly stipend, or to dealers in paper, type and other necessary articles, who are afraid to trust him, his funds are scattered over the face of the union, and, before he can collect them, he may be proclaimed a bankrupt at home. Some fear to pay in advance, lest the work should be stopped and they lose their subscription. This fear best secures what they dread. By their holding back, they ruin the Editor. Suppose an Editor wished to issue a work. He could easily ascertain its cost, and then, by comparing the cost with his subscription list, readily determine, whether he could sustain himself, provided all the subscriptions were paid up. If he could not, he would not undertake it. But, unless they do pay, he may be driven from the completion of his undertaking, though nominally he may have threefold enough amply to remunerate him. The present subscription list to the Messenger is sufficient to maintain it ably, if the conditions of the work were complied with. Now, to the subscriber, the time can make no difference, as the amount is so small; but, to the Editor, to whom the total is considerable, it matters everything. Many pay promptly, whenever called upon by an agent; but the agent immediately pockets twenty per cent, which is a clear loss to the Editor, without being any advantage to the subscriber; since postmasters are permited to make such remittances free of postage. Even when the funds are transmitted, by the subscribers, in other states, the loss is considerable from the difference in exchange. This we are willing to bear, when notes at par in their respective states are sent; but, the loss becomes too great, when this discount is superadded to the agent's high commission.

Remittances will be particularly acceptable at this time, when large advances have to be made. The Editor has purchased the subscriptions for the present year and those, who owe for any of the past years, can still send this year's subscription to bim. This head has been dwelt upon because of its vast importance. The mill is supported and kept in repair by the grist. .

Though these considerations are penned in great haste for the press, I cannot conclude without a word to educated young men. I appeal to the educated, because the Messenger has heretofore aimed at and attained an exalted position, among literary periodicals, and education is necessary to appreciate and enjoy the delights of philosophy and letters. All are agreed on two things, the inestimable blessings, priceless and eternal, of knowledge and the high obligation resting on those who the Editor assumed the management, under the enjoy the advantages of Education, not only to improve them, but extend them to others. One of the most fascinating, enticing and available means Mr. White's death. It must now lose his most of acquiring and diffusing information is through efficient editorial aid; but will retain him as a conthe periodical press. This press is certainly teem- stant friend.

there is wealth, intelligence, variety of taste and leve of literature in our favored and populous country sufficient to encourage and sustain them all; and, unfortunately, ignorance enough to require more illumination, than all their concentrated light could shed. To Northern youth, who are generally well educated and well read, this is nearly the only Messenger of literary tidings from the South; and, whilst the ears of politicians are spread, like sails, to catch every breeze that tells of partisan successes and strifes, shall the scholar turn with indifference from the whisperings of the Southern Muse, or the impassioned strains of Southern genius? And when Southern youth reflect upon the superiority of Literature in the North, how can they help feeling a noble emulation and using every exertion to place their Literature on that elevated position, to which their native and cultivated talent entitle it?

During a long and most delightful collegiate course, I became acquainted with a large number of young men, whom fame and their country will yet delight to honor. Where are they! Resting on the honors won in those palmy days! Some, within my own knowledge, are pursuing the high career, for which it was easy to see they were destined. As to the rest, I cannot believe that those powers so brilliant and captivating, when we were happy together, are expended in unprofitableness, or wasted in indolence. But where are they now, and what deeds of good and great do they perform ? Will they not be induced to renew, as it were, the joyful intercourse we once held in those halcyon days, "which come not again." Happy to one will be the re-union of spirits and the better has been the fate of any, in the interval of separation, the more joyful. A recurrence to those bright scenes brings back the remembrance of Washingtonians, Philogians, Franklinians, Jeffersonians and Alumni and of their zealous cooperation in schemes of self-improvement and innocent pleasure. Will they not now lend their aid in swelling the tide of knowledge, stemming the torrent of ignorance and inducing Heaven-sprung beings to take more interest in that which is purest, noblest, best; the preparation of their immortal part for the enjoyment of the loftiest delights in this and a higher rank in that state, to which it is destined! These are objects worthy of ambition; to achieve them is fame indeed. To these pages their productions will be welcome and their names to the list of patrons of the work.

The present number was mostly made up, before supervision of the able gentleman, who has long conducted the Messenger, both before and since

REPLY TO "TOGA CIVILIS."

On the Rules and Regulations for the Government of the Navy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER:

Sir, -A naval paper, in the June number of your journal, has brought before the public a subject of great present professional interest. The matter, which the writer of that paper treats, embraces fundamental questions of naval discipline and economy. Its object is to recommend changes of importance, to utter complaints of injustice, and to advocate the disconnected interests of one class, separately from the united interests of all. places in open view the new and alarming hostility which some members of the Medical Corps of the Navy, under the guidance of its present representative, the head of the Medical Bureau, have imbibed towards the sea-officers of the service—a hostility without reason or provocation; and which, it may be remarked here, is not likely, of itself, to advance the views, or interests of those who take it as a principle of action.

The text of this paper is the system of Rules and Regulations for the Government of the Navy, recently put forth by a Board of four different grades of officers. This Board was informally called together by the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, for the purpose of revising the rules, &c., previously prepared, by the Secretary himself and the Attorney General of the United States. In the progress of their revision, the Board found it more convenient, with the consent of the Department, to adopt a new, (the present,) form. And it is a sufficient evidence of the correct, useful and honorable proceedings of that Board, in the opinion, at least, of those who are accustomed to regard the authority of the Department with becoming respect, that its labors were highly approved by Judge Upsher, and strongly recommended by him to Congress, to be enacted into laws. But neither the Board, composed of officers so judiciously chosen, that, could the voice of the Navy have been heard, it would gladly have elected them to represent their respective grades; nor the head of the Navy Department, nor even the Attorney General of the United States, have escaped from sneers, (p. 377.) It would have been, at least, more charitable, to have believed that the Board and the Secretary of the Navy had the good of the service at heart—that the former was actuated by an honest zeal in the performance of duties onerous and responsible; unusually onerous, because each member of the Board, with one exception, was, during its session, engaged in other duty; and responsible, on account of the various interests to be attended to and reconciled, and the critical examination of the profession, through

one quarter only, it would be impossible for the authors of those complaints to show, that the grade, to which they belong, has suffered in any one respect, however trifling, or lost any portion of their rights, privileges, dignity, or independence, which the permanent usages of the service have sanctioned. For it may enlighten some of your readers to learn, that the complaints alluded to do not arise from any new injury, lately received, but are only one of the modes taken, for advancing novel and unheard-of claims.

The preliminary historical detail, together with its grand, but, it is believed, mistaken assumption, that the influence of the Surgeons led to the rejection of the "Rules, &c., of the Board of 1832. is passed over, to reach the more important matter in hand.

When the Board concluded to enter upon its duties, it was immediately observed and regretted, that no Surgeon was present-but, upon inquiry, it was ascertained, that the chief of the Medical Bureau was preparing a system of rules for the government of his own corps. The Board would have preferred the personal cooperation of an intelligent, sea-going Surgeon. In time, the manuscript of Dr. Barton was presented, and the Board is charged, in language inappropriately forcible, with treating its provisions with contempt, and with a desire to degrade, if not insult, the Medical officers of the Navy, (p. 372.) In the succeeding paragraph, it is intimated that this manuscript received the approbation of the Honorable Secretary, and more than intimated, that his confidence has been misled. The principal ground, for all these charges against the Board, is the omission of that part of Dr. Barton's code which gives to Medical officers an assimilated rank, and to this omission, too, may be attributed the vituperation and censure against sea-officers generally, which disfigure this paper.

The candid reader can judge how fairly this subject has been treated, when he is told, that all that part of Dr. Barton's manuscript relating to assimilated rank was erased by the peneil of the Secretary of the Navy, before it left the Department. The manuscript came before the Board, with these marks of the highest official disapprobation plain upon it. It only remained for the Board to confirm this authoritative judgment. The remainder of the code contained little or nothing suited to alarm personal pride, or excite merely personal feeling-nothing to tempt the members to act in an unbecoming or illiberal spirit-or to provoke them to endeavor to degrade and insult one of the most honorable and useful, (and in education the most accomplished) grades in the Navy. On the contrary, the Board, earnestly solicitous to decide which they were to pass. The members of that rightly, in cases involving extra-professional details Board enjoy this grateful proof of their merit and and technicalities, and aware of the morbid sensisuccess—that whilst complaints were heard from bility which, unhappily, at present affects a part of tunity to consult a distinguished and learned surgeon, one well acquainted with the practice on board of sea-going ships.

The offensive and unjustifiable charge of misleading the Segretary is not dwelt upon here, because it is desirable to avoid the appearance of acrimony or recrimination, in a discussion, which aims at truth and the good of the service. connection with it, an accusation is brought forward of a "surreptitious attempt made at the last hour," to enact these rules into a law. It is not said to whom this accusation points. But, if aimed at the Board, it is a sufficient refutation of it, to mention, that the members were desirous that the code drawn up by them should be suspended for another year, in order that the accumulation and comparison of professional opinions might improve what they had done in a short time, and under the pressure of other duties. Indeed, it is not apparent to whom else it could be intended to apply, except the Honorable Secretary, or the Chairman of the Naval Committee, acting upon his suggestion. No comment upon the impropriety of such an application is necessary.

Concerning the grade of Captains, there is a rudeness of expression and an affected display of virtuous charity, that discover the jealous and unfriendly feeling of the paper, which is the subject of this comment, towards the "sea-officers" of the Nawy. But the use of this term leads to the minute verbal criticism, or rather the pedantic hypereriticism of the writer upon words of field use, such as "civil-officer," "assimilated rank," "noncombatant," "sea-officer," "idler." Against these a war is waged, with all the zeal and all the unprofitableness of scholastic strife, whilst they are attributed to arrogance and a false estimate of their own intrinsic value, (p. 373.) Even the term "officer" does not escape without a quotation from Johnson's Dictionary, by which we are instructed in the meaning of a title "as familiar in our mouths as household words." The fault found with these words is that they are technical. But it is suggested, with due deference to superior grammatical learning, that, in the very fact of their being technical, lies their highest recommendation. thus that they have acquired, in professional use, a peculiar meaning and value, which cannot be mistaken, or (except wilfully) misapplied. In discussing the original and unassociated meaning of words, the principles and object of language are forgotten. Language best fulfils its purpose, when its terms are definite and well understood; when, by habitual use and connection, they are so restricted as to assume a technical character. And this is especially true of the terms above quoted. It is the econd, perhaps, rather than the meaning of these being derogatory. Yet the term, the most deroga- any cause why these civil officers of respectable

the Medical Corps, profited by the earliest oppor-|tory in common speech, "idler," is applied, not only to Medical officers, but to the First Lieutenant of a ship, and to all those "sea-officers" who do not keep watch.

A good-natured smile must be pardoned, at the inventive genius which proposes, (always, "according to strict and definite use of language,") to substitute the denomination "official military seaman," for "sea-officer." All this calls to mind, "Le medecin malgre lui," who, however, has this advantage—that he could plead ignorance and necessity for his excuse, in the violation of technical language. As the amusing pretensions of Sqaulizelle were exhibited in the Medical profession, it is to be hoped that there live those who will yet learn how to better his instruction. Let your Naval readers imagine now, that they hear the Captain of a ship-of-war direct a Midshipman to call up the "official military seaman" from the ward-room. If given through the trumpet, the order would be particularly sonorous.

But to return to the subject of rank, which is the most abundant source of complaint and the most fertile theme of imagined wrongs. It is well to repeat, that these complaints have no reference to what has been done, but to what has been left The Board have made no changes in the undone. established subordination of the Navy. They neither have reduced, nor taken away the rank of any officer, or set of officers. The position of Medical officers they left as they found it. It is that, which has always been known in the Navy, since its foundation. The injury complained of is the refusal of an assimilated rank, hitherto unknown, and now asked for the first time, asked, too, in a tone of indignant and suffering remonstrance, such as would more properly belong to years of patient endurance by all, than to the sudden suggestion of the distempered vanity of a single individual. The civil officers, it is said, are agglomerated in rank,taking precedence according to date of commission. Hence arises another objection, that the Surgeon gains nothing for the time he serves as Assistant Surgeon, or Passed Assistant. There is no evident reason why he should. The licutenant is not permitted to count the years he passes in the grades of Midshipman and Passed Midshipman. The condition of the Assistant Surgeon is one of apprenticeship, or, to use a more delicate word to sensitive ears, a novitiate, in which the peculiar practice and uses on board ships are learned—and the intellectual and moral qualifications of the novice are tested. The requirements of the second examination prove this view to be correct. But it is the peculiar privilege of the Chaplain, Purser, &c., that they are considered, at the moment of admission, qualified to perform all their duties. They assume, at once, the position which they perterms, that is offensive. They are spoken of as manently retain—and it would be difficult to show

standing, being distinctly separated from the Sur-|erasure satisfactorily shows, that it is not in the geons in their duties, should be placed under them in nominal rank, or connected with them at all in a state of relative subordination. It is said, however, that the Pursers were appointed by warrant and not by commission, before the year 1812. The conclusive reply is, that they are commissioned and not warrant officers now, and, since it has pleased Congress to confer upon them this distinction, they are entitled to all the privileges accompanying it." The arrangement of the Board was undoubtedly dictated by a liberal and courteous spirit, and was made with a just regard to all these gentlemen, in their respective stations.

That the Secretary should take his place in the family of the Commodore, and that the professors should not have been admitted to the ward-room, seems to be the general opinion of the Navy,-yet, what law and custom have settled and approved is no longer the fit subject of jealousy and offence.

This new claim of rank would not be fully treated, without an inquiry into its nature and utility. If it be true, and who will dispute it, that "rank, honors and distinctions, of a military character, are not conferred for individual benefit, but are intended to promote the exercise of military authority,"the question immediately occurs, whether these novel honors, sought after by some members of the Medical Corps, will in any manner facilitate, or improve their professional practice, either at sea, or on shore. This is the only sound argument for their addition. But no such argument is, or can he adduced and sustained. The assimilated rank demanded is a distinction purely nominal, which may entitle the bearer to precedence on some occasions of ceremony-and it is of such a thin, transparent nature, that only the eye of a quick sighted vanity will be able to perceive its unsubstantial form. The actual and indispensable authority of a Surgeon has been fully recognized and is, in no wise, diminished. His power to control all those under him in his own department, to regulate his practice, to collect and expend his stores with an exclusive accountability to the Medical Bureau, and the high responsibilities, which give dignity to his office, are acknowledged and undisputed. What is now asked is a rank, which neither adds to this power, nor raises these responsibilities-which carries with it no increase of authority or respectwhich indeed, for all the ends of duty, is utterly inefficient, and which, therefore, having no real utility, must be rejected by the principle that looks upon rank as a public trust, confered for the public good, a means to an important end, and not a mere source of private convenience.

These, it is presumed, were the views of the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, when he passed his peneil over Dr. Barton's manuscript. The

* Assistant Surgeons were once warrant-officers under the title of "Surgeons-mates."

contemplation of the Department to create shadowy images of rank without meaning and without necessity, for the gratification of personal feeling. Probably there is another principle of conduct, guiding the decision of the Secretary, which was directed by a consideration of the fatal influence, upon the harmony of the service, of such pretensions, and of the motives that prompted themmotives, it is painful to say, which other follies of their author make it not difficult to discriminate, nor unjust to impute.

But this topic is laid aside for the present, to give place to another of much graver import. Great efforts were used to make it appear, that the provise to Art. 5 of the new "Rules, &c.," demands, for the commander of a ship, a direct participation in the Medical duties of a Surgeon at sea, because, in giving him authority to regulate the professional practice of his assistants, it is provided that he shall not contravene the general regulations of the Navy, or of his commanding seaofficer—and the opportunity is not lost here, of being elaborately entertaining at the expense of the commander's probable ignorance. It is further urged, that this proviso implies that the commanding officer is to be the umpire between the Surgeon and his assistant, in any difference of opinion as to the administering of medicine, and that the first may make regulations affecting the strict professional practice of Medical officers. It is needless to say, that such a construction of this proviso is wholly forced and unauthorized. It displays a want of familiarity with the economy of a ship of war, and, also, that ambitious craving for independence of all military control, which, unhappily, is, just new, the moral disease of a portion of the Medical Corps.

The palpable object of a provision, requiring a subordinate to conform to the regulations of his commanding officer, is to secure to the commander that supreme control over the discipline of his ship, which is essential to her efficiency.

A sick person in the hands of the Surgeon is treated, as a matter of course, according to his judgment. There is no pretext either in past usage, or in present regulation, for suspecting that any sea-officer will pretend to interfere in this treatment. But a sea-going Surgeon is aware, that emergencies may, and do frequently occur, where it is necessary to go out of his own special department, and apply to other authority, for conveniences or assistance. It may be requisite to light a fire in the galley at night, after the usual hour, when, by a standing rule, the fires are extinguished-to have men excused from other duty to watch with a sick mess-mate-to procure keys and open store-rooms at unusual hours, or to remove a patient to a part of the ship not usually occupied by the sick. It may be desirable to open a sick-bay port additional clothing for the patient's comfort,-to ask for the manning of a boat-to transfer patients to a hospital, or to send them out of the ship in the event of contagion. In these and similar cases, fixed rules are suspended,—an authority exclusively military is exercised—and the general order and police of the ship are involved. And if, in such cases, the Surgeon is to exercise an exclusive legitimate control, in carrying out his own wishes, then, not only are the rights and duty of others invaded, but that system and unity of design, which are vital to discipline, are lost. The previous illustrations sufficiently show the fallacy of the position assumed, and how entirely the spirit and intention of the proviso to the 5th article have been misunderstood, or misinterpreted.

The querulous remarks concerning the regulation, which prescribes that requisitions shall receive the approval of the commander, might be dismissed without reply. Experience, which is good, and the wiedom of the department, that knew how to apply it, which is far better, have already rebuked this arrogation. It may not be amiss, however, the subject being introduced, to correct some misapprehensions which prevail in relation to it. The greatest of these is the idea that a commander cannot comprehend the meaning, or value, of a Surgeon's requisition. The reasoning grafted upon this idea seems to suppose, that the commander has no right to apply to the Surgeon for information to guide his judgment-that it would be inadmissible for them to interchange opinions upon the state of the funds and the necessities of the ship,that they have no such common interest and motive of action, as the public service—but that they stand to each other, in the relation of mutual personal hostility. And an anecdote is related (harmless enough in itself,) which, if it mean anything in this place, means that Doctor's Latin may be made a cloak for deception. There is no risk of error in saying, that this attempt to build up a factitious consequence upon the use of a dead tongue will find no sympathy is the Medical Corps generally: Knowledge, when duly estimated, does not stoop to such petty ends.

But, again, it is to be observed, that the purse and sword go together; and also, that, however important medicines may be, there are other things which socident may render, for the time, much more important; but, when his lawful control over the funds of the ship is thus taken away, the responsibility of the commander for her efficiency must immediately cease.

It would not be well to leave this topic, of the approval of Medical requisitions, without its appropriate moral. The folly committed here, both in the selfishmess of the purpose, overlooking the combined and inseparable advantage of the whole, in striving for the aggrandizement of one grade, meals. Probably another view of this subject,

in doubtful weather-to call upon the Purser for see its certain and sudden defeat, may be well remembered by the friends of the real and permanent interests of the Navy, when another proposition emanates from the Medical Bureau, to everthrow a custom sanctioned by all time and experience. A severer censure cannot be passed upon the author of this first attempt, to disseminate hostility between the Surgeons and the other grades of the service, than to record its mortifying failure.

The remarks upon the article allowing the Sorgeon a store-room, when possible, are ushered in with a display of ill-temper, which had better have been omitted. There is no ground for the charge of selfish exclusiveness against the Board, which is implied here-neither is it just to reproach all Captains with the misconduct of a single one.

The Board knew, what appears to be less familiar to some others, that there are vessels of a smaller class, which do not admit of distrust storerooms for each department. The appropriation of these rooms will be entirely independent of the will of a commander. It is believed, that the alarm felt in this particular is unnecessary. does there seem to be any good cause to apprehend that ships' stewards and hospital stewards cannot be obtained as formerly.

It will require something more effectual, than mere declamation, to show, that methods, which have stood the test of long experience, are suddenly to lose their validity. At the same time, the soundest reasons can be given, for not admitting any person on board ship, free from strict military control, except in peculiar cases, where he enjoys the position of an officer, and is regarded as acting in a confidential capacity. Such is the course which usage recommends, and established usage is never to be violated, but with great deliberation; for it embodies that which time and experience have approved and partakes, in a military community, of the nature of the common law. It is co-existent with and equally as indestructible as the written statute. Such is the infinite and diversified combination of circumstances in human affairs, that no number or variety of laws could abolish the necessity for regarding usage, which cannot be better designated than as the habit of a society known to all and approved by rightful authority. A sneer is uttered at the "broad and philosophic views entertained by the framers of these rules and regulations," because the Assistant Surgeon is still required to make a daily inspection and report of the state of the galley. Yet a Lieutenant attends to the washing and sweeping of the decks-and the two offices do not differ materially in dignity-or, it may be added-in their nature. In the performance of this duty, the Assistant Surgeon is exercising a watchful care over the health of the crew, by securing cleanliness in their and the miserable defect of judgment, that failed to equally broad, and much more sound and humane

in its philosophy, may be presented. It is this, that no officer, be his rank what it may, is discreditably employed, when his efforts are directed to preserve the comfort and health of the crew, and that there is no labor, however humble, which is not rendered agreeable by a cheerful spirit and sanctified by a high sentiment and principle of duty.

With regard to hospitals, the mistaken claim of a Surgeon to the sole and exclusive control over them is easily answered, by saying that public hospitals are military establishments, component parts of military commands; and their inmates are the subjects of military authority. They must, therefore, have a military organization and discipline. If this claim be allowed, the commandant of a station has, within the limits of his command, an establishment under the charge of an inferior officer, independent of his orders. The commandant, then, must consult his inferior, the Surgeon, if the commander of a foreign man-of-war asks for a temporary convenience for his sick. Such a perverted subordination would soon bring the discipline of the Navy into most admired disorder and, probably, fully confirm the "disconnected connection," (let the phrase mean what it will,) of the abstruse head of the Medical Bureau. Without dwelling upon the palpable absurdity, of vesting in a Surgeon the power to transfer patients from one ship to another, to discharge them from the service, or to admit strangers from a foreign man-ofwar, all of which, and many other similar details of Naval duty, enter into the management of a hospital,-it must be admitted, that this new claim, which wars with the paramount custom of our own and of other Naval services, is a most unfriendly attack upon the rights and privileges of sea-officers, and particularly of such as have merited, by their services, the gratitude of their country.

An article of chapter 7th, gives to the commanding officer a right to inspect the Medical journal, and to this is attached an undeserved odium. Something is said about the delicacy of the men and the censorship of the Captain. But, as the Captain is informed of the names of the sick and their maladies, by a printed Medical report, sent in to him daily, by the Surgeon of the ship, this remark seems to have no application here. The journal of the Medical officer is a public documentone of the official records of the vessel-which. upon occasion, the commander may find it necessary to consult. Without seeking what this occasion may be, it is difficult to comprehend the motive for this desired mystery and secrecy, -except it be a part of the plan to make Medical officers independent of their commanders. Neither is it perceived why the Captain should be charged with a desire to break through the confidence existing between the physician and his patient-or why any feeling should be ascribed to him, inconsistent with self respect, or a respect for others.

The cause which must be advocated so much, at the expense of the courtesy and harmony of the service, becomes, by this very circumstance, of doubtful merit.

The discussion of that part of the code of rules, which pertains to the dúties of sea officers alone, is characterised, as has been before observed, by a vigorous animadversion upon words and a curious search after faults of construction and unseen obscurities of language—a search less striking for its success, than for the unfavorable spirit with which it is conducted. Of this discussion, no extended notice need be taken, for by a reference to the text, the reader will perceive that the subject has not fallen into competent hands. "Ne sutor ultra crepidam" is the admonition which this misapplied effort readily suggests. Profiting by its example, it is not designed to offer any comment upon that part of the code drawn up by the commission of Surgeons, for the government of their own corps, which relates to Medical duties. But the commission have, in some instances, been betraved into the attempt to direct the police of ships and the general discipline of the service,—and in such things it would be well to guard against the possibility of injury, if space were left. But our limits draw to a close, and these errors may be safely left to be corrected by the timely representations of others, or the wisdom of the department,--with perhaps this single caution—that every proposition to benefit one grade at the expense of another, and in violation of the usages of the Navy, whether in the right of command, (p. 1,) or the convenience of a state-room, (p. 2,) is to be received with scrupulous mistrust, where its motive is sufficiently defined, by its coming from the grade to be so benefited. But the mention of this commission leads to another proposition. It is one of a startling character. The example has been set by one grade of the Navy, of making laws for its own peculiar government, even in matters affecting general police and subordination; and the dangerous doctrine has been put forth, that this grade has a separate and distinct interest, apart from the general and combined good of the whole. Is this example a beneficial one, and is this novel doctrine true! If so, let them take full effect, and let the Captains, Commanders, Lieutenants, Pursers, &c., be each convened, by commission, to create rules for their own obedience, to secure their own privileges, and to extend their own ideas of discipline into other grades, with fearless indifference-or rather, to render the cases more precisely alike, with feelings of suspicious hostility towards associate branches of the Naval service. And when this has been done, the baneful influence of this fatal precedent can be duly appreciated. But it may be urged that this precedent should go no further, because it was the corps of Medical officers alone, that was not personally represented on the Board.

A separate provision in their behalf was, therefore, to be made. It might be said that the chief of the Bureau of Medicine, &c., represented his class by his manuscript-still, it is unhesitatingly conceded, that the case of the Medical Corps was one of hardship-to be represented, or probably misrepresented in writing, by a person practically ignorant of their wants and duties-and if a recommendation from an humble and nameless source would avail anything, it might be respectfully suggested, that this is a sufficient reason for again calling together the Board and adding to its former members a Surgeon. But let not the Surgeon be selected from among those who have already committed themselves to angry discussion and violent opinions-who have ceased to be the true friends of the Navy, by becoming the partisans of a set. But let him rather be chosen from the larger number of those who have kept aloof from profitless and unholy warfare, between brothers of the same profession-of those who have imbibed humanity from science and ripened learning into wisdom. But above all, let him be of the number of those who have gone frequently to sea, and acquainted themselves, by personal experience, with the wants and habits of the Navy. Such as these the Navy will be glad to accept as guides and counsellorsand there is no dearth of them. In the honorable list of Surgeons, there are to be found many names that adorn the register upon which they stand, and have gained, in the walks of private duty, an honorable and enviable distinction. Upon the professional ability of the Naval Surgeons as a class, any praise that can be offered here, is of disproportionate value. The statistics of our public ships, which, during their protracted absences upon the great ocean, encounter every variety of climate, and are visited by every form of disease, bear the highest testimony to their knowledge and unwesried assiduity. In them the sea-officer recognizes, through his long wanderings, the instructive companions of his mind, and the watchful guardians of his health, and as such, he acknowledges to them an obligation of deep gratitude and reverent respect. Sentiments like these ought not to be disturbed by vague and unfounded suspicions. The ill-will towards the Medical officers of the Navy, with which the sea-officer is charged, has no real existence. Let it be remembered, that it was never known until the foundation of the Medical Bureau, and let it also be re-called that the first incumbent of that office, has managed not only to insult and disgust, without a shadow of provocation, several other grades of the service, but to quarrel with many individuals of his own. It is a matter of reasonable surprise, that such suspicions, coming from such a source, should have been so readily adopted, and the same may be said, too, of those hitherto unheard-of pretensions to rank and com- his Medical companion on board ship, under the mand. It is fully believed that the older and more impression of the mutual mistrust-jealous conten-

respectable Surgeons, with few, (but painful,) exceptions, reject them utterly—that they are as little willing as others, to accept the present chief of the Bureau of Medicine, &c., as the Nobis Magnus Apollo of the Medical Corps-that, on the contrary, they will join with the Navy generally in echoing the observation of the preacher:

"There is an evil which I have seen under the sun-Folly is set in great dignity."

But to what end, it may be asked, is this warfare to lead—and since, a warning, uttered in no kind spirit, has been heard from the other side, it may not prove amiss to pronounce a friendly caution here. Ill-will begets ill-will—the opposition that is freely offered finds an opponent—and, in this battle, whether its issue depend upon the strength and influence of members, or the justice of the quarrel, the assailants are the least secure of victory. And vet, granting that the objects so eagerly sought, are finally obtained—that rank, no longer regarded as a sacred trust, held for the public benefit, be conceded to gratify personal ambition—and an authority exclusively military be conferred upon those who have neither the means, nor the occasion to exercise it-what effect will all this have upon the present condition of the Medical officers. answer this inquiry, let their present condition be considered. It is the delightful privilege, and even blessing, of the Surgeon of a ship-of-war, that he moves in a path of duty, where no one has either the desire or the capacity to interfere, and that he is thus exempted from a participation in the personal conflicts, jealousies and annoyances, that beset the subject of an ever-present and active military rule. His healing art connects him with individuals of all classes, by the most grateful and endearing ties of kindness and favor. His superior intellectual endowments, and the dignified independence of his official position, gain for him a moral power, which, if judiciously exerted, is never disputed, and which affords him constant opportunities to perform the offices of a noble and comprehensive charity—the highest enjoyment of a cultivated mind. And when the influence, growing out of these causes, is rightly appreciated, and faithfully administered, and when the lofty purposes of his benevolent calling are fully comprehended and strictly honored—the Surgeon moves along the ship, among companions whom he has entertained and instructed by his knowledge, and friends whom he has relieved from suffering by his skill, and the ear, that hears him, bears witness to his office. This is a picture drawn from the life, and not from fancy, and this is, or might be, the present condition of every Naval Surgeon. How will this picture be changed when the wishes of the disorganizers are carried out, and the sea-officer meets

tion and corroding bitterness which must inevitably follow-and that is to be the moral effect of these mean passions and unworthy motives! This idea is too painful to be carried out-but it will not willingly be thought that it can fail to have its lust weight.

If space were left, it might be employed to show, that any complaint of former ill-treatment comes with a bad grace from Medical officers. They were the first to have their pay increased, and the double examination, regulated by their own will, gives security and permanency to the honor and intelligence of the corps. Something might be said, also, of the style of the paper which has been made the subject of these comments—of the sarcasm which has neither spared the honorable head of the Department, nor the late lamented Attorney General of the United States.

But let that pass-justice, as well as generosity, demands, that the principle of conduct, (the good of the service,) professed here, should be accorded to others—and as, to berrow an expression from master Shallow-" good phrases are, surely, and ever were very commendable," a pardon will be asked for adopting here, in no unaimable spirit, the novel and imposing signature of

AN "OFFICIAL-MILITARY-SEAMAN."

THE STARS.

"The poetry of Heaven .- Byron.

Some of the following lines were published, a few years ago, in a paper of limited circulation; since then the writer has corrected and made some additions to them.

Ye watch-fires from the citadels of heaven! On Hesperus' dark couch triumphant gleaming! High o'er all realms, where thunder-clouds are driven, To th' mad roar of storms, calm listeners seeming! Ye mock the proud presumption of our race, To scan your bright domain; and thought may rise Strained to its highest flight, infinity beyond Th' accumulating vastness, still expanding lies.

Earth hath its history! its storied lore, Records its crimes—its triumphs—its decay; Its bards can vivify what is no more, Its lyres give life to its sepulchral clay: But like the BEING whom ye mirror forth Unsearchable—illustriously the same! Pitying ye watch the destinies of man, Blush o'er his guilt, and fling derision on his fame.

Can Anger's blinding sense? rebellious Pride? And vengeance stamping on its murdered foe? Remorse by which the heart-springs all are dried Which freshen man's drear pilgrimage below? Can these be tenants of a clime so fair ? Dwells there that Titan-passion's dire control? Which, writhing in its bed of flame, dethrones The mountain-mind and makes an Ætna of the soul?

Mysterious Stars! on your unaltered faces. The paie magicians looked of old and hoped Their poisonous weeds, and wandered, doubted, groped, By your cold beams led on. I crave not these; If divination's power in truth ye wear, Tell me! portending Stars! is there a bliss above!

To read the Future, culled in their dark places,

Enough to compensate for lights of life quench'd here?

Unsullied prototypes of those fair signs! Woven in light on freedom's gonfalon! Like guardian-angels' eyes, above the strife Ye watched propitious-cheered her beroes on; And when the struggle o'er, man knelt to bless The God whose arm of Justice crushed the foe; He from the skies your blazonry transferred, The seals of smiling heaven on Freedom's cause below.

I love to contemplate your thronging ranks And feel my smallness—and as on my gaze Rushes your Archipelago of light, Earth vanishes before the inspiring blaze. Time's misty veil awhile seems drawn aside, And there-above the darkening thrall of sense; Ye stand-the chronicles of power divine, Man's sceptic ken to guide to God's Omnipotence. B. Johnson. Edisto, S. C.

BLANK CHARTS ON BOARD PUBLIC CRUISERS.

We give below a paper from Lieutenant Maury, on a subject of exceeding interest to "those who go down to sea in ships." The Institute, immediately after the reading of the paper, appointed a committee of officers to wait on the Secretary of the Navy to invite his cooperation with this society, by authorizing blank charts to be kept on board all public cruisers. The request was readily acceded to, and we may soon expect some of the most important results to navigation.-Ed.

HYDROGRAPHICAL OFFICE, 4th July, 1843.

From the verge of perpetual snow in the arctic regions, to the ice-bound continent of the south, thousands of vessels are continually passing to and fro on every sea, and in all directions. Each one of them, every day, makes some observation, or collects some fact of importance to the science of navigation, and which, if recorded and preserved, and collected in one body, would possess great value.

Allow me to call the attention of the National Institute to this subject, as one that presents a field altogether worthy of its high calling, and in which it may labor with the sure promise of an early and abundant harvest of useful results.

If every vessel in the navy, and as many as would, in the merchant service, were each furnished with a blank chart, having only parallels and meridians drawn upon it to show latitudes and longitudes,-if their commanders were requested to lay off the tracks of their vessels upon it every day, with remarks showing the time of year, the direction of the winds, the force and set of currents, and embracing, generally, all subjects that tend in any manner to illustrate the navigation of the seas through which they sail, I have greatly mistaken

the character of American navigators, if they would not gladly lend the Society a willing hand in an undertaking so praiseworthy and useful.

Such charts would be to the science of navigation, what that presenting a series of blank squares, and known in the merchant's counting-house as the "German music chart," is to observations and facts in magnetism and meteorology; they would show at a glance what volumes of written directions could but imperfectly describe. Multiplied observations upon the winds and currents alone of the ocean, would be invaluable in pointing out the shortest routes from port to port.

It is true, every vessel is required by usage and law to keep a log, in which, whatever occurs on board, relating to the navigation of the vessel itself, should be recorded. But the observations entered there are so surrounded by irrelevant matter, that, practically, they are of but little avail to navigators generally. The task of collecting and comparing, even if the log-books were accessible, is an undertaking which few would be willing to encounter. For several months past, an officer, under direction of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography, has been diligently engaged in overlooking the logbooks of the navy, which are kept at the Navy De-The object of his search was for facts relating to the gulf-stream. The books which he examined, and he examined all at the Navy Department, their proper place of deposit, run through a period of thirty-seven years, and are better kept than log-books generally are. Though every vessel that has sailed from the United States within that time has crossed the gulf-stream twice at least on every cruise, Lieut. Herndon could obtain its limits but in thirty-seven places, and the force and set of its current but in eight. Had each of these vessels, during a small portion of this time, been furnished with a blank chart after the plan proposed, the limits, force and set of this stream might have now been so arranged as to be seen at a glance, and the results of the observations of all, if compared and laid down on one general chart, would have added much to our present knowledge; for to this day, the most of our information of the gulf-stream is in what was said of it by Doctor Franklin.

But, to make us acquainted with the limits, the strength, and the changes of this wonderful ocean current, would be among the least practical of the many valuable results to be expected from the introduction of such charts among navigators. We should have better knowledge of the other currents of the ocean, their periods and their fluctuations, we should have a more correct understanding of many other phenomena, which are now but familiar mysteries to the mariner, and it would not be expecting too much, from such a multitude of observers, such a collection of facts, finally to be led from effects up to their causes.

"As an illustration of the manner in which trifling incidents at sea may be turned to account, and of the value which facts, that singly and alone are worthless, possess when collected in numbers and brought together, the use of the "bottle chart," recently published in the Nautical Magazine, might be mentioned. Forty years ago, it was proposed to navigators to throw bottles overboard often at sea, with a paper in them, stating the time and place of doing it. Up to this time, papers have been collected from about one hundred and fifty bottles thrown in the Atlantic. These patient little navigators have put us in possession of a mass of the most valuable information, touching the currents of this ocean, almost, if not quite equal in importance to all that is contained in all the books that have been written on the subject. The cruises of these bottles, show that the gulf-stream, after impinging upon the coasts of England and France, is deflected along the shores of Portugal and Spain, and from the coast of Africa back into the Gulf of Mexico. If a few glass bottles and sea-weeds thrown at random into the sea, and picked up by chance on the shore, could, when brought together, each with its own story, give us such information, what might we not expect from a multitude of navigators directed by mind and intelligence, and pursuing the same subjects of inquiry !

Though ships may not perhaps give us so faithful an account of the most of the gentler currents of the secan as bottles do, they would give us on those charts a true record of the limits, the seasons, and the direction of winds, which are of far more importance to the navigator than the currents that cross his way. This is a fruitful field, in which rich harvests are to be gathered by the first laborers who shall enter it, determined in their patience and perseverance.

Two vessels sail together for the same place; one arrives two, three, or even twenty days before the other, according to circumstances. This is called 'luck.' And the master who makes short passages is called 'a lucky fellow.' But there is less of luck and chance in short passages, than we are generally disposed to allow. Ships at sea are governed by winds, and the winds by laws, as obedient as the planets in their rounds to the order of nature; and one captain habitually makes shorter passages than another, because he understands the operation of those laws better than his competitor; in other words, he has the benefit of more of those observations which these blank charts are intended to collect. As important as the results of such observations are, they can scarce be said to form a written branch of navigation. Except within the trades and monsoons, our knowledge as to the best routes for short passages is rather a matter of tradition among navigators, modified and improved by each one, it is true, for his own purposes and according to his own experience—at all times a dear,

but always a profitable school. To use a western and, therefore, over the most beaten parts of the phrase, this chart proposes nothing less than to ocean, where it might be supposed there is no room blaze a way through the wind of the sea, by which for improvement. Take the Liverpool packets, the navigator may find the best path at all seasons.

We find two vessels sailing about the same time from one of our ports, for Rio in the Brazils, making a difference of ten, twenty, thirty, or even forty days, in their time of passage. In such cases, their tracks invariably show that they take different

Now suppose, that, for the next three years, every vessel trading between this country and Brazil should be furnished with a blank chart, and at the end of that time should return it to the Institute, with her tracks upon it, and full remarks for each day at sea, as to the prevailing winds, the currents, calms, rains, phosphorescence of the sea, &c., who can estimate the amount and value to commerce of the information thus collected, when brought together and compared? We venture but little in the opinion, that the average length of passage, hence to Rio, would be lessoned one tenth. Besides such a practical and useful result, there would remain to us the benefits of all the collateral information.

It would be exceedingly interesting to put down. upon our 'chart of sailing directions' the limits of phosphorescence of the sea, as well as the average boundaries and breadth of the fresh winds for every month in the year, and to have, for what it is worth, every observation relating to the air or water that bears upon the safe and expeditious navigation of the ocean. Multiplied observations effect much; for every new fact, however trifling it may seem, that is gathered from nature or her works, is a clue placed in our hands, which assists to guide us into her labyrinth of knowledge.

A few generations past, several months was the average passage from Lima to Valparaiso. Later, the commander of a vessel performed it in a month, and for it, he was tried as a wizard before the Spanish Inquisition. I have performed it in fourteen days, which, up to that time, was the shortest passage on record. The average passage then was twenty-three or twenty-four days; but since the Vincennes led the way, it has been frequently performed in less time than she made it. I have known her to go in with a fast-sailing Englishman, just arrived on the coast, and which sailed from Callao ten days before she did. I could but attribute this difference of passage, not to luck, but to a better knowledge of the winds, which she had gained from experience and which her chart, on which her track was daily projected, would impart to any navigator at a glance.

this Society, with just ideas of the great room there of navigation between this country and Europe, 'arc of a great circle as the land will admit, Havre

for instance: which of them make the shortest passages! As a general rule, those whose masters have the most experience; who have crossed the greatest number of times, and, therefore, whose general knowledge of winds and seasons supplies them with the best 'chart of sailing directions.' But his chart is made up mostly of his own observations, while the one proposed will consist of his and a thousand others. It may not be expecting too much, from such a chart, to say it would materially lessen the average of passages even over the great thoroughfare between New York and Liver-

Just after the Atlantic steamers first commenced to run between this country and England, there appeared, in the Southern Literary Messenger, a piece with a chart, showing the advantages of great circle sailing" in open steam navigation-a principle, the importance of which had been generally overlooked in works of navigation, and which, before this era in practical navigation had not received that degree of attention to which it is fairly entitled, because, to vessels, propelled by the winds, it was considered of but little practical importance. This 'great circle sailing' is nothing more than an application to 'traverse sailing' of the spherical axiom, that the shortest distance between two places, different both in latitude and longitude, is not along the line of bearing, or the course from one to the other, but along the intercepted arc of that great circle which passes through them. By this chart it was shown, that the Great Western steamer, by attempting to follow the line of bearing from Bristol to New York, sailed, on her first trip, upwards of two hundred and sixty miles farther than she need to have done, and than she would have done had she laid her track, as near as practicable, to the arc of the great circle between her ports. She was furnished with a copy of this chart, and she and the other Atlantic steamers have regularly made their passages according to it ever since. The packets, too, have adopted it, as far as the winds would allow, and, in some instances, they have actually made passages to compete with the steamers in time.

Since then, a work on navigation has been published in England; and one of its chief recommendations is its chapter on 'great circle sailing.' Its author has been rewarded with a prize from the Royal Geographical Society, and the work itself extensively patronised by the Board of Admiralty, a copy of which they have ordered to be supplied But fully to impress the learned members of to each of her Majesty's ships in commission.

A number of the Messenger containing this is for improvement in navigation in this respect, I chart is on the table before you. By referring to have but to refer them to a few facts in the history it, it will be perceived that, sailing as nearly on the

sail, farther than Liverpool from New York, and to the best route. that the great circle rout to each, as far as Cape Clear, is precisely the same. The average packet passage from Liverpool to New York is thirtyfive days, and, from Havre, one hundred and fortyfive miles further, forty-four days. What should cause this difference of nine days? I have never been able to account for it in any other way than by supposing—and which I believe is the case that the Havre packets, because it is out of their course, think it is out of their way, to make Cape Clear on their return voyage, and that, by attempting the direct course, they consequently increase their distance, and meet with less favorable winds on this, the southern route.

"A blank chart, kept on board each of the European packets—and there is one arriving at, or departing from New York on an average of every thirty hours-and returned to the Institute after a few voyages, could not fail to throw valuable light on this subject.

The cases cited and offering such an inviting field for labor, are drawn from the most frequented parts of the ocean. Not to detain the Society longer, by dwelling on other advantages, not less obvious, it may be asked, if such be the room for improvements in the directory of the most frequented parts of the ocean, what may not be expected from those parts that are less travelled, and, therefore, less known?

Such is the rude state of this branch of navigation, or, more technically, in the sailing directions for the OCEAN, that if a vessel, which had never been there before, were now to leave this place for the West Indies, or other parts equally as much frequented, the chances are that she would no where find among the nautical works of the day any directions as to her best route. If she found any thing said of it at all, it would be merely a casual remark incidental to some other subject. She might, indeed, find on the chart the track of some vessel, that made the voyage fifty or more years ago, but quite at another season of the year, and, therefore, more calculated to mislead than to guide. Captain Cook's track is still retained on the charts of those parts of the ocean over which he sailed, and is often the only track published. have just received a set of the latest publication of English admiralty charts. Captain Carteret's track in 1787, and Admiral Boscawen's, are the only ones laid down around the Cape of Good Hope. In the case of the vessel, supposed to sail to the West Indies, she may have a passage of ten, twenty, or thirty days, according to the route she takes, and, as before intimated, the "sailing directions" as to her best route is rather a matter of tradition among seamen, than a written branch of navigation; and some old cruiser to the West In-

is not one hundred and fifty miles, or one day's | dies, rather than any book, would be consulted as

It is a source of great satisfaction to the navigator, particularly on his first voyage to any part of the world, to find that the track engraved on his chart was made at the season of the year in which he happens to make his voyage. Whether it indicates the shortest route, is another question; the probabilities are that it does not, for it is for the most part the track of some early navigator, and his only voyage over the regions crossed, and, therefore, made very much at random; nevertheless, in the absence of others, it is highly useful. But if the tracks of Cook, Carteret, and Boscawen, made on their random cruisages from sea to sea, during the last century, are valuable to the navigator of the present day, because they afford him not only the best, but often the only information as to the navigation of the latitudes in which he may be sailing, in what estimation would he not hold a chart that contained nothing but the tracks of vessels passing over it at all seasons and in all directions, each one giving a full and faithful account of winds, currents, &c., encountered by him?

But, to confine the advantages of 'charts of sailing directions' to one single point: If, by a systematic record, of a few every-day remarks upon the winds and currents of the ocean, the Institute should be enabled to point out to the Havre packets a route, by which the remarkable difference of passage between them and the Liverpool line should be removed, it would be doing nothing less than lifting up a great kingdom of people, and placing them, with their arts and sciences, their wants and supplies, a week nearer in communication with us; -nothing less than drawing around two Christian nations, with all the force that commerce and its multiplied interests can give, closer ties of friendship and stronger bonds of peace.

Such, at least, in kind, if not in degree, are some of the most palpable advantages to be derived from the plan, now proposed for the consideration of the Institute.

Every sailor carries with him to sea, for certain purposes of his own, a carte blanche, and, therefore, there is nothing new to him, at least, in the idea of a blank chart; neither do I pretend to any thing like novelty in the matter. Although blank charts have been partially and frequently used on board ships at sea, I know of no systematic attempt that has been made, at least in this country, to collect the information suggested, either upon the plan proposed, or in any other regularly organized and extensive system, reaching to all classes of vessels. Should the Institute deem the subject worthy of its attention, it is hoped it will act, irrespective of any opinion here expressed, by the means and mode, which to it may appear the most suitable.

THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE.

BY MRS. JANE L. SWIFT.

Why come ye, spectres of the past, to haunt me?
As if I loved to see your features grim;
Will memory, in mercy, never grant me
A veil opaque to hide your shadows dim?
Fearful! in dreamy bands around me closing,
Ye wear terrific panoply of gloom;
Shrouding in black the pillow, where, reposing,
In vain I seek a respite from my doom.

The knell of blighted youth! I hear it ringing—Say, what can stop its melapcholy chime? Remorse—despair—to my lost spirit bringing. The maddening record of a life of crime. See! see! each foul, and blotted page I'm turning. But makes that knell boom louder on my ear; Already is my soul with torments burning—Can bell give more than what I suffer here?

Where art thou, purest vision, once so smiling,
That hovered round my couch in angel hue?
To watch and bless the infant, who, beguiling,
Lent to thy cares a solace, as it grew.
Could'st thou have known, that he, thy poor heart breaking,
The brand of guilt should bear upon his brow;
Mother! thy soul, its tenement forsaking,
Would have escaped the blow that stuns thee now.

Where art thou, friend revered, to whom appealing,
My unformed mind its earliest lessons drew?
Alas! too soon thy sterner bosom steeling
Against thy child, as youthful follies grew,
But turned to gall the milk of human kindness,
That flowed within the bosom of thy son—
Father! too late thou dost deplore the blindness,
[won.
That made thee curse—when, kind, thou might'st have

Again—that fearful knell! how loud it soundeth!
It tolls the funeral of my ainful years;
Come, see the heart entombed while still it boundeth,
Come to the living grave—but not with tears.
Tears, did I say? from man no mercy finding,
I can but weep my dreary fate alone;
Flow on! ye scalding drops, my eye sight blinding,
Ye soothe and melt the culprit's heart of stone.

The deed that crowned my course of reckless danger,
Was not the plotted hell-thought of an hour;
But maddening wrath to which, I'd been a stranger,
Lent to this strong right arm a demon's pow'r.
Yet this, my tale of truth, was unavailing—
Men judged—may God to them more lenient be—
In every effort to convince them, failing,
They clasped the murderer's fetters upon me.

Forever—aye, forever, close upon me
The rosy precincts of the blooming world;
Alive—yet dead to every joy that won me—
Crime into this deep abyss my soul has hurled.
Cease—ce use—the blood is to my temples rushing,
My buried heart is bursting with its flow;
Love—hate—despair—in wildest torrent gushing—
But sear my spirit with their lava-glow.

No loving arm, in sleep around me stealing,
Shall e'er recall me from the land of dreams;
No look of love, a wife's fond care revealing,
Shall ever wake the heart's deep-welling streams.
No child—ah! whither is my fancy straying?
Back! back! to cower in my dreary cell;
Within me, hope's last embers are decaying—
List to the boomings of that fearful knell.

Toll! with vibrations never, never ending,

The mournful cadence of the murderer's dirge;

Toll! for the fancies of his brain are blending

With shapes, that madness brings upon its rage.

Ye come—ye come—black spectres flit around me—

Ha! ha! ye shall not crush your victim now;

Breaking like wisps, the chains with which they've bound me,

Come on! this arm has learned to deal its blow.

Its blow! oh, God! that gurgling sound remaineth
To freeze my soul, as when it met my ear;
See, on my hands, how deep the heart's blood staineth;
Long months have passed—its red, red glow is here.
Behold! within my clutch, a sharp steel gleaming—
Oh! that its edges might my bosom plough;
No! no! the frantic prisoner was dreaming—
God of the frail! have mercy on me now.

A SUMMER EVENING RAMBLE.

How pleasant it is to "steal awhile away" from the great Babel of the world, to withdraw from the busy bustling crowd of the city, to leave behind us the red-brick walls and slated roofs, glowing and glistening under the fervid heat of a summersun—to exchange them all for the fresh and fragrant air of the country—for a ramble among the green fields and shady groves, that environ our beloved and beautiful Richmond!

Will you, dear reader, in imagination, take a walk with us this July evening? The sun arose this morning in a gloomy and sullen sky; and, often during the day, a "war of elements" seemed inevitable; but the clouds are now partially broken up and dispersed; the evening promises to be very beautiful; and there will, doubtless, be a glorious sunset. Will you then accompany us? We will pass through the upper part of the city, in the direction of the river. You see that large and sombre looking building, on the left, the penitentiary ! Often as we have looked out from our window, upon the broad and beautiful panorama, spread out before us, limned by nature's own hand, we have almost involuntarily exclaimed "what a beautiful world!" then, as we have turned in another direction, that building has met our gaze, a black blot upon the otherwise faultless picture; a blot placed there by the hand and crime of man.

But let us pursue our way. Listen to the merry whistle of that boy, as he rattles by us in his woodcart. He has sold his load, and, with the proceeds in his pocket, light-hearted and cheerful, is returning to his home in the country. Contented with his humble lot, wealth could not bring him any increase of pleasure. He is far happier than the languid and care-worn occupant of the splendid vehicle, that has just whirled by him. Yonder comes a band of reapers. Their day's work is over; their toils are ended; and now, with gaiety and gladness, they are directing their steps homeward. A plain and frugal meal awaits them, but

they will enjoy it with a far keener relish than he, days of other years." Silent and unmoved, they who, with an appetite cloved by long indulgence, sits down to partake of the rarest and costliest viands. And then, whilst he perchance is restlessly tossing upon his downy couch, they will be enjoying the "sweet sleep of the laboring man."

We will continue our walk, through this field of fresh-mown and fragrant hay, and rest for a while in the cool shade of the magnificent grove on that piece of swelling land. What noble trees! Who can look upon their venerable forms so,

"Stately and tall, and shadowing far and wide,"

without feelings of reverence and respect-without a fervent wish, that they may long continue to flourish in a "green old age." Their towering loftiness and wide-spreading branches so richly clad in leafy robes, their wild and "verdant grandeur," their solemn and gloomy magnificence remind us of the "Cedars of Lebanon," so often celebrated by the pen of inspiration.

"Thanks be to God for mountains," was the fervent exclamation of William Howitt, when contemplating them as having often been the asylums of the oppressed and persecuted. Shall we not, too, for a somewhat similar reason, thank Him for trees? We all know, that, during our Revolutionary struggle, Marion, Sumter, and their gallant compatriots, when threatened to be crushed by the overwhelming numbers of their foes, often found refage in the inaccessible recess of our Southern forests, and were thus enabled, for so long a time, to harass their enemies, and continue that series of patriotic and daring deeds, which has embalmed their names in the hearts of their countrymen. For this then, if for no other reason, we ought to thank God for trees. And yet, they are but one of the many blessings, which, Nature, the almoness of His bounty, has bestowed upon this "highly favored land;" a land

- So lovely, so adorned,
- "With hill, and lawn, and winding vale;
- "Woodland, and stream, and lake, and rolling seas;
- "Green mead, and fruitful tree, and fertile grain,
- "And herb, and flower, so lovely so adorned,
- "With numerous beasts of every kind, with fowl
- "Of every wing and every tuneful note;
- "And all fish, that in the multitude
- "Of waters swim: so lovely, so adorned,
- "So fit a dwelling-place for man."

For all these trees around us, we have a peculiar affection. We love them for the associations connected with them, and because in them we recognize old and familiar friends. Many pleasant hours have they afforded us. Often have they thrown around us their shadowy shields protecting us from the rays of a scorching sun. But we love to gaze upon their guarded old trunks, not for this alone: they have power to teach us many an in- from every tree, from every shrub, each member of structive lesson. us "a tale of the times of old"—of "the deeds of of nature the most fragrant perfumes are exhaled.

have looked on, whilst the most wonderful changes were taking place; while nations were fast dwindling away from around them, and others rising up in their stead. At one time, the only sounds, that disturbed their solitude, were the yell of the savage and the howl of the wild beast; since then, they have listened to "the noise of the waves" of civilization, as they rolled steadily onward; and heard the death-cry of their brethren, as, groaning and crashing, they fell beneath the merciless axe. When we remember, too, that many, who, not a great while ago, looked up to them with a love and admiration not less than ours, have now gone to their last, long homes, the conviction forces itself upon us, that we have no "abiding-place" here below.

Let those who choose sneer and talk of "an affectation of sentiment," but it seems to us like casting a reflection upon the wisdom of God, to suppose that he would fill this world with so much that is grand and beautiful, without intending that we should admire the work of his hands, and

"Look through nature, up to nature's God."

We would address, to all such persons, the beautiful words of the poet:

"O how can'st thou renounce the boundless store Of charms, which Nature to her votary yields! The warbling woodland, the resounding shore, The pomp of groves and garniture of fields, All that the genial ray of morning gilds, And all that echoes to the song of even, All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields, And all the dread magnificence of heaven; O, how can'st thou renounce and hope to be forgiven?"

Is not that Indian corn imposingly beautiful? Surely, not Erin's far famed fields of emerald hue, nor the golden harvests of which poets love to speak, can vie in beauty of appearance with our own corn-fields. Those stately stalks-their regular array in long, straight files, their many green arms interlocked with each other, or branching upward, glittering in the sun, and their yellow tassels bending before the breeze, remind us of some serried phalanx of warriors, with their bristling spears and nodding plumes? They are warriors in the army of plenty.

How serene and silent is every thing around us! Silent? We recall the word; for the many melodies of evening are breathing into our ears. At our feet, is a laughing, leaping stream, to whose merry, yet gentle, voice we love to listen. Not far off is heard the hoarse roar of the river-Zephyr breezes are rustling in the leafy canopy above our heads—the lowing of cattle, and the tinkling of cowbells, they too are pleasant sounds, far more pleasant than the turmoil and tumult of the city. And then, They are the living witnesses the feathered choir is carrolling forth sweet songs Could they but speak, they would tell and hyms of praise; while from the vast laboratories

How fine, too, is the view from this spot! Yon-| we remain ignorant of the being of a God, who has der, to the right, is Manchester, with its houses prettily embosomed in trees, its tall straight poplars, its fertile fields, and broad green plains. Not far from us, flows "the noble James," glittering like molten gold in the rays of the sinking sun. Now it comes roaring and rushing along, widely scattering the foam and spray, as it dashes against the fixed and frowning rocks, that have for ages withstood its vain assaults. Anon, it silently and gently glides around some green and grassy island; again, it is united, and in a broad, deep current, rolls majestically to the ocean. Since it left its mountain home, it has passed by many flourishing towns and beautiful villages, many handsome dwellings and lowly huts. Averting from it our admiring gaze, in every direction we see waving fields and beautiful gardens, studded with flowers, "the stars in the green firmament of earth," as another has beautifully called them. Afar off in the back-ground, crowned with pretty little villages, "Church-Hill" and "Union-Hill" rear their grassy fronts, forming a part of the landscape on which the eye loves to dwell, after wandering over the wilderness of houses that intervenes. Then just before us lies the city, with it noble looking capitol, so proudly conspicuous, its tall and graceful spires, and its many handsome buildings, public and private. RICHMOND! "Thou art my own, my native" place: Prosperity attend thee! May the rich blessings of a kind and bountiful Providence be showered down upon thee. May the time never come, when the owl and the bat shall take up their abode among thy deserted and crumbling ruins. May the grass never grow in thy streets; and the hum of business, "the noise of the hammer, the sound of the saw and the plane—the roar and clangor of machinery" never cease to be heard in them. May'st thou long continue the favorite daughter of the "Old Dominion;" live to attain a proud preëminence among thy sisters of other states; and may the time be, when "nations shall rise up and call the blessed."

But we must retrace our steps, and wend our way homeward. How surpassingly splendid is that sunset! The lowering clouds, that overcast the sky all the forepart of the day, are now separated into huge fragments and piled up, in the sublimest confusion, presenting all the appearances of rugged mountains, with their crags and cliffs. Over their summits and down their sides, the sun, as it sets, pours, as it were, streams of glowing and golden lava; and then, in what magnificent contrast-how gloomily grand-is that cloudy canopy of "the blackness of darkness," which has been so suddenly hung out, over all the Eastern part of the horizon! Who can look on such scenes, and not feel that There is a God! Even were we not blessed with the light of Revelation, with the vast volume of nature spread out before us, how could

written His name throughout the universe, in suns, and moons, and stars, whom we can all "see in clouds, and hear in the wind," whose existence is proclaimed in the murmur of every rill, in the roar of every torrent, in the thunder of every cataract. It is manifested alike, by the lofty mountain, whose hoary head is turbaned with clouds, and the green grassy hillock; by the slender sapling and the towering and gigantic oak; and by every flower of the field, from "the lily of the valley," to the gorgeous and luxuriant plant of the tropics. With mementos of his mercy and monuments of his greatness, all nature teems. Then—to adopt the words of the "Prince of Poets"-

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow, Breathe soft, or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines, With every plant, in sign of worship wave Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow, Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise. Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds, That singing up to heaven's gate ascend Bear, on your wings and in your notes, His praise." Richmond, July 7th, 1843.

SPANISH NATIONAL SONG.

How mournful to live, When in bondage we sigh; While to die for our country, How God-like to die!

Then haste to the conflict; Tis glory that calls: The death shrick of freedom, Has swept through our halls.

The voice of our country Is loud in despair; She calls to her children, She summons to war.

Then sound the loud trumpets; The standards advance : Down, down with the Tyrants; Destruction to France.

Our patriots are arming; "Spain, Spain!" is the cry; Their bright swords are gleaming; We conquer or die!

The banners are waving; The work is begun: The death-fires are blazing In victory's sun.

O'er hill, and o'er valley, The tempest shall blow; And bear like a whirlwind, Our rage on the foe.

Then sound the loud trumpets; The standards advance: Down, down with the tyrants; And vengeance on France.

"To arms!" be the war cry; From mountain to main: And our death-shout in battle, "For Freedom and Spain!"

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN;

Or, the Journeys, Adventures and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. By George Borrow, author of the "Gipsics of Spain." Philadelphia: James M. Campbell-1843.

Mr. Borrow was sent as the agent of the Bible Society to Spain for the purpose of printing and circulating the Scriptures in that country. errand was a remarkable one, which led him into strange situations and positions, involved him in many difficulties and perplexities, and brought him into contact with people of all descriptions and grades; which gave him incident, and afforded him much interesting matter for book-making-of which he has happily availed himself. Many things occurred which did not relate to the direct object of his mission, but he was adrift in a land of old renown-of wonder and of mystery, with rare opportunities of becoming acquainted with its strange secrets and peculiarities; these we have told in an agreeable and sprightly manner. He passed five years in Spain, associated with robbers, gipsies, Jews, contrabandistas, felons and soldiers; and of course, as might be expected, has many adventures by flood and field wherewith to entertain and delight all stay-at-home travellers.

In 1835 our author landed in Lisbon, and proceeded thence to the enchanted region of Cintra, where he soon had an opportunity of witnessing the deplorable ignorance common there as to the Bible.

"When speaking of Cintra," says he, "it must not for a moment be supposed that nothing more is meant than the little town or city; by Cintra must be understood the entire region, town, palace, quintas, forests, crags, Moorish ruin, which suddenly burst on the view on rounding the side of a bleak, savage, and sterile looking mountain. Nothing is more sullen and uninviting than the southwestern aspect of the stony wall which, on the side of Lisbon, seems to shield Cintra from the eye of the world; but the other side is a mingled scene of fairy beauty, artificial elegance, savage grandeur, domes, turrets, enormous trees, flowers, and waterfalls, such as is met with nowhere else beneath the sun. there are strange and wonderful objects at Cintra, and strange and wonderful recollections attached to them; the ruin on that lofty peak, and which covers part of the side of that precipitous steep, was once the principal stronghold of the Lusitanian Moors, and thither, long after they had disappeared, at a particular moon of every year, were wont to repair wild santons of Maugrabie, to pray at the tomb of a famous Sidi, who slumbers amongst the rocks. That gray palace witnessed the assemblage of the last cortes held by the boy king, Sebastian, ere he departed on his romantic expedition against the Moors, who so well avenged their insulted faith and country at Alcazarquibir: and in that low shady much of the same kind as those used in the village quinta, embowered amongst those tall alcornoques, schools in England. Upon my asking him whether

once dwelt John de Castro, the strange old viceroy of Goa, who pawned the hairs of his dead son's beard to raise money to repair the ruined wall of a fortress threatened by the beathen of Ind; those crumbling stones which stand before the portal, deeply graven, not with "runes," but things equally dark; Sanscrit rhymes from the Vedas, were brought by him from Goa, the most brilliant scene of his glory, before Portugal had become a base kingdom; and down that dingle, on an abrupt rocky promontory, stand the ruined halfs of the English Millionaire, who there nursed the wayward fancies of a mind as wild, rich, and variegated as the scenes around. Yes, wonderful are the objects which meet the eye at Cintra, and wonderful are the recollections attached to them; " it's

"The town of Cintra contains about eight him! dred inhabitants. The morning subsequent to my arrival, as I was about to ascend the mountain for the purpose of examining the Moorish ruins, I observed a person advancing towards me whom I judged by his dress to be an ecclesiastic; he was in fact one of the three priests of the place. I instantly accosted him, and had no reason to regret doing so; I found him affable and communicative.

"After praising the beauty of the surrounding scenery, I made some inquiry as to the state of education amongst the people under his care. He answered, that he was sorry to say that they were in a state of great ignorance, very few of the common people being able either to read or write; that, with respect to schools, there was but one in the place, where four or five children were taught the alphabet, but that even this was at present closed; he informed me, however, that there was a school at Colhaires, about a league distant. Amongst other things, he said that nothing more surprised him than to see Englishmen, the most learned and intelligent people in the world, visiting a place like Cintra, where there was no literature, science, nor any thing of utility (coisa que presta.) I suspect that there was some covert satire in the last speech of the worthy priest; I was, however, jesuit enough to appear to receive it as a high compliment, and, taking off my hat, departed with an infinity of bows

"That same day I visited Colhares, a romantic village on the side of the mountain of Cintra, to the northwest. Seeing some peasants collected round a smithy, I inquired about the school, whereupon one of the men instantly conducted me thither. I went up stairs into a small apartment, where I found the master with about a dozen pupils standing in a row; I saw but one stool in the room, and to that, after having embraced me, he conducted me with great civility. After some discourse, he showed me the books which he used for the instruction of the children; they were spelling books,

it was his practice to place the Scriptures in the hands | of children, he informed me that long before they had acquired sufficient intelligence to understand them they were removed by their parents, in order that they might assist in the labors of the field, and that the parents in general were by no means solicitous that their children should learn anything, as they considered the time occupied in learning as so much squandered away. He said, that though the schools were nominally supported by the government, it was rarely that the schoolmasters could obtain their salaries, on which account many had of late resigned their employments. He told me that he had a copy of the New Testament in his possession, which I desired to see; but on examining it I discovered that it was only the epistles by Pereira, with copious notes. I asked him whether he considered that there was harm in reading the Scriptures without notes; he replied that there was certainly no harm in it, but that simple people, without the help of notes, could derive but little benefit from Scripture, as the greatest part would be unintelligible to them; whereupon I shook hands with him, and on departing said that there was no part of Scripture, so difficult to understand as those very notes which were intended to elucidate it, and that it would never have been written if not calculated of itself to illume the minds of all classes of mankind.

"In a day or two I made an excursion to Mafra, distant about three leagues from Cintra; the principal part of the way lay over steep hills, somewhat dangerous for horses; however, I reached the place in safety.

"Mafra is a large village in the neighborhood of an immense building, intended to serve as a convent and palace, and which is built somewhat after the fashion of the Escurial. In this edifice exists the finest library in Portugal, containing books on all sciences and in all languages, and well suited to the size and grandeur of the edifice which contains it. There were no monks, however, to take care of it, as in former times; they had been driven forth, some to beg their bread, some to serve under the banners of Don Carlos, in Spain, and many, as I was informed, to prowl about as banditti. I found the place abandoned to two or three menials, and exhibiting an aspect of solitude and desolation truly appalling. Whilst I was viewing the cloisters, a fine intelligent looking lad came up and asked (I suppose in the hope of obtaining a trifle) whether I would permit him to show me the village church, which he informed me was well worth seeing; I said no, but added, that if he would show me the village school I should feel much obliged to him. He looked at me with astonishment, and assured me that there was nothing to be seen at the school, and that he himself was one of the number.

no other place, he at length unwillingly attended me. On the way I learned from him that the schoolmaster was one of the friars who had lately been expelled from the convent, that he was a very learned man, and spoke French and Greek. We passed a stone cross, and the boy bent his head and crossed himself with much devotion. I mention this circumstance, as it was the first instance of the kind which I had observed amongst the Portuguese since my arrival. When near the house where the schoolmaster resided he pointed it out to me, and then hid himself behind a wall, where he awaited my return.

"On stepping over the threshold I was confronted by a short stout man, between sixty and seventy years of age, dressed in a blue jerkin and gray trowsers, without shirt or waistcoat; he looked at me sternly, and inquired in the French language what was my pleasure! I apologized for intruding upon him, and stated that, being informed he occupied the situation of schoolmaster, I had come to pay my respects to him and to beg permission to ask a few questions respecting the seminary. He answered that whoever told me he was a schoolmaster lied, for that he was a friar of the convent and nothing else. 'It is not then true,' said I. that all the convents have been broken up and the monks dismissed?' 'Yes, yes,' said he with a sigh, 'it is true; it is but too true.' He then was silent for a minute, and his better nature overcoming his angry feelings, he produced a snuff-box and offered it to me. The snuff-box is the clive branch of the Portuguese, and he who wishes to be on good terms with them must never refuse to dip his finger and thumb into it when offered. I took therefore a huge pinch, though I detest the dust, and we were soon on the best possible terms. was eager to obtain news, especially from Lisbon and Spain. I told him that the officers of the troops at Lisbon had, the day before I left that place, gone in a body to the queen, and insisted upon her either receiving their swords or dismissing her ministers; whereupon he rubbed his hands and said that he was sure matters would not remain tranquil at Lisbon. On my saying, however, that I thought the affairs of Don Carlos were on the decline (this was shortly after the death of Zumalacarreguy,) he frowned, and cried that it could not possibly be, for that God was too just to suffer it. I felt for the poor man who had been driven out of his home in the noble convent close by, and from a state of affluence and comfort reduced in his old age to indigence and misery, for his present dwelling scarcely seemed to contain an article of furniture. I tried twice or thrice to induce him to converse about the school, but he either avoided the subject or said shortly that he knew nothing about which did not contain more than half a dozen boys, it. On my leaving him, the boy came from his On | hiding place and rejoined me; he said that he had my telling him, however, that he should show me hidden himself through fear of his master's knowunwilling that any stranger should know that he was a schoolmaster.

"I asked the boy whether he or his parents were acquainted with the Scripture and ever read it; he did not, however, seem to understand me. I must here observe that the boy was fifteen years of age, that he was in many respects very intelligent, and had some knowledge of the Latin language; nevertheless he knew not the Scripture even by name, and I have no doubt, from what I subsequently observed, that at least two-thirds of his countrymen are on that important point no wiser than himself. At the doors of the village inns, at the hearths of the rustics, in the fields where they labor, at the stone fountains by the wayside where they water their cattle, I have questioned the lower class of the children of Portugal about the Scripture, the Bible, the Old and New Testament, and in no one instance have they known what I was alluding to, or could return me a rational answer, though on all other matters their replies were sensible enough; indeed, nothing surprised me more than the free and unembarrassed manner in which the Portuguese peasantry sustain a conversation, and the purity of the language in which they express their thoughts, and yet few of them can read or write; whereas the peasantry of England, whose education is in general much superior, are in their conversation coarse and dull almost to brutality, and absurdly ungrammatical in their language, though the English tongue is upon the whole more simple in its structure than the Portuguese.

"On my return to Lisbon I found our friend who received me very kindly; the next ten days were exceedingly rainy, which prevented me from making any excursions into the country. During this time I saw our friend frequently, and had long conversations with him concerning the best means of distributing the Gospel. He thought we could do no better for the present than put part of our stock into the hands of the booksellers of Lisbon, and at the same time employ colporteurs to hawk the books about the streets receiving a certain profit on every copy sold. This plan was agreed upon and forthwith put in practice, with some suc-I had thoughts of sending colporteurs to the neighboring villages, but to this our friend objected. He thought the attempt dangerous, as it was very possible that the roral priesthood, who still possessed much influence in their own districts, and who were for the most part decided enemies to the spread of the Gospel, might cause the men employed to be assassinated or ill-treated.

"I determined, however, ere leaving Portugal, to establish depots of Bibles in one or two of the provincial towns. I wished to visit Alemtejo, which I had heard was a very benighted region.

ing that he had brought me to him, for that he was | most other parts of Portugal; there are few hills and mountains, the greater part consists of heaths broken by knolls, and gloomy dingles, and forests of stunted pine; these places are infested with ban-The principal city is Evora, one of the most ancient in Portugal, and formerly the seat of a branch of the Inquisition, yet more cruel and baneful than the terrible one of Lisbon. Evora lies about sixty miles from Lisbon, and to Evera I determined on going with twenty Testaments and two Bibles. How I fared there, will presently be seen."

> On his way from Lisbon to Evora, he passed the ruins of an inn that was a famous retreat for robbers. He dismounted and went up to the place where he saw the vestiges of a fire and a broken bottle. The sons of plunder had been there. left a New Testament, and some tracts among the ruins and hastened away.

> From Monte Almo he enjoys a beautiful prospect—he thus describes it and a goatherd: "A brook brawls at its base, and as I passed it the sun was shining gloriously on the green herbage on which flocks of goats were feeding, with their bells ringing merrily, so that the tout ensemble resembled a fairy scene; and that nothing might be wanted to complete the picture, I here met a man, a goatherd, beneath an azinheira, whose appearance recalled to my mind the Brute Carle, mentioned in the Danish ballad of Swayne Vonved :-

> > 'A wild swine on his shoulders he kept, And upon his bosom a black bear slept; And about his fingers with hair o'erhung. The squirrel sported and weasel clung.'

"Upon the shoulder of the goatherd was a beast, which he told me was a lontra, or otter, which he had lately caught in the neighboring brook; it had a string round its neck, which was attached to his arm. At his left side was a bag, from the top of which peered the heads of two or three singular looking animals, and at his right was squatted the sullen cub of a wolf, which he was endeavoring to tame; his whole appearance was to the last degree savage and wild. After a little conversation, such as those who meet on the road frequently hold, I asked him if he could read, but he made me no answer. I then inquired if he knew any thing of God or Jesus Christ; he looked me fixedly in the face for a moment, and then turned his countenance towards the sun, which was beginning to sink in the west, nodded to it and then again looked fixedly upon me. I believe that I understood the mute reply, which probably was, that it was God who made that glorious light which illumines and gladdens all creation; and gratified with that belief, I left him and hastened after my companions who were by this time a considerable way in advance.

"I have always found in the disposition of the Alemtejo means the province beyond the Tagus. children of the fields a more determined tendency This province is not beautiful and picturesque, like to religion and piety than amongst the inhabitants of towns and cities, and the reason is obvious, they about noon in every day, certain strange looking are less acquainted with the works of man's hands than with those of God; their occupations, too, which are simple, and requiring less of ingenuity and skill than those which engage the attention of the other portion of their fellow-creatures, are less favorable to the engendering of self-conceit and sufficiency, so utterly at variance with that lowliness of spirit which constitutes the best foundation of piety. The sneerers and scoffers at religion do not spring from amongst the simple children of nature, but are the excrescences of over-wrought refinement, and though their baneful influence has indeed penetrated to the country and corrupted man there, the source and fountain-head was amongst crowded houses, where nature is scarcely known. I am not of those who look for perfection among the rural population of any country; perfection is not to be found amongst the children of the fall, wherever their abodes may happen to be; but, until the heart discredits the existence of a God, there is still hope for the soul of the possessor, however stained with crime he may be, for even Simon the magician was converted; but when the heart is once steeled with infidelity, infidelity confirmed by carnal wisdom, an exuberance of the grace of God is required to melt it, which is seldom manifested; for we read in the blessed book that the Pharisee and the wizard became receptacles of grace, but where is there mention made of the conversion of the sneering Sadducee; and is the modern infidel aught but a Sadducee of later date?

"It was dark night before we reached Evora, and having taken leave of my friends, who kindly requested me to consider their house my home, I and my servant went to the Largo de San Francisco, in which the muleteer informed me was the best hostlery of the town. We rode into the kitchen, at the extreme end of which was the stable, as is customary in Portugal. The house was kept by an aged gipsy-like female and her daughter, a fine blooming girl about eighteen years of age. The house was large; in the upper story was a very long room, like a granary, which extended nearly the whole length of the house; the farther part was partitioned off and formed a chamber tolerably comfortable, but very cold, and the floor was of tiles, as was also that of the large room in which the muleteers were accustomed to sleep on the furniture of the mules. After supper I went to bed, and having offered up my devotions to Him who had protected me through a dangerous journey, I slept soundly till the morning."

The Jews of Lisbon, as every where in Europe, occupy a position, entirely different from that which we are accustomed to see them holdingare thus described: "Gathered in small clusters about the pillars at the lower extremities of the and divide the gain. gold and silver streets in Lisbon, may be observed,

men, whose appearance is neither Portuguese nor European. Their dress generally consists of a red cap, with a blue silken tassel at the top of it, a blue tunic girded at the waist with a red sash, and wide linen pantaloons or trowsers. He who passes by these groups generally hears them conversing in broken Spanish or Portuguese, and occasionally in a harsh guttural language, which the oriental traveller knews to be the Arabic, or a dialect thereof. These people are the Jews of Lisbon. Into the midst of one of these groups I one day introduced myself, and pronounced a beraka, or blessing. I have lived in different parts of the world, much amongst the Hebrew race, and am well acquainted with their ways and phraseology. I was rather anxious to become acquainted with the state of the Portuguese Jews, and I had now an opportunity. 'The man is a powerful rabbi,' said a voice in Arabic; 'it behooves us to treat him kindly.' They welcomed me. I favored their mistake, and in a few days I knew all that related to them and their traffic in Lisbon.

" I found them a vile, infamous rabble, about two hundred in number. With a few exceptions, they consist of escapados from the Barbary shore, from Tetuan, from Tangier, but principally from Mogadore; fellows who have fled to a foreign land from the punishment due to their misdeeds. Their manner of life in Lisbon is worthy of such a goodly assemblage of amis réunis. The generality of them pretend to work in gold and silver, and keep small peddling shops; they, however, principally depend for their livelihood on an extensive traffic in stolen goods which they carry on. It is said that there is honor amongst thieves, but this is certainly not the case with the Jews of Lisbon, for they are so greedy and avaricious, that they are constantly quarrelling about their ill-gotten gain, the result being that they frequently ruin each other. Their mutual jealousy is truly extraordinary. If one, by cheating and roguery, gains a cruzado in the presence of another, the latter instantly says, I cry halves, and if the first refuse, he is instantly threatened with an information. The manner in which they cheat each other has, with all its infamy, occasionally something extremely dull and ludicrous. I was one day in the shop of a Swiri, or Jew of Mogadore, when a Jew from Gibraltar entered, with a Portuguese female, who held in her hand a mantle, richly embroidered with gold.

" Gibraltar Jew. (Speaking in broken Arabic.) Good day, O Swiri; God has favored me this day; here is a bargain by which we shall both gain. have bought this mantle of the woman almost for nothing, for it is stolen; but I am poor, as you know, I have not a cruzado; pay her therefore the price, that we may then forthwith sell the mantle

" Swiri. Willingly, brother of Gibraltar; I will a bad one.

"Thereupon he flung two cruzados to the woman, who forthwith left the shop.

"Gibraltar Jew .. Thanks, brother Swiri, this is very kind of you; now let us go and sell the mantle, the gold alone is well worth a moidore; but I am poor, and have nothing to eat, give me, therefore, the half of that sum and keep the maptle; I shall be content.

"Swiri. May Allah blot out your name, you thief. What mean you by asking me for money! I bought the mantle of the woman and paid for it. I know nothing of you. Go out of my doors, dog of a Nazarene, if not, I will pay you with a kick.

"The dispute was referred to one of the azbios, or priests; but the sabio, who was also from Mogadore, at once took the part of the Swiri, and decided that the other should have nothing. Whereupon the Gibraltar Jew cursed the Sabio, his father, mother, and all his family. The sabio replied, 'I put you in ndui,' a kind of purgatory, or hell. 'I put you in seven nduis,' retorted the incensed Jew, over whom, however, superstitious fear speedily prevailed; he faltered, became pale, and dropping his voice, retreated, trembling in every limb.

"The Jews have two synagogues in Lisbon, both are small; one is, however, tolerably well furnished; it has its reading deak, and in the middle there is a rather handsome chandelier; the other is little better than a sty, filthy to a degree, without ornament of any kind. The congregation of this last are thieves to a man; no Jew of the slightest respectability ever enters it.

"How well do superstition and crime go hand These wretched beings break the eternal in hand! commandments of their Maker without scruple; but they will not partake of the beast of the uncloven foot, and the fish which has no scales. . They pay no regard to the denunciations of holy prophets against the children of sin, but they quake at the sound of a dark cabalistic word, pronounced by one perhaps their equal, or superior, in vallainy, as if God would delegate the exercise of his powers to the workers of iniquity.

"I was one day sauntering on the Casidrea, when a Jew, with whom I had previously exchanged a word or two, came up and addressed

The blessing of God upon you, brother! I know you to be a wise and powerful man, and I have conceived much regard for you; it is on that account that I wish to put you in the way of gaining much money. Come with me, and I will very large flat stone, which slanted down towards conduct you to a place where there are forty chests the south, where was a door. Three or four indiof tea. It is a seréka (a robbery,) and the thieves viduals might have taken shelter within the inteare willing to dispose of it for a trifle, for there is rior, in which was growing a small thorn tree. search being made, and they are in much fear. I "I gazed with reverence and awe upon the pile san raise one half of what they demand, do you where the first colonists of Europe offered their

pay the woman for the mantle; it does not appear supply the other, we will then divide it; each shall go his own way and dispose of his portion.

> "Myself. Wherefore, O son of Arbat, do you propose this to me, who am a stranger! Surely you are mad. Have you not your own people about you, whom you know, and in whom you can confide.?

" Jew. It is because I knew our people here that I do not confide in them; we are in the galoot of sin. Were I to confide in my brethren, there would be a dispute, and perhaps they would rob me, and few of them have any money. Were I to apply to the sabio he might consent, but when I ask for my portion he would put me in ndui. You I do not fear; you are good and would do me no harm, unless I attempted to deceive you, and that I dare not do, for I know you are powerful. Come with me, master, for I wish to gain something, that I may return to Arbat, where I have chil-

"Such are Jews in Lisbon."

On the Sierras of Spain and Portugal are remarkable altars, capped with a stone, called the Druid's stone-when or how placed there no one can tell. Mr. Borrow passed one of these altars, which we shall permit him to describe for himself:- "After proceeding about a league and a half, a blast came beoming from the north, rolling before it immease clouds of dust; happily it did not blow in our faces, or it would have been difficult to proceed, so great was its violence. We had left the road in order to take advantage of one of those short cuts, which, though passable for a horse or mule, are far too rough to permit any species of carriage to travel along them. We were in the midst of sands, brushwood, and huge pieces of rock, which thickly studded the ground. These are the stones which form the sierras of Spain and Portugal; those singular mountains which rise in naked horridness, like the ribs of some mighty carcass from which the flesh has been torn. Many of these stones, or rocks, grew out of the earth, and many lay on its surface unattached, perhaps wrested from their bed by the waters of the deluge. Whilst toiling along these wild wastes, I observed, a little way to my left, a pile of stones of rather a singular appearance, and rode up to it. It was a druidical altar, and the most perfect and beautiful one of the kind which I had ever seen. was circular, and consisted of stones immensely large and heavy at the bottom, which towards the top became thinner and thinner, having been fashioned by the hand of art to something of the shape of scollop shells. These were surmounted by a

worship to the unknown God. mighty and skilful Roman, comparatively of modern date, have crumbled to dust in its neighborhood. The churches of the Arian Goth, his successor in power, have sunk beneath the earth, and are not to be found; and the mosques of the Moor, the conqueror of the Goth, where and what are they? Upon the rock, masses of hoary and vanishing rain. Not so the Druid's stone; there it stands on the hill of winds, as strong and as freshly new as the day, perhaps thirty centuries back, when it was first raised, by means which are a mystery. Earthquakes have heaved it, but its cope-stone has not fallen; rain floods have deluged it, but failed to sweep it from its station; the burning sun has flashed upon it, but neither split nor crumbled it; and time, stern old time, has rubbed it with his iron tooth, and with what effect, let those who view it declare. There it stands, and he who wishes to study the literature, the learning, and the history of the ancient Celt and Cymbrian, may gaze on its broad covering, and glean from that blank stone the whole known amount. The Roman has left behind him his deathless writings, his history, and his songs; the Goth his liturgy, his traditions, and the germs of neble institutions; the Moor his chivalry, his discoveries in medicine, and the foundations of modern commerce; and where is the memorial of the Druidic races? Yonder: that pile of eternal stone!"

On the road to Talavera lie the wonderful mountains of Guadorama-the scene of many strange stories and singular adventures among the nativesnor does our traveller pass them without his adventures where with to eutertain his readers. "Throughout the day," says he, "I pressed the burra forward, only stopping once in order to feed the animal; but notwithstanding that she played her part very well, night came on, and I was still about two leagues from Talavera. As the sun went down, the cold became intense; I drew the old Gipsy cloak, which I still wore, closer around me, but I found it quite inadequate to protect me from the inclemency of the atmosphere. The road, which lay over a plain, was not very distinctly traced, and became in the dusk rather difficult to'find, more especially as cross roads leading to different places were of frequent occurrence. I however proceeded in the best manner I could, and when I became dubious as to the course which I should take, I invariably allowed the animal on which I was mounted to decide. At length the moon shone out faintly, when suddenly by its beams I beheld a figure moving before me at a slight distance. quickened the pace of the burra, and was soon close at its side. It went on, neither altering its pace nor looking round for a moment. It was the figure of a man, the tallest and bulkiest that I had hitherto seen in Spain, dressed in a manner strange and singular for the country. On his head was a 'ed with many things of which you have little idea.'

The temples of the hat with a low crown and a broad brim, very much resembling that of an English wagoner; about his body was a long loose tunic or slop, seemingly of coarse ticken, open in front, so as to allow the interior garments to be occasionally seen; these appeared to consist of a jerkin and short velveteen pantsloons. I have said that the brim of the hat was broad, but, broad as it was, it was insufficent to cover an immense bush of coal-black hair, which, thick and curly, projected on either side; over the left shoulder was flung a kind of satchel, and in the right hand was held a long staff or pole.

> "There was something peculiarly strange about the figure; but what struck me the most was the tranquillity with which it moved along; taking no heed of me, though of course aware of my proximity, but looking straight forward, along the road, save when it occasionally raised a huge face and large eyes toward the moon, which was now shining forth in the eastern quarter.

> "' A cold night,' said I at last. 'Is this the way to Talavera?

> "'It is the way to Talavera, and the night is cold.

> "'I am going to Talavera,' said I, 'as I suppose you are yourself.'

"'I am going thither, so are you, Bueno.'

"The tones of the voice which delivered these words were in their way quite as strange and singular as the figure to which the voice belonged; they were not exactly the tones of a Spanish voice, and yet there was something in them that could hardly be foreign; the pronunciation was also correct, and the language, though singular, faultless. But I was more struck with the manner in which the last word, bueno, was spoken. I had heard something like it before, but where or when I could by no means remember. A pause now ensued; the figure stalking on as before with the most perfect indifference, and seemingly with no disposition either to seek or avoid conversation.

"' Are you not afraid,' said I at last, 'to travel these roads in the dark? It is said that there are robbers abroad.'

" 'Are you not rather afraid,' replied the figure, 'to travel these roads in the dark ! you who are ignorant of the country, who are a foreigner, an Englishman?

" ' How is it that you know me to be an Englishman?' demanded I, much surprised.

" 'That is no difficult matter,' replied the figure; 'the sound of your voice was enough to tell me that.'

"' You speak of voices,' said I; 'suppose the tone of your own voice were to tell me who you are?'

"'That it will not do,' replied my companion; 'you know nothing about me-you can know nothing about me.'

"" Be not sure of that, my friend; I am acquaint-

- "' Por exemplo,' said the figure.
- "'For example,' said I; 'you speak two lan-
- "The figure moved on, seemed to consider a moment, and then said slowly, bueno.
- "'You have two names,' I continued; 'one for the house and the other for the street; both are good, but the one by which you are called at home is the one which you like best.'
- "The man walked on about ten paces, in the same manner as he had previously done; all of a sudden he turned, and taking the bridle of the burra gently in his hand, stopped her. I had now a full view of his face and figure, and those huge features and Heroulean form still occasionally revisit me in my dreams. I see him standing in the moonshine staring me in the face with his deep calm eyes. At last he said :
 - "' Es usted tambien de nosotros!'
- "It was late at night when we arrived at Talavera. We went to a large gloomy house, which my companion informed me was the principal posada of the town. We entered the kitchen, at the extremity of which a large fire was blazing. 'Pepita,' said my companion to a handsome girl, who advanced smiling towards us; 'a brasero and a private apartment; this cavalier is a friend of mine, and we shall sup together.' We were shown to an apartment in which were two alcoves containing beds. After supper, which consisted of the very best, by the order of my companion, we sat over the brasero and commenced talking.
- " Myself. Of course you have conversed with Englishmen before, else you could not have recognized me by the tone of my voice.
- "Abarbenel. I was a young lad when the war of the independence broke out, and there came to the village in which our family lived an English officer in order to teach discipline to the new levies. He was quartered in my father's house, where he conceived a great affection for me. On his departure, with the consent of my father, I attended him through both the Castiles, partly as companion, partly as domestic. I was with him nearly a year, when he was suddenly summoned to return to his own country. He would fain have taken me with him, but to that my father would by no means consent. It is now five-and-twenty years since I last saw an Englishman; but you have seen how I recognized you even in the dark night.
- " Myself. And what kind of life do you pursue, and by what means do you obtain support ?
- "Abarbenel. I experience no difficulty. I live Do the authorities molest you? much in the same way as I believe my forefathers lived; certainly as my father did, for his course be what I am; but as I conform outwardly in most has been mine. At his death I took possession of respects to their ways, they do not interfere with the herencia, for I was his only child. It was not me. True it is that sometimes, when I enter the requisite that I should follow any business, for my church to hear the mass, they glare at me over the wealth was great; yet, to avoid remark, I followed left shoulder, as much as to say- What do you

- that of my father, who was a longanizero. I have occasionally dealt in wood; but lazily, lazily-as I had no stimulus for exertion.
- "I was, however, successful in many instances, strangely so; much more than many others who toiled day and night, and whose whole soul was in the trade.
- " Myself. Have you any children! Are you married?
- "Abarbenel. I have no children though I am married. I have a wife and an amiga, or I should rather say two wives, for I am wedded to both. I however call one my amiga, for appearance sake, for I wish to live in quiet, and am unwilling to offend the prejudices of the surrounding people.
- " Myself. You say you are wealthy. In what does your wealth consist?
- "Abarbenel. In gold and silver, and stones of price; for I have inherited all the hoards of my forefathers. The greater part is buried under ground; indeed, I have never examined the tenth part of it. I have coins of silver and gold older than the times of Ferdinand the Accursed and Jezebel; I have also large sums employed in usury. We keep ourselves close, however, and pretend to be poor, miserably so; but on certain occasions, at our festivals, when our gates are barred, and our savage dogs are let loose in the court, we eat our food off services such as the Queen of Spain cannot boast of, and wash our feet in ewers of silver, fashioned and wrought before the Americas were discovered, though our garments are at all times coarse, and our food for the most part of the plainest description.
- " Myself. Are there more of you than yourself. and your two wives!
- " Abarbenel. There are my two servants, who are likewise of us; the one is a youth, and is about to leave, being betrothed to one at some distance; the other is old: he is now upon the road, fellowing me with a mule and car.
- " Myself. And whither are you bound at pre-
- "Abarbenel. To Toledo, where I ply my trade occasionally of longanizero. I love to wander about, though I seldom stray far from home. Since I left the Englishman my feet have never once stepped beyond the bounds of New Castile. I love to visit Toledo, and to think of the times which have long since departed; I should establish myself there, were there not so many accursed ones, who look upon me with an evil eye.
- "Myself. Are you known for what you are !
- " Abarbenel. People of course suspect me to

authorities, they are not bad friends of mine. Many of the higher class have borrowed money from me on usury, so that I have them to a certain extent in my power, and as for the low alguazils and corchetes, they would do anything to oblige me in consideration of a few dollars, which I occasionally give them; so that matters upon the whole go on remarkably well. Of old, indeed, it was far otherwise; yet, I know not how it was, though; other families suffered much, ours always enjoyed a tolerable share of tranquillity. The truth is, that our family has always known how to guide itself wonderfully. I may say there is much of the wisdom of the snake amongst us. We have always possessed friends; and with respect to enemies, it is by no means safe to meddle with us; for it is a rule of our house never to forgive an injury, and to spare neither trouble nor expense in bringing ruin and destruction upon the heads of our evil doers.

"Myself. Do the priests interfere with you? "Abarbenel. They let me alone, especially in my own neighborhood. Shortly after the death of my father, one hot-headed individual endeavored to do me an evil turn, but I soon requited him, causing him to be imprisoned on a charge of blasphemy, and in prison he remained a long time, till he went mad and died.

"Myself. Have you a head in Spain, in whom is rested the chief authority?

"Abarbenel. Not exactly. There are, however, certain holy families who enjoy much consideration; my own is one of these—the chiefest, I may say. My grandsire was a particularly holy man; and I have heard my father say, that one night an archbishop came to his house secretly, merely to have the satisfaction of kissing his head.

"Myself. How can that be? what reverence could an archbishop entertain for one like yourself or your grandsire?

"Abarbenel. More than you imagine. He was one of us, at least his father was, and he could never forget what he had learned with reverence in his infancy. He said he had tried to forget it, but he could not; that the ruah was continually upon him, and that even from his childhood he had borne its terrors with a troubled mind, till at last he could bear himself no longer; so he went to my grandsire, with whom he remained one whole night; he then returned to his diocese, where he shortly afterwards died, in much renown for sanctity.

"Myself. What you say surprises me. Have you reason to suppose that many of you are to be found among the priesthood?

"Abarbenel. Not to suppose, but to know it. the assembled multitude a considerable time, the There are many such as I among the priesthood, first of the culprits appeared; he was mounted on and not among the inferior priesthood either; some an ass, without saddle or stirrups, his legs being

here to And sometimes they cross themselves as of the most learned and famed of them in Spain I pass by; but as they go no further, I do not trouble myself on that account. With respect to the authorities, they are not bad friends of mine. Many of the higher class have borrowed money from me on usury, so that I have them to a certain extent in my power, and as for the low alguation extent in my power, and as for the low alguation and corchetes, they would do anything to oblige

upon the floor and curse.

"Myself. Are you numerous in the large towns!

"Abarbenel. By no means; our places of abode are seldom the large towns; we prefer the villages, and rarely enter the large towns but on business. Indeed, we are not a numerous people, and there

are few provinces of Spain which contain more

than twenty families. None of us are poor, and

those among us who serve, do so more from choice than necessity, for by serving each other we acquire different trades. Not unfrequently the time of service is that of courtship also, and the ser-

vants eventually marry the daughters of the house.

"We continued in discourse the greater part of the night; the next morning I prepared to depart. My companion, however, advised me to remain where I was for that day. 'And if you respect my counsel,' said he, 'you will not proceed farther in this manner. To-night the diligence will arrive from Estremadura, on its way to Madrid. Deposit yourself therein; it is the safest and most speedy mode of travelling. As for your Caballeria, I will

myself purchase her. My servant is here, and has informed me that she will be of service to us. Let

us, therefore, pass the day together in communion,

like brothers, and then proceed on our separate

journeys.'
"We did pass the day together; and when the diligence arrived I deposited myself within, and on the morning of the second day arrived at Madrid."

Arrived in Madrid, the first marks of civility offered him, are singular enough. "Don Jorge," says a young blood, "there are no bull-funcions in the winter, or I would carry you to one, but happily to-morrow there is an execution, a funcion de la horca; and there we will go, Don Jorge."

"We did go to see this execution, which I shall long remember. The criminals were two young men, brothers: they suffered for a most atrocious murder, having in the dead of night broke open the house of an aged man, whom they put to death, and whose property they stole. Criminals in Spain are not hanged as they are in England, or guillotined as in France, but strangled upon a wooden stage. They sit down on a kind of chair with a post behind, to which is affixed an iron collar with a screw; this iron collar is made to clasp the neck of the prisoner, and on a certain signal it is drawn tighter and tighter by means of the screw, until life becomes extinct. After we had waited amongst the assembled multitude a considerable time, the first of the culprits appeared; he was mounted on

allowed to dangle nearly to the ground. He was traordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations dressed in yellow sulphur-colored robes, with a high peaked conical red hat on his head, which was shaven. Between his hands he held a parchment, on which was written something, I believe the confession of faith. Two priests led the animal by the bridle; two others walked on either side chanting litanies, amongst which I distinguished the words of heavenly peace and tranquillity, for the culprit had been reconciled to the church, had confessed and received absolution, and had been promised admission to heaven. He did not exhibit the least symptom of fear, but dismounted from the animal and was led, not supported, up the scaffold, where he was placed on the chair, and the fatal collar put round his neck. One of the priests then in a loud voice commenced saying the Belief, and the culprit repeated the words after him. On a sudden, the executioner, who stood behind, commenced turning the screw, which was of prodigious force, and the wretched man was almost instantly a corpse; but, as the screw went round, the priest began to shout, 'pax et misericordia et tranquillitas,' and still as he shouted, his voice became louder and louder till the lofty walls of Madrid rang with it; then stooping down, he placed his mouth close to the culprit's ear, still shouting, just as if he would pursue the spirit through its course to eternity, cheering it on its way. The effect was tremendous. I myself was so excited that I involuntarily shouted 'misericordia,' and so did many others. God was not thought of; Christ was not thought of; only the priest was thought of, for he seemed at that moment to be the first being in existence, and to have the power of opening and shutting the gates of heaven or of hell, just as he should think proper: A striking instance of the successful working of the Popish system, whose grand aim has ever been to keep people's minds as far as possible from God, and to centre their hopes and fears in the priesthood. The execution of the second culprit was precisely similar; he ascended the scaffold, a few minutes after his brother had breathed his last.

"I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world, but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as this city of Madrid, in which I now found myself. I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough: but Petersburg has finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast of more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud wall, scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human ter? But with respect to the Spanish aristocracy, beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary the ladies and gentlemen, the cavaliers and señoras, vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be I believe the less that is said of them on the points it always remembered, that this mass is strictly to which I have just alluded, the better. I confess,

have contributed; Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Poles, Jews; the latter, by-the-by, of Spanish origin, and speaking amongst themselves the old Spanish language; but the huge population of Madrid, with the exception of a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly French tailors, glove makers and peruguiers, is strictly Spanish, though a considerable portion are not natives of the place. Here are no colonies of Germans, as at Saint Petersburg; no English factories, as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havannah, with an air which seems to say, the land is our own whenever we choose to take it; but a population which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall arists Hail, ye aguadores of Asturia! who all your dress of coarse duffel and leathern skull-caps, are seen seated in hundreds by the fountain sides, upon your empty water casks, or staggering with them filled, to the topmost stories of lofty houses. Hail, ye caleseros of Valencia! who, lolling lazily against your vehicles, rasp tobacco for your paper cigars whilst waiting for a fare. Hail to you, beggars of La Mancha! men and women, who, wrapped in coarse blankets, demand charity indifferently at the gate of the palace or the prison, Hail to you, valets from the mountains, mayordomos and secretaries from Biscay and Guipuscoa, toreros from Andalusia, riposteros from Galicia, shopkeepers from Catalonia! Hail to ye, Castilians, Estremenians and Aragonese, of whatever calling! And lastly, genuine sons of the capital, rabble of Madrid, ve twenty thousand manolos, whose terrible knives. on the second morning of May, worked such grim havoc amongst the legions of Murat!

"And the higher orders-the ladies and gentlemen, the cavaliers and señoras; shall I pass them by in silence? The truth is, I have little to say about them; I mingled but little in their society, and what I saw of them by no means tended to exalt them in my imagination. I am not one of those who, whereever they go, make it a constant practice to disparage the higher orders, and to exalt the populace There are many capitals in at their expense. which the high aristocracy, the lords and ladies. the sons and daughters of nobility, constitute the most remarkable and the most interesting part of the population. This is the case at Vienna, and more especially at London. Who can rival the English aristocrat in lofty stature, in dignified bearing, in strength of hand, and valor of heart? Who rides a nobler horse! Who has a firmer seat! And who more lovely than his wife, or sister, or daugh-Spanish. The population of Constantinople is ex- however, that I know little about them; they have,

perhaps, their admirers, and to the pens of such I leave their panegyric. Le Sage has described them as they were nearly two centuries ago. His discription is anything but captivating, and I do not think that they have improved since the period of the sketches of the immortal Frenchman. I would sooner talk of the lower class, not only of Madrid but of all Spain. The Spaniard of the lower class has much more interest for me, whether manolo, laborer, or muleteer. He is not a common being; he is an extraordinary man. He has not, it is true, the amiability and generosity of the Russian mujik, who will give his only rouble rather than the stranger shall want; nor his placid courage, which renders him insensible to fear, and at the command of his Tear, sends him singing to certain death.* There is more hardness and less self-devotion in the disposition of the Spaniard; he possesses, however, a spirit of proud independence, which it is impossible but to admire. He is ignorant, of course; but it is singular, that I have invariably found amongst the low and slightly educated classes far more liberality of sentiment than amongst the upper. It has long been the fashion to talk of the bigotry of the Spaniards, and their mean jealousy of foreigners. This is true to a certain extent; but it chiefly holds good with respect to the upper classes. If foreign valor or talent has never received its proper meed in Spain, the great body of the Spaniards are certainly not in fault. I have heard Wellington calumniated in this proud scene of his triumphs, but never by the old soldiers of Aragon and the Asturias, who assisted to vanquish the French at Salamanca and the Pyrenees. have heard the manner of riding of an English jockey criticised, but it was by the idiotic heir of Medina Celi, and not by a picador of the Madrilenian bull ring."

Quitting Manzanal with his Bibles and his tracts, he loses his way in a mountain pass. He had not gone far, however, before he met two Galicians on their way to the harvesting in Castile. "One of them shouted, 'Cavalier, turn back: in a moment you will be amongst precipices, where your horses will break their necks, for we ourselves could scarcely climb them on foot.' The other cried, 'Cavalier, proceed, but be careful, and your horses. if sure-footed, will run no great danger; my comrade is a fool.' A violent dispute instantly ensued between the two mountaineers, each supporting his opinion with loud oaths and curses; but without stopping to see the result, I passed on, but the path was now filled with stones and huge slaty rocks, on which my horse was continually slipping. likewise heard the sound of water in a deep gorge,

* At the last attack on Warsaw, when the loss of the Russians amounted to upwards of twenty thousand men, the soldiery mounted the breach repeating, in measured chant, one of their popular songs: "come let us cut the cabbage," &cc.

which I had hitherto not perceived, and I soon saw that it would be worse than madness to proceed. I turned my horse, and was hastening to regain the path which I had left, when Antonio, my faithful Greek, pointed out to me a meadow by which, he said, we might regain the high road much lower down than if we returned on our steps. meadow was brilliant with short green grass, and in the middle there was a small rivulet of water. I spurred my horse on, expecting to be in the high road in a moment; the horse, however, snorted and stared wildly, and was evidently unwilling to cross the seemingly inviting spot. I thought that the scent of a wolf or some other wild animal might have disturbed him, but was soon undeceived by The animal his sinking up to the knees in a bog. uttered a shrill sharp neigh, and exhibited every sign of the greatest terror, making at the same time great efforts to extricate himself, and plunging forward, but every moment sinking deeper. last he arrived where a small vein of rock showed itself: on this he placed his fore feet, and with one tremendous exertion freed himself from the deceitful soil, springing over the rivulet, and alighting on comparatively firm ground, where he stood panting, his heaving sides covered with a formy sweat. Antonio, who had observed the whole scene, afraid to venture forward, returned by the path by which we came, and shortly afterwards rejoined me. This adventure brought to my recollection the meadow with its footpath, which tempted Christian from the straight road to heaven, and finally conducted him to the dominions of the giant Despair.

"We now began to descend the valley by a broad and excellent carreters or carriage road, which was cut out of the steep side of the mountain on our right. On our left was the gorge, down which tumbled the runnel of water which I have before mentioned. The road was tortuous, and at every turn the scene became more picturesque. gorge gradually widened, and the brook at its bottom, fed by a multitude of springs, increased in volume and in sound, but it was soon far beneath us, pursuing its headlong course till it reached level ground, where it flowed in the midst of a beautiful but confined prairie. There was something sylvan and savage in the mountains on the farther side, clad from foot to pinnacle with trees so closely growing that the eye was unable to obtain a glimpse of the hill sides, which were uneven with ravines and gulleys, the haunts of the wolf, the wild boar, and the corso, or mountain-stag; the latter of which, as I was informed by a peasant who was driving a car of oxen, frequently descended to feed in the prairie, and were there shot for the sake of their skins, for the flesh, being strong and disagreeable, is held in no account.

"But notwithstanding the wildness of these regions, the handiworks of man were visible. The sides of the gorge, though precipitous, were yellow

with little fields of barley, and we saw a hamlet and | their giant and umbrageous boughs. Beneath many church down in the prairie below, whilst merry songs ascended to our ears from where the mowers were toiling with their scythes, cutting the luxuriant and abundant grass. I could scarcely believe that I was in Spain, in general so brown, so arid and cheerless, and I almost funcied myself in Greece, in that land of ancient glory, whose mountain and forest scenery Theocritus has so well de-

"At the bottom of the valley we entered a small village, washed by the brook, which had now swelled almost to a stream. A more romantic situation I had never witnessed. It was surrounded, and almost overbung, by mountains, and embowered in trees of various kinds; waters sounded, nightingales sang, and the cuckoo's full note boomed from the distant branches, but the village was miserable. The huts were built of slate stones, of which the neighboring hills seemed to be principally composed, and roofed with the same, but not in the neat tidy manner of English houses, for the slates were of all sizes, and seemed to be flung on in confusion. We were spent with heat and thirst, and sitting down on a stone bench, I entreated a woman to give me a little water. The woman said she would. but added that she expected to be paid for it. Antonio, on hearing this, became highly incensed, and speaking Greek, Turkish, and Spanish, invoked the vengeance of the Panhagia on the heartless woman, saying, 'If I were to offer a Mahometan gold for a draught of water, he would dash it in my face; and you are a Catholic, with the stream running at your door.' I told him to be silent, and giving the woman two cuartos, repeated my request, whereupon she took a pitcher, and going to the stream filled it with water. It tasted muddy and disagreeable, but it drowned the fever which was devouring me.

"We again remounted and proceeded on our way, which, for a considerable distance, lay along the margin of the stream, which now fell in small cataracts, now brawled over stones, and at other times ran dark and silent through deep pools overhung with tall willows-pools which seemed to abound with the finny tribe, for large trout frequently sprang from the water, catching the brilliant fly which swimmed along its deceitful surface. The scene was delightful. The sun was rolling high in the firmament, casting from its orb of fire the most glorious rays, so that the atmosphere was flickering with their splendor, but their fierceness was either warded off by the shadow of the trees or rendered inhocuous by the refreshing coolness which rose from the waters, or by the gentle breezes which murmured at intervals over the meadows, 'fanning the cheek or raising the hair' of the wan-The hills gradually receded, till at last we entered a plain where tall grass was waving, and and a cold wind was moaning dismally. 'There is mighty chesnut trees, in full blossom, spread out a storm travelling through the air,' said a peasant,

stood cars, the tired oxen prostrate on the ground, the crossbar of the pole which they support pressing heavily on their heads, whilst their drivers were either employed in cooking, or were enjoying a delicious siesta in the grass and shade. I went up to one of the largest of these groups, and demanded of the individuals whether they were in need of the Testament of Jesus Christ. They stared at one another, and then at me, till at last a young man, who was dandling a long gun in his hands as he reclined, demanded of me what it was, at the same time inquiring whether I was a Catalan, 'for you speak hoarse,' said he, 'and are tall and fair like that family.' I sat down amongst them and said that I was no Catalan, but that I came from a spot in the Western Sea, many leagues distant, to sell that book at half the price it cost; and that their souls' welfare depended on their being acquainted with it. I then explained to them the nature of the New Testament, and read to them the parable of the Sower. They stared at each other again, but said that they were poor and could not buy books. I rose, mounted, and was going away, saying to them: 'Peace bide with you.' Whereupon the young man with the gun rose, and saying, 'Caspita! this is odd,' snatched the book from my hand, and gave me the price I had demanded.

"Perhaps the whole world might be searched in vain for a spot, whose natural charms could rival these of this plain or valley of Bembibre, as it is called, with its wall of mighty mountains, its spreading chesnut trees, and its groves of oaks and willows, which clothe the banks of its stream, a tributary to the Minho. True it is, that when I passed through it, the candle of heaven was blazing in full splendor, and every thing lighted by its rays looked gay, glad, and blessed. Whether it would have filled me with the same feelings of admiration if viewed beneath another sky, I will not pretend to determine; but it certainly possesses advantages which at no time could fail to delight, for it exhibits all the peaceful beauties of an English landscape blended with something wild and grand, and I thought within myself, that he must be a restless dissatisfied man, who, born among those scenes, would wish to quit them. At the time, I would have desired no better fate, than that of a shepherd on the prairies, or a hunter on the hills of Bembibre.

"Three hours passed away, and we were in another situation. We had halted and refreshed ourselves and horses at Bembibre, a village of mud and slate, and which possessed little to attract attention: we were now ascending, for the road was over one of the extreme ledges of those frontier hills which I have before so often mentioned; but the aspect of heaven had blackened, clouds were rolling rapidly from the west over the mountains,

whom we overtook, mounted on a wretched mule; a village just below the convent, where he left me, and the Asturians had better be on the look-out, for it is speeding in their direction.' He had scarce spoken, when a light, so vivid and dazzling that it seemed as if the whole lustre of the fiery element were concentrated in it, broke around us, filling the whole atmosphere, and covering rock, tree and mountain with a glare not to be described. The mule of the peasant tumbled prostrate, while the horse I rode reared himself perpendicularly, and turning round, dashed down the hill at headlong speed, which for some time it was impossible to check. The lightning was followed by a peal almost as terrible, but distant, for it sounded hollow and deep; the hills, however, caught up its voice, seemingly repeating it from summit to summit, till it was lost in interminable space. Other flashes and peals succeeded, but slight in comparison, and a few drops of rain descended. The body of the tempest seemed to be over another region. hundred families are weeping where that bolt fell, said the peasant when I rejoined him, 'for its blaze has blinded my mule at six leagues' distance.' He was leading the animal by the bridle, as its sight was evidently affected. 'Were the friars still in their nest above there,' he continued, 'I should say that this was their doing, for they are the cause of all the miseries of the land.'

"I raised my eyes in the direction in which he pointed. Half way up the mountain, over whose foot we were wending, jutted forth a black frightful crag, which at an immense altitude overhung the road, and seemed to threaten destruction. It resembled one of those ledges of the rocky mountains in the picture of the Deluge, up to which the terrified fugitives have scrambled from the eager pursuit of the savage and tremendous billows, and from whence they gaze down in horror, whilst above them rise still higher and giddier heights, to which they seem unable to climb. Built on the very edge of this crag, stood an edifice, seemingly devoted to the purposes of religion, as I could discern the spire of a church rearing itself high over wall and roof. 'That is the house of the Virgin of the Rocks,' said the peasant, 'and it was lately full of friars, but they have been thrust out, and the only inmates now are owls and ravens.' I replied that, their life in such a bleak exposed abode could not have been very enviable, as in winter they must have incurred great risk of perishing with cold. 'By no means,' said he; 'they had the best of wood for their braseros and chimneys, and the best of wine to warm them at their meals, which were not the most sparing. Moreover, they had another convent down in the vale yonder, to which they could retire at their pleasure.' On my asking him the reason of his antipathy to the friars, he replied. that he had been their vassal, and that they had deprived him every year of the flower of what he possessed. Discoursing in this manner, we reached

having first pointed out to me a house of stone, with an image over the door, which, he said, once also belonged to the canalla (rabble) above.

"The sun was setting fast, and eager to reach Villafranca, where I had determined on resting, and which was still distant three leagues and a half, I made no halt at this place. The road was now down a rapid and crooked descent, which terminated in a valley, at the bottom of which was a long and narrow bridge; beneath it rolled a river, descending from a wide pass between two mountains, for the chain was here cleft, probably by some convulsion of nature. I looked up the pass, and on the hills on both sides. Far above, on my right, but standing forth bold and clear, and catching the last rays of the sun, was the Convent of the Precipices, whilst directly over against it, on the farther side of the valley, rose the perpendicular side of the rival hill, which, to a considerable extent, intercepting the light, flung its black shadow over the upper end of the pass, involving it in mysterious darkness. Emerging from the centre of this gloom, with thundering sound, dashed a river, white with foam, and bearing along with it huge stones and branches of trees, for it was the wild Sil hurrying to the ocean from its cradle in the heart of the Asturian bills, and probably swollen by the recent rains."

At Finisterra he is taken for Don Carlos, the Pretender—and but for an old sailor, would have been shot.

"It was midday when we reached the village of Finisterra, consisting of about one hundred houses, and built on the southern side of the peninsula, just before it rises into the huge bluff head which is called the Cape. We sought in vain for an ina or venta, where we might stable our beast; at one moment we thought that we had found one, and had even tied the animal to the manger. Upon our going out, however, he was instantly untied and driven forth into the street. The few people whom we saw appeared to gaze upon us in a singular manner. We, however, took little notice of these circumstances, and proceeded along the straggling street until we found shelter in the house of a Castilian shopkeeper, whom some chance had brought to this corner of Galicia—this end of the world. Our first care was to feed the animal, who now began to exhibit considerable symptoms of fatigue. We then requested some refreshment for ourselves; and in about an hour, a tolerably savory fish, weighing about three pounds, and fresh from the bay, was prepared for us by an old woman, who appeared to officiate as housekeeper. Having finished our meal, I and my uncouth companion went forth and prepared to ascend the mountain.

"We stopped to examine a small dismantled fort or battery, facing the bay, and whilst engaged in this examination, it more than once occurred to me that we were ourselves the objects of scrutiny | After gazing from the summit of the cape for nearly and investigation: indeed, I caught a glimpse of an hour, we descended. more than one countenance peering upon us through the holes and chasms of the walls. We now commenced ascending Finisterra; and making numerous and long detours, we wound our way up its flinty sides. The sun had reached the top of heaven, whence he showered upon us perpendicularly his brightest and fiercest rays. My boots were torn, my feet cut, and the perspiration streamed from my brow. To my guide, however, the ascent appeared to be neither toilsome nor difficult. The heat of the day for him had no terrors, no moisture was wrong from his tanned countenance: he drew not one short breath; and hopped upon the stones and rocks with all the provoking agility of a mountain goat. Before we had accomplished one half of the ascent, I felt myself quite exhausted. I reeled and staggered. 'Cheer up, master mine, be of good cheer, and have no care,' said the guide. 'Yonder I see a wall of stones; lie down beneath it in the shade.' He put his long and strong arm round my waist, and though his stature compared with mine was that of a dwarf, he supported me, as if I had been a child, to a rude wall which seemed to traverse the greatest part of the hill, and served probably as a kind of boundary. It was difficult to find a shady spot; at last he perceived a small chasm, perhaps scooped by some shepherd as a couch in which to enjoy his siesta: In this he laid me gently down, and taking off his enormous hat, commenced fanning me with great assiduity. By degrees I revived, and after having rested for a considerable time, I again attempted the ascent, which, with the assistance of my guide, I at length accomplished.

"We were now standing at a great altitude between two bays; the wilderness of waters before Of all the ten thousand barks which annually plough those seas in sight of that old cape, not one sume to interfere with me? was to be descried. It was a blue shiny waste, broken by no object save the black head of a spermaceti whale, which would eccasionally show itself at the top, easting up thin jets of brine. The principal bay, that of Finisterra, as far as the entrance, was beautifully variegated by an immense shoal of sardinhas, on whose extreme skirts the monster was probably feasting. From the northern side of the cape we looked down upon a smaller bay, the shore of which was overhung by rocks of various and grotesque shapes; this is called the outer bay, or, in the language of the country, Praia do mar de fora; a fearful place in seasons of wind and tempest, when the long swell of the Atlantic pouring in, is broken into surf and foam by the sunken rocks with which it abounds. Even in the calmest day there is a rumbling and a hollow roar in that bay, which fill the heart with uneasy sensations.

"On reaching the house where we had taken up our temporary habitation, we perceived that the portal was occupied by several men, some of whom were reclining on the floor drinking wine out of small earthen pans, which are much used in this part of Galicia. With a civil salutation I passed on, and ascended the staircase to the room in which we had taken our repast. Here there was a rude and dirty bed, on which I flung myself, exhausted with fatigue. I determined to take a little repose, and in the evening to call the people of the place together, to read a few chapters of the Scripture. and then to address them with a little Christian exhortation. I was soon asleep, but my slumbers were by no means tranquil. I thought I was surrounded with difficulties of various kinds among rocks and ravines, vainly endeavoring to extricate myself; uncouth visages showed themselves amidst the trees and in the hollows, thrusting out cloven tongues and uttering angry cries. I looked around for my guide, but could not find him; methought, however, that I heard his voice down a deep dingle. He appeared to be talking of me. How long I might have continued in these wild dreams, I know not. I was suddenly, however, seized roughly by the shoulder and nearly dragged from the bed. I looked up in amazement, and by the light of the descending sun I beheld hanging over me a wild and uncouth figure; it was that of an elderly man, built as strong as a giant, with much beard and whisker, and huge bushy eyebrows, dressed in the habiliments of a fisherman: in his hand was a rusty musket.

" Myself. Who are you, and what do you want? " Figure. Who I am matters but little. Get up and follow me; it is you I want.

"Myself. By what authority do you thus pre-

"Figure. By the authority of the justicia of Finisterra. Follow me peaceably, Calros, or it will be the worse for you.

" Calros,' said I, 'what does the person mean !' I thought it, however, most prudent to obey his command, and followed him down the staircase. The shop and the portal were now thronged with the inhabitants of Finisterra, men, women, and children; the latter for the most part in a state of nudity, and with bodies wet and dripping, having been probably summoned in haste from their gambols in the brine. Through this crowd the figure whom I have attempted to describe pushed his way with an air of authority.

"On arriving in the street, he laid his heavy hand upon my arm, not roughly however. 'It is Calros! it is Calros!' said a hundred voices; 'he has come to Finisterra at last, and the justicia has now got hold of him.' Wondering what all this "On all sides there was grandeur and sublimity. could mean, I attended my strange conductor down

the street. every moment, following and vociferating. Even the sick were brought to the doors to obtain a view of what was going forward and a glance at the redoubtable Calros. I was particularly struck by the eagerness displayed by one man, a cripple, who, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, mixed with the crowd, and having lost his crutch hopped forward on one leg, exclaiming, 'Carracho! tambien voy yo!

"We at last reached a house of rather larger size than the rest. My guide having led into a long low room, placed me in the middle of the floor, and then hurrying to the door, he endeavored to repulse the crowd who strove to enter with us. This he effected, though not without considerable difficulty, being once or twice compelled to have recourse to the butt of his musket, to drive back unauthorized intruders. I new looked round the room. It was rather scantily furnished; I could see nothing but some tubs and barrels, the mast of a boat, and a sail or two. Seated upon the tubs were three or four men coarsely dressed, like fishermen or shipwrights. The principal personage was a surly illtempered looking fellow of about thirty-five, whom eventually I discovered to be the alcalde of Finisterra, and lord of the house in which we now were. In a corner I caught a glimpse of my guide, who was evidently in durance, two stout fishermen standing before him, one with a musket and the other with a boat-hook. After I had looked about me for a minute, the alcalde, giving his whiskers a twist, thus addressed me:

"' Who are you, where is your passport, and what brings you to Finisterra?

" Myself. I am an Englishman. Here is my passport, and I came to see Finisterra.

"This reply seemed to discomfit them for a moment. They looked at each other, then at my passport. At length the alcalde, striking it with his finger, bellowed forth:

"'This is no Spanish passport; it appears to be written in French.'

"Myself. I have already told you that I am a foreigner. I of course carry a foreign passport.

"Alcalde. Then you mean to assert that you are not Calros Rey?

"Myself. I never heard before of such a king, nor indeed of such a name.

" Alcalde. Hark to the fellow: he has the audacity to say that he has never heard of Calros, the pretender, who calls himself king.

" Myself. If you mean by Calros, the pretender Don Carlos, all I can reply is that you can scarcely be serious. You might as well assert that yonder poor fellow, my guide, whom I see you have made prisoner, is his nephew, the infante Don Sebastian.

"Alcalde. See, you have betrayed yourself; this is the very person we suppose him to be.

As we proceeded, the crowd increased backs. But how can I be like Don Carlos! I have nothing the appearance of a Spaniard, and am nearly a foot tailer than the pretender.

> "Alcalde. That makes no difference; you of course carry many waistcoats about you, by means of which you disguise yourself and appear tall or low according to your pleasure.

> "This last was so conclusive an argument, that I had of course nothing to reply to it. The alcalde looked around him in triumph, as if he had made some notable discovery. 'Yes it is Calros; it is Calros,' said the crowd at the door. 'It will be as well to have these men shot instantly,' continued the alcalde; 'if they are not the two pretenders, they are at any rate two of the factious.'

> "'I am by no means certain that they are either one or the other,' said a gruff voice.

> "The justicia of Finisterra turned their eyes in the direction from which these words proceeded, and so did I. Our glances rested upon the figure who held the watch at the door. He had planted the barrel of his musket on the floor, and was leaning his chin against the butt.

> "'I am by no means certain that they are either one or the other,' repeated he, advancing forward. 'I have been examining this man,' pointing to myself, 'and listening whilst he spoke, and it appears to me that after all he may prove an Englishman; he has their very look and voice. . Who knows the English better than Antonio de la Trava, and who has a better right? Has he not sailed in their ships; has he not eaten their biscuit; and did he not stand by Nelson when he was shot dead !'

> "Here the alcalde became violently incensed. 'He is no more an Englishman than yourself,' he exclaimed; 'if he were an Englishman would he have come in this manner, skulking across the land ? Not so, I trow. He would have come in a ship, recommended to some of us, or to the Catalans. He would have come to trade, to buy; but nobody knows him in Finisterra, nor does he know anybody: and the first thing, moreover, that he does when he reaches this place is to inspect the fort, and to ascend the mountain, where, no doubt, he has been marking out a camp. What brings him to Finisterra, if he is neither Calros nor a bribon of a faccioso?

"I felt that there was a good deal of justice in some of these remarks, and I was aware, for the first time, that I had, indeed committed a great imprudence in coming to this wild place, and among these barbarous people, without being able to assign any motive which could appear at all valid in their eyes. I endeavored to convince the alcalde, that I had come across the country for the purpose of making myself acquainted with the many remarkable objects which it contained, and of obtaining information respecting the character and condition of the inhabitants. He could understand no "Myself. It is true that they are both hunch- such motives. 'What did you ascend the moun-

tain for ?' 'To see prospects.' 'Disparate! I have! lived at Finisterra forty years, and never accorded that mountain. I would not do it in a day like this for two ounces of gold. You went to take 'altitudes, and to mark out a camp.' I had, however, a staunch friend in old Antonio, who insisted, from his knowledge of the English, that all I had said might very possibly be true. 'The English,' said he, 'have more money than they know what to do with, and on that account they wander all over the world, paying dearly for what no other people care a groat for.' He then proceeded, notwithstanding the frowns of the alcalde, to examine me in the English language. His own entire knowledge of this tongue was confined to two words-knife and fork, which words I rendered into Spanish by their equivalents, and was forthwith pronounced an Englishman by the old fellow, who, brandishing his musket, exclaimed:

"'This man is not Calros; he is what he declares himself to be, an Englishman, and whoever seeks to injure him, shall have to do with Antonio de la Trava el valiente de Finisterra.' No person sought to impugn this verdict, and it was at length determined that I should be sent to Coreuvion, to be examined by the alcalde mayor of the district. 'But,' said the alcalde of Finisterra, 'what is to be done with the other fellow? He at least is no Englishman. Bring him forward, and let us hear what he has to say for himself. Now, fellow, who are you, and what is your master?'

"Guide. I am Sebastianillo, a poor broken mariner of Padron, and my master for the present is this gentleman whom you see, the most valight and wealthy of all the English. He has two ships at Vigo laden with riches. I told you so when you first seized me up there in our posada.

"Alcelde. Where is your passport?

"Guide. I have no passport. Who would think of bringing a passport to such a place as this, where I don't suppose there are two individuals who can read! I have no passport; my master's passport of course includes me.

" Alcalde. It does not. And since you have no passport, and have confessed that your name is Sebastian, you shall be shot. Antonio de la Trava, do you and the musketeer lead this Sebastianillo forth, and shoot him before the door,

"Antonio de la Trava. With much pleasure, Señor Alcalde, since you order it. With respect to this fellow, I shall not trouble myself to interfere. He at least is no Englishman. He has more the look of a wizard, or nuveiro; one of those devils who raise storms and sink launches. Moreover, he says he is from Padron, and those from that place are all thieves and drunkards. They once played me a trick, and I would gladly be at the shooting of the whole pueblo.

guide, they must shoot me too; expatiating at the Think not that I would toil along these sands with

same time on the cruelty and barbarity of taking away the life of a poor unfortunate fellow who, as might be seen at the first glance, was only half witted; adding, moreover, that if any person was guilty in this case it was myself, as the other could only be considered in the light of a servant acting under my orders.

"'The safest plan after all,' said the alcalde, appears to be, to send you both prisoners to Corcuvion, where the head alcalde can dispose of you as he thinks proper. You must, however, pay for your escort; for it is not to be supposed that the housekeepers of Finisterra have nothing else to do than to ramble about the country with every chance fellow who finds his way to this town.' 'As for that matter,' said Antonio, 'I will take charge of them both. I am the valiente of Finisterra, and fear no two men living. Moreover, I am sure that the captain here will make it worth my while, else he is no Englishman. Therefore let us be quick, and set out for Corcuvion at once, as it is getting late. First of all, however, captain, I must search you and your baggage. You have no arms, of course ! But it is best to make all sure.'

"Long ere it was dark I found myself again on the pony, in company with my guide, wending our way along the beach in the direction of Corcuvion. Antonio de la Trava tramped heavily on before, his musket on his shoulder.

" Myself. Are you not afraid, Antonio, to be thus alone with two prisoners, one of whom is on horseback! If we were to try, I think we could overpower you.

"Antonio de la Trava. I am the valiente de Finisterra, and I fear no odds.

" Myself. Why do you call yourself the valients of Finisterra?

"Antonio de la Trava. The whole district call me so. When the French came to Finisterra, and demolished the fort, three perished by my hand. I stood on the mountain, up where I saw you scrambling to-day. I continued firing at the enemy, until three detached themselves in pursuit of me. The fools! two perished amongst the rocks by the fire of this musket, and as for the third, I beat his head to pieces with the stock. It is on that account that they call me the valiente of Finisterra.

"Myself. How came you to serve with the English fleet? I think I heard you say that you were present when Nelson fell.

"Antonio de la Trava. I was captured by your countrymen, captain, and as I had been a sailor from my childhood, they were glad of my services. I was nine months with them, and assisted at Trafalgar. I saw the English admiral die. You have something of his face, and your voice, when you spoke, sounded in my ears like his own. I love "I now interfered, and said that if they shot the the English, and on that account I saved you.

we are at Duyo, captain. Shall we refresh?

"We did refresh, or rather Antonio de la Trava refreshed, swallowing pan after pan of wine, with a thirst which seemed unquenchable. 'That man was a greater wizard than myself,' whispered Sebastian, my guide, 'who told us that the drunkards of Finisterra would play us a trick.' At length the old hero of the cape slowly rose, saying, that we must hasten on to Corcuvion, or the night would overtake us by the way.

"'What kind of person is the alcalde to whom you are conducting me ?' said I.

"'Oh, very different from him of Finisterra," replied Antonio. 'This is a young Senorito, lately arrived from Madrid. He is not even a Gallegan. He is a mighty liberal, and it is owing chiefly to his orders that we have lately been so much on the alert. It is said that the Carlists are meditating a descent on these parts of Galicia. Let them only come to Finisterra, we are liberals there to a man. and the old valiente is ready to play the same part as in the time of the French. But as I was telling you before, the alcalde to whom I am conducting you is a young man, and very learned, and if he thinks proper, he can speak English to you, even better than myself, notwithstanding I was a friend of Nelson, and fought by his side at Trafalgar.'

"It was dark night before we reached Corcuvion. Antonio again stopped to refresh at a wine-shop, after which he conducted us to the house of the alcalde. His steps were by this time not particularly steady, and on arriving at the gate of the house, he stumbled over the threshold and fell. He got up with an oath, and instantly commenced thundering at the door with the stock of his musket. 'Who is it?' at length demanded a soft female voice in Gallegan. 'The valiente of Finisterra,' replied Antonio; whereupon the gate was unlocked, and we beheld before us a very pretty female with a candle in her hand. 'What brings you here so late, Antonio?' she inquired. 'I bring two prisoners, mi pulida,' replied Antonio. 'Ave Maria!' she exclaimed. 'I hope they will do no harm.' 'I will answer for one,' replied the old man: 'but as for the other, he is a naveiro, and has sunk more ships than all his brethren in Galicia. But be not afraid, my beauty,' he continued, as the female made the sign of the cross; 'first lock the gate, and then show me the way to the alcalde. I have much to tell him.' The gate was locked, and bidding us stay below in the court-yard, Antonio followed the young woman up a stone stair, whilst we remained in darkness below.

" After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour, we again saw the candle gleam upon the staircase, and the young female appeared. Coming up to me, she advanced the candle to my features, on which

you, if you were one of my own countrymen. Here istill more fixedly, she turned to me, and said, in her best Spanish, 'Senhor Cavalier, I congratulate you on your servant. He is the best looking mozo in all Galicia. Vaya! if he had but a coat to his back, and did not go barefoot, I would accept him at once as a novio; but I have unfortunately made a vow never to marry a poor man, but only one who has got a hear purse and can buy me fine clothes. So you are a Carlist, I suppose! Vaya! I do not like you the wome for that. But, being so, how went you to Finisterra, where they are all Christinos and negros! Why did you not go to my village! None would have meddled with you there. Those of my village are of a different stamp to the drunkards of Finisterra. Those of my village never interfere with honest people. Vaya! how I hate that drunkard of Finisterra who brought you, he is so old and ugly; were it not for the love which I bear to the Senhor Alcalde, I would at once unlock the gate and bid you go forth, you and your servant, the buen mozo.'

"Antonio now descended. 'Follow me,' said he; 'his worship the alcalde will be ready to receive you in a moment.' Sebastian and myself followed him up stairs to a room where, seated behind a table, we beheld a young man of low stature, but handsome features, and very fashionably dressed. He appeared to be inditing a letter, which, when he had concluded, he delivered to a secretary to be He then looked at me for a moment transcribed. fixedly, and the following conversation ensued between us':

"Alcalde. I see that you are an Englishman, and my friend Antonio here informs me that you have been arrested at Finisterra.

"Myself. He tells you true; and but for him I believe that I should have fallen by the hands of those savage fishermen.

"Alcalde. The inhabitants of Finisterra are brave, and are all liberals. Allow me to look at your passport? Yes, all in form. Truly it was very ridiculous that they should have arrested you as a Carlist.

" Myself. Not only as a Carlist, but as Don Carlos himself.

Oh! most ridiculous; mistake a coun-" Alcalde. tryman of the grand Baintham for such a Goth!

"Myself. Excuse me, sir, you speak of the grand somebody.

The grand Baintham. He who has " Alcalde. invented laws for all the world. I hope shortly to see them adopted in this unhappy country of ours.

"Myself. Oh! you mean Jeremy Bentham. Yes! a very remarkable man in his wav.

"Alcalde. In his way; in all ways. The most universal genius which the world ever produced: a Solon, a Plato, and a Lope de Vega.

"Myself. I have never read his writings. she gazed very intently. After a long scrutiny have no doubt that he was a Solon; and as you say she went to my guide, and having surveyed him a Plato. I should scarcely have thought, however, that he could be ranked as a poet with Lope de Vega.

"Alcalde. How surprising! I see, indeed, that you know nothing of his writings, though an Englishman. Now, here am I, a simple alcalde of Galicia, yet I possess all the writings of Baintham on that shelf, and I study them day and night.

"Myself. You doubtless, Sir, possess the English language.

"Alcalde. I do. Ismean that part of it which is contained in the writings of Baintham. I am most truly glad to see a countryman of his in these Gothic wildernesses. I understand and appreciate your motives for visiting them: excuse the incivility and rudeness which you have experienced. But we will endeavor to make you reparation. You are this moment free: but it is late; I must find you a lodging for the night. I knew one close by which will just suit you. Let us repair thither this moment. Stay, I think I see a book in your hand.

" Myself. The New Testament.

" Alcalde. What book is that?

"Myself. A portion of the sacred writings, the Bible.

" Alcalde. Why do you carry such a book with you!

"Myself. One of my principal motives in visiting Finisterra was to carry this book to that wild place.

"Alcalde. Ha, ha! how very singular. Yes, I remember. I have heard that the English highly prize this eccentric book. How very singular that the countrymen of the grand Baintham should set any value upon that old monkish book.

"It was now late at night, and my new friend attended me to the ledging which he had destined for me, and which was at the house of a respectable old female, where I found a clean and comfortable room. On the way I slipped a gratuity into the hand of Antonio, and on my arrival, formally, and in presence of the alcalde, presented him with the Testament, which I requested he would carry back to Finisterra, and keep in remembrance of the Englishman in whose behalf he had so effectually interposed.

**Antonio. I will do so, your worship; and when the winds blow from the northwest, preventing our launches from putting to sea, I will read your present. Farewell, my captain, and when you next come to Finisterra, I hope it will be in a valiant English bark, with plenty of contrabando on board, and not across the country on a pony, in company with naveiros and men of Padron.

"Presently arrived the handmaid of the alcalde with a basket, which she took into the kitchen, where she prepared an excellent supper for her master's friend. On its being served up, the alcalde bade me farewell, having first demanded whether he could in any way forward my plans.

"'I return to St. James to-morrow,' I replied,
'and I sincerely hope that some occasion will occur
which will enable me to acquaint the world with
the hospitality which I have experienced from so
accomplished a scholar as the Alcalde of Corcuvion.'"

There is in this work much of gipsy slang and low provincialism, that detract from the scenes to which they relate. They are great blemishes upon the face of the book. Many passages of dialogue, as related by Mr. Borrow, are mere gibberish to all but gipsies, robbers, and others of their order.

We turn from these to the part which relates more immediately to the object of his mission.

"At length the Gospel of St. Luke in the gipey language was in a state of readiness. I therefore deposited a certain number of copies in the despacho, and announced them for sale. The Basquer which was by this time also printed, was likewise advertised. For this last work there was little demand. Not so, however, for the gipsy Luke, of which I could have easily disposed of the whole edition in less than a fortnight. Long, however, before this period had expired, the clergy were up in arms. 'Sorcery!' said one bishop. 'There is more in this than we can dive into,' exclaimed a second. 'He will convert all Spain by means of the gipsy language,' cried a third. And then came the usual chorus on such occasions, of Que infamia! Que Picardia! At last, having consulted together, away they hurried to their tool, the corregidor, or, according to the modern term, the gefe politico of Madrid. I have forgotten the name of this worthy, of whom I had myself no personal knowledge whatever. Judging from his actions, however, and from common report, I should say that he was a stupid wrong-headed creature, savage withal-a melange of borrice, mule and wolf. Having an inveterate antipathy to all foreigners, he lent a willing ear to the complaint of my accusers, and forthwith gave orders to make a seizure of all the copies of the gipsy Gospel which could be found in the despacho. The consequence was, that a numerous body of alguazils directed their steps to the Calle del principe; some thirty copies of the book in question were pounced upon, and about the same number of Saint Luke in Basque. With this spoil these satellites returned in triumph to the gefatura politica, where they divided the copies of the gipsy volume amongst themselves, selling subsequently the greater number at a large price, the book being in the greatest demand, and thus becoming unintentionally agents of an heretical society. But every one must live by his trade, say these people, and they lose no opportunity of making their words good, by disposing to the best advantage of any booty which falls into their hands. As no person cared about the Basque Gospel, it was safely stowed away, with other unmarketable captures, in the warehouses of the office.

least as many as were exposed for sale in the despacho. The corregidor and his friends, however, were of opinion that many more might be obtained by means of a little management. Fellows, therefore, hangers-on of the police office, were daily despatched to the shop in all kinds of disguises, inquiring, with great seeming anxiety, for 'gipsy books,' and offering high prices for copies. They, however, returned to their employers empty-handed. My Gallegan was on his guard, informing all who made inquiries that books of no description would be sold at the establishment for the present; which was in truth the case, as I had given him particular orders to sell no more under any pretence whatever."

This matter ended by his being sent to prison, where he remains for three weeks, refusing to be set at liberty. A judge is sent to release him: "Come, come, Don Jorge," said this functionary; "I see what you are aiming at; but listen to reason: I will not now speak to you as a juez, but as a friend who wishes you well, and who entertains a profound reverence for the British nation. is a foolish affair altogether; I will not deny that the political chief acted somewhat hastily on the information of a person not perhaps altogether worthy of credit. No great damage, however, has been done to you, and to a man of the world like yourself, a little adventure of this kind is rather calculated to afford amusement than anything else. Now be advised, forget what has happened; you know that it is the part and duty of a Christian to forgive; so, Don Jorge, I advise you to leave this place forthwith. I dare say you are getting tired of You are this moment free to depart; repair at once to your lodgings, where, I promise you, that no one shall be permitted to interrupt you for the future. It is getting late, and the prison doors will speedily be closed for the night. Va mos, Don Jorge, a la casa, a la posada!

" Myself .- But Paul said unto them, they have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privily? Nay, verily: but let them come themselves and fetch us out."

Refusing to go until turned out, he thus describes his first Sunday in prison: "I-shall not soon forget my first Sunday in prison. Sunday is the gala day of the prison, at least that of Madrid, and whatnot a set of people in the world more vain than robbers vaporing about in the court below. robbers in general, more fond of cutting a figure whenever they have an opportunity, and of attract-

"The gipsy Gospels had now been seized, at | whilst Vaux and Hayward, heroes of a later day, were the best dressed men on the pavé of London. Many of the Italian bandits go splendidly decorated, and the very Gipsy robber has a feeling for the charme of dress; the cap alone of the Haram Pasha, or leader of the cannibal Gipsy band which infested Hungary towards the conclusion of the last century, was adorned with gold and jewels to the value of four thousand guilders. Observe, ye vain and frivolous, how vanity and crime harmonize. The Spanish robbers are as foud of this species of display as their brethren of other lands; and, whether in prison or out of it, are never so happy as when, decked out in a profusion of white linen, they can loll in the sun, or walk jauntily up and down.

"Snow-white linen, indeed, constitutes the principal feature in the robber fuppery of Spain. ther coat nor jacket is worn over the shirt, the sleeves of which are wide and flowing, only a waistcoat of green or blue silk with an abundance of silver buttons, which are intended more for show than use, as the vest is seldom buttoned. there are wide trowsers, something after the Turkish fashion; around the waist is a crimson faja or girdle, and about the head is tied a gaudily colored handkerchief from the loom of Barcelona; light pumps and silk stockings complete the robber's array. This dress is picturesque enough, and well adapted to the fine sunshiny weather of the Peninsula; there is a dash of effeminacy about it, however, hardly in keeping with the robber's desperate trade. It must not, however, be supposed that it is every robber who can indulge in all this luxury; there are various grades of thieves, some poor enough, with scarcely a rag to cover them. Perhaps, in the crowded prison of Madrid, there were not more than twenty who exhibited the dress which I have attempted to describe above; these were jente de reputacion, tip top thieves, mostly young fellows who, though they had no money of their own, were supported in prison by their majas and amigas, females of a certain class, who form friendships with robbers, and whose delight is to administer to the vanity of these fellows with the wages of their own shame and abasement. These females supplied their cortejos with the snowy linen, washed, perhaps, hy their own hands in the waters of the Manzanares, for the display of the Sunday, when they would themselves make ever robber finery is to be found within it, is sure their appearance dressed a la maja, and from the to be exhibited on that day of holiness. There is corridors would gaze with admiring eyes upon the

" Amongst those of the snowy linen who most particularly attracted my attention, were a father ing the eyes of their fellow creatures by the gal- and son; the former was a tall athletic figure of lantry, of their appearance. The famous Shep- about thirty, by profession a house-breaker, and pard of olden times delighted in sporting a suit of celebrated throughout Madrid for the peculiar dex-Genoese velvet, and when he appeared in public, terity which he exhibited in his calling. He was generally wore a silver hilted sword at his side; now in prison for a rather atrocious murder, committed in the dead of night, in a house at Caraman- | characters in Spain; ruffians, who had committed chel, is which his only accomplice was his son, a acts of cruelty and atrocity sufficient to make the child under seven years of age. 'The apple,' as flesh shudder. But gravity and sedateness are the the Danes say, 'had not fallen far from the tree; leading characteristics of the Spaniards, and the the imp was in every respect the counterpart of very robber, except in those moments when he is the father, though in miniature. He, too, wore the robber shirt sleeves, the robber waistcoat with the silver buttons, the robber kerchief round his brow, and, ridiculous enough, a long Manchegan knife in the crimson faja. He was evidently the pride of the ruffian father, who took all imaginable care of this chick of the gallows, would dandle him on his knee, and would occasionally take the cigar from his own moustached lips and insert it in the urchin's mouth. The boy was the pet of the court, for the father was one of the valientes of the prison, and those who feared his prowess, and wished to pay their court to him, were always fondling the child. What an enigma is this world of ours! How dark and mysterious are the sources of what is called crime and virtue! If that infant wretch become eventually a murderer like his father, is he to blame? Fondled by robbers, already dressed as a robber, born of a robber, whose own history was perhaps similar. Is it right?

"O, man, man, seek not to dive into the mystery of moral good and evil; confess thyself. a worm, cast thyself on the earth, and murmur with thy lips in the dust, Jesus, Jesus!

"What most surprised me, with respect to the prisoners, was their good behaviour; I call it good when all things are taken into consideration, and when I compare it with that of the general class of prisoners in foreign lands. They had their occasional burst of wild gayety, their occasional quarrels, which they were in the habit of settling in a corner of the interior court with their long knives; the result not unfrequently being death; or a dreadful gash in the face or the abdomen; but, upon the whole, their conduct was infinitely superior to what might have been expected from the inmates of such Yet this was not the result of coercion, a place. or any particular care which was exercised over them; for perhaps, in no part of the world are prisoners so left to themselves and so utterly neglected as in Spain; the authorities having no further anxiety about them, than to prevent their escape; not the slightest attention being paid to their moral conduct, and not a thought bestowed upon their health, comfort, or mental improvement, whilst within the walls. Yet in this prison of Madrid, and I may say in Spanish prisons in general, for I have been an inmate of more than one, the ears of the visiter are never shocked with horrid blasphemy and obscenity, as in those of some other countries, and more particularly in civilized France; nor are his eyes outraged and himself insulted, as he would assuredly be, were he to look down upon the courts à un pauvre diable comme moi. from the galleries of the Bicetre. And yet in this prison of Madrid were some of the most desperate soners in a foreign land, and being so we ought to

engaged in his occupation, and then no one is more sanguinary, pitiless, and wolfishly eager for booty, is a being who can be courteous and affable, and who takes pleasure in conducting himself with sobriety and decorum.

"Happily, perhaps, for me, that my acquaintance with the ruffians of Spain commenced and ended in the towns about which I wandered, and in the prisons into which I was cast for the Gospel's sake, and that, notwithstanding my long and frequent journeys, I never came in contact with them on the road or in the despoblado.

"The most ill-conditioned being in the prison was a Frenchman, though probably the most remarkable. He was of about sixty years of age, of the middle stature, but thin and meagre, like most of his countrymen; he had a villainously formed head, according to all the rules of craniology, and his features were full of evil expression. He wore no hat, and his clothes, though in appearance nearly new, were of the coarsest description. He generally kept aloof from the rest, and would stand for hours together leaning against the walls with his arms folded, glaring sullenly on what was passing before him. He was not one of the professed valientes, for his age prevented him assuming se distinguished a character, and yet all the rest appeared to hold him in a certain awe: perhaps they feared his tongue, which he occasionally exerted in pouring forth withering curses on those who incurred his displeasure. He spoke perfectly good Spanish, and to my great surprise excellent Basque, in which he was in the habit of conversing with Francisco, who, lolling from the window of my apartment, would exchange jests and witticisms with the prisoners in the court below, with whom he was a great favorite.

"One day when I was in the patio, to which I had free admission whenever I pleased, by permission of the alcayde, I went up to the Frenchman, who stood in his usual posture, leaning against the wall, and offered him a cigar. I do not smoke myself, but it will never do to mix among the lower classes of Spain unless you have a cigar to present occasionally. The man glared at me ferociously for a moment, and appeared to be on the point of refusing my offer with perhaps a hideous execuation. I repeated it, however, pressing my hand against my heart, whereupon suddenly the grim feature relaxed, and with a genuine French grimace, and a low bow, he accepted the cigar, exclaiming, 'Ah, Monsieur, pardon, mais c'est faire trop d'honneur

"'Not at all,' said I, 'we are both fellow pri-

countenance each other. I hope, that whenever I written, would have unfolded more of the wild and have need of your cooperation in this prison, you wonderful than fifty volumes of what are in general will afford it me.'

"'Ah, Monsieur,' exclaimed the Frenchman in rapture, 'vous avez bien raison; il faut que les étrangers se donnent la main dans ce . . . pays de barbares. Tenez,' he added in a whisper, 'if you have any plan for escaping, and require my assistance, I have an arm and a knife at your service, you may trust me, and that is more than you could any of these sacres gens ici.,' glancing fiercely round at his fellow prisoners.

"'You appear to be no friend to Spain and the Spaniards,' said I. 'I conclude that you have experienced injustice at their hands. For what have they immured you in this place!'

"'Pour rien du tout, c'est à dire pour une bagatelle; but what can you expect from such animals? For what are you imprisoned? Did I not hear say for gipsyism and sorcery?'

" 'Perhaps you are here for your opinions !'

"'Ah, mon Dieu, non: je ne suis pas homme d semblable betise. I have no opinions. Je faisois . . . : mais ce n'importe; je me trouve sci, où je créve de faim.'

"'I am sorry to see a brave man in such a distressed condition,' said I; 'have you nothing to subsist upon beyond the prison allowance! Have you no friends!'

"'Friends in this country, you mock me; here one has no friends, unless one buy them. I am bursting with hunger: since I have been here, I have sold the clothes off my back, that I might eat, for the prison allowance will not support nature, and of half of that we are robbed by the Batu, as they called the barbarian of a governor. Les haillons which now cover me were given by two or three devotees who sometimes visit here. I would sell them if they would fetch aught. I have not a sous, and for want of a few crowns I shall be garroted within a month unless I can escape, though, as I told you before, I have done nothing, a mere bagatelle; but the worst crimes in Spain are poverty and misery.'

"'I have heard you speak Basque; are you from French Biscay?'

"'I am from Bordeaux, Monsieur; but I have lived much on the Landes and in Biscay, travaillant à mon metier. I see by your look that you wish to know my history. I shall not tell it you. It contains nothing that is remarkable. See, I have smoked out your cigar; you may give me another, and add a dollar if you please, nous sommes crevés ici de faim. I would not say as much to a Spaniard, but I have a respect for your countrymen; I know much of them! I have met them at Maida and the other place."

"'Nothing remarkable in his history.' Why, or I greatly err, one chapter of his life, had it been

* Perhaps Waterloo.

wonderful than fifty volumes of what are in general called adventures and hair breadth escapes by land and sea. A soldier! what a tale could that man have told of marches and retreats, of battles lost and won, towns sacked, convents plundered; perhaps he had seen the flames of Moscow:ascending to the clouds, and had 'tried his strength with nature in the wintry desert,' pelted by the snowstorm, and bitten by the tremendous cold of Russia: and what could he mean by plying his trade in Biscay and the Landes, but that he had been a robber in those wild regions, of which the latter is more infamous for brigandage and crime than any other part of the French territory! Nothing remarkable in his history! then what history in the world contains aught that is remarkable?

"I gave him the cigar and dollar; he received them, and then once more folding his arms, leaned back against the wall and appeared to sink gradually into one of his reveries. I looked him in the face and spoke to him, but he did not seem either to hear or see me. His mind was perhaps wandering in that dreadful valley of the shadow, into which the children of earth, whilst living, occasionally find their way; that dreadful region where there is no water, where hope dwelleth not, where nothing lives but the undying worm. The valley is the fac-simile of hell; and he who has entered it, has experienced here on earth for a time what the spirits of the condemned are doomed to suffer through ages without end.

" He was executed about a month from this time. The bagatelle for which he was confined was robbery and murder by the following strange device. In concert with two others, he hired a large house in an unfrequented part of the town, to which place he would order tradesmen to convey valuable articles, which were to be paid for on delivery; those who attended paid for their credulity with the loss of their lives and property. Two or three had fallen into the snare. I wished much to have had some private conversation with this desperate man. and in consequence begged of the alcayde to allow him to dine with me in my own apartment; whereupon Monsieur Basompierre, for so I will take the liberty of calling the governor, his real name having escaped my memory, took off his hat, and, with his usual smile and bow, replied in purest Castilian, 'English Cavalier, and I hope I may add friend, pardon me, that it is quite out of my power to gratify your request, founded, I have no doubt, on the most admirable sentiments of philosophy. Any of the other gentlemen beneath my care shall, at any time you desire it, be permitted to wait upon you in your apartment. I will even go so far as to cause their irons, if irons they wear, to be knocked off in order that they may partake of your reflection with that comfort which is seemly and convenient: but to the gentleman in question I must object; he is the most evil disposed of the whole of this family, and would most assuredly breed a function either in your apartment or in the corridor, by an attempt to escape. Cavalier, me pesa, but I cannot accede to your request. But with respect to any other gentleman, I shall be most happy, even Balseiro, who, though strange things are told of him, still knows how to comport himself, and in whose behaviour there is something of formality and politeness, shall this day share your hospitality, if you desire it, Cavalier.'

"Of Balseiro, I have already had occasion to speak in the former part of this harrative. He was now confined in an upper story of the prison. in a strong room, with several other malefactors. He had been found guilty of aiding and assisting one Pepe Candelas, a thief of no inconsiderable renown, in a desperate robbery perpetrated in open daylight upon no less a personage than the queen's milliner, a Frenchwoman, whom they bound in her own shop, from which they took goods and money to the amount of five or six thousand dollars. Candelas bad already expiated his crime on the scaffold; but Balseiro, who was said to be by far the worst ruffian of the two, had by dint of money, an ally which his comrade did not possess, contrived to save his own life; the punishment of death, to which he was originally sentenced, having been commuted to twenty years hard labor in the presidio of Malaga. I visited this worthy, and conversed with him for some time through the wicket of the dungeon. He recognized me, and reminded me of the victory which I had once obtained over him, in the trial of our respective skill in the crabbed Gitano at which Sevilla the bull fighter was umpire.

"Upon my telling him that I was sorry to see him in such a situation, he replied, that it was an affair of no matter of consequence, as within six weeks he should be conducted to the presidio, from which, with the assistance of a few ounces distributed amongst the guards, he could at any time escape. 'But whither would you flee!' I demanded. 'Can I not flee to the land of the Moors?' replied Balseiro, 'or to the English in the camp of Gibraltar; or, if I prefer it, cannot I return to this foro (city,) and live as I have hitherto done, choring the gachos (robbing the natives;) what is to hinder me? Madrid is large, and Balseiro has plenty of friends, especially among the lumias,' (women) he added with a smile. I spoke to him of his ill-fated accomplice, Candelas, whereupon his face assumed a horrible expression. 'I hope he is in torment,' exclaimed the robber. The friendship of the unrighteous is never of long duration; the two worthies had, it seems, quarrelled in prison; Candelas having accused the other of bad faith and an undue appropriation to his own use of the corpus delicti in various robberies which they had committed in company.

"I cannot refrain from relating the subsequent history of this Balseiro. Shortly after my own liberation, too impatient to wait until the presidio should afford him a chance of regaining his liberty, he, in company with some other convicts, broke through the roof of the prison and escaped. He instantly resumed his former habits, committing several daring robberies both within and without the walls of Madrid. I now come to his last, I may call it his master crime; a singular piece of atrocious villainy. Dissatisfied with the proceeds of street robbery and housebreaking, he determized upon a bold stroke, by which he hoped to acquire money sufficient to support him in some foreign land in luxury and splendor.

"There was a certain comptroller of the queen's household, by name Gabiria, a Basque by birth, and a man of immense possessions; this individual had two sons, handsome boys, between twelve and fourteen years of age, whom I had frequently seen. and indeed conversed with, in my walks on the bank of the Manzanares, which was their favorite promenade. These children, at the time of which I am speaking, were receiving their education at a certain seminary in Madrid. Balseiro, being well acquainted with the father's affection for his children, determined to make it subservient to his own rapacity. He formed a plan, which was neither more nor less than to steal the children, and not to restore them to their parent until he had received an enormous ransom. This plan was partly carried into execution; two associates of Balseiro, well dressed, drove up to the door of the seminary, where the children were, and, by means of a forged letter, purporting to be written by the father, induced the schoolmaster to permit the boys to accompany them for a country jaunt, as they pretended. About five leagues from Madrid, Balseiro had a cave in a wild unfrequented spot, between the Escurial and a village called Torre Lodones; to this cave the children were conducted, where they remained in durance under the custody of the two accomplices; Balaciro in the mean time remaining in Madrid for the purpose of conducting negotiations with the father. The father, however, was a man of considerable energy, and instead of acceding to the terms of the ruffian, communicated in a letter, instantly took the most vigorous measures for the recovery of his children. Horse and foot were sent out to soour the country, and in less than a week the children were found near the cave, having been abandoned by their keepers. who had taken fright on hearing of the decided measures which had been resorted to; they were, however, speedily arrested and identified by the boys as their ravishers. Balseiro perceiving that Madrid was becoming too hot to hold him, attempted to escape, but whether to the camp of Gibraltar or to the land of the Moor I know not; he was recognized, however, at a village in the neighborhood of Madrid, and being apprehended, was forth- inio, who disregarding the heat like myself, and with conducted to the capital, where he shortly after terminated his existence on the scaffold, with his two associates; Gabiria and his children being present at the ghastly scene, which they surveyed from a chariot at their case.

"Such was the end of Balseiro, of whom I should certainly not have said so much, but for the affair of the crabbed Gitáno. Poor wretch! he acquired that species of immortality which is the object of the aspirations of many a Spanish thief, whilst vaporing about in the patio, dressed in the snowy linen; the rape of the children of Gabiria made him at once the pet of the fraternity. A celebrated robber with whom I was subsequently imprisoned at Seville, spoke his eulogy in the following manner:

"'Balseiro was a very good subject, and an honest man. He was the head of our family, Don Jorge; nunca se ha visto su igaul, pity that he did not sack the parné (money,) and escape to the camp of the Moor, Don Jorge.' ".

Having now commenced a system of prosecution against our zealous missionary, his labors began to prosper in a wonderful manner.

"The moon had arisen when we mounted our herses to return to the village, and the rays of the beauteous luminary danced merrily on the rushing waters of the Tagus, silvered the plain over which we were passing, and bathed in a flood of hrightness the bold sides of the calcareous hill of Villaluenga and the antique ruins which 'crowned its brow. 'Why is that place called the Castle of Villaluenga?' I demanded.

"' From a village of that name, which stands on the other side of the hill; Don Jorge,' replied the herrador. 'Vaya! it is a strange place, that castle: some say it was built by the Moors in the olden times, and some by the Christians when they first laid siege to Toledo. It is not inhabited now, save by rabbits, which breed there in abundance among the long grass and broken stones, and by eagles and vultures, which build on the tops of the towers; I occasonally go there with my gun to shoot a rabbit. On a fine day, you may descry both Toledo and Madrid from it walls. I cannot say I like the place, it is so dreary and melancholy. The hill on which it stands is all of chalk, and is very difficult of ascent. I heard my grandame say that once, when she was a girl, a cloud of smoke burst from that hill, and that flames of fire were seen, just as if it contained a volcano, as perhaps it does, Don Jorge.'

"The grand work of Scripture circulation soon commenced in the Sagra. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, I rode about in all directions. It was well that heat agrees with my constitution, otherwise it would have been impossible to effect per coin of the value of a farthing, but unfortunately anything in this season, when the very arrieros I had no Testaments to give them. Antonio, howfrequently fall dead from their mules, smitten by a ever, who was at a short distance, having exhibited

afraid of nothing, visited several villages with remarkable success. 'Mon mattre,' said he, 'I wish to show you that nothing is beyond my capacity.' But he who put the labors of us both to shame, was my host, Juan Lopez, whom it had pleased the Lord to render favorable to the cause. Jorge,' said he, 'io quiero engancharme con usted (I wish to enlist with you;) I am a liberal, and a foe to superstition; I will take the field, and, if necessary, will follow you to the end of the world: Viva Ingalaterra; viva el Evangélio.' Thus saying, he put a large bundle of Testaments into a satchel, and springing upon the crupper of his gray donkey, he cried, 'Arrhe Burra,' and hastened away. I sat down to my journal.

" Ere I had finished writing, I heard the voice of the burra in the court-yard, and going out, I found my host returned. He had disposed of his whole cargo of twenty Testaments at the village of Vargas, distant from Villa Seca about a league. Eight poor harvest men, who were refreshing themselves at the door of a wine-house, purchased each a copy, whilst the village schoolmaster secured the rest for the little ones beneath his care, lamenting, at the same time, the great difficulty he had long experienced in obtaining religious books, owing to their scarcity and extravagant price. Many other persons were also anxious to purchase Testaments, but Lopez was unable to supply them; at his departure, they requested him to return within a few davs.

"I was aware that I was playing rather a daring game, and that it was very possible that when I least expected it, I might be seized, tied to the tail of a mule, and dragged either to the prison of Toledo or Madrid. Yet such a prospect did not discourage me in the least, but rather urged me to persevere; for at this time, without the slightest wish to magnify myself, I could say that I was eager to lay down my life for the cause, and whether a bandit's bullet or the gaol fever brought my career to a close, was a matter of indifference to me; I was not then a stricken man: 'Ride on because of the word of righteousness,! was my cry.

"The news of the arrival of the book of life soon spread like wild fire through the villages of the Sagra of Toledo, and wherever my people and myself directed our course, we found the inhabitants disposed to receive our merchandise; it was even called for where not exhibited. One night as I was bathing myself and horse in the Tagus, a knot of people gathered on the bank, crying, 'Come out of the water, Englishman, and give us books; we have got our money in our hands.' The poor creatures then held out their hands, filled with coartos, a copsun-stroke. I had an excellent assistant is Anto- one, it was instantly torn from his hands by the

people, and a scuffle ensued to obtain possession of | shadows his sun-burnt countenance, the words of it. It very frequently occurred, that the poor laborers in the neighborhood, being eager to obtain Testaments, and having ne money to offer us in exchange, brought various articles to our habitation as equivalents; for example, rabbits, fruit and barley, and I made a point never to disappoint them, as such articles were of utility either for our own consumption or that of the horses.

"In Villa Seca there was a school, in which fifty-seven children were taught the first rudiments of education. One morning the schoolmaster, a tall slim figure of about sixty, bearing on his head one of the peaked hats of Andalusia, and wrapped, notwithstanding the excessive heat of the weather, in a long cloak, made his appearance, and having seated himself, requested to be shown one of our books. Having delivered it to him, he remained examining it for nearly half an hour, without uttering a word. At last he laid it down with a sigh, and said that he should be very happy to purchase some of these books for his school, but from their appearance, especially from the quality of the paper and binding, he was apprehensive that to pay for them would exceed the means of the parents of his pupils, as they were almost destitute of money, being poor laborers. He then commenced blaming the government, which he said established schools without affording the necessary books, adding that in his school there were but two books for the use of all his pupils, and these he confessed contained but little good. I asked him what he considered the Testaments worth? He said, 'Señor Cavalier, to speak frankly, I have in other times paid twelve reals for books inferior to yours in every respect, but I assure you that my poor pupils would be utterly unable to pay the half of that sum.' replied, 'I will sell you as many as you please for three reals each. I am acquainted with the poverty of the land, and my friends and myself, in affording the people the means of spiritual instruction, have no wish to curtail their scanty bread.' He replied: 'Bendito sea Dios,' (blessed be God) and could scarcely believe his ears. He instantly purchased a dozen, expending, as he said, all the money he possessed, with the exception of a few cuartos. The introduction of the word of God into the country schools of Spain is therefore begun; and I humbly hope that it will prove one of those events which the Bible Society, after the lapse of years, will have most reason to remember with joy and tures, I will now relate an anecdote not altogether gratitude to the Almighty.

"An old peasant is reading in the portico. Eighty-four years have passed over his head, and he is almost entirely deaf; nevertheless, he is reading aloud the second of Matthew: three days since he bespoke a Testament, but not being able to raise the money, he has not redeemed it until the present moment. He has just brought thirty far- at the price at which I was disposing of them to things; as I survey the silvery hair which over- the peasantry; saying, if I would consent he would

the song occurred to me, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servaut depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

"I experienced much grave kindness and simple hospitality from the good people of Villa Seca during my sojourn amongst them. I had at this time so won their hearts by the 'formality' of my behavior and language, that I firmly believe they would have resisted to the knife any attempt which might have been made to arrest or maltreat me. He who wishes to become acquainted with the genuine Spaniard, must seek him not in sea-ports and large towns, but in lone and remote villages like those of the Sagra. There he will find all that gravity of deportment and chivalry of disposition which Cervantes is said to have sneered away: and there he will hear in every day conversation, those grandiose expressions, which, when met with in the romances of chivalry, are scoffed at as ridiculous exaggerations.

"I had one enemy in the village—it was the

"'The fellow is a heretic and a scoundrel,' said he one day in the conclave. 'He never enters the church, and is poisoning the minds of the people with his Lutheran books. Let him be bound and sent to Toledo, or turned out of the village at least.'

"'I will have nothing of the kind," said the alcalde, who was said to be a Carlist. 'If he has his opinions, I have mine too. He has conducted himself with politeness. Why should I interfere with him? He has been courteous to my daughter, and has presented her with a volume. Que viva! and with respect to his being a Lutheran, I have heard say that among the Lutherans there are sons of as good fathers as here. He appears to me a caballero. He speaks-well.'

" 'There is no denying it,' said the surgeon.

"'Who speaks so well!' shouted the herrador. 'And who has more formality! Vaya! did he not praise my horse, 'The flower of Spain!' Did he not say, that in the whole of Ingalaterra there was not a better? Did he not assure me, moreover, that if he were to remain in Spain, he would purchase it, giving me my own price? Turn him out, indeed! Is he not of my own blood! is he not faircomplexioned! Who shall turn him out when I, 'the one-eyed,' say no.

"In connection with the circulation of the Scripdivested of singularity. I have already spoken of the water-mill by the bridge of Azeca. I had formed an acquaintance with the tenant of this mill. who was known in the neighborhood by the name of Don Antero. One day, taking me into a retired place, he asked me, to my great astonishment, whether I would sell him a thousand Testaments

pay me immediately. his pocket, and pulled it out filled with gold ounces. I asked him what was his reason for wishing to make so considerable a purchase. Whereupon he informed me, that he had a relation in Toledo whom he wished to establish, and that he was of opinion that his best plan would be to hire him a shop there and furnish it with Testaments. I told him that he must think of nothing of the kind, as probably the books would be seized on the first attempt to introduce them into Toledo, as the priests and canons were much averse to their distribution.

"He was not disconcerted, however, and said his relation could travel, as I myself was doing, and dispose of them to the peasants with profit to himself. I confess I was inclined at first to accept his offer, but at length declined it, as I did not wish to expose a poor man to the risk of losing money, goods, and perhaps liberty and life. I was likewise averse to the books being offered to the peasantry at an advanced price, being aware that they could not afford it, and the books, by such an attempt, would lose a considerable part of that influence which they then enjoyed; for their cheapness struck the minds of the people, and they considered Jews the manna which dropped from heaven at the time they were famishing, or the spring which suddenly gushed from the flinty rock to assuage their thirst in the wilderness.

"At this time a peasant was continually passing and repassing between Villa Seca and Madrid, bringing us cargoes of Testaments on a burrico. We continued our labors until the greater part of the villages of the Sagra were well supplied with books, more especially those of Vargas, Coveja, Mocejon, Villaluenga, Villa Seca, and Yungler. Hearing at last that our proceedings were known at Toledo, and were causing considerable alarm, we returned to Madrid."

In 1838, the missionary returns again from England to the scene of his labors. The first place at which he commenced operations, was at Cobenna, a small village near Madrid. "I was dressed," says he, " in the fashion of the peasants in the neighborhood of Segovia, in Old Castile; namely, I had on my head a species of leather helmet or montera, with a jacket and trowsers of the same material. I had the appearance of a person between sixty and seventy years of age, and drove before me a borrico with a sack of Testaments lying across its back. On nearing the village, I met a genteel looking young woman leading a little boy by the hand; as I was about to pass her with the customary salutation of vaya usted con Dios, she stopped, and after looking at me for a moment, she said: 'Uncle (Tio,) what is that you have got on your borrico? Is it soap?'

In fact, he put his hand into her that I carried cheap and godly books for sale. On her requesting to see one, I produced a copy from my pocket, and handed it to her. She instantly commenced reading with a loud voice, and continued so for at least ten minutes, occasionally exclaiming: 'Que lectura tan bonita, que lectura tan linda! What beautiful, what charming reading!' At last, on my informing her that I was in a hurry and could not wait any longer, she said, 'true, true,' and asked me the price of the book: I told her 'but three reals;' whereupon she said, that though what I asked was very little, it was more than she could afford to give, as there was little or no money in those parts. I said I was sorry for it, but that I could not dispose of the books for less than I had demanded, and accordingly, resuming it, wished her farewell, and left her. I had not, however, proceeded thirty yards, when the boy came running behind me, shouting, out of breath; 'stop, uncle, the book! the book!' Upon overtaking me, he delivered the three reals in copper, and seizing the Testament, ran back to her, who I suppose was his sister, flourishing the book over his head with great glee.

"On arriving at the village, I directed my steps it almost as much in the light of a miracle as the to a house, around the door of which I saw several people gathered, chiefly women. On my displaying my books, their curiosity was instantly aroused, and every person had speedily one in his hand, many reading aloud; however, after waiting nearly an hour, I had disposed of but one copy, all complaining bitterly of the distress of the times, and the almost total want of money, though, at the same time, they acknowledged that the books were wonderfully cheap, and appeared to be very good and Christian-like. I was about to gather up my merchandise and depart, when on a sudden the curate of the place made his appearance. After having examined the books for some time with considerable attention, he asked me the price of a copy, and upon my informing him that it was three reals, he replied that the binding was worth more, and that he was much afraid that I had stolen the books, and that it was perhaps his duty to send me to prison as a suspicious character; but added, that the books were good books, however they might be obtained, and concluded by purchasing two copies. The poor people no sooner heard their curate recommend the volumes, than all were eager to secure one, and hurried here and there for the purpose of procuring money, so that between twenty and thirty copies were sold almost in an instant. This adventure not only affords an instance of the power still possessed by the Spanish clergy over the minds of the people, but proves that such influence is not always exerted in a manner favorable to the maintenance of ignorance and superstition.

"In another village, on my showing a Testament "'Yes,'I replied; 'it is soap to wash souls clean.' to a woman, she said that she had a child at school "She demanded what I meant; whereupon I told for whom she should like to purchase one, but that

she must know first whether the book was calculated to be of service to him. She then went away, and presently returned with the schoolmaster, followed by all the children under his care; she then, showing the schoolmaster a book, inquired if it would answer for her son. The schoolmaster called her a simpleton for asking such a question, and said that he knew the book well, and there was not its equal in the world (no hay otro en el mundo.) He instantly purchased five copies for his pupils, regretting that he had no more money, 'for if I had,' said he, 'I would buy the whole cargo.' Upon hearing this, the woman purchased four copies, namely, one for her living son, another for her deceased husband, a third for herself, and a fourth for her brother, whom she said she was expecting home that night from Madrid.

"In this manner we proceeded, not, however, with uniform success. In some villages the people were so poor and needy that they literally had no money; even in these, however, we managed to dispose of a few copies in exchange for barley or refreshments. On entering one very small hamlet, Victoriano was stopped by the curate, who, on learning what he carried, told him that unless he instantly departed, he would cause him to be imprisoned, and would write to Madrid in order to give information of what was going on. The excursion lasted about eight days. Immediately after my return, I despatched Victoriano to Caramanchel, a village at a short distance from Madrid, the only one towards the west which had not been visited last year. He stayed there about an hour, and disposed of twelve copies, and then returned, as he was exceedingly timid, and was afraid of being met by the thieves who swarm on that road in the evening."

SOLITARY CONTEMPLATIONS. EVENING.

How sweet to stand ere the soft twilight closes,
Upon some rock that beetles o'er a stream:
Which oft meandering, in the distance loses,
Amid the sedge, its faintly silver gleam.

Here with yon slope, all forest-crowned before us, And meadows coursing to the flickering West, First from the groves list we the plaintive chorus, Led by the Whippoorwill's repining breast.

Here, the last fragrance from their petals breathing, Close with the night the incense-teeming flowers, Yet upward with their dying odor wreathing, Bear the last sigh of the departing hours.

Now, not as when the noon-tide glare was streaming, Husbed are the myriad voices of the Day, The glow-worm is a-light, the stars out-beaming, And hist! the cricket's merry roundelay.

Each star that struggles from that deep blue ether,
Wakes into life some tiny friend below,
Each little viol mid the tangled heather,
Breathes to its starry love a nightly vow.

The glorious chariot of the sun descending,
Hath left its traces in the tinted sky,
In myriad forms the gorgeous colors blending,
Still as they change grow dim, and fade, and die.

First of the train, from out the western heaven, Starts the bright Hesper, welcoming the night, Her watching sisters, handmaids of the Even, From their far chambers tremble into sight.

The low sweet voices of the night uprising,
In chastened symphony salute the ear,
The shadows clothe the hills, the vales despising,
The moon's full tide is poured, and night is here.
Baltimors, 1843.

J.'S. S.

MY SCHOOLMASTER;

OR, BLACKSTONE MADE EASY.

Ten years of my life had rolled away, when, one beautiful morning, in the month of September, I was informed by my aunt that she intended to send me that day to the only schoolmaster in the neighborhood, who lived about four miles from our residence, and that I must at once prepare myself to go.

Of the gentleman who kept the school, I knew nothing, except that from one or two of my acquaintances I had heard of his rigor in exacting discipline, and had once, at the village church, met with an opportunity of seeing his person. Before, however, I was many months older, I had acquired that intimate acquaintance with all his wave and actions. both past and present, which a pupil only attains of his pedagogue, and this much about him I am ready to verify. He had been a lawyer in his youth, that is, like hundreds of young men of that and the present day, he had studied law with the intention of following the practice; but on becoming more fully acquainted with it, and finding that in this science appalling difficulties must be surmounted to obtain success, he prudently resolved to abandon it, for the more romantic but calumniated occupation of school keeping. I say calumniated, because this profession is abused and considered somewhat degrading, when a second thought would convince any one of its nobleness and elevation. I do not mean to go into an eulogy upon schoolmasters, but merely to lament en passant, that their true value is so little considered and their influence over the rising generation so little appreciated. It will be my purpose now to mention one of the peculiarities which characterized his system of instruction, and exercised a great influence over

My old schoolmaster, as I have said, had been a lawyer, and the study of that science had produced upon his mind the singular conviction, that law should apply to all bodies or societies on a small scale, as well as to nations; and the science of law, such as detailed by the learned Blackstone, he had discovered to be particularly applicable to his oldfield school. At this period of my life, I con- to my proficiency in the studies which are usually sidered study to be decidedly a humbug-a species taught, and on which I had bestowed some little of durance vile which my parents had undergone before me, (at least they said so,) and which, by a continuance of the same custom, was now to be endured by me. I need, therefore, scarcely say that the thermometer of my natural love and affection towards the human species fell considerably, when the scale came to be applied to that portion of the race denominated schoolmasters. But, as I had never been to a schoolmaster, though I had graduated under a schoolmistress, and having frequently heard my playmates relate, with a shudder, some of his horrible flagellations and incarcerations, I naturally viewed this potent personage with a religious awe-a holy horror-which was much increased by the imperturbable gravity of his appearance. It is no wonder, therefore, that I felt a little nervous at the arrival of the momentous day on which I was to be inducted into this temple of Minerva; a temple which, as I afterwards found, had ample claims to be dedicated to many other of the gods and goddesses.

A mysterious note, sealed and given me by my aunt, was the only passport that accompanied me down the long lane to the schoolhouse, which appeared to me to be indeed the broad road leading mediately followed by these practical applications to destruction. I knocked timidly at the door-it was opened, and I went in. But, alas! as soon as I entered, I was horror-struck-my direst anticipations were in a moment realized, and I beheld a boy much older than myself writhing in the arms of the schoolmaster, and undergoing the severest penalties of the law; or, as the boys called it, "satisfying the execution." The boys, taking advantage of the din, were giggling and laughing; throwing playthings across the room in exchange for an apple; leaping over and tripping up one another, and luxuriating in all imaginable excesses. As for me, my head became dizzy—my vision failed, and I attempted to rush into the open air, and be free once more; but the heavy door had swung to, and the elevated latch baffled all my feeble efforts to upraise it. Yes-I was a prisoner. Just at this moment, the stunning noise ceased. Its encouraging effect upon me was electrical. looked round and beheld every one in his seat perfectly still. The storm had ceased—the roaring stream had again lapsed into the murmuring brook, and nothing was heard, save a monotonous and continual hum that fell upon my ear like the distant moan of the spinning-wheel. I was startled from the stupor in which I had been thrown, by the voice of the schoolmaster, who had just perceived me, and was summoning me to place myself within a convenient distance of his august personage; or, in his language, to be initiated at the bar of the court. I walked up without hesita-

attention. I accordingly caused the pictorial illustrations of Europe, Asia and Africa to pass in iustant review before my mind, not forgetting Lindley Murray's definition of grammar, and acanning particularly the most complex pertions of the multiplication table. Judge of my surprise and disgust, when, instead of hearing a question pertinent to some of these, I was asked, in a stentorian voice-" What is law!" Now, although like every body else in the world, I had heard something about the law and its vast powers, still I had serious misgivinga as to my individual capacity to give a correct definition of the aforesaid science. could see that the boys near me, compassionating my situation, were trying to tell me, and the whispered word-"rulafaction"-fell distinctly on my ear; but, as I was profoundly ignorant of the meaning of any such word, I deemed it prudent to disregard it, and was fain to tell him I did not know. "Well, sir," was the immediate reply, "the law is a rule of action prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong." This was delivered with the volubility of frequent repetition, and was im-"Well, sir, I am the supreme power; this school is the state, and this rule of action," exhibiting a stout, flexible ferule, "is!"-"the law," answered I with confidence. "Yes sir, right, very right; this is the law, and this is the way it acts"-whacking it down emphatically upon the bench. All this was performed with a seriousness and gravity that would have put a judge to the blush, and was immediately followed in the same strain by an interrogatory, the answer of which I fondly flattered myself admitted of no doubt or cavil-" What is the greatest book that ever was written?" I answered with promptness, but with a reverence my aunt had impressed upon me-" the Bible." This staggered him, for he could neither deny nor gainsay it, but he plainly desired an answer like that to his first question-expressive of total ignorance. He was, therefore, compelled to modify his question, and asked me with more harshness of manner, "What is the next greatest book in the world?" This threw me again upon my haunches; but of all the books I had ever read, the claims of Parley's Tales of Africa, and Mother Goose's Melodies shone preëminently above all the rest. While, therefore, I was cautiously weighing these two, and the Lion Hunt of Parley and Peter Piper of the melodies were striving to work the ascendancy, I was startled by a direction, the purport of which was, that if I did not know I had better say so. I accordingly banished all thoughts of these delightful books and again plead total ignotion, knowing that my aunt had made all arrange- rance. An answer, as before, was of course exments with him, and expecting a few inquiries as pected; but it was too important to be trusted to

the greatest book was. A large stone was there- after which the master or the chancellor, as he had fore produced, and I was asked what it was, and now become, decided the case according to the what was its color. I answered readily. "Yes, sir," said he, "stone-black, or black-stone; recollect that Blackstone is the greatest book that ever was written." "Now, sir," added he, "you know what law is; take care that you do not incur any of its penalties, for the law is no respecter of persons, and every wrong hath its appropriate remedy."

Being thus edified and indectrinated into the definition of law, a science with which I certainly had not expected to have any connexion, before entering the schoolhouse, I was led to my seat, and, after handing me a book, and pointing out a lesson, the schoolmaster left me to take up some ether business. On taking my seat, and reflecting on what had passed, I began to think my schoolmaster the strangest being in existence. I, however, said nothing about his mode of treatment or examination; concluding that was the proper and customary way of managing matters, and charitably imputing my want of apprehension to my own inexperience. I had hardly begun to apply myself steadily to my book, before I had an opportunity of witnessing a practical operation of some of this scholastic law. It appeared, that one of the boys had taken and appropriated to his own use the grammar of another, for which, or rather for justice, he now applied to the schoolmaster. "Yes," he replied, after the boy had stated the case, "an action of trover and conversion will lie-here is the capias ad respondendum, a writ which lies to compel an appearance at the beginning of a suit-serve it on him to appear to-morrow at the called court-justitia fiat, ruat calum." The boy seemed to understand the process perfectly, handed the slip of paper, which was the writ, to the offender, and returned to his seat. The case was docketed, and thus ended the matter for the present. But to me it was all a mystery, and I ventured to ask the one next to me the meaning of this seemingly farcical operation. My companion gave me a look, expressive at once of surprise and contempt for my ignorance, but went on to inform me that Humphrey Brown had brought an action of trover and conversion against Robert Hitesby, (for having found and converted to his own use,) and that one or the other would certainly receive a whipping to-morrow. I found out afterwards that the mode of conducting it was this: a writ was issued, summoning the offender or defendant to appear at the next court, and answer the charge. If he failed to come, judgment at once went against him by default, and he was inevitably flogged, unless some excellent reason was given for his absence. If he did come, the declaration was generally made out fictione legis, in imagination, and the cause brought for trial, when the de- code of crimes with their respective punishments feadant pleaded anything he chose; but, in most annexed, varying in degree according to the hein-

words only, without more tangible evidence of what | cases, the general issue or a denial of the charge, evidence—that is, in the manner that best suited his inclination. If it went against the defendant, he was to make satisfaction, and receive a certain number of stripes; if against the plaintiff, the law (being the said ferule) inflicted costs, which was five stripes in all cases.

All these things excited my curiosity to the utmost, and eagerly did I await the approaching day to witness the called court and its operations. I found that this singular phenomenon a schoolmaster had introduced into his school, was what I afterwards discovered to be the regular practice of the courts; having divided the causes into criminal and civil-and instituted two courts-the common law and the chancery or equity, of which he was respectively both judge and chancellor. He contrived, however, to bring most of the cases under chancery jurisdiction, whether in violation of actual custom or not, because in that court he was saved the trouble of a jury, and it would have been too great a violation of all precedent to have proceeded at common law without the intervention of a jory. Besides, in chancery, he delivered his decrees without any reserve; for he liked a summary process, and after the decree was pronounced, would issue execution, and serve and execute it himself, which invariably ended in his chastising somebody. He, therefore, combined in his own person the chancellor, judge, jury, sheriff, and executioner, and "satisfying the execution" seemed always to give him the greatest pleasure; a process, for which we all, jointly and severally, entertained the most thorough and unmitigated disgust.

This eingular man was remarkably tall, being nearly seven feet in height,-he always wore a suit of rusty black,-possessed an eye as celd and piercing as a rattlesnake's-and his arms, which were of surpassing length, played about horizontally in their sockets, like the feelers of a polypus. He was never known to smile, and his features possessed a fixedness and rigidity which was the same under all situations and circumstances. The imaginary circle, described by the end of his middle finger during a revolution of his arm, he denominated the bar of the common law court, and any person standing within that line was said to be at the bar of the court. In one corner of the room, a space about four feet square, was partitioned off by a number of bars, forming a lattice work, which he used to tell each new scholar was the place for holding his court of chancery—so called, he would add, from cancelli-bars, placed crosswise to keep off the crowd, and not as Lord Coke saith from cancellarius—the lord chancellor. wall, in a conspicuous part of the room, hung a Nor conquering chiefs disdainfully revile Felons less deeply stained with human gore.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
Nor aught that vanity or vice e'er gave,
Can gleam of comfort shed on death's dark hour:
No ray of glory penetrates the grave,

Nor you, ye proud, their abject fate despise, If memory o'er their bones no trophy raise,— White pyramids o'er mightier villains rise, And lying epitaphs record their praise.

Can fulsome eulogy, tho' carved on stone, Give infamy a place on Honor's roll? Can wealth, or rank, for sinful deeds atone? Or screen from punishment, the forfeit soul?

Perhaps on yonder tottering bench was laid Some heart once pregnant with demoniac ire; Hands, that the pirate banner might have sway'd, Or slumbering cities wrapt in midnight fire.

But passion's fitful gust their barque did veer,
Fraught with the spoils of crime, from wisdom's chart,
Stern destiny cut short their mad career,
And stilled the restless throbbings of their heart.

Full many a grub, his embryo wing bemoiled By his own muck, in frosty fetters lies; Full many a serpent, quick for vengeance coiled, Turns on himself his poisoned fang and dies.

Some village Burr with rage of conquest blind; Who on to plunder led his lawless mob: Some uagorged Robespierre may here have pined; Some Hastings nabbed in pilfering a fob.

Bright corps of glistening bayonets to command;
The groans of mangled armies to despise;
To scatter ruin o'er a smiling land;
And read their triumphs in a nation's eyes;

Their lot forbade: but circumscribed alone
Their growing crimes, for virtues they had none,
Doomed those to gibbets who had gained a throne
By slaughtering thousands where they murdered one;

Doomed them the pains of poverty to bear;
To stifle pity and encounter shame;
While conscience gnawed the heart, gay smiles to wear,
And carry to their death's a tainted name.

Far from the raging battle's nobler strife,
Their vulgar wishes never learned to stray;
Amid the tamer scenes of civil life,
They kept the reckless tenor of their way.

Brutal their deeds, as brutal was their doom; Swung high like larcinous curs 'twixt earth and sky: Rank on their shallow graves the thistles bloom, Nor do their bleaching bones awake a sigh.

Their names; their crimes; the tying of the noose;
Their dire contortions; how they gasp'd for breath;
In youthful hearts a wholesome dread infuse,
Warning to shun the malefactor's death.

For, who in brute forgetfulness so sunk,
Thinks of the felon's suffocating pains;
Of buzzards feasting on his ghastly trunk;
Nor feels the blood quick curdling in his veins?

With vain regrets the h-ll-doomed bosom heaves; Without a ray of hope the wretch expires: And torments feels, ere yet this world he leaves, Foretaste of h-ll's anticipated fires. For thee who soon must join the unbonor'd dead, In the dark grave thy final doom to wait; If here, by philanthropic spirit led, Some future Howard should inquire thy fate;

Haply thy weather-beaten guard may say;
"Oft at his grating have we seen his form,
"His red eye flashing back the lightning's ray,
"And bosom bared in mockery of the storm.

"There morn and noon, high raised on crazy bench,
"Whose want of legs fantastic props supply,

"His fettered hands in fury would be clench,

"And scowl upon the sentry passing by.

"Now talking loud, now grinning as in jest,
"Or muttering horrid curses, would be stand;

"Now drooping and, as by remorse opprest;
"Now wan, aghast, as the' by fear unmanned.

"One eve we missed his dark and withering scowl;
"No curse was muttered from his impious throat;

"Nor echoed he the watch-dog's midnight howl,
"Nor mocked at morn the cock's enlivening note,

"Slew rese the day to view the dismal wretch,—
"A suicide congealing is his gore;

"Enter and read, if thou canst read, the sketch, "Chalked by his hand behind his prison door."

SERTCH.

Here once a restless murderer laid his head,—
A wretch to guilt and infamy well known;
Fair virtue on his heart no beam e'er shed,
And Satan early marked him for his own.

Foul were his passions, and his soul severe; Heaven did a penalty as direful send: He who to other's sorrows gave no tear, Found in his dying hour no pitying friend.

No farther seek his evil deeds to know,

Nor trace his sufferings to their dread abode;

There must he dwell in never ending woe,

By man unpitied, unforgiven of God.

C.

HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY.

NO. VI.

"SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF NELSON."

This is one of the most popular specimens of Naval Biography that the language affords. There is more in the character of Lord Collingwood to love and to admire; more of those beautiful, moral traits, which shine with so pure and so happy a light from those in high stations. Nelson's moral character will not bear close inspection. He is the bold, dashing warrior and thorough-bred seaman, whose chief delights were summed up in the sailor's toast of "Women, war, and wine." "When you doubt, fight," was Nelson's rule; and this maxim led him into the battle of Copenhagen, one of the most grand and imposing naval engagements afforded in the annals of Great Britain. This action was fought by Nelson, contrary to orders. Had he not won it, he would, no doubt, have been hung. He knew this, and it weighed upon him until the affair was decided; in the hottest of the capitals of Europe; visible, with its stately spires, fight, and when the result was somewhat uncertain, he was heard to say-" Well, I have fought contrary to orders and shall perhaps be hanged:" a pleasing reflection certainly for a hero!

"Great actions," says Southey in his thrilling account of this engagement, "whether military or naval, have generally given celebrity to the scenes from whence they are denominated; and thus petty villages, and capes, and bays, known only to the coasting trader, become associated with mighty deeds, and their names are made conspicuous in the history of the world. Here, however, the scene was every way worthy of the drama. The political importance of the Sound is such, that grand objects are not needed there to impress the imagination; yet is the channel full of grand and interesting objects, both of art and nature. This passage, which Denmark had so long considered as the key of the Baltic, is, in its narrowest part, about three miles wide; and here the city of Elsinore is situated; except Copenhagen, the most flourishing of the Danish towns. Every vessel which passes lowers her top-gallant-sails, and pays toll at Elsinore; a toll, which is believed to have had its origin in the consent of the traders to that sea, Denmark taking upon itself the charge of constructing lighthouses, and erecting signals, to mark the shoals and rocks from the Cattegat to the Baltic: and they, on their part, agreeing that all ships should pass this way, in order that all might pay their shares; none from that time using the passage of the Belt; because it was not fitting that they who enjoyed the benefit of the beacons in dark and stormy weather, should evade contributing to them in fair seasons and summer nights. Of late years, about ten thousand vessels had annually paid this contribution in time of peace. Adjoining Elsinore, and at the edge of the peninsular promontory, upon the nearest point of land to the Swedish coast, stands Cronenburg Castle, built after Tycho Brahe's design; a magnificent pile-at once a palace, and fortress, and state-prison, with its spires and towers, and battlements and batteries. On the left of the strait is the old Swedish city of Helsinburg; at the foot, and on the side of a hill. To the north of Helsinburg the shores are steep and rocky; they lower to the south, and the distant spires of Landscrona, Lund, and Malmore are seen in the flat country. Danish shores consist partly of ridges of sand; but more frequently they are diversified with cornfields, meadows, slopes, and are covered with rich wood and villages and villas, and summer palaces belonging to the king and the nobility, and denoting the vicinity of a great capital. The isles of Huen, Statholm, and Amak, appear in the widenthe best city of the north, and one of the finest forbearance of the Swedes, they meant to have

far off. Amid these magnificent objects, there are some which possess a peculiar interest for the recollections which they call forth. Huen, a lovely domain, about six miles in circumference, had been the munificent gift of Frederick the Second to Tycho Brahe. It has higher shores than the near coast of Zealand, or than the Swedish coast in that part. Here most of his discoveries were made; and here the ruins are to be seen of his observatory, and of the mausion where he was visited by princes; and where, with a princely spirit, he received and entertained all comers from all parts, and promoted science by his liberality, as well as by his labors. Elsinore is a name familiar to English ears, being inseparably associated with Hamlet, and one of the noblest works of human genius. Cronenburg had been the scene of deeper tragedy: here Queen Matilda was confined, the victim of a foul and murderous court intrigue. Here, amid heart-breaking griefs, she found consolation in nursing her infant. Here she took her everlasting leave of that infant, when, by the interference of England, her own deliverance was obtained; and, as the ship bore her away from a' country, where the venial indiscretions of youth and unsuspicious gayety had been so cruelly punished, upon these towers she fixed her eyes, and stood upon the deck, obstinately gazing towards them till the last speck had disappeared.

"The Sound being the only frequented entrance to the Bakic, the great Mediterranean of the North, few parts of the sea display so frequent a navigation. In the height of the season not fewer than a hundred vessels pass every four-and-twenty hours, for many weeks in succession: but never had so busy or so splendid a scene been exhibited there as on this day, when the British floet prepared to force that passage, where, till now, all ships had veiled their topsails to the flag of Denmark. The whole force consisted of fifty-one sail of various descriptions; of which sixteen were of the line. The greater part of the bomb and gun vessels took their stations off Cronenburg Castle, to cover the fleet; while others on the larboard were ready to engage the Swedish shore. The Danes, having improved every moment which ill-timid negotiation and baffling weather gave them, had lined their shore with batteries; and as soon as the Monarch, which was the leading ship, came abreast of them, a fire was opened from about a hundred pieces of cannon and mortars: our light vessels immediately, in return, opened their fire upon the castle. Here was all the pompous circumstance, and exciting reality of war, without its effects; for this estentations display was but a bloodless prelude to the wide and sweeping destruction which was soon to follow. ing channel; and at the distance of twenty miles The enemies' shot fell near enough to splash the from Elsinore, stands Copenhagen, in full view; water on board our ships: not relying upon any

kept the midchannel; but, when they perceived that not a shot was fired from Helsingburg, and that no batteries were to be seen on the Swedish shore, they inclined to that side, so as completely to get out of reach of the Danish guns. The uninterrupted blaze which was kept up from them till the fleet had passed, served only to exhibarate our sailors, and afford them matter for jest, as the shot fell in showers a full cable's length short of its destined aim. A few rounds were returned from some of our leading ships till they perceived its inutility; this, however, occasioned the only bloodshed of the day, some of our men being killed and wounded by the bursting of a gun. As soon as the main body had passed, the gun vessels followed, desisting from their hombardment, which had been as innocent as that of the enemy; and, about midday, the whole fleet anchored between the island of Huen and Copenhagen. Sir Hyde, with Nelson, Admiral Graves, some of the senior captains, and the commanding officers of the artillery and the troops, then proceeded in a lugger, to reconnoitre the enemy's means of defence; a formidable line of ships, radeaus, pontoons, galleys, fireships, and gun-boats, flanked and supported by extensive batteries, and occupying, from one extreme point to the other, an extent of nearly four miles.

"A council of war was held in the afternoon. It was apparent that the Danes could not be attacked without great difficulty and risk; and some of the members of the council spoke of the number of the Swedes and the Russians whom they should afterward have to engage, as a consideration which ought to be borne in mind. Nelson, who kept pacing the cabin, impatient as he ever was of any thing which savored of irresolution, repeatedly said, 'The more numerous the better; I wish they were twice as many,-the easier the victory, depend on it.' The plan upon which he had determined, if ever it should be his fortune to bring a Baltic fleet to action, was, to attack the head of their line, and confuse their movements. 'Close with a Frenchman,' he used to say, 'but out-manœuvre a Russian.' He offered his services for the attack, requiring ten sail of the line, and the whole of the smaller craft. Sir Hyde gave him two more line-of-battle ships than he asked, and left every thing to his judgment.

"The enemy's force was not the only, nor the greatest, obstacle with which the British fleet had to contend: there was another to be overcome, before they could come in contact with it. channel was little known, and extremely intricate; all the buoys had been removed, and the Danes considered this difficulty as almost insuperable, thinking the channel impracticable for so large a fleet. Nelson himself saw the soundings made, and the buoys laid down, boating it upon this exhausting

him to get through this difficult part of his duty. 'It had worn him down,' he said, 'and was infinitely more grievous to him than any resistance which he could experience from the enemy."

"At the first council of war, opinions inclined to an attack from the eastward: but the next day, the wind being southerly, after a second examination of the Danish position, it was determined to attack from the south, approaching in the manner which Nelson had suggested in his first thoughts. the morning of the 1st of April, the whole fleet removed to an anchorage within two leagues of the town, and off the N. W. end of the Middle Ground: a shoal lying exactly before the town, at about three quarters of a mile distance, and extending along its whole sea front. The King's Channel, where there is deep water, is between this shoal and the town; and here the Danes had arranged their line of defence, as near the shore as possible; nineteen ships and floating batteries, flanked at the end nearest the town by the Crown Batteries, which were two artificial islands, at the mouth of the harbor-most formidable works; the larger one having, by the Danish account, sixty-six guns; but, as Nelson believed, eighty-eight. The fleet having anchored, Nelson, with Rion, in the Amazon, made his last examination of the ground; and about one o'clock, returning to his own ship, threw out the signal to weigh. It was received with a shout throughout the whole division; they weighed with a light and favorable wind: the narrow channel between the island of Sakholm and the Middle Ground had been accurately buoyed; the small craft pointed out the course distinctly; Riou led the way; the whole division coasted along the outer edge of the shoal, doubled its farther extremity, and anchored there off Draco Point, just as the darkness closed—the headmost of the enemy's line not being more than two miles distant. The signal to prepare for action had been made early in the evening; and, as his own anchor dropped, Nelson called out, 'I will fight them the moment I have a fair wind.' It had been agreed that Sir Hyde, with the remaining ships, should weigh on the following morning, at the same time as Nelson, to menace the Crown Batteries on his side, and the four ships of the line which lay at the entrance of the arsenal; and to cover our own disabled ships as they came out of action.

"The Danes, meantime, had not been idle: no sooner did the guns of Cronenburg make it known to the whole city that all negotiation was at an end, that the British fleet was passing the Sound, and that the dispute between the two crowns must now be decided by arms, than a spirit displayed itself most honorable to the Danish character. All ranks offered themselves to the service of their country; the university furnished a corps of twelve hundred service, day and night, till it was effected. When youths, the flower of Denmark: it was one of those this was done, he thanked God for having enabled emergencies in which little drilling or discipline is

necessary to render courage available; they had! nothing to learn but how to manage the guns, and day and night were employed in practising them. When the movements of Nelson's squadron were perceived, it was known when and where the attack was to be expected, and the line of defence was manned indiscriminately by soldiers, sailors, and citizens. Had not the whole attention of the Danes been directed to strengthen their own means of defence, they might most materially have annoyed the invading squadron, and, perhaps, frustrated the impending attack; for the British ships were crowded in an anchoring ground of little extent: it was calm, so that mortar-boats might have acted against them to the utmost advantage; and they were within range of shells from Amak Island. A few fell among them; but the enemy soon ceased to fire. It was learned afterwards, that, fortunately for the fleet, the bed of the mortar had given way; and the Danes either could not get it replaced, or, in the darkness, lost the direction.

"This was an awful night for Copenhagen, far more so than for the British fleet, where the men were accustomed to battle and victory, and had none of those objects before their eyes which render death terrible. Nelson sat down to table with a large party of his officers: he was, as he was ever wont to be when on the eve of action, in high spirits, and drank to a leading wind, and to the success of the morrow. After supper they returned to their respective ships, except Riou, who remained to arrange the order of battle with Nelson and Foley, and to draw up instructions: Hardy, meantime went in a small boat to examine the channel between them and the enemy; approaching so near, that he sounded round their leading ship with a pole, lest the noise of throwing the lead should discover him. The incessant fatigue of body, as well as mind, which Nelson had undergone during the last three days, had so exhausted him, that he was earnestly urged to go to his cot; and his old servant, Allen, using that kind of authority, which long and affectionate services entitled and enabled him to assume on such occasions, insisted upon his com-The cot was placed on the floor, and he continued to dictate from it. About eleven, Hardy returned, and reported the practicability of the channel, and the depth of water up to the enemy's line. About one, the orders were completed; and half a dozen clerks, in the foremost cabin, proceeded to transcribe them: Nelson frequently calling out to them from his cot to hasten their work, for the wind was becoming fair. Instead of attempting to get a few hours sleep, he was constantly receiving reports on this important point. At daybreak, it was announced as becoming perfectly fair. The clerks finished their work about six. Nelson, who was already up, breakfasted, and made signal for all captains. The land forces, and five hundred grounded abreast of the outer ship of the enemy:

Col. Stewart, were to storm the Crown Battery as soon as its fire should be silenced: and Riou-whom Nelson had never seen till this expedition, but whose worth he had instantly perceived, and appreciated as it deserved-had the Blanche and Alcmene frigates, the Dart and Arrow sloops, and the Zephyr and Otter fireships, given him, with a special command to act as circumstances might require: every other ship had its station appointed.

Between eight and nine, the pilots and masters were ordered on board the admiral's ships. pilots were mostly men who had been mates in Baltic traders; and their hesitation about the bearing of the east end of the shoal, and the exact line of deep water, gave ominous warning of how little their knowledge was to be trusted. The signal for action had been made, the wind was fair-not a moment to be lost. Nelson urged them to be steady, to be resolute, and to decide; but they wanted the only ground for steadiness and decision in such cases; and Nelson had reason to regret that he had not trusted to Hardy's single report. This was one of the most painful moments of his life; and he always spoke of it with bitterness. 'I experienced in the Sound,' said he, 'the misery of having the honor of our country intrusted to a set of pilots, who have no other thought than to keep the ships clear of danger and their own silly heads clear of shot. Every body knows what I must have suffered: and if any merit attaches itself to me, it was for combating the dangers of the shallows in defiance of them.' At length, Mr. Bryerly, the master of the Bellona, declared that he was prepared to lead the fleet: his judgment was acceded to by the rest: they returned to their ships; and, at half-past nine, the signal was made to weigh in succession.

"Captain Murray, in the Edgar, led the way; the Agamemnon was next in order; but, on the first attempt to leave her anchorage, she could not weather the edge of the sheal; and Nelson had the grief to see his old ship, in which he had performed so many years' gallant services, immovably aground, at a moment when her help was so greatly required. Signal was then made for the Polyphemus: and this change in the order of sailing was executed with the utmost promptitude: yet so much delay had thus been unavoidably occasioned, that the Edgar was for some time unsupported; and the Polyphemus, whose place should have been at the end of the enemy's line, where their strength was the greatest, could get no farther than the beginning, owing to the difficulty of the channel; there she occupied, indeed, an efficient station, but one where her presence was less required. The Isis followed, with better fortune, and took her own birth. The Bellona, Sir Thomas Boulde Thompson, kept too close on the starboard shoal, and seamen, under Captain Freemantle and the Hon. this was the more vexatious, inasmuch as the wind

was fair, the room ample, and three ships had led delightful. the way. The Russell, following the Bellona, grounded in like manner: both were within reach of shot; but their absence from their intended stations was severely felt. Each ship had been ordered to pass her leader on the starboard side, because the water was supposed to shoal on the larboard shore. Nelson, who came next after these two ships, thought they had kept too far on the starboard direction, and made signal for them to close with the enemy, not knowing that they were aground: but when he perceived that they did not obey the signal, he ordered the Elephant's helm to starboard, and went within these ships, thus quitting the appointed order of sailing and guiding those which were to follow. The greater part of the fleet were probably, by this act of promptitude on his part, saved from going on shore. Each ship, as she arrived nearly opposite to her appointed station, let her anchor go by the stern, and presented her broadside to the Danes. The distance between each was about half a cable. The action was fought nearly at the distance of a cable's length from the enemy. This, which rendered its continuance so long, was owing to the ignorance and consequent indecision of the pilots. In pursuance of the same error which had led the Bellona and the Russell aground, they, when the lead was at a quarter less five, refused to approach nearer, in dread of shoaling their water on the larboard shore: a fear altogether erroneous, for the water deepened up to the very side of the enemy's line.

"At five minutes after ten the action began. The first half of our fleet was engaged in about half an hour; and, by half-past eleven, the battle became general. The plan of the attack had been complete: but seldom has any plan been more disconcerted by untoward accidents. Of twelve ships of the line, one was entirely useless, and two others in a situation where they could not render half the service which was required of them. Of the squadron of gun-brigs, only one could get into action; the rest were prevented by baffling currents from weathering the eastern end of the shoal; and only two of the bomb-vessels could reach their station on the Middle Ground, and open their mortars on the arsenal, firing over both fleets. Riou took the vacant station against the Crown Battery, with his frigates; attempting, with that unequal force, a service in which three sail of the line had been directed to assist.

"Nelson's agitation had been extreme when he raw himself, before the action begun, deprived of a fourth part of his ships of the line; but no sooner was he in battle, where his squadron was received with the fire of more than a thousand guns, than, care and painful thoughts, his countenance brightversation became joyous, animated, elevated and highest and most unquestionable authority.

The commander-in-chief, meantime, near enough to the scene of action to know the unfavorable accidents which had so materially weakened Nelson, and yet too distant to know the real state of the contending parties, suffered the most dreadful anxiety. To get to his assistance was impossible; both wind and current were against him. Fear for the event, in such circumstances, would naturally preponderate in the bravest mind; and, at one o'clock, perceiving that, after three hours' endurance, the enemy's fire was unslackened, he began to despair of success. 'I will make the signal of recall,' said he to his captain, 'for Nelson's sake. If he is in a condition to continue the action succossfully, he will disregard it; if he is not, it will be an excuse for his retreat, and no blame can be imputed to him.' Captain Domett urged him at least to delay the signal, till he could communicate with Nelson; but, in Sir Hyde's opinion, the danger was too pressing for delay: 'The fire,' he said, 'was too hot for Nelson to oppose; a retreat he thought must be made—he was aware of the consequences to his own personal reputation, but it would be cowardly in him to leave Nelson to bear the whole shame of the failure, if shame it should be deemed.' Under a mistaken judgment,* therefore, but with this disinterested and generous feeling, he made the signal for retreat.

" Nelson was at this time, in all the excitement of action, pacing the quarter-deck. A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers with a smile, 'It is warm work; and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment:' and then, stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion- But mark you! I would not be elsewhere for thousands.' About this time the signal lieutenant called out, that number thirty-nine (the signal for discontinuing the action,) was thrown out by the commander-in-chief. continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. 'No,' he replied; 'acknowledge it.' Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative. said, 'Mind you keep it so.' He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. 'Do you know,' said he to Mr. Ferguson, 'what is shown on board the commander-in-chief? Number thirtynine!' Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant. 'Why, to leave off action!' Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words-' Leave off action? Now, d-n me if I do! You know, Foley,' turning to the captain, 'I have only one eye-I have a right to be blind sometimes:' and then putting as if that artillery, like music, had driven away all the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind

* I have great pleasure in rendering this justice to Sir ened; and, as a bystander describes him, his con- Hyde Parker's reasoning. The fact is here stated upon the

which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, 'I really | the whole war. Amid the tremendous carnage in do not see the signal!' Presently he exclaimed, 'D-n the signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!' Admiral Graves, who was so situated that he could not discern what was done on board the Elephant, disobeyed Sir Hyde's signal in like manner: whether by fortunate mistake, or by a like brave intention, has not been made known. The other ships of the line, looking only to Nelson, continued the action. The signal, however, saved Riou's little squadron, but did not save its heroic leader. This equadron, which was nearest the commander-in-chief, obeyed and hauled off. had suffered severely in its most unequal contest. For a long time the Amazon had been firing, enveloped in smoke, when Riou desired his men to stand fast, and let the smoke clear off, that they might see what they were about. A fatal order; for the Danes then got clear sight of her from the batteries, and pointed their guns with such tremendous effect, that nothing but the signal for retreat saved this frigate from destruction. 'What will Nelson think of us!' was Riou's mournful exclamation, when he unwillingly drew off. He had been wounded in the head by a splinter, and was sitting on a gun, encouraging his men, when, just as the Amazon showed her stern to the Trekroner battery, his clerk was killed by his side; and another shot swept away several marines, who were hauling in the main brace. 'Come, then, my boys!' cried Riou; 'let us die all together!'. The words had scarcely been uttered, before a raking shot cut him in two. Except it had been Nelson himself, the British navy could not have suffered a severer loss.

"The action continued along the line with unabated vigor on our side, and with the most determined resolution on the part of the Danes. They fought to great advantage, because most of the vessels in their line of defence were without masts: the few which had any standing had their topmasts struck, and the hulls could not be seen at intervals. The Isis must have been destroyed by the superior weight of her enemy's fire, if Captain Inman, in the Desirée frigate, had not judiciously taken a aituation which enabled him to rake the Dane, and if the Polyphemus had not also relieved her. Both in the Bellona and the Isis many men were lost by the bursting of their guns. The former ship was about forty years old, and these guns were believed to be the same which she had first taken to sea: they were, probably, originally faulty, for the fragments were full of little air-holes. The Bellona lost seventy-five men; the Isis one hundred and ten; the Monarch two hundred and ten. She was, more than any other line-of-battle ship, exposed to the great battery: and, supporting, at the same time, the united fire of the Holstein and the Zealand, her on board did not inquire whether the flag had been loss this day exceeded that of any single ship during struck, or, perhaps, did not heed it;—many, or

this vessel, some of the men displayed a singular instance of coolness; the pork and peas happened to be in the kettle; a shot knocked its contents about;—they picked up the pieces, and ate and fought at the same time.

"The prince royal had taken his station upon one of the batteries, from whence he beheld the action, and issued his orders. Denmark had never been engaged in so arduous a contest, and never did the Danes more nobly display their national courage ;-a courage not more unhappily, than impoliticly exerted in subserviency to the interest of France. Capt. Thura, of the Indfoedsretten, fell early in the action; and all his officers, except one lieutenant and one marine officer, were either killed, or wounded. In the confusion, the colors were either struck, or shot away; but she was moored athwart one of the batteries, in such a situation that the British made no attempt to board her; and a boat was despatched to the prince, to inform him of her situation. He turned to those about him, and said, 'Gentlemen, Thurs is killed; which of you will take the command?' Schroedersee, a captain who had lately resigned, on account of extreme ill-health, answered, in a feeble voice, 'I will!' and hastened on board. The crew, perceiving a new commander coming alongside, hoisted their colors again, and fired a broadside. Schroedersee, when he came on deck, found himself surrounded by the dead and wounded, and called to those in the boat to get quickly on board : a ball struck him at that moment. A lieutenant, who had accompanied him, then took the command, and continued to fight the ship. A youth of seveuteen, by name Villemoes, particularly distinguished himself on this memorable day. He had volunteered to take the command of a floating battery, which was a raft, consisting merely of a number of beams nailed together, with a flooring to support the gans: it was equare, with a breastwork full of port-holes, and without masts,-carrying twenty-four guns, and one hundred and twenty men. With this he got under the stern of the Elephant, below the reach of the stern-chasers; and, under a heavy fire of small arms from the marines, fought his raft, till the truce was announced, with such skill, as well as courage, as to excite Nelson's warmest admiration.

"Between one and two, the fire of the Danes alackened; about two, it ceased from the greater part of their line, and some of their lighter ships were adrift. It was, however, difficult to take possession of those who struck, because the batteries on Amak Island protected them; and because an irregular fire was kept up from the ships themselves as the beats approached. This arose from the nature of the action; the crews were continually reinforced from the shore; and fresh men coming before,-knowing nothing, therefore, of its laws, and thinking only of defending their country to the last extremity. The Danbrog fired upon the Elephant's boats in this manner, though her commodore had removed her pennant and deserted her, though she had struck, and though she was in flames. After she had been abandoned by the commodore, Braun fought her till he lost his right hand, and then Captain Lemming took the command. This unexpected renewal of her fire, made the Elephant and Glatton renew theirs, till she was not only silenced, but nearly every man in the prames, ahead and astern of her, were killed. When the smoke of their guns died away, she was seen drifting in flames before the wind: those of her crew who remained alive and able to exert themselves, throwing themselves out at her portholes. Captain Bertie of the Ardent sent his launch to their assistance, and saved three-andtwenty of them.

"Captain Rothe commanded the Nyeborg prame; and, perceiving that she could not much longer be kept affoat, made for the inner road. As he passed the line, he found the Aggershuus prame in a more miserable condition than his own; her masts had all gone by the board, and she was on the point of sinking. Rothe made fast a cable to her stern, and towed her off: but he could get her no farther than a shoal called Stubben, when she sunk: and, soon after he had worked the Nyeborg-up to the landing place, that vessel also sunk to the gunwale. Never did any vessel come out of action in a more dreadful plight. The stump of her foremast was the only stick standing; her cabin had been stove in; every gun, except a single one, was dismounted; and her deck was covered with shattered limbs and dead bodies.

"By half-past two, the action had ceased along that part of the line which was astern of the Elephant, but not with the ships ahead and the Crown Batteries. Nelson, seeing the manner in which his boats were fired upon, when they went to take possession of the prizes, became angry, and said, he must either send on shore to have this irregular proceeding stopped, or send a fireship and burn Half the shot from the Trekroner, and from the batteries at Amak, at this time struck the surrendered ships, four of which had got close together: and the fire of the English, in return, was equally, or even more destructive to these poor devoted Danes. Nelson, who was as humane as he was brave, was shocked at this massacre,-for such he called it: and, with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, and never more signally displayed than now, he retired into the stern-gallery, and wrote thus to the Crown Prince: 'Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare

most of them, never having been engaged in war | British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English.' A wafer was given him; but he ordered a candle to be brought from the cockpit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. 'This,' said he, 'is no time to appear hurried and informal.' Capt. Sir Frederic Thesiger, who acted as his aid-de-camp, carried this letter with a flag of truce. Meantime, the fire of the ships ahead, and the approach of the Ramillies and Defence, from Sir Hyde's division, which had now worked near enough to alarm the enemy, though not to injure them, silenced the remainder of the Danish line to the eastward of the Trekroner. tery, however, continued its fire. This formidable work, owing to the want of the ships, which had been destined to attack it, and the inadequate force of Riou's little squadron, was comparatively uninjured: towards the close of the action it had been manned with nearly fifteen hundred men; and the intention of storming it, for which every preparation had been made, was abandoned as impracticable.

"During Thesiger's absence, Nelson sent for Freemantle, from the Ganges, and consulted with him and Foley, whether it was advisable to advance, with those ships which had sustained least damage. against the yet uninjured part of the Danish line. They were decidedly of opinion, that the best thing which could be done was, while the wind continued fair, to remove the fleet out of the intricate channel, from which it had to retreat. In somewhat more than half an hour after Thesiger had been despatched, the Danish adjutant-general Lindholm came, bearing a flag of truce: upon which the Trekroner ceased to fire, and the action closed, after four hour's continuance. He brought an inquiry from the prince, What was the object of Nelson's note? The British admiral wrote in reply: 'Lord Nelson's object in sending the flag of truce was humanity; he therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore. And Lord Nelson will take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off his prizes as he shall think fit. Lord Nelson, with humble duty to his royal highness the prince, will consider this the greatest victory he has ever gained, if it may be the cause of a happy reconciliation and union between his own most gracious sovereign and his majesty the king of Denmark.' Sir Frederick Thesiger was despatched a second time with the reply; and the Danish adjutant general was referred to the commander-in-chief for a conference upon this overture. Lindholm assent-Denmark, when she no longer resists. The line of ling to this, proceeded to the London, which was defence which covered her shores has struck to the riding at anchor full four miles off; and Nelson, losing not one of the critical moments which he had thus gained, made signal for his leading ships to weigh in succession; they had the shoal to clear, they were much crippled, and their course was immediately under the guns of the Trekroner.

"The monarch led the way. This ship had received six-and-twenty shot between wind and water. She had not a shroud standing; there was a doubleheaded shot in the heart of her foremast, and the slightest wind would have sent every mast," over her side. The imminent danger from which Nelson had extricated himself soon became apparent: the Monarch touched immediately upon a shoal, over which she was pushed, by the Ganges taking her amid ships; the Glatton went clear; but the other two, the Defiance and the Elephant, grounded about a mile from the Trekroner, and there remained fixed for many hours, in spite of all the exertions of their wearied crews. The Desirée frigate also, at the other end of the line, having gone, towards the close of the action, to assist the Bellona, became fast on the same shoal. Nelson left the elephant, soon after she took the ground, to follow Lindholm. The heat of action was over; and that kind of feeling which the surrounding scene of havoc was so well fitted to produce pressed heavily upon his exhausted spirits. The sky had suddenly become overcast; white flags were waving from the mast-heads of so many shattered ships: -the slaughter had ceased, but the grief was to come; for the account of the dead was not yet made up, and no man could tell for what friends he might have to mourn. The very silence, which follows the cessation of such a battle, becomes a weight upon the heart at first, rather than a relief; and, though the work of mutual destruction was at an end, the Danbrog was, at this time, drifting about in flames; presently she blew up; while our boats, which had put off in all directions to assist her, were endeavoring to pick up her devoted crew, few of whom could be saved. The fate of these men, after the gallantry which they had displayed, particularly affected Nelson: for there was nothing in this action of that indignation against the enemy, and that impression of retributive justice, which at the Nile had given a sterner temper to his mind, and a sense of austere delight, in beholding the vengeance of which he was the appointed minister. The Danes were an honorable foe; they were of English mould as well as English blood; and now that the battle had ceased, he regarded them rather as brethren than as enemies. There was another

It would have been well if the fleet, before they went under the batteries, had left their spare spars moored out of reach of shot. Many would have been saved which were destroyed lying on the booms, and the hurt done by their splinters would have been saved also. Small craft could have towed them up when they were required: and, after such an action, so many must necessarily be wanted, that if those which were not in use were wounded, it might thus have rendered it impossible to refit the ships.

reflection, also, which mingled with these melancholy thoughts, and predisposed him to receive them. He was not here master of his own movements, as at Egypt; he had won the day by dissbeying his orders; and in so far as he had been successful, had convicted the commander-in-chief of an error in judgment. 'Well,' said he, as he left the Elephant, 'I have fought contrary to orders, and I shall perhaps be hanged. Never mind: let them!'

"This was the language of a man who, while he is giving utterance to an uneasy thought, clothes it half in jest; because he half-repents that it has been disclosed. His services had been too eminent on that day-his judgment too conspicuous, his success too signal, for any commander, however jealous of his own authority, or envious of another's merits, to express anything but satisfaction and gratitude, which Sir Hyde heartily felt, and sincerely expressed. It was speedily agreed that there should be a suspension of hostilities for four-andtwenty hours; that all the prizes should be surrendered, and the wounded Danes carried on shore. There was a pressing necessity for this; for the Danes, either from too much confidence in the strength of their position, and the difficulty of the channel; or, supposing that the wounded might be carried on shore during the action, which was found totally impracticable; or, perhaps, from the confusion which the attack excited, had provided no surgeons: so that when our men boarded the captured ships, they found many of the mangled and mutilated Danes bleeding to death, for want of proper assistance: a scene, of all others, the most shocking to a brave man's feelings.

"The boats of Sir Hyde's division were actively employed all night in bringing out the prizes, and in getting affoat the ships which were on shore. At daybreak, Nelson, who had slept in his own ship, the St. George, rowed to the Elephant; and his delight at finding her affoat seemed to give him new life. There he took a hasty breakfast, praised the men for their exertions, and then pushed off to the prizes, which had not yet been removed. The Zealand, seventy-four, the last which struck, had drifted on the shoal under the Trekroner; and relying, as it seems, upon the protection which that battery might have afforded, refused to acknowledge herself captured; saying, that though it was true her flag was not to be seen, her pennant was still flying. Nelson ordered one of our brigs and three long-boats to approach her, and rowed up himself to one of the enemy's ships, to communicate with the commedore. This officer proved to be an old acquaintance, whom he had known in the West Indies; so he invited himself on board; and with that urbanity, as well as decision, which always characterized him, urged his claim to the Zealand so well, that it was admitted. The men from the boats lashed a cable round her bowsprit. pain at beholding this, than at all their misfortunes en the preceding day: and one of the officers, Commodore Steen Bille, went to the Trekroner battery, and asked the commander why he had not sunk the Zealand, rather than suffer her thus to be carried off by the enemy !

"This was, indeed, a mournful day for Copenhagen! It was Good Friday; but the general agitation, and the mourning which was in every house, made all distinction of days be forgotten. There were, at that hour, thousands in that city who felt, and more, perhaps, who needed, the consolations of Christianity; but few or none who could be calm enough to think of its observances. The English were actively employed in refitting their own ships, securing the prizes, and distributing the prisoners; the Danes, in carrying on shore and disposing of the wounded and the dead. It had been a murderous action. Our loss, in killed and wounded, was nine hundred and fifty-three. Part of this slaughter might have been spared. The commanding officer of the troops on board one of our ships asked where his men should be stationed! He was told that they could be of no use; that they were not near enough for musketry, and were not wanted at the guns; they had therefore, better go below, This, he said, was impossible,—it would be a disgrace that could never be wiped away. They were, therefore, drawn up upon the gangway, to satisfy this cruel point of honor; and there, without the possibility of annoying the enemy they were mowed down! The loss of the Danes, including prisoners, amounted to about six thousand. The negotiations, meantime, went on; and it was agreed that Nelson should have an interview with the prince the following day. Hardy and Freemantle landed with him. This was a thing as unexampled as the other circumstances of the battle. A strong guard was appointed to escort him to the palace, as much for the purpose of security as of The populace, according to the British account, showed a mixture of admiration, curiosity, and displeasure, at beholding that man in the midst of them who had inflicted such wounds upon Denmark. But there were neither acclamations nor murmurs. 'The people,' says a dane, 'did not degrade themselves with the former, nor disgrace themselves with the latter: the admiral was received as one brave enemy ever ought to receive another:-he was received with respect.' The preliminaries of the negotiation were adjusted at this interview. During the repast which followed, Nelson, with all the sincerity of his character, bore willing testimony to the valor of his foes. told the prince that he had been in a hundred and five engagements, but that this was the most tremendous of all. 'The French,' he said, 'fought bravely; but they could not have stood for one

and the gun-vessel towed her away. It is affirmed, hour the fight which the Danes had supported for and probably with truth, that the Danes felt more four.' He requested that Villemoes might be introduced to him; and, shaking hands with the youth, told the prince that he ought to be made an admiral. The prince replied; 'If, my lord, I am to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service.'

"The sympathy of the Danes for their countrymen, who had bled in their defence, was not weakened by distance of time or place in this instance. Things needfal for the service, or the comfort of the wounded, were sent in profusions to the hospitals, till the superintendents gave public notice that they could receive no more. On the third day after the action, the dead were buried in the naval church-yard: the ceremony was made as public and as solemn as the occasion required;such a procession had never before been seen in that, or, perhaps, in any other city. A public monument was erected upon the spot where the slain were gathered together. A subscription was opened on the day of the funeral for the relief of the sufferers, and collections in aid of it made throughout all the churches in the kingdom. appeal to the feelings of the people was made with circumstances which gave it full effect. ment was raised in the midst of the church, surmounted by the Danish colors; young maidens, dressed in white, stood round it, with either one who had been wounded in the battle, or the widow and orphans of some one who had fallen; a suitable oration was delivered from the pulpit, and patriotic hymns and songs were afterward performed. Medals were distributed to all the officers and to the men who had distinguished themselves. Poets and painters vied with each other in celebrating a battle, which, disastrous as it was, had yet been honorable to their country; some, with pardonable sophistry, represented the advantage of the day as on their own side. One writer discovered a more curious, but less disputable ground of satisfaction, in the reflection, that Nelson, as may be inferred, from his name, was of Danish descent, and his actions, therefore, the Dane argued, were attributable to Danish valor."

SADDENED MUSINGS.

There is a time, when thoughts unsought Will rush athwart the busy breast, And memories of days gone by Will rob the bosom of its rest.

When Time has shed his honored frost, In silvery whiteness on the head, When youth's vivacity is lost And lightsome hours, all, all have fled:

E'en then will mem'ry bring us back To days when all was light and gay, When rung the laugh, in merry sport,
And hearts were bright as summer's day.

And as we think, a sigh will rise,
And heave our sadden'd breast with pain,
A sigh, to think Life's lightest joys
Will ne'er return to us again.

TOM MOORE, JR.

THE FALSE HEIR. JAMES' LAST NOVEL.*

We say James' last, but it is by no means improbable that before this notice sees the light, Harper and Brothers will have another in the press from this ever beginning,-never ending,-and, we may add, always welcome and agreeable writer. James' mind is a perfect Kaleidescope. He has only to give it a shake, and immediately spring forth new and beautiful forms and combinations,-dazzling the reader with the prismatic hues of his imagination, and the rich variety of his ever ready invention. If not the greatest of living English writers of fiction, he is certainly in some respects equal, if not superior to any or all, who aspire to that eminent position. There is a quiet simplicity and pleasant familiarity about him, which spellbinds the reader in spite of himself,—and we might add, in spite of a rather wearisome monotony in the style, which frequently characterises the pages of this industrious and persevering writer. is this the only fault of James. He is sometimes so careless in composition, as to make it deeply to be regretted, that his works are not oftener subjected to the process of elaboration, before they are ushered into the world. With a more frequent use of the retrenching and polishing instruments employed in literary fabrication, there is no doubt that his works would make a more lasting impression and stand a better chance of escaping that oblivious maelstrom which is destined to swallow up ninety-nine out of every hundred works of the past, present, and future generations. We like James very much, nevertheless, and there is nothing which more attaches us to him, than his invariable regard to the interests of sound morality and Christian virtue. The reader is in no danger, when treading the flowery paths he spreads before him, of being struck at, or poisoned by the coiled and insidious serpent of skeptical or epicurean philosophy. The same cannot be said of Bulwer.

The work before us, if not the very best, is certainly among the most thrilling and interesting of all his productions. The story is well conceived—the characters skilfully drawn, and the denouement admirably contrived. It is, perhaps, a little unfortunate that decidedly one of the most interesting personages in the dramatis personae, (always ex-

* Harper & Brothers : New York, 1843.

cepting the high souled and lovely Julie D' Artonne,) should have been a little infected with certain peccadilloes, which nothing but the highest counteractive qualities could have redeemed from overshadowing infamy :--- and yet so true it is, that in the estimation of human character, a balance is generally struck, which gives credit for exalted virtues, though certain dark stains are perceived in the back ground of the picture. Jean Marais is in many respects a very loose fellow, but he developes so many fine and noble qualities, that we are irresistibly impelled to overlook, or extenuate his flagrant offences. The author is in one respect a genuine English aristocrat. He seems to entertain a mortal dislike to the intermingling of patrician and plebian blood, and, if you ever discover in any of his novels that there is some danger at the beginning, of a mistake in this respect by a union of unequal grade of the sexes, he is certain at the close to put matters to rights, and to assert the claims of the genuine blood at some risk of overthrowing evidence, and discrediting very strong circumstances. Without going into an analysis of the " False Heir," we shall content ourselves with some extracts from the work, which we flatter ourselves will strike the reader as favorably as they certainly impressed us.

FIRST INSPIRATION OF LOVE.

"His feelings were certainly strange; for, as we have said, a new world had opened to him, a world of sensations altogether fresh. It seemed as if that one day had given him more than all the rest of life. It was one of those changes of existence which affect men of eager and energetic character almost always suddenly. Up to that morning, his life had been comparatively merely animal: the intellect had been awake, it is true, to think, to reason, to act; it was the soul that had slept-the soul, whose task is to feel. His existence had been that of the chrysalis; but now one gleam of summer sunshine had burst the cold husk around him, and the light creature of air had put forth her wings, never to sheath them again on this side of the tomb. Oh, beautiful symbol of the Greeks! how well dost thou represent man's agitated spirit, fluttering, wandering from hour to hour, seeking thy honeyed food from all the bright things of God; yet frail and delicate as the flowers on which thou rested, wounded by a touch, defaced by a drop of rain, blown hither and thither by a breath of wind, crushed by the first wintry storm! Oh, beautiful symbol of the Greeks, thou art indeed too sadly like the soul !"

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

"Never did the flower of love, which, frail and delicate as it looks, will grow up amid storm and tempest, and bud and blossom, how fairly and how often, amid wintry desolation, never did the flower of love first rise under a warmer or more genial sunshine, with a promise of a brighter and a fairer

it comes forth under such favorable circumstances, when an unseasonable warmth nurses it from the ground, and everything promises it a fair and happy season, the flower seldom lives to cast its petals and to change to fruit. Either, sickly and delicate in itself, it fades speedily; or else it withers in the fire of the sunshine in which it was born; or else some summer-day tempest comes upon it with thunder and with hail, and beats the broken blossom to the earth from which it rose. Seldom, very seldom, does it live long; but, if it does, it affords to us human beings one of the few bright proofs that we have of such a thing as happiness being possible upon earth."

THE LOVE OF THE YOUNG.

"The love of boys and girls is an object on which gray-bearded men vent much spleen and scorn; but depend upon it, reader, where it exists in reality, it is the sweetest thing that ever life knows; it is the violet of our short year of existence. The rose is beautiful, richer in hues, full of perfume and brightness, as she flaunts her gay bosom in the ardent sun of June: but give me the violet, the dear early violet, that scents with her odorous breath the air of unconfirmed spring; the soft, the timid violet, retreating from the gaze with her blue eye cast down; the first sweet child of the sweetest season, the tenderest, the gentlest of all the flowers of the field, the emblem of earnest and innocent affection.

"No, there is nothing like it! In all after years we may lay our hand upon what joy we will-pure and innocent it must be, to bear the comparison for a moment—but I say, we may lay our hand upon what joy we will in after existence, we shall never find anything on the earth like the first flower of the heart."

WANDERING LOVERS.

"They went out together, the lover and the beloved-so young, so very young, to feel such emotions, and yet experiencing them strongly, deeply, truly, with no difference between their sensations and those of manhood's love, except the purity of They wandered on, they saw beautiearly youth. ful scenes, they heard the sweet sounds of evening, they gazed upon the glowing sky, and, drinking in from the cup of Nature deep and congenial draughts of Heaven's own poetry, they lived for a brief space in that dreamy enjoyment in which there is no current of thought, no distinctness of idea, but that mere sensation of enjoyment which perhaps may approach near to the happiness of an after state, when all the glory of God shall give full fruition to the unfettered souls of the blessed.

They were seated side by side upon a fragment

But it may be often remarked, that, when gorgeous setting of a summer day's sun, flooding with rosy light the glowing sky before them, the sparkling stream glistening in the valley beneath, love in their hearts and tranquillity all around, when Julia's father approached, seeing them before he was seen, and looking upon them with the mingling tenderness of memory and hope. When they did notice him, neither of them moved, for they had nothing to conceal, nothing that shunned the eye of those whom they reverenced. Julie held out her hand to her father as he came near, asking, 'Is not this beautiful?' and replying, with more than one meaning in his words, he said, 'Beautiful indeed, my dear child!"

"Monsieur d'Artonne sat down beside them, and gazed in silence for several minutes over the prospect. At length his eyes filled with tears, for it is only to his breast of youthful innocence, that such moments bring enjoyment unmingled with regret. Each step, that man takes forward in life, tramples down some flower; and, when he pauses for a moment to look around him, he must needs give a tear to all which those footsteps have destroyed."

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL RAILROADS.

"Why should there not be railroads in everything! through time and space, as well as from London to Manchester-across the waste of history, and across the desert of Suez-along the highway of politics (with one door always locked, as on the road to Bath,) and pierced through the hard depths of science (with tunnels as deep and as badly lighted as any between Devizes and Bristol, or Liege and Cologne)? Why should there not be railroads in everything? In truth, reader, are there

"Oh yes; the moral follows the material in accelerated speed; and we drive over roads-along which we once crept, observing everything as we went-at the railway speed of fifty miles an hour; seeing nothing but the station from which we start, and the terminus at which we arrive.

"Jump in, reader, and away! We are bound for Paris; the distance is only three hundred miles. and you shall be there in a minute."

TRUE AND DEVOTED LOVE.

"'I care not, Julie,' replied Francis de Langy; 'so that you are mine, and I am always with you, to protect, to cherish, to support you, I cannot think that there can be any situation in life which would not have its happiness for us. Indeed, Julie, indeed, there seems a strange sort of satisfaction, which I cannot account for, in having the opportunity of loving so dearly as I love you amid dangers, and difficulties, and anxieties. thought I should lose you, then all was dark and terrible indeed; but now that you are mine-cerof basaltic rock, with a wild ash-tree waving its tainly mine—that blessing seems to be doubly sweet, feathery branches above their heads, the giant moun- from its contrast with all that is taking place around tains of Auvergne stretching blue upon the left, the 'us. Come what may, our mutual affection shall out of the difficulties and dangers that surround us, we shall gather materials for happiness; as I have heard my uncle say, that the inhabitants of the frozen zone render their warm cabins impervious to the cold wintry blast, by covering them thickly with the snow itself.'

"So reasons youth; ay, reader, and it reasons justly too; for those who have known what it is to have loved truly and well, will recollect that, under the touch of sorrow-which every one, more or less, is destined to feel-the tender and the true affection has burned out with brighter lustre from the dark things that surround it. All ordinary stones we back with tinsel; we set the diamond upon black: the lighter affections may gleam with borrowed rays from the glittering things of prosperity; true love, the beacon of life, shines most brilliantly in the darkest night. Julie, too, felt that it was so; and, with such words and anticipations of the future, gathering firmness from each other, they rode on, till at length they reached the place of their rendezvous, and there dismounted to wait the coming of the count."

LOVE'S EMOTIONS INDESCRIBABLE.

"Where is the artist who could ever paint a cataract? They may represent the white expanse of falling water, the foam, the rocks, the spray; but where is the motion! where is the rush of the torrent, the ever-changing glistening of the dashing stream, the life-the busy and tumultuous life-of the quick waves? It has never yet been done; and those who attempt to convey by description moments of eager and tumultuous joy, such as Francis de Langy and Julie d'Artonne knew at that moment, will likewise fail in conveying aught but a cold, inanimate picture to the mind of the reader. The eager question, the rapid reply, the look of love, the pause of enjoyment, the pressure of the hand, the sigh of obtrusive memory, the anxious scanning of each feature to see if time has inflicted no injury, the thousand nameless shades of expression upon the face, the varying tones, the words understood and answered ere half spoken, and the confused and agitated emotions, gushing, as from a fountain, from the heart of love-these defy description, and leave the pen or the tongue all powerless."

BLINDNESS IN THE PERCEPTION OF CRIME.

"These tidings were too true; poor Jean Marais had been tried and condemned with very little delay, and it must be acknowledged that the sentence of his judges was just. It is true that he was condemned, for that which he did not himself believe to be a crime, for there are particular persons whose minds are so constituted by nature, or have been so twisted by circumstances, as to render

guard us against sorrows such as others feel, and, I them insusceptible of the idea of any law but that code which they form for themselves. If this be a vice, I am afraid all the world are more or less tainted with it, for we shall very seldom find our appreciation of crimes and delinquencies either altogether conformable to the laws of our country or to the laws of God. A man grievously insulted by another, knocks him down and beats him heartily. All this is quite contrary to law, and yet it would be difficult to find any one who, in his heart, would pronounce him culpable. In greater things, alas, it is the same; and each man picks out of the great mass of offences his own little store of reservations, which he thinks very justifiable, though harsh legislators have condemned them."

MORAL AND SOCIAL EPIDEMICS.

"As diseases and plagues affecting the body are generally diffused over the whole world, at particular periods, each country suffering, in its degree, nearly at the same time, so moral pestilences and social maladies are equally epidemic, and we find, at particular epochs, almost all countries suffering from them alike. Indeed a curious historical table might be made, showing, in parallel, the vices and follies of each particular epoch, with their modifications in various countries; the military madness of one period, the sanguinary fury of another; the bloody fever of civil wars appearing in its season over the whole world; the licentious scabies spreading abroad in another; the spasms of fanaticism, the atony of infidelity, the St. Vitus' dance of levity, and the delirium tremens of revolution, following each other periodically, and affecting the whole frame of society."

MISERIES OF THE LAW'S DELAY.

"It was now, as the reader, if he have computed exactly, will know, the early spring of the year, before the sun has made any great progress, ere the days have lengthened or become warm. He had passed the evening in the place, so happily and poetically, named the Salle de Pas perdus, the Hall of Lost Steps, where the suiters in causes tried before the parliament were accustomed to waste the weary hours of expectation, ere their causes came on for hearing. He had found some little matter for interest in watching various persons, as they paced up and down from one end of that long stone-paved hall to the other; and many was the dark, many the sad history, which he thought he could trace upon those sad and care-worn countenances. Now, went by a man advanced in life, with a pale face and shrunken features, and a haggard eye, bent, sightless, upon the ground, while the thread-bare coat, the ill-washed collar and ruffles, the black-hilted sword, worn white at the edges of the sheath, spoke that fiercest kind of poverty which fastens on the well-born and the well-bred,

and sucks the heart's blood with the mouth of a vampire. Speechless, silent, mournful, he walked along, the ever-bitter presence of his own despair shutting out from his sight all other object. Then came a more angry kind of grief, one roused into rage by loss, and disappointment, and delay, with an irregular step, an eye generally cast down, but raised at the sound of every opening door, hands clinched with twitching, with convulsive eagerness, and lips muttering the reproach and curse; he took the accustomed walk of the long-expectant suiter. Then came the widowed mother and her stripling son, looking in vain for their denied inheritance, with meek, sad countenances, and often tearful eyes; she in sad communion with her own painful thoughts, he grieving for himself and her, and striving to win her from her gloomy reveries by idle prattle, that only rendered them more bitter and more deep. Ever and anon, however, would pass by the fluttering advocate, with his conceited air of conscious importance; or the successful litigant, smiling and chattering, and taking snuff from his gold box; or the smooth attorney, mocking the victims of the law with soft soothings and insincere consolations; or the grim notary and greffier, the executioners of many a hard decree. It was a sad, an humbling, a despairing scene; and, as the day drew towards a close, the dropping sound of rain, fast falling from the far projecting caves, was heard between the intervals of steps, while the light grew dim and gray under the heavy clouds that covered the skies, rendering the aspect of the whole more melancholy."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE.

"It seems, at first sight, strange that men in years always attribute to long life the gift of experience; they think that knowledge must be gained by time, and are always convinced themselves that, just according to the period they have lived in the world, must be their knowledge of the world, and the ignorance of those who are younger than themselves.

"But so it is, and perhaps it is very natural, for they have no gauge by which to measure the amount of what others have acquired but that which they have acquired themselves; and thus the good Abbé Arnoux, simply because he had seen more than sixty years, fancied that he had infinitely more experience than Francis de Langy, who had not seen twenty, forgetting that the only serviceable experience is derived from an acquaintance with men, and things, and events, and not from hours, or months, or years; so that many a one is a child at seventy, and many a man, full grown in intellect and old in experience, has not a gray hair on his head,"

BRITISH OPPRESSION.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Elizabeth Day, (a girl of 17.) "I don't go to Sunday School. The truth is, we are confined bad enough on week days, and want to walk about on Sundays. I can't read at all. Jesus Christ was Adam's son, and they nailed him on a tree."—Evidence before the Commissioners on the Employment of Children; Mines and Collieries.

Ann Eggley, (aged 18.) "I have heard of Christ performing miracles, but I don't know what sort of things they were. He died by their pouring fire and brimstone down his throat. I think I once did hear that he was nailed to a cross. Three times ten make twenty. There are fourteen months in a year, but I don't know how many weeks there are."—Ib.

Edmund Kushay, (a boy.) "Mr. Milner examined this boy, and found on his body from 24 to 26 wounds. His posteriors and loins were beaten almost to a jelly; his head, which was almost cleared of hair on the scalp, had the marks of many old wounds upon it, which had healed up; one of the bones in one arm was broken below the elbow, and, from appearances, seemed to have been so for some time."—Ib.—Kennedy, App., pt. ii, p. 218, § 260-3.

"One of the most disgusting sights I have ever seen," says a sub-commissioner, "was that of young females, dressed like boys in trowsers, crawling on all fours, with belts around their waists and chains passing between their legs, at Hunshelf Bank, Holmfirth, New Mills, and other places."—Ib.—Symens, Report, § iii, et seq; App., pt. i, pp. 181-2.

Overlooker examined. "Walks round with a stick in his hand; if a child is drowsy over his work, touches that child on the shoulder, and leads it to an iron cistern full of water. He then takes the child by the feet, heedless of sex, and dips it overhead in the cistern, and sends it back to work.

Have a vast number of cripples, some from losing their limbs, some from standing too long. Begins with a pain in the ankles; after that they ask to sit down, but they must not. Then they are weak in the knee; then knock-kneed; then their feet turn out; they become splay-footed, and their ankles become as big as my fist."—Evidence on the Employment of Children in Factories.

Mr. Thomas Daniel, examined. • • • • • • • "I consider them to be constantly in a state of grief, though some of them cannot shed tears."—Ib.

"No one has before entered my cellar to-day, except the officer, and he took my last shilling for taxes.—Glory and shame of England, vol. i, p. 186.

Is this in England's favored Isle,
Which boasts her peerless light and law,
Whose starving children perish, while
Whole nations thence existence draw?
Where thrones are set with starry gems,
And babes are born to diadems,

And pomp and power, with glittering show, Around the halls of grandeur throw A dazzling scene of richest ray, Where parasites can sport and play?

Can this be England, whence they fling O'er the whole earth a gorgeous sheen, Around whose standard millions cling, And on whose fist nations lean? Whose thronedom spreads from sun to sun, And when the orb of day has run Through half his course-seen glory here,-Shines there to dry a nation's tear? - Whose master-spirits seal the doom Of Freedom, in her youngest bloom, Or with a single word can free The distant islands of the sea? -England! whose throbbing pulse can beat And lay earth's riches at her feet, Yet spurns her children from her sight To lay them down in sorrow's night!

Is this your freedom, vaunted Isle! Where slaves may never touch your shores Where legal freedom rears a pile Of terror-trophies at your doors? And by the strongest arm of law Strikes the repining soul with awe, Or galls the kneeling wretch with chains, Whose links corrosive are his gains? -Tell me, is freedom ruling there, Where royal peers reject the prayer, Baptized in scalding tears of pain, And offered up for years in vain? While empty titles drain the gold For pampered minions, there enrolled Among the fav'rites of the Crown, Whose songs the groans of millions drown?

Call ye that Freedom, sage or peer,
Which, 'neath the mask of Freedom's name,
Constructs a dread Progrustean bier

Of sin and sorrow, woe and shame, On which a million spirits lie, In tearless grief to groan and die? While splendid villany can roll Its proud oppression on the soul, And cast around its iron bed The lone penumbra of the dead?

Thousands have breathed, and toiled, and died;
Not lived, but dragged existence on—
Sprung up to pour their crimson tide,

To swell the grandeur of the throne; For your philosophy profound, At last, an alchemy has found, By which your children's blood and tears, Refined for just a thousand years, Give gold, which daily now ye draw Through crucibles of British law-Then, proudly vaunting of your trust, Ye turn the skeleton to dust: And with the gold ye thus obtain, From some half-flowing, weakening vein, Ye pamper vampyres, lords and knaves. And build rich tombs to mark their graves, Or with magnificence can rear Some costly pile for folly's praise-Wring gems and jewels for a peer,

Go, see you puling, crawling worm, Goaded and stong with lash and thong-

Or spend a million for a chaise!

Is that a fair, immortal germ,
Which, like an earth-worm, creeps along?
Wretched and crippled, he must pay
The tax of life, and die away—
Nor feel one ray of gladness' beam,
Nor take one draught of pleasure's stream,
Nor learn one thought beyond the gloom,
Which makes his life a living tomb,
Norfeel one sorrow leave his breast,
To make him know his high behest—
But breathes, and toils, and starves, and sighs,
Reclines in rags, and groans, and dies.

See! ye have dried the social stream,
Of which they never e'en may dream,
And made the world of spirit lie
A thirsty sand waste, drear and dry!
Ye accourge your sons with daring hands,
Ye cause the burdens which they bear—
Ye tax their labor, reason, lands,
Aye! tax the fetters which they wear;
And with your power ye enstamp
The pallid brow of him who clings
Around your feet, and heedless tramp
On human forms, like slimy things!
Now-York, July 4th, 1843.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON, ESQ.

The pen and pencil of this elegant writer and eminent painter are now fallen from his hand forever. He died, at his residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Saturday, the 8th July last. He had been in feeble health for several years, but his decease was entirely unexpected, even to his family.

The genius and inspired productions of this gifted and ripe scholar and artist demand a lofty notice, one far above our accomplishment, even had we the time and materials for the undertaking. As we have neither of these, and cannot let the opportunity pass without some tribute to his memory, we take the following from the New-York "Tribune." A review of his works and life, from some one of the able pens of the State of his birth, or of his adoption, will find a welcome to our pages.

"Mr. Aliston stood confessedly at the head of the Painters of his time. He was a native of South Carolina, and entered Harvard College in 1796, having spent his preparatory term, by the advice of his physicians, at Newport, Rhode Island. He was distinguished even then in both the fields of his subsequent lofty fame, and being, smitten with the love of Painting, for which he had a strong natural genius, embarked for London in 1801, with a brother artist, and spent some three years as a student of the Royal Academy, of which West was then President. In 1804, he went with Vanderlyn to Paris, and thence to Italy, where he remained four years. Returning to America in 1809, he married, at Boston, a sister of the late Dr. Channing, and in 1811 sailed again for England. His reputation was now well established, both at home and abroad, and his picture of the 'Dead Man raised by Elisha's Bones' gained from the British Institution, where the most famous artists of the world were his competitors, the prize of two hundred guiness; the picture was afterwards sold to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts for \$3,500. In 1813, just after his own recovery from a severe and dangerous illness, the sudden death of his wife cast him into the deepest depression

and melancholy. In 1817, he accompanied Leslie to Paris, and in 1818, returned to his native land and took up his residence, where it has ever since continued to be, at Cambridgeport. In 1830, he married a sister of Mr. R. H. Dana, who has survived him.

"Mr. Allston was a man of rare genius and a noble ornament of that class, of whom, not our Land alone, but the Age stands highly in need, who love the Art to which their souls are wedded, not for the wealth or honors it may command, but for its own high sake, and who find in it-as Coleridge found in Poetry-its own 'exceeding great re ward.' He has come but seldom—especially of late years before the public; but his life has been given to his Art, and his Art will give immortality to his fame. With a devotion, unexampled in the present age so far as we are aware, he has spent the last ten or fifteen years of his life mainly on one great painting—'Belshazzar's Feast, or the Hand-writing on the Wall'—a theme worthy of his genius, and one which he cannot fail to have treated with original and creative power. Nearly all his subjects were chosen from the Bible, and have been treated in a most lofty and worthy style. His spirit was as grand and religious as the themes upon which he wrought; his genius was most at home in the other world, and he has embodied ideas of the superhuman and divine with unequalled and majestic skill. Coleridge, with whom when in Italy he formed a close and intimate friendship, which endured till it was severed by death, pronounced him by far the greatest genius, as an artist, America has ever produced. This, from so high a source, is no unmeaning or worthless compliment.

"Though Painting was undoubtedly the art in which he most excelled, Mr. Allston was well and widely known as a most accomplished scholar and a writer of great power and the nicest taste. In the earlier years of his life he wrote several Poems of great and enduring merit, of which the 'Sylphs of the Seasons,' 'The Paint King,' 'The Two Painters,' 'The Tuscan Maid,' and others, will readily recur to the memory of our readers. He has given to the world but little prose-'Monaldi' being his chief publication. This was written as early as 1822, but never published till 1841. Though professing to be simply 'a Tale,' it evinces a dramatic power and a philosophic knowledge of human passion possessed by few writers of any age. We have reason to believe that, though devoted mainly to Painting, his pen was not idle-and that he has left behind him a rich treasure of which, ere long, we trust the world may enjoy a share. Essays on various subjects, and a series of Discourses on Fine Art, we believe, may be looked for among his Remains. As a Painter, as he has said of Monaldi, 'he differed from his contemporaries no less in kind than in degree. If he held any thing in common with others, it was with those of ages past-with the mighty dead of the fifteenth century: from them he had learned the language of his art, but his thoughts and their turn of expression were his own.' Among his principal works are the 'Angel liberating Peter from prison,' of which a small copy was recently exhibited in this City; 'Jacob's Dream,' now in possession of the Earl of Egremont; 'Elijah in the Desert, purchased by Mr. Labouchere, of the British Parliament; 'the Angel Uriel in the Sun,' belonging to the Marquis of Stafford; 'Saul and the Witch of Endor;' 'Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand;' 'Gabriel setting the Guard of the Heavenly Host;' 'Anne Page and Slender;' 'Bestrice,' and other exquisite productions held by gentlemen of Boston.

"Mr. Allston died at the age of sixty-four—closing at that ripe time a life of serene and quiet beauty, distinguished not less by its enduring, unswerving Christian faith, than by its lofty devotion to creative Art. He sought his reward, not in the honors or emoluments of the world, but in the consciousness of worthy aims, in the companionship scholarship. The grade of studies, too, is not limited to

of ennobling thoughts, and the consolations of that religion which looks to a higher world as its final home. Such a life, elevated and sanctified by such a genius, is a fountain of perpetual beauty and abiding good. It should not end with the term of nature, but be given to the world in a fitting form, as a lasting, inestimable possession. Mr. Allston was fortunate in having for a kinsman and friend one so eminently fitted to be his biographer as Mr. Dana. Gifted with genius as lofty and pure as that of his departed friend-filled with the same spirit of high endeavor-conversant in the same departments of Truth and Letters, and for a long series of years familiar with his thoughts, and feelings, and purposes, he is far better qualified, in every respect, than any other person to give to the world his Life and Remains. Such a work, done as he alone can do it, would entitle Mr. Dana to the warmest thanks of the public. We ardently trust it will speedily be undertaken and at once announced."

ST. ANN'S HALL.

The circular of this Hall, which appeared upon the cover of the last Messenger, presents a satisfactory account of the devoted founder's views and plans; but we take pleasure, from our personal knowledge of the operations of the institution, to commend it to the notice of our friends, as in all respects suited to the purpose which it has in view,—the thorough education of our daughters, with a constant reference to the nature and extent of that influence which they are destined to exert, in domestic life and in the social circle.

If it be true, as a distinguished writer has observed, that "Man carries with him, to the forum, the notions which woman has discussed with him at the domestic fireside;" and, if it be true, as so many of us have experienced, that " a man takes counsel of his wife, and obeys his mother, even after she has gone hence, so that the sentiments which she has inculcated, become principles stronger even than his passions;" the character of the institutions where we place our daughters, to be prepared for the fulfilment of their high duties, should be distinctly understood. In commending any school or seminary, we feel the weight of the responsibility which we assume; but inquiries which we have recently been led to institute, enable us to say advisedly, that the favorable sentiments entertained by our lamented friend, the late Editor of the Messenger, one of whose daughters is now a pupil at St. Ann's, are fully warranted.

The "boarding-school," with its attendant serious evils. so well known and lamented by our mothers, and our wives and daughters, here gives place to an institution of a different grade. One of its distinguishing features is its utter renunciation of all public exhibitions and public examinations, from which the natural delicacy and refinement of a woman instinctively teach her to shrink. Instead of the personal ambition, and too often, unamiable rivalry of boarding-schools, excited by premiums, good marks and medals, there is a cheerful cooperation, and affectionate union, for the accomplishment of certain objects, in which all feel a common interest, and make common cause. The pupils are afforded the advantage of separate instruction, independent of their ordinary recitations in their classes; and these class recitations aim rather at effecting, by concert, the elucidation of a certain topic, than at ascertaining which particular members of the class are to be praised, admired and flattered, as possessing the best memory, or the greatest readiness at explaining what may have been the subject of the appointed lesson. From several years' experience, it has been found, that thus, the best results may be attainelementary branches, which, by-the-by, are in general so imperfectly taught in most of our schools; there are attractive courses of English Literature, German Literature, &c., giving particular accounts of authors and their works; courses of Natural Science, with Algebra. Geometry, &c., and the application of the sciences to the useful arts. The dead languages are also taught, to the extent that may suit the views of parents; and there are now classes in the Latin Reader, Cicero, Virgil and Horace, the Greek Reader, Xenophon, Plato and Homer.

The elegant accomplishments are pursued, in such a manner as to cultivate the mind and heart, while they impart the power of delicate perception, in works of art and works of nature. Music is not degraded to the mere faculty of executing with skill, upon the piano. organ, harp or seraphine, but is studied as a philosophical science, founded in the nature of things, and regulated by fixed laws of the All-wise and Benevolent Creator, as to the succession and combination of sounds, melody and harmony.

All vulgar and demoralizing songs and glees, by whatever names they may be recommended, are rejected; and in their place, are substituted musical compositions of the best masters, and songs that breathe at least innocent emotions. Every other accomplishment is, in the same manner, rendered auxiliary to the master principle adopted,—the cultivation of the mind and heart.

The chapel exercises, which begin and close the duties of each day, are rendered attractive, as well as edifying, by choral singing in the best style of cathedral music. At a particular signal, there is, every morning, at about ten o'clock, half an hour appropriated to retirement and private religious devotions. Very pleasing effects are produced also, by the distribution of the pupils into sections of six or eight each, under the special charge of a curatress, who is their confidential friend and affectionate adviser. The appropriation of separate apartments for the young ladies, instead of their sleeping and dressing in a room in common, is beneficial to health, and preserves that sense of delicacy and refinement, which the loarding-school so often and so greatly violates and blunts.

The arrangements which we have mentioned, give but an imperfect idea of the whole system, which is harmonious throughout, yielding as happy and desirable a home, in every respect, as any parent can desire for a beloved daughter, while fitting herself for the duties which are to devolve upon her.

The nature and extent of woman's influence are more and more appreciated. Her physical, intellectual, and, above all, her moral culture are invested with more and more interest and importance. The time has arrived, when she may command every facility for the full development of the capabilities with which she is endowed. External graces and elegant accomplishments need not, any longer, be the limits of her training. Instead of the smattering of mere terms and technicalities, she may become acquainted with the principles of art and science. She may, in a word, so cultivate her mind and heart, as to render herself the better able to fulfil the numerous, important and delightful duties, which are associated with those endearing and magical words, "my daughter," "my wife," "my mother," and "my sister."

The terms of tuition, &c., being misapprehended, it may be well, perhaps, to say, that the charges for board and tuition in all the English and Classical studies, including books and stationary, washing, light, fuel, &c., are \$166 the half year; and that the charges for music and other accomplishments are not as high as in the city schools, while these branches are most thoroughly taught.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW-July, 1843. J. W. Randolph, agent, Richmond, Virginia.

How much this able work alone does to redeem American Literature! The number before us is filled with excellent and useful articles, suited to every class of readers, in style, variety of subjects and the views presented. The leading review is "the Life and Character of Thomas Paine;" based upon an oration pronounced in Philadelphia, on the 106th Anniversary of his birth-day. The subject is perplexing, curious and exciting, and has been very ably and justly treated by the author. Paine was a rare man and pursued no uncommon career. There is enough in his life to absorb the attention of any one. He thought he had been the benefactor of mankind and of America particularly; and it seems that others agreed with him, though the reviewer does not. Mr. Jefferson, himself, invited him to return to the United States, from France, in a National vessel. Had Paine been a religious man, his love of liberty would have been tempered, his talents properly directed and he might have conferred blessings on the world; but abstract philanthropy, particularly, mere general, governmental philanthropy, can never accomplish much. When poison is administered more copiously than balm for the wounds and ulcers of the body social, or politic, what hope can there be of any improvement? No reformer, or benefactor can go forth successfully, to regenerate the world, without the Bible for his end and guide. The reviewer well says of Paine, "what a strange and eventful career was his! As a little incident of history, how much varying interest was crowded into his life! All climes, regions, habits and institutions were Paine's by adoption; and yet, such was the strange uncongeniality of his temper, with none did he seem to claim communion. Born in Great Britain, he was an exile, and literally and technically, an outlaw; naturalised in America, he renounced her moderate republicanism for the exaggerations of French Democracy; a citizen of France, one of her August Counsellors, he became, ex-officio, an inmate of the Conciergerie, and was glad, not grateful, to escape with his head upon his shoulders; buried in an American village, the grave, usually a quiet home, was violated and the hones of the restless cosmopolite were exhumed and carried abroad, in solemn mockery of the relica of holy men of old."

The above article is followed by others highly instructive and engaging, on "The Fisheries, &c.;" "Stephens, in Yucatan;" "Northern Lakes and Southern Invalids;" "Miss Bremer's novels;" "The School and the Schoolmaster;" "The Nestorian Christians;" "Classical Studies," and "the Mutiny of the Somers;" besides interesting critical notices. Any one, who desires a treat, will find it in this number of the North American. We may say a word or two of Frederika Bremer elsewhere, as one of her charming novels lies invitingly before us.

STEPHENS' TRAVELS IN YUCATAN.—We have followed Mr. Stephens joyfully, many long miles of his travels; but he has often left us as wearied as if we had gone on foot. He possesses many rare qualities for a journalist. He is not abstruse, he is social and good tempered, veracious and often humorous and racy. His descriptions are captivating, when not tedious, from minuteness and prolixity; and there is no balderdash of high wrought rhapsody and studied ecstasy. He is natural and candid. The writer in the N. American defends him warmly, against the charge of a "want of deductive reflection, or that principle which enables the profound mind to trace events from their causes, and so to present a clear method of Philosophy." We would not, as some have done, impose this pompous requisition upon travellers; nor would we be willing to put up with what the vindicator of Mr. Stephens seems to be satisfied. He appears to allow the traveller too much liberty of ma-

king popular and saleable books. Hear him: "This same kind of Criticism, with occasional changes of phraseology, was uttered and echoed, from a countless number of daily and weekly journals, in reference to the light, lively, skip and jump 'American Notes,' of Charles Dickens. 'A clear method of philosophy!' What, under the sun, has Dickens, or Stephens to do with philosophy, or profundity, or 'deductive reflection,' or any other part, or parcel of the learned lumber, with which erudite persons, in velvet caps and morning gowns, bemuddle their own brains and set those of their readers to aching." This is a pretty sharp defence, earnest and animated. After rating roundly, ' ponderous and very tiresome philosophy,' he continues, "The traveller goes to look for something else; and, if he bring not home something else, the 'reading public' soon lets him know that he has gone upon a fool's errand." Such logic as this pretty nearly justifies those travellers who have most shamefully pampered prejudices and gratified a known morbid and depraved appetite. This depreciation of philosophy, (after what Shakspeare has said of it, too!) might be as aptly applied to truth; and the "skip and jump' traveller, if he happen to be "light and lively," may be excused for not bringing that home to the "reading public."

To a considerable extent, a philosophic spirit and turn of reflection are requisite in a traveller; and, especially, for an explorer and discoverer, as Mr. Stephens professes to be, and, we suppose, undoubtedly is, in Yucatan. He seems to us to be somewhat liable to the charge above; but certainly not to a degree, to call forth such a warm and lax justification. The lowest kind of travellers are fault-finders, and false reasoners, (sometimes intentionally so) from preconceived, or "skip and jump" facts, such as the "lively" Dickens, Hall, Hamilton, Trollope and their like. The middling class are mere narrators, detail men, who insert a little deduction, that naturally springs up in their minds. Mr. Stephens is about the best of this class, since he relates and describes admirably, and deals not a little in useful reflections. The most deluding are theory makers and system provers; the highest are the narrative philosophers, (if we may venture to use the term, after what we have quoted, from such high authority,) who gather the materials of truth, from distant climes and foreign tongues, and build therewith for the edification of mankind.

One of Mr. Stephens' greatest faults is his prolixity, which has increased since he wrote his first works. The reader is forced to tug through many tedious details to get at the pith, of which, it is true, there is a great deal, both juicy and sweet. If he be not like Dr. Johnson, who boasted that he could gather the contents of a book from the beginning and the end, and that he never read a book through, he is afraid to put the travels down, when he is thus tired, for fear of losing something really entertaining. So he reads on, with much reservation, however, as to the character and value of the book; which the author might have entirely removed, by pruning his details and diminishing his dramatis persona. His prolixity, that is most tedious, proceeds from constantly keeping every body and every thing he carries with him or meets with, before the reader. Stephens & Co. rarely deal with the reader in their partnership style, but each member and his transactions, with bag and baggage, machos and all, push their way in. Had we Mr. Stephens' first books on Central America, we could fully illustrate our meaning, and show how these extensive volumes could be beneficially reduced, certainly by all that part, which might be published in separate form. for such as are curious in those matters, and entitled " My Macho's Diary." Incidents, of course, frequently occur, which appropriately introduce minuteness as to persons, animals, and things; but Mr. S., in his charitable equality, gives these too often a prominent place. The following

from the last work on Yucatan, will tend to illustrate our objection, though it is such, as we would be willing to allow-"The little boy was hovering about the rancho in charge of a naked sister two years old, and commissioned, as he told us himself, to watch that we did not take any thing from the hut. For a medio he undertook to show me the place where they procured water, and, mounting his little sister on his back, he led the way up a steep and stony hill. I followed with the bridle of my horse in my hand, and, without any little girl on my back, found it difficult to keep up with him. On the top of the hill were worn and naked rocks, with deep hollows in them, some holding, perhaps, as much as one or two pails of water. I led my horse to one of the largest. He was always an extraordinary water drinker, and that evening was equal to a whole temperance society. The little Indian looked on as if he had sold his birthright, and I felt strong compunctions; but, letting the morrow take care of itself, I sent up the other horses, which consumed, at a single drink, what might, perhaps, have sufficed the family a month."-Vol 11, p. 129. On his second visit, Mr. Stephens was accompanied by Dr. Cabot of Boston, as well as Mr. Catherwood. They found the ruins still as wonderful, and concluded that they "were entire and perfect edifices in the sixteenth century, occupied as temples for worship, by the people whom the Spaniards fought, conquered and enslaved." The natives are as ignorant, degraded, superstitious and gaming as ever. Of the sudden transition from devotion to the gaming table, by all sexes and ages, Mr. Stephens presents some striking illustrations. " Along the corridor, and in the whole area of the patio, or court-yard, were tables, and benches, and papers, and grains of corn, and ponderous sticks, the same as in the sala, and men and women sitting as close together. The passages were choked up, and over the heads of those sitting at the tables, all within reach were bending their eyes earnestly upon the mysterious papers. They were grayheads, boys and girls, and little children; fathers and mothers; husbands and wives; masters and servants; men high in office, muleteers, and bull-fighters; señoras and señoritas, with jewels around their necks and roses in their hair, and Indian women, worth only the slight covering they had on; beauty and deformity; the best and the vilest in Merida; perhaps, in all, two thousand persons; and this great multitude, many of whom we had seen but a few minutes before on their knees in the church, and among them the fair bevy of girls who had stood by us on the steps, were now assembled in a public gamblinghouse! a beautiful spectacle for a stranger, the first night of his arrival in the capital !"-Vol. 1. p. 20.

Though tempted to pursue the subject further, we will conclude with the following speculation of the reviewer in the North American, called forth, by the Indian mukbipoyo. "We have never seen any complete and satisfactory discussion of the problem, respecting the effect produced on national character by various methods of cookery, or any method to trace out the connection between predominant modes of action and thought and predominant modes of eating. Yet there seems to be, among almost every people, a national dish; and it would not be difficult. we suspect, to show that the national dish has a great deal to do with the national temperament. Is there not a distinct analogy between the beef of the Englishman and his solid, vigorous, and durable qualities of mind and body,between the vivacious, active, and volatile Frenchman, (though he is not addicted to croaking,) and the savory amphibious dainty in which he delights? The Tartar feeds upon horse-steak, uncooked save by compression between his saddle and the back of his steed in the course of a twenty-mile gallop; and is there not a share of the wild horse in the national character of the Tartar? The Esquiextract, contained in the North American before us, taken maux feed principally on seal-blubber; and what a scalish animal is the Esquimaux, with his dumpy figure, his round head, his flipper-like legs and arms, his indolence, and his stupidity! The Spaniard luxuriates upon his olla podrida, an anomalous compound, rank in flavor and fearfully indigestible; his ancestors must have fared more generously when they were successful warriors. Would the Poles have lost their nationality, if they had possessed a national dish? Could the Swiss have maintained theirs without one, even though no better than goat-milk cheese?

"The Indians of Yucatan, it seems, have a compound which they call mukbipoyo, a detestable pot-pie, consisting of pork and fowls, made hot with Chili pepper, and enclosed in a paste of pounded Indian corn, the pie being baked in the earth. During certain religious festivals, Mr. Stephens tells us, they eat nothing but this; and they place liberal portions of it out of doors in some retired places, for the consumption of their deceased friends and relatives. The composition of this pie was derived, doubtless, from their ancestors; no wonder, then, that their thousands fell in vain conflict with the handful of the Conquistadores. There must be ruin to any people in such an atrocious preparation for the stomach."

This is a very unsatisfactory notice of so extensive and interesting a work; but the subject is inviting and our pages open to one more worthy.

THE NEIGHBORS, a story of every day life, by Frederika Bremer, translated from the Sweedish, by Mary Howitt, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1843. Smith, Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Virginia.

This almost unrivalled novelist has opened a new world upon us. It was known that Napoleon's Bernadotte sat upon the throne of Sweden, but no idea was entertained of the rich treasures of her life and manners, which the genius of one of his fair subjects has spread before us. This Northern Light, sheds over every thing a mild, exquisite and rosy beauty, accompanied with the energy that belongs to Northern intellect, and, like the lovely aurora borealis, captivates the heart and the eye. With what to fill the brief space and time at our disposal, we know not. Where is there greater variety of character, than Frederika presents, in this one book. Ma chère mère, with her proverbs, is the nucleus around which they all cluster. In her alone, are passion, power, affection, dignity and command worthy of Shakspeare. How every thing bends before her, but her own dear scion, Bruno! And, he who would not bend, well nigh broke. See the storm that rises, when Bruno is named. Her bosom is like a volcano-but when there is no eruption, the gentle breezes of respectful affection are permitted to fan the flowers, not yet faded, nor swept from her passionate heart. When Bear first hurries his bride, terror-struck at the idea of appearing, as she then was, into the presence of Ma chère mère; what is Franziska's surprise, to find the commanding woman, of whom, unseen, she felt such dread, fiddling away vehemently, for her servants to dance! And again, what is Ma chère mère's astonishment, when the frolicksome, childlike Ebba, eluding her cold reception, instals herself in the chair of state, and, whilst all are in consternation, as Ma chère mère approaches with awful reproof in her eye, throws her delicate arms around her neck and kisses her. It was frolicksome innocence playing on the crater, but it escaped. No body but Ebba would have thought of such a freak, no body else would have dared to do it. As yet, Frederika Bremer enjoys a monopoly. Her field is unexplored; and she has sensibly reversed the usual order of events, described in novels, as will soon appear. "The Neighbors" is written in the form of letters from Franziska Werner, one of the daughters-in-law of Ma chère mère, to her friend; and from to their author. It is pleasing to behold efforts from our

first, the writer makes out that she does not intend to write a novel; but at the end of the first chapter, says, " I could find pleasure in writing a romance on all this; romances commonly end with a marriage, but does not the proper romance of human life here have its beginning? Seen in the whole, the life of every man is a romance—a little episode out of the great romance of the 'Book of Life,' which is written by that great original author, 'The World.' Suppose, therefore, Maria, that I should write you a little romance. Let it, my good, affectionate reader, hold a place in your heart; whether it be cheerful or sad, this I know, that you will not cast it from you.

"Farewell! think kindly on your romantic and devoted FRANZISKA."

The romance then commences, and each of the Sons-in-Law pays Ma chère mère a visit, with his young bride. It is impossible at this time to give an analysis of the story. Let the subject arouse some fitter pen.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS, conducted by Professor Silliman and Benj. Silliman, Jr., New-Haven, vol. xlv. No. I., July, 1843.

This able Scientific Journal has been thankfully received. It contains a great fund of varied Scientific information, upon the nomenclature of zoology, the tides in American lakes, Botany, Geology, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mechanics, Philosophy and Bibliography. The articles claim authorship from distinguished pens. Mr. Sears C. Walker, whom our late distinguished Editor gave quite a severe rub, is, in conjunction with Prof. E. O. Kendall, out again upon the great Comet of 1843. Among the articles in this number, we are gratified to find an exceedingly interesting one, from an old college friend, C. B. Hayden, Esq., who, after leaving the University of Virginia, was associated with Prof. Wm. B. Rogers, in the Geological survey of our State. The wonderful Ice Mountain, Hampshire county, Va., is the subject of his investigation. We would be glad to have a diversion sometimes in our favor, on subjects suited to our pages. Such as the above would be welcomed. We should not omit to mention the account of the proceedings of the "Association of American Geologists and Naturalists," at their fourth session in Albany, April last. Under the auspices of their united genius and learning, American Science will plume herself for a lofty

NUMEROUS CASES OF SURGICAL OPERATIONS, without pain, in the Mesmeric state, with remarks, &c., by John Elliotson, M. D., Cantab., F. R. S. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1843. Smith, Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Va.

This pamphlet, of fifty-six pages, sets forth "the inestimable blessings of Mesmerism," and adduces evidence of its truth. Its title page bears the following bold assertion: "To me (and, before many years, the opinion must be universal,) the most extraordinary event, in the whole history of human science, is that Mesmerism ever could be doubted." A short time since our City was in a Mesmeric fever, if not slumber. Mesmerism is itself now slumbering; but may be revived under the auspices of Dr. Elliotson.

CHIPS FROM THE WORKSHOP. Parnassus, the Outlaw's Dream and other poems. By Charles Ives, New-Haven, Hitchcock and Stafford; 1843.

This neat volume of poems reached us through the polite Editors of the Richmond Enquirer, and we return our thanks a few other persons, brought in to complete the story. At own bards. The author, suffering from lameness, has dedicsted his effusions to the "devotion, pure, disinterested and steadfast," of his crutches, "whom no adulation can flatter." For the sake of the joke, some might say, they were lame verses, and needed a crutch; but not so. They lack the glow of inspiration, and the fervor of enthusiasm which belong to higher poetry. But there is no want of sound thought and just reflection. Parnassus represents the determined will and resolute spirit of the bard himself, whom not even the presiding spirit of the mountain could deteror dissuade. The spirit should have been silent or have uttered poetry more accordant with her fame. The poet should not have opened a colloquium with her, but have kept all to himself. Still, there are some good passages, which we could point out, had we space. He says to the Spirit:

"But had each rock a tongue, should each tongue shout Its warning—and each note like volleyed thunder speak, They could not shake my purpose; I will seek, Though perils lurk in every forest leaf, To climb the mountain to its topmost peak."

The following is true

"One little spark the moral world may melt;
A thought for ages live, when we are gone;
A single act may make its influence felt,
In every star round God's eternal throne;
A word, if fitly spoke, may still speak on,
And move men's minds, in every age and clime."

With this view, and in the above spirit, he attempts the ascent. The poems are worthy of a perusal. Love, of course, occupies a conspicuous place; and, in one of the poems, is associated with the Virginia Springs.

Home; or, the Iron Rule: a domestic story, by Mrs. Ellis. Author of "Wives of England," etc. Harper and Brothers—New-York.

Mrs. Ellis is a clever writer. She belongs to the class of utilitarian novelists, who are, we are happy to say, gaining ground rapidly. Trashy novels, with their love-sick tales—and mawkish romances, are on the decline in the favor of the reading public. With cheap reprints and mammouth weeklies, the rank inveterate novel readers have been stuffed to surfeiting. These are now giving place to more useful and social works.

From Guy Fawks and Bulwer's trash, the publishers of the North are turning to Shakspeare and the Bible—a change truly. The Iron Rule is quite a readable book. It is for sale at the Bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris.

THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY. New York, Harper and Brothers. Smith, Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Va.

This work avowedly contains nothing secular; and "was prepared with great care by the London Religious Tract Society." It is not a work of very great historic dignity; but is highly interesting and contains an account of many things of importance, in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Queen Mary. The nipping of the reformation, the restoration of Papacy and the crime and bloodshed attending it, are impressively detailed. The work is one of the cheap publications and well worth a perusal. Our time does not permit a further notice; but we may recur to the subject.

THE WORES OF HANNAH MORE. Harper and Brothers, New York. Smith, Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Virginia.

There will be eight numbers of the works of this eminent and useful authoress, published in the cheap form. The first number is before us, containing her poems and some of her minor tales. The writings of this gifted woman are admirably adapted for general circulation. They were

mostly written for practical application and suited for the people. They, doubtless, did a great deal to promote peace, good order and patriotism in England; and many of the lessons so impressively instilled are just as appropriate to our own countrymen. A sweet tone of religious morality pervades them and they skilfully touch the springs of every day conduct.

BIOGRAPHY AND POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MAE-GARET MILLER DAVIDSON; by Washington Irving. A new edition, revised. Philadelphia, Lea and Blanchard, 1843.

How could this work fail to be deeply interesting, containing as it does the life and remarkable productions of a highly gifted and precocious child, illustrated by the pen of Washington Irving! Old and young may read it with delight. It is published among "the Ladies Cabinet Series" and can be had at J. W. Randolph's, Richmond, Va., for the trifle of fifty cents, though an American book and by such authors. Truly knowledge and mental beauty are brought to every man's door.

An Address to the people of Rhode Island, delivered in Newport, May 3rd., 1843, in presence of the General Assembly, on the occasion of the change in the Civil Government of Rhode Island, by the adoption of the Constitution, which superseded the charter of 1663. By William G. Goddard: Providence, 1843. Mr. Goddard was requested by the citizens of Newport, to deliver this address in commemoration of the great event above alluded to; and it was published, at the solicitation of the Assembly and of the people of Newport. It, together with an appendix, contains much valuable information. After tracing the political history of the State, and recounting the blessings they enjoyed under the several charters, particularly that of Charles II., and alluding very eloquently to the cherished recollections connected with that time-honored instrument, he proceeds to discuss the late popular movement in the plantation State. He is entirely opposed to what he styles the revolutionary spirit, and ably vindicates law and order. It is an instructive address.

We have space only to acknowledge the receipt of the following useful works, "Brande's Encyclopædia of Science, Literature and Art," an omnibus in which all kinds of knowledge rides very cheaply; and the "Natural History of Insects," illustrated by engravings—First series, No. 8, "Family Library." Both Harper and Brothers, New-York; Smith, Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Virginia.

DEATH OF THE HON, H. S. LEGARE.

The whole country is still mourning the loss of this bright and distinguished ornament. Genius and learning had thrown around him a mantle, which the shafts of political warfare have not attempted to pierce, though those with whom he was so intimately associated have been assailed on every hand. The respect and sanctity due to the scholar and gentleman shielded the politician from envenomed darts; and he has departed lamented as the Scholar, Orator and Statesman should ever be. Many suitable testimonies have already been given to his lofty talents and intrinsic excellence; but all has not yet been said. The Southern Review will do him honor; but we wish the Messenger also to prove herself not unmindful of the honors due to his name. As an orator and ripe scholar, he is entitled to a worthy eulogist. A Story has already paid his tribute, and the eloquence and taste of Preston will grace the theme. He was the warm personal friend of one of our distinguished Senators, who greatly admired him. Has his friendship nought to bring? The subject might well arouse his pen, in the interval of relaxation from the arduous duties of his high station.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of the reply to "Toga Civilis" will please accept our thanks for his contribution. Our pages will always be open to his favors.
"Familiar Letters to my Readers, No. I," is under consideration. When we get a little leisure,

the author may hear from us.

"Lona D'Alvarez, a tale of the South," will make an early appearance. The pen of its authoress is too successful to be idle.

"The Basque provinces in Spain," translated from the French, received and under consideration.

We are much indebted to the translator for his valuable favors.

The following poetical favors are respectfully declined: "To D—;" "Brother Don't You Think;" "The Vow, or Jeph tha's Daughter;" "A Thought on Life;" "The County Court Attorney," Spenserian Stanza; and the piece describing the Fountain of Youth.

"Parting lines to my Guitar," is under consideration. "Sunday Evening Verses," will appear.

We are requested by a correspondent to state, that "the profound and elaborate paper, upon 'Periodical Meteors,' in the North American Review, of April last, was written by Prof. Benjamin Pierce of Harvard University, and not by Sears C. Walker," as was supposed by the late Editor of the Messenger. It was omitted to be stated that "A Cure for Ennui," in the July No. of the Messenger, was by the authoress of "Winning and Losing."

PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

Received since the publication of the July number. If any names should have been omitted, they will appear on the cover of the September number. ILP No order hereafter (come from whatever quarter it may.) for the Messenger, will be attended to unless the money accompanies it,—nor will any Bank Bills other than those which are current at par in the States where they are issued, be received in payment for subscriptions. II

II				
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	Rawlings, Miss Mary G. Spotsylvania.C. H., Va. vol 9			
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	Suter, Thomas RIEJ Washington Cityvol 9			
	Selden, Wm. IEJ. Washington City. Pd. to July, 1843			
	Simmons, WmIEJWashington Cityvol 9 Shinn, StevenIEJWashington Cityvol 9			
	Shinn, StevenIEJ Washington Cityvol 9			
	St. Mary's College Reading-Room. IEJ. Baltimorevol 9			
i	Saunders, Beverley C. IEJ. Baltimore, Md. vol 9			
	Tannehill, WilkinsWMPNashville, Tennvol 8 Treasury DepartmentIEJWashinton CityPd. \$ 2 92			
ì	Tyler, John (Pres. U. S) IEJ. Washington City. vol 9			
	Ven-Ness John P IEI Washington City vol 0			
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	Williamson, Dr. Thomas. RN. Portsmouth, Vavol 9			
	Warrington, Com. Lewis IEJ Washington City vol 9			
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BENJAMIN B. MINOR, ATTORNEY AT LAW:

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Office removed to the Museum Building, over the office of the Richmond Whig. August, 1843.

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

This is a monthly Magazine, devoted chiefly to LITERATURE, but occasionally finding room also for articles that fall within the scope of Science; and professing no disdain of tasteful selections, though its matter has been, as it will continue to be, in the main, original.

Party Politics and controversial Theology, as far as possible, are jealously excluded. They are sometimes so blended with discussions in literature or in moral science, otherwise unobjectionable, as to gain admittance for the sake of the more valuable matter to which they adhere: but whenever that happens, they are incidental, only; not primary. They are dross colored and because it cannot well be severed from the sterling ore wherewith it is incorporate

REVIEWS, and CRITICAL NOTICES, occupy their due spais the Editor's aim that they should have a threefold tendency—to convey, in a condensed form, such valuable truths or interesting incidents as are embodied in the works reviewed,—to direct the reader's attention to books that deserve to be read,—and to warn him against wasting time and money upon that large number, which merit only to be burned. In this age of publications, that by their variety and multitude distract and overwhelm every undiscriminating student, impartial criticism, governed by the views just mentioned, is one of the most inestimable criminate.

Essays, and Tales, having in v AL SKETCHES—and REMINISCENCES of events too minute for History, yet elucidating it, an ning its interest,-may be regarded as forming the staple of the work. An sometimes of no mean strain—to manifest and an arrangement and arrangement and arrangement are arrangement. genous Portey, enough is published—
e and talents of our country.

The times appear, for several reasu.... public mind is feverish and irritated still, from recent political str of Literature is needed, to allay that fever, and soothe that irrita abroad:-They should be driven by indignant rebuke, or lashed by Ignorance lords it over an immense proportion of our people:—Every s to arouse the enlightened, and to increase their number; so that the great may no longer brood, like a portentous cloud, over the destinies of all these ends, what more powerful agent can be emplored senger; if that plan be but carried out in practi

The South peculiarly requires such an ag shington, there are but two Literary periodicals! Northward of that city, there are probably at least twenty-five or thirty! Is this contrast justified by the wealth, the leisure, the native talent, or the actual literary taste, of the Southern people, compared with those of the Northern? No: for in wealth, talents, and taste, we may justly claim at least an equality with our brethren; and a domestic institution exclusively our own, beyond all doubt affords us, if we choose, twice the leisure for reading and writing, which they enjoy.

It was from a deep sense of this local want, that the word Southern was engrafted on the name of this periodical: and not with any design to nourish local prejudices, or to advocate supposed local Far from any such thought, it is the Editor's fervent wish, to see the North and South bound interests. endearingly together forever, in the silken bands of mutual kindness and affection. Far from meditating hostility to the north, he has already drawn, and he hopes hereafter to draw, much of his choicest matter thence: and happy indeed will he deem himself, should his pages, by making each region know the other better, contribute in any essential degree to dispel forever the lowering clouds that so lately threatened the peace of both, and to brighten and strengthen the sacred ties of fraternal love.

The Southern Literary Messenger has now commenced its ninth volume, and ninth.

How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to by. He believes, YEAR. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to ay. however, that it falls not further short of them, than human weal----Practice fall short of Theory.

CONDITIONS OF SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

- 1. THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER is published in monthly numbers. Each number contains not less than 64 large super-royal pages, printed on good type, and in the best manner, and on paper of the most beautiful and expen-
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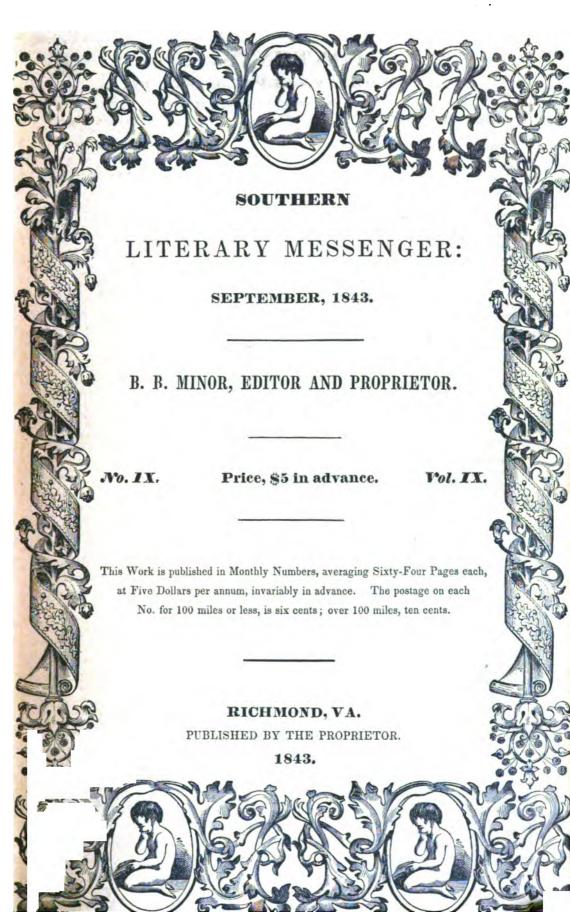
 2. The "MESSENGER" hereafter will be mailed on or about the first day of every month in the year. Tweive numbers make a volume,—and the price of subscription is \$5 per volume, payable in advance;—nor will the work be sent to any one, unless the order for it is accompanied with the cash. ID THE YEAR COMMENCES WITH THE JANUARY NUMBER. NO SUBSCRIPTION RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN THE YEAR, UNLESS THE INDIVIDUAL SUBSCRIBING CHOOSES TO PAY THE FULL PRICE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION FOR A LESS PERIOD. IN The risk of transmitting subscriptions by mail will be about the first day of every month in the year. Twelve
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CONTENTS.

NO. IX.-VOL. IX.-SEPTEMBER, 1843.

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.	ORIGINAL PROSE ARTIC	
1. A Peep at Caracas, taken from the Journal of a	14 H G T ()	PAGE
Traveller 513	14. H. S. Legaré, late Attorney	General of the Uni-
2. Mental Grandeur of the Reign of George III 517	ted States. His character at 15. Defect in Science Supp.	o genus. By "R."570
3. Lord Brougham	Total an Desence Bupp	New Mathematical
4. Reply to "An Official Military Seaman," or		574
rank and position of the Medical Corps in th		ETRY.
States Navy, by "A Sea Going Surgeon."	AU. AU 183	G. Buchanan529
5. A Day on Cooper River—A Review of Dr. Irving's work—Charleston, South Carolina, 1842	17. Sunday Evening "	Rev. W. H. Tappan 530
6. Historical Sketch of the Foundation of the O	. Kiego's Hymn	549
of St. John of Jerusalem; concluded from	A word to the Slues	ected.) Goëthe559
July number of the Messenger.	's Last Work. By Mrs.	Elizabeth J. Eames.
7. Lona D'Alvarez. A tale of the South Land	e.) Mrs. Hemans has a	poem on the same
of Fredericksburg, Virginia.	gect, founded on an incide ster, Blake, related by A.	Cuprisches 550
8. Familiar Letters to My Readers. No. 1		
Familiar Letters to My Readers. No. I The Basque Provinces of Spain, translat		BLE,
the French, by a gentleman of Philadelph		575
10. Ice Mountain of Hampshire County, Virginia,	I(7 WORKS.
C. B. Hayden—from Silliman's Journal.		
frequent notices of the press confirm our se. tion; but we have not seen it re-published s	Hannah More's Works	Vos. 11 and 12575
where else	Barnes' Notes on the Epist'	o the Hebrews 576
11. Rhododaphne. Who is its author ? in reply to a	25. Mrs. M. M. Davidson's W.	576
former article, by H.; by A Reader. 557	26. The Southern Quarterly Rev	w. July, 1843576
12. Virginia Antiquities; Inscriptions on ancient	27. Exercises of the	he Albany Female
Tombstones in the "Old Dominion;" by C. C. of	Academy, 1843	576
Petersburg, Virginia	28. Ruffin on Calcareous Ms. 29. Other New Works Rece	576
13. Literature, its Toils and Rewards; the substance	30. What we wished to spec	576
of an Address, delivered before the Library Association, in July, 1842. By A. Judson Crane,		11576
Richmond, Virginia562	Attention is ask	Educational Advertise-
	menta of	
PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTH		ENGER,
PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHI	ames should hav	•
PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHE Received since the publication of the August number. If any n the October number. In No order hereafter (come from w	ames should hav	ill appear on the cover of
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PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHE Received since the publication of the August number. If any n the October number. In No order hereafter (come from w unless the money accompanies it,—nor will any Bank Bills, they are issued, be received in payment for subscriptions. Austin, Simeon. WGLynchburg, Virginiavol 91 Athenaeum IEI Philodelphie, Paginia	ames should hav hatever quarter it may " "ess other than those which t U Marr, Miss E. H., War, Co.	rill appear on the cover of sienger, will be attended to
PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHE Received since the publication of the August number. If any n the October number. In No order hereafter (come from w unless the money accompanies it,—nor will any Bank Bills, they are issued, be received in payment for subscriptions. Austin, Simeon. WG. Lynchburg, Virginia	ames should hav hatever quarter it may "ess other than there which Marr, Miss E. H. W. G. Ca Manlove, C. A	vill appear on the cover of senger, will be attended to t par in the States where C. H., Vavol 9 g, Mississippivol 6-7 Tenposera
PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHI Received since the publication of the August number. If any n the October number. In No order hereafter (come from w unless the money accompanies it,—nor will any Bank Bills, they are issued, be received in payment for subscriptions. Austin, Simeon. WG. Lynchburg, Virginia. vol 9 AthenaeumIEJ. Philadelphia, Pa	ames should hav hatever quarter it may " ess other than there which Marr, Miss E. H. W. Campour Manlove, C. A. IEJ Vicksbur Nelson, Ro. Carter Brownsville Noble, Theron A. CWJ Middlehu	vill appear on the cover of senger, will be attended to 1 par in the States where C. H., Vavol 9 K., Mississippivol 6-7 Tennesseevol 7-8-9 Tennesseevol 7-8-9
PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHE Received since the publication of the August number. If any n the October number. In No order hereafter (come from w unless the money accompanies it,—nor will any Bank Bills, they are issued, be received in payment for subscriptions. Austin, Simeon. WG. Lynchburg, Virginia. vol 9 Athenaeum. IEJ. Philadelphia, Pa. vol 9 Burwell, Miss Jean B. WG. Millgrove, Va. vol 9 Blanch, Ezekiel A. WG. Boydton, Va. vol 9 Bruce, Miss Ellen. WG. Halifax C. H., Va. vol 9 Bentley, E. B. Richmond Virginia.	ames should hav hatever quarter it may "ess other than these while I Marr, Miss E. H. W. Camponia Nelson, Ro. Carter Brownsville Noble, Theron A. CWJ Middleby Oldham, James	rill appear on the cover of senger, will be attended to t par in the States where C. H., Vavol 9 g, Mississippivol 6-7 , Tennesseevol 7-8-9 trg, O.Pd. to June, 1842 ennesseevol 8-9
PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHI Received since the publication of the August number. If any n the October number. In No order hereafter (come from w unless the money accompanies it,—nor will any Bank Bills, they are issued, be received in payment for subscriptions. Austin, Simeon. WG. Lynchburg, Virginia. vol 9 Athenaeum. IEJ. Philadelphia, Pa. vol 9 Burwell, Miss Jean B. WG. Millgrove, Va. vol 9 Blanch, Ezekiel A. WG. Boydton, Va. vol 9 Bruce, Miss Ellen. WG. Halifax C. H., Va. vol 9 Bentley, Dr. Henry M. Newbern, Va. vol 9 Bentley, Dr. Henry M. Newbern, Va. vol 9 Brown, James J. WG. Buckingham C. H. Va. vol 9 Brown, James J. WG. Buckingham C. H. Va. vol 9 Brown, James J. WG. Buckingham C. H. Va. vol 9 Brown, James J. WG. Buckingham C. H. Va. vol 9 Brown, James J. WG. Buckingham C. H. Va. vol 9 Brown, James J. WG. Buckingham C. H. Va. vol 9 Brown, James J. WG. Buckingham C. H. Va. vol 9	Marr, Miss E. H. WG. Campon. Manlove, C. A. IEJ. Vicksbur Nelson, Ro. Carter. Brownsville Noble, Theron A. CWJ. Middlebu Oldham, James. Toulon, To Penn, G. W. WG. Patrick O Peebles, Henry W. Honkinsvill	nill appear on the cover of senger, will be attended to 1 par in the States where C. H., Vavol 9 g, Mississippivol 6-7 Tennesseevol 7-8-9 trg, O. Pd. to June, 1842 ennesseevol 8-9 c. H., Vavol 8-9 c. Kentykry
PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHE Received since the publication of the August number. If any n the October number. In No order hereafter (come from w unless the money accompanies it,—nor will any Bank Bills, they are issued, be received in payment for subscriptions. Austin, Simeon. WG. Lynchburg, Virginia. vol 9 Athenaeum. IEJ. Philadelphia, Pa. vol 9 Burwell, Miss Jean B. WG. Millgrove, Va. vol 9 Blanch, Ezekiel A. WG. Boydton, Va. vol 9 Bruce, Miss Ellen. WG. Halifax C. H., Va. vol 9 Bentley, E. B. Richmond, Virginia. vol 9 Bentley, Dr. Henry M. Newbern, Va. vol 9 Brown, James J. WG. Buckingham C. H., Va. vol 8 Biddle, Com James IEI. Philadelphis P.	mes should hav hatever quarter it may 'ess other than those which t Marr, Miss E. H. W. Campon. Manlove, C. A. IEJ Vicksbur, Nelson, Ro. Carter. Brownsville Noble, Theron A. CWJ Middlebu Oldham, James Toulon, Tr Penn, G. W. WG Patrick C Peebles, Heary W. Hopkinsvill Phillanthropic Society Chaptel	nill appear on the cover of senger, will be attended to to the states where C. C. H., Vavol 9 g, Mississippivol 6-7 g, Tennesseevol 7-8-9 urg, O.Pd. to June, 18-42 ennesseevol 8-9 c. H., Vavol 9 g, Kentuckyvol 9
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VOL. IX.

RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER, 1843.

NO. 9.

A PEEP AT CARACAS,

TAKEN FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

"At sunrise, on Friday the 8th July, 1842, the mountains of South America were towering before The range comes down close to the shore. We made the land about thirty miles to windward of the town, and coasted along until 12 M., when we anchored off Laguyara. There is no harbor, whatever, and a tremendous roll of the sea, at all times, makes it difficult and even dangerous for vessels to ride at anchor, or for boats to land. It was here, that the U. S. Frigate "Congress," Com. Biddle, was near being lost in 1821. It was quite calm, but a dreadful swell setting in carried every other vessel ashore. The "Congress" parted all her cables but one, and, after dragging her anchor, was, at last, saved as if by a miracle. The officers of the navy have, ever since, disliked touching at the port, and our ship was the first American man of-war that had been seen here for some years. We were soon boarded by the port officer, who requested Captain M. not to fire a salute, as the town had neither guns nor men to return it. He was told no apology was necessary; and it was a subject of felicitation, that the country enjoyed such tranquillity as rendered a military force unnecessary. We landed about 4 o'clock, and proceeded to the house of our consul, or rather of his firm, as Mr. R. resides in Caracas. We met a most cordial reception, and had the pleasure of finding there ALLEN A. HALL, Esq., chargé of the U. S. to Venezuela, who was about to sail for Curaçoa, for the benefit of his lady's health.

An excursion to Caracas being determined on. our purser was charged with making all the arrangements. We slept at the consulate, and never did I relish a night's repose in a higher degree. Although the town is classed, by HUMBOLDT, as one of the four hottest places on the continent, so cool was our chamber, that a blanket would have been an agreeable addition to the bed clothes. one who had been for three weeks on ship board, what a luxury to sleep in a quiet room and on a bed that was stationary!

Laguyara is situated on a narrow slip of beach, wide enough to allow of but two streets, parallel to the sea. The mountain rises, almost perpendicularly, in the rear-indeed some of the houses are built on its side. The view from the sea is in the tropics, nothing was seen but a scrubby curious and picturesque, but not agreeable. There heather, of dull brownish hue, conveying the imare remains of extensive fortifications along the pression of hopeless sterility. Here, on the con-

is, at all times, difficult, and the expense and risk of loading the vessels, together with the insecurity of the anchorage, operate greatly against the place as a commercial port. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, it carries on an extensive trade. Immense quantities of coffee and hides are shipped to the United States. I found all the merchants deeply interested in the question whether a duty would be laid upon their great staple, coffee, by the tariff bill, which was under discussion when I left the United States. My opinion was asked, and given with reluctance, as I perceived that, from my supposed opportunities of correct information on the subject, undue importance was likely to be given to it, in their commercial operations. I expressed the belief there would be no duty imposed; and the result justified the opinion. It was an interesting exhibition of the mutual dependence of nations, and of the entanglement of interests and sympathies, produced by commerce, that this community should be watching, with intense interest, the deliberations of our congress, and speculating upon the presumed influence of party and sectional feeling upon a measure, which affected their prosperity so vitally. I may mention, also, as illustrative of the tendency to diffusion of scientific and useful discoveries, that I saw a placard on a window, announcing that Daguerreotype likenesses were taken within. In pursuit of wealth, men will risk every thing, and endure every privation; but the auri sacra fames must be strong indeed to induce a residence in Laguyara.

July 9th. Mules having been provided, and a peon, or native, engaged to carry a pack, containing a change of linen, we were in the saddle by 6 o'clock. The party consisted of the captain, second lieutenant, purser and surgeon of the Falmouth, together with myself and son-the whole under charge of our consul, who, though doing business here, lives in Caracas. In the delightful and invigorating freshness of the morning sea breeze, we trotted briskly along the beach, for about a mile, until, reaching the village of Maiquetia. we turned abruptly to the left and soon found ourselves in a gorge of the mountain, and began the ascent. The contrast between this mountain and that we had seen at St. Thomas' was very striking. On the latter, there was very little vegetation, and, instead of the luxuriant foliage I expected to find beach, and, on the mountain, overhanging the town, trary, the eye was charmed by the most exuberant is a large battery. The landing, as I have said, display of vegetation of the darkest green, from

the lostiest forest tree to the most beautiful shrub find. Masses of clouds, with their upper parts and wide spread vine; and, unlike the hills of our country, the quantity and richness of the foliage seemed to increase as we ascended. The road is a monument of the patience and skill of the Spaniards. It is laid out with great judgment, and was constructed at the expense of a vast amount of labor, money and life. It is intended, of course, for mules only. Another road is nearly finished, which is adapted for carriages. The road is, for the most part, well paved—a measure indispensable to prevent it from being washed into an enormous gulley by the heavy rains of this region. There are many very steep ascents, which no animal but a mule could surmount with a burden on its back-but there are long reaches also, in which the rise is very gradual, and, on the whole, the traveller feels no sense of danger, as he soon learns to trust to the instinctive sagacity of this valuable but ill-used and slandered quadruped. We passed, occasionally, a house, on the side of the road, at which the muleteers are in the habit of refreshing themselves and their beasts. We saw, also, now and then, a small coffee plantation, in the little elevated dells, upon which we looked down from a height that contracted it into a garden. About half way to the top, we came to the salto, or leap, a crevice, over which is a drawbridge. Here was formerly a battery and garrison, and more recently a custom, or toll, house. From this to La Venta, the road was more difficult and the immediate scenery richer and more picturesque. In about two hours, after starting from Laguyara, we reached La Venta-five thousand feet above the sea, but still one thousand short of the summit. were to breakfast-a meal for which our ride had given us an appetite. The house was small and of rude construction, and did not promise much in the way of good cheer-but we were most agreeably disappointed. An excellent meal was soon served, and, for the first time, I tasted the genuine chocolate; for the wash drank, as such, in our country, deserves not the name. We were all in high spirits, and resembled a party of school boys on a holiday excursion. Sailors are not remarkable for their equestrian skill, and much amusement was occasioned by the difficulty one of the party had in steering his mule, which he insisted would not answer the helm.

But the seaward view from La Venta! How shall I describe that, of which words can convey but a faint idea? Imagine a horizon of at least 70 miles radius-at your feet Cape Blanco, the village of Maiquetia, with its cocoa trees, the vessels at anchor in the roadstead (Laguyara is, from its proximity to the mountain, not visible) and other vessels, far out at sea, and not seen from the shore. The appearance of the ocean was grand beyond we were at our highest elevation.

strongly illuminated, seemed projected like floating islands upon the sea. The surface, in some places, was ruffled by currents of air, whilst, at others, it reflected the rays of the sun like a vast mirror. This gave a diversified appearance to the magnificent scene, by alternations of light and shade. This was not all; optical illusions increased the grandeur and beauty of the prospect. Strata of vapor, floating at different heights, formed intermediate spaces between the eye and the lower regions, enlarged the scene and made it more solemn. wearied with gazing on the vast world of waters which stretched before us, we cast our eyes downwards to the beach, which from its white sands, reflected a dazzling mass of light, there, amidst others, lay our

> "tall anchoring bark Diminished to her cock; her cock a buoy Almost too small for sight."

We fancied we could distinguish the stripes of the flag, and the men on the deck of the Falmouth, and felt disappointed at not hearing the roar of the surf. But, to quote Shakspeare again,

> "The murmuring surge, That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high."

Invigorated by breakfast and the delicious coolness of the air at this elevation, we mounted and continued the ascent. Passing, on our right, a very high peak, crowned with a fortification now in ruins, we gained the summit, and caught a view of the valley of Caracas. The scene now before us, though different in character and inferior in grandeur, to that we had just beheld, was far more beautiful, picturesque and interesting. Mountains of every variety of outline bounded the horizon to the west, and were scattered over the valley. Extensive tracts of highly cultivated land showed the triumphs of agriculture. In full view and under our feet lay the city, with its white walls and red roofs, relieved by the deep green of garden trees. A large river only was wanting to complete the picture. From the clearness of the atmosphere and the strength of the sun's rays, the outline and coloring were seen with a distinctness scarcely credible. The vividness and brilliancy of the landscapes on French paper hangings were here rivalled by the natural landscape which spread

I have omitted to mention that the highest point of the range we crossed is called the "Silla," from its fancied resemblance to a saddle. It is a little to the east of a straight line between Laguyara and Caracas, and is not visible from the former place. It is more than 9,000 feet above the sea, and, of course, towered far above us, even when conception; nor had it the monotony I expected to after crossing the summit, lay along the side of

the mountain, for a couple of miles, and was nearly | enemies were drawn together by the tie of comlevel. The road was scarcely as picturesque as that on the other side. We descended a long and steep hill, passed the ruins of a chapel, destroyed by the earthquake, and found ourselves on the plain of the city. From the foot of this hill to Caracas—a mile or more-there abounded, on either hand, melancholy memorials of the awful catastrophe. Whole squares of what was once the best built part of the city lay on either side of the road, a heap of ruins. The exuberance of tropical vegetation had, it is true, softened the harshness of their features, but casting your eye upon the surrounding hills, you saw indications of displacement and convulsion, which the lapse of thirty years has not mitigated. Enormous fissures, in some places, and upheaved mounds of yellow earth in others, spoke most eloquently of the changes which the surface had undergone-Byron's magnificent apostrophe at Waterloo occurred to my mind, as susceptible here of literal application-

"Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust, An earthquake's spoils are sepulchred below."

This catastrophe took place, on the 26th March 1812, a festival of the church, Holy Thursday. There was to have been the usual procession, and three or four thousand people were assembled in one of the principal churches, waiting for the military escort. In an instant, the building fell and buried all the congregation in its ruins. It has never been rebuilt and is now a mound of rubbish, covered with weeds. A battalion of troops, paraded to join the procession, were drawn up in the court of their barracks, close to a wall, by the falling of which every man of them was crushed where he stood. Nearly ten thousand of the inhabitants perished, and nine tenths of the houses were levelled to the ground. The cathedral, built of stone, and every other stone building, escaped, and yet there is a prejudice against houses of this material, they being deemed less safe than the sunburnt brick, or Pita, buildings. About 2,000 wounded were dug out of the ruins, many of whom perished afterwards for want of food and attention. It being impossible to bury such a multitude of corpses, to prevent contagion, they were burned. Referring to Humboldt for a full account of this awful event, I content myself with making a single extract, touching the conduct of the survivors:

"Some, assembling in procession, sung funeral hymns; others, in a state of distraction, confessed themselves aloud in the streets." "A number of marriages were contracted by persons who had neglected, for many years, the sacerdotal benediction-children found parents, by whom they had never till then been acknowledged; restitutions were promised by persons who had never been ac- We were introduced by Mr. R. and received in ensed of fraud; and families who had long been the most courteous manner. I told him I rejoiced

mon calamity."

I must not omit mentioning one memorial of the catastrophe, which struck me as being in good taste. A church tower, in which was a clock, was thrown so far from its perpendicular as to stop the works. The clock has been repaired, but, on one of its faces, the hour and minute hands were permitted to remain just where they pointed when the shock took place, so that the precise point of time is still indicated.

The site of Caracas is not perfectly level. It inclines a little to the northwest. The streets are well paved and kept remarkably clean. The style of architecture is the Moorish, which prevailed in Spain, at the time of the conquest of this country. The houses are built round a court, with piazzas, or corridors, and are generally two stories. A large door, on a line with the street, admits you into a sort of gateway, which is closed by a smaller door at the inner end, passing which, you find yourself in the lower corridor, and by a flight of steps, to the right or left, ascend to the rooms occupied by the family—the lower apartments being generally occupied as offices. The windows are large and frequently unglazed. They generally have small balconies before them, in which are placed flower pots. The city has several fountains; indeed, wherever it was practicable to erect them, the Spaniards seldom failed to leave these blessings. But, it is not my intention to give a minute description of Caracas-I saw too little of it for that purpose. The style of building is the same throughout Spanish America, and, as I shall have occasion to describe other cities,-after better opportunities of observation,-I must confine myself to a personal narrative.

We rode up to the Leon de oro, or "Golden Lion"-a very respectable hotel kept by a Frenchman. After refreshing and refitting ourselves, we sallied out, under the care of Mr. R. to see the city. But mere brick and mortar have little interest for me, and I was not sorry, therefore, when we had completed our round. I was anxious to have an opportunity of seeing the President, Gen. PAEZ, of whose history I knew something. We repaired to his private residence, and were told he was, at the moment, taking his siesta. We were invited into a spacious and elegant garden, and requested to amuse ourselves until his excellency could be apprized of our visit. The garden was well worth seeing; it would be difficult to name a fruit or plant of the tropics, which was not seen growing here in full perfection. It was a delightful spot, and we could have spent the day in rambling through its shady walks. At length, we observed a plainly dressed old gentleman, without attendants, approaching us. It was the President.

in the opportunity of paying my respects to one, | whose services, in the cause of South American Independence, were well known and appreciated in the United States, &c. He replied in the happiest manner, and welcomed us warmly to Caracas, regretting, at the same time, that our brief sojourn would prevent his extending to us those hospitalities which he should be happy to bestow. After another walk through the garden, we were conducted to a large and handsomely furnished hall, where refreshments were served. He seemed quite familiar with our country and its institutions, and asked many questions about our leading politicians. After an hour's conversation, we left him, most favorably impressed with his manners and conversation.

To give a sketch of Gen. Parz's life would be to write the history of the revolutionary struggle. I cannot, however, refrain from saying something about one, who is, by far, the most remarkable man now living in Spanish America. The Revolution found him a simple llanero, or herdsman, on the vast plains, drained by the Orinoco; in no degree distinguished by education, or enlightenment, from his associates. In fact, he was ignorant of the alphabet, and as superstitious as any of his class. He entered the army as a private, in a corps of Lancers, recruited on the plains. He soon distinguished himself by reckless bravery, and personal prowess, of which many anecdotes are told, which though true, sound like romance. Bolivar-with the tact to appreciate men at their real worth, which he possessed, in a high degree, and which is, perhaps, as unequivocal a test of genius, as any other-quickly marked him for promotion, made him a Colonel, and, in less than two years, his second in command. Entrusted with an army, he manifested the high qualities of a General, as, in the outset of his career, he had shown the more vulgar but dazzling attributes of dauntless bravery and restless enterprise. I cannot enumerate the various battles, in which, as chief, or subordinate, he distinguished himselfbut I must mention that, at Carabobbo, by taking the responsibility of charging, with his cavalry, without orders, he gained that important and decisive victory. I must also allude to two other incidents in his life-the one, perhaps, unprecedented in military operations, and the other illustrative of his decision of character and the influence which he had upon the minds of his men. The Spaniards had a flotilla of gun boats, on the river Apure, which annoyed the patriot armies exceedingly, and the destruction of which was much desired. PAEZ, at the head of a body of cavalry, swam to the

for the want of necessaries, the soldiers mutinied. Apprised of the circumstance, he galloped to the spot, attended by a single aid-de-camp. He found the battalion under arms, and was told by the colonel and officers, that the men refused to march, until they were paid. He ordered those who were determined not to march, to step a certain number of paces to the front. Eight or ten only did so. He then directed the Colonel to order the line to present and fire at these ringleaders. The order was given, and obeyed. The party in front fell by the hands of their fellow mutineers. The mutiny was instantly quelled. The battalion marched and, in many a battle afterwards, wiped off the reproach of this momentary disaffection.

On the establishment of independence, his political influence was found to be as great as his military reputation and, indeed, was the consequence of it. In Spanish America, there are few instances of mere civilians acquiring, or maintaining for any length of time, political power and influence. He had, however, in the mean time, improved his mind, and, by diligent study, compensated for the want of early education. He was represented to me as a well read man-particularly in history and political science-and an able writer. The "Llanero," of 1812, is now certainly a man of polished and dignified exterior, whose manners would grace any court in Europe. He is about 57 years of age, of middle height, robust appearance, and mild countenance. He has been accused in his military career, of cruelty and recklessness of life, and, in his political, of intrigue and ambition. both these particulars, he must be judged, by the circumstances in which he was placed, and not by an abstract standard. There can be no doubt that history will rank him second only to Bolivar, in the list of those military and political leaders to whom the revolutionary throes of Spanish America gave birth. He retires from the presidency, which he has twice attained, next spring, and will, in all probability, he succeeded by Gen. Soublette, who is his favorite. It is to be hoped that he will pass the remainder of his life in dignified retirement and not jeopard his high reputation, by mixing in any of the intrigues of the day. His country mainly through his exertions and policy, is now far ahead of most of the republics of the south, in intelligence and civilization, and is daily developing the elements of social order and national prosperity.

he had upon the minds of his men. The Spaniards had a flotilla of gun boats, on the river Apure, which annoyed the patriot armies exceedingly, and the destruction of which was much desired. PAEZ, at the head of a body of cavalry, swam to the flotilla and carried the boats by boarding, most of the Spaniards were destroyed.—The other affair was as follows. He had attached to his command, at Valencia, a battalion, composed of English and Irish. Their pay was in arrears, and, suffering

published in the city; the press, I believe, is free. I saw a large bookstore, in which were offered for sale the standard works of French and English literature, and many books, the mere possession of which, forty or fifty years ago, would have endangered liberty if not life. I could but be struck with the peculiarly graceful carriage of the women—even of the poorest class—and was reminded of an impudent assertion I have somewhere met, that it was a great mistake to suppose that French, English, German or Italian women walked—walking being an accomplishment confined exclusively to Spanish females.

At 5 we repaired to the residence of the consul, where we had been invited to dine. His lady, a native of Cadiz, vindicates, in her personal appearance, the reputation for female beauty, long enjoyed by that city—and, O matre pulchrá filia pulchrior. We passed a delightful evening. How much we enjoyed such society can be appreciated only by those who meet, in a far land, their fair countrywomen.

July 10. At sunrise, we set out on our return. The sky was clear, and on gaining the top of the mountain I took, from a favorable point of view, a long, last look at the enchanting valley, and then closed my eyes, that I might not weaken the impression by subsequent partial and imperfect glimpses. The scene is daguerreotyped on my memory. We breakfasted again, at La Venta. In front of the house, I discovered luxuriant patches of mint, which, by no unnatural association, reminded the surgeon and myself of Old Virginia. We reached Laguyara by 12, and at three went on board. was glad to tread the deck of the Falmouth again, and felt a degree of security, which I did not experience, when on what here can scarcely be called terra firma. Indeed, at Laguyara and Caracas, in view of the awful memorials of the time, "when temple and tower went to the ground," the stranger cannot feel altogether at ease, but walks the streets, as one does a bridge, of whose strength he is doubtful. Laguyara and Caracas, in a straight line, are not more than 6 miles apart—the distance by the The latter city is about road is about 16 miles. 4.000 feet above the sea.

I have not mentioned that Laguyara suffered, from the earthquake, not less that Caracas. It has been more completely rebuilt, but vestiges of the calamity are still apparent. More than four thousand of the inhabitants perished. I recollect, with pleasure, that the moment news of the event reached the United States, congress, then in session, voted \$50,000 for the relief of the survivors. Two vessels were laden with provisions and arrived just in time to save many from perishing of famine. The act is still gratefully remembered here.

This worthy gentleman is no more. He died in the month of December last.

MENTAL GRANDEUR OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

The splendor of the reign of George III. throws Mr. Alison quite into raptures. How surpassingly memorable have been the last seventy years! The world has been almost recreated, and we use the term, with due reverence to that power, which alone has wrought every change. Many eras stand forth prominent and wonderful, in the history of human transactions; but, for the most part, they are distinguished by a few striking and important events, confined to a few of the great classes of affairs. The era, to which we have alluded, has been crowded thick with unparalleled and stupendous events, and every glory has combined to shed around it a halo of splendor. Signal as have been its military exploits and triumphs, they have been less so than its intellectual; and the former derive their highest grandeur from the displays of genius and science which they called forth. But words of ours will only weaken the force of Mr. Alison's eloquence. He shall speak for himself. No. 11, p. 360-364.

"The reign of George the III. embraces, beyond all question, the most eventful and important period in the annals of mankind. Whether we regard the changes in society, and in the aspect of the world, which occurred during its continuance, or the illustrious men who arose in Great Britain and the adjoining states during its progress, it must ever form an era of unexampled interest. Its commencement was coeval with the glories of the Seven Years' War, and the formation, on a solid basis, of the vast colonial empire of Great Britain: its meridian witnessed the momentous conflict for American independence, and the growth, amid transatlantic wilds, of European civilization; its latter days were involved in the heart-stirring conflicts of the French Revolution, and overshadowed by the military renown of Napoleon. The transition from the opening of this reign to its termination is not merely that from one century to the next, but from one age of the world to another. New elements of fearful activity were brought into operation in the moral world during its continuance, and new principles for the government of mankind established, never again to be shaken. The civilization of a New World, in this age, was contemporary with the establishment of new principles for the government of the Old: in its eventful days were combined the growth of Grecian Democracy with the passions of Roman ambition; the fervor of plebeian zeal with the pride of aristocratic power: the blood of Marius with the genius of Cæsar; the opening of a nobler hemisphere to the enterprise of Columbus, with the rise of a social agent as mighty as the press, in the powers of Steam.

"But if new elements were called into action in the social world, of surpassing strength and energy, in the course of this memorable reign, still more remarkable were the characters which rose to emi-|ened reflection; Gray, whose burning thoughts had nence during its continuance. The military genius, unconquerable courage, and enduring constancy of beauty; Burns, whose lofty soul spread its own Frederic; the ardent mind, burning eloquence, and lofty patriotism of Chatham; the incorruptible integrity, sagacious intellect, and philosophic spirit of Franklin; the disinterested virtue, prophetic wisdom, and imperturbable fortitude of Washington; the masculine understanding, feminine passions, and bloodstained ambition of Catharine, would alone have been sufficient to cast a radiance over any other age of the world. But, bright as were the stars of its morning light, more brilliant still was the constellation which shone forth in its meridian splendor, or cast a glow over the twilight of its evening shades. Then were to be seen the rival genius of Pitt and Fox, which, emblematic of the antagonist powers which then convulsed mankind, shook the British Senate by their vehemence, and roused the spirit destined, ere long, for the dearest interests of humanity, to array the world in arms: then the great soul of Burke cast off the unworldly fetters of ambition or party, and, fraught with a giant's force and a prophet's wisdom, regained its destiny in the cause of mankind; then the arm of Nelson cast its thunderbolts on every shore, and preserved unscathed in the deep the ark of European freedom; and, ere his reign expired, the wisdom of Wellington had erected an impassable barrier to Gallic ambition, and said, even to the deluge of imperial power, 'Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be Nor were splendid genius, heroic virtue, gigantic wickedness, wanting on the opposite side of this heart-stirring conflict. Mirabeau had thrown over the morning of the French Revolution the brilliant but deceitful light of Democratic genius; Danton had colored its nountide glow with the passions and the energy of tribunitian power; Carnot had exhibited the combination, rare in a corrupted age, of Republican energy with private virtue; Robespierre had darkened its evening days by the blood and agony of selfish ambition; Napoleon had risen like a meteor over its midnight darkness, dazzled the world by the brightness of his genius and the lustre of his deeds, and lured its votaries, by the deceitful blaze of glory, to perdition.

"In calmer pursuits, in the tranquil walks of science and literature, the same age was, beyond all others, fruitful in illustrious men. Dr. Johnson, the strongest intellect and the most profound observer of the eighteenth century; Gibbon the architect of a bridge over the dark gulf which separates ancient from modern times, whose vivid genius has tinged with brilliant colors the greatest historical work in existence; Hume, whose simple a few of his reflections, that this high praise is due. Genebut profound history will be coeval with the long and eventful thread of English story; Robertson, who first threw over the maze of human events the interesting but to the spoiled children of fashion or selflight of philosophic genius and the spirit of enlight- indulgence—that is, a limited portion of mankind.

been condensed in words of more than classic pathos and dignity over the 'short and simple annals of the poor;' Smith, who called into existence a new science, fraught with the dearest interests of humanity, and nearly brought it to perfection in a single lifetime; Reid, who carried into the recesses of the human mind the torch of cool and sagacious inquiry; Stewart, who cast a luminous glance over the philosophy of mind, and warmed the inmost recesses of metaphysical inquiry by the delicacy of taste and the glow of eloquence; Watt, who added an unknown power to the resources of art, and in the regulated force of steam discovered the means of approximating the most distant parts of the earth, and spreading in the wilderness of nature the wonders of European enterprise and the blessings of Christian civilization—these formed some of the ornaments of the period, during its earlier and more pacific times, forever memorable in the annals of scientific acquisition and literary greatness.

"But when the stormy day of revolution commenced, and the passions were excited by political convulsion, the human mind took a different direction; and these names, great as they are, were rivalled by others of a wider range and a bolder character. Scott then entranced the world by the creations of fancy, and, diving deep into the human heart, clothed alike the manners of chivalry and the simplicity of the cottage with the colors of poetry, the glow of patriotism, and the dignity of virtue; Byron burst the barriers of wealth and fashion, and, reviving in an artificial age the fire of passion, the thrill of excitement, and the charm of pathos, awakened in many a breast, long alive only to corrupted pleasures, the warmth of pity and the glow of admiration; Campbell threw over the visions of hope and the fervor of philanthropy the sublimity of poetic thought and the energy of lyrical expression, and striking deep into the human heart, alone of all the poets of the age has, like Shakspeare and Milton, transplanted his own thought and expression into the ordinary language of the people; Southey, embracing the world in his grasp, arrayed the heroism of duty and the constancy of virtue with the magnificence of Eastern imagination and the strains of inspired poetry; while the sparkling genius of Moore, casting off the unworthy associations of its earlier years, fled back to its native regions of the sun, and blended the sentiment and elevation of the West with the charms

It is only, however, to his descriptions of nature, and rally speaking, his sentiments and characters exhibit a chaos of ill-regulated passion, which will be intelligible or

of Oriental imagery and the brilliancy of Asiatic | genius, the remotest generations of mankind will thought.

"But the genius of these men, great and immortal as it was, did not arrive at the bottom of things: they shared in the animation of passing events, and were roused by the storm which shook the world; but they did not reach the secret caves whence the whirlwind issued, nor perceive what spirit had let loese the tempest upon the world. In the bosom of retirement, in the recesses of solitary thought, the awful source was discovered, and Æolus stood forth revealed in the original Antagonist Power of wickedness. The thought of Coleridge, even during the whirl of passing events, discovered their hidden springs, and poured forth in an obscure style, and to an unheeding age, the great moral truths which were then proclaiming in characters of fire to mankind; Wordsworth, profound and contemplative, clothed the lessons of wisdom in the simplicity of immortal verse; Mackintosh, rising, like Burke in maturer years, above the generous delusions of his yet inexperienced life, wanted only greater industry, and a happy exemption from London society, to have rivalled Thucydides in the depth of his views, and a biographer like Boswell, to have equalled Johnson in the fame of his conversation; while Chalmers, bringing to the cause of truth and the interests of humanity a prophet's fire and an orator's genius, discerned in the indifferent or irreligious spirit of the former age the real cause of the dangers of the present; and in the spread of Christian instruction, and the prevalence of religious principle, the only power that ever has, or ever will, successfully combat, either in political or social evils, the seductions of passion, the delusions of error, and the powers of wickedness.

"The French and German writers, justly proud of the literary fame of their own countries during this memorable reign, will hardly allow that their illustrious authors should be grouped around the throne of George III.; and will point rather to the Revolution, the empire of Napoleon, or the War of Independence, as marking the period on Continental Europe. But, by whatever name it is called, the era is the same; and if we detach ourselves for a moment from the rivalry of nations, and anticipate the time in future days when Europe is regarded by the rest of the world as a luminous spot, exceeding even Greece in lustre, and from whence the blessings of civilization and the light of religion have spread over the globe, we shall feel reason to be astonished at the brightness of the constellation which then shone forth in the firmament. It is pleasing to dwell on the contemplation. Like the age of Pericles in Grecian, or of Augustus in Roman story, it will never again be equalled in European history; but the most distant ages will dwell upon it with rapture, and by its

be blessed.

"In no age of the world has the degrading effect of long-continued prosperity, and the regenerating influence of difficulty and suffering on human thought, been more clearly evinced. The latter part of the eighteenth century, the reign of Louis XV., the Regent Orleans, and Louis XVI., were characterized by the flood of selfishness and corruption, the sure forerunners, in the annals of nations, of external disaster, or internal ruin. Fancy was applied only to give variety to the passionsgenius to inflame, by the intermixture of sentiment, the seductions of the senses—talent to obscure the Creator from whom it sprung. The great powers of Voltaire, capable, as his tragedies demonstrate, of the most exalted as well as varied efforts, were perverted by the spirit of the age in which he lived. He wrote for individual celebrity, not eternal truth; and he obtained, in consequence, the natural reward of such conduct-unbounded present fame, and, in some respects, undeserved, permanent neglect.* The ardent and more elevated. but unsteady mind of Rousseau, disdained such degrading bondage. The bow, bent too far one way, recoiled too far another; and the votaries of fashion, in an artificial age and a corrupted capital, were amused by the eloquent declamations of the recluse of Meillerie on the pristine equality of mankind, the social contract, and the original dignity of the savage character. Raynal, deducing the principles of humanity from the wrong source, traced with persuasive fervor, but with no prophetic foresight, the establishments of the European in the two hemispheres; and, blind to the mighty change which they were destined to effect in the condition of the species, diffused those pernicious dogmas which have now blasted the happiness of the negro race, both in the French and the English colonies; and sought to deduce, from the commencement of the vast change destined to spread the Christian faith over the wilderness of nature, arguments against its celestial origin. Every department of thought, save one, was tainted by the general wickedness and blindness to all but present objects which prevailed. Man's connexion with his Maker was broken by the French apostles of freedom;

* Every bookseller in France and England will now bear testimony to the fact, that there is no voluminous writer whose works remain so dead a stock as those of Voltaire; and this is decisively proved by the extremely low price which the numerous editions of his works bear. His tragedies are noble works, and will live forever; but his romances have already descended to the vault of all the Capulets. His historical writings, compared with those in France which followed the Revolution, appear lifeless and uninteresting. His skeptical dogmas, so far from being regarded as the speculation of a powerful mind in advance, are now seen to have been the blindness of a deluded one, in rear of the momentous age to which his later years were prolonged.

trust in the great struggle for liberty. 'Human immortality,' says Channing, 'that truth which is the seed of all greatness, they derided. To their philosophy man was a creature of chance, a compound of matter, a worm, soon to rot and perish forever. France failed in her attempts for freedom through the want of that moral preparation for liberty without which the blessing cannot be secured. Liberty was tainted by their touch, polluted by their breath; and yet we trusted it was to rise in health and glory from their embrace." In the exact sciences alone, dependant upon intellect only, the native dignity of the human mind was asserted; and the names of D'Alembert, La Grange, and La Place, will remain to the end of the world among those who, in the loftiest subjects of inquiry, have extended and enlarged the boundaries of knowledge.

"But more animating times were approaching fast: corruption had produced its inevitable fruits, and adversity, with its renovating influence, was about to pass over the moral world. The Revolution came with its disasters and its passions; its overthrow of thrones and destruction of altars; its woes, its blood, and its suffering. In the general deluge thus suddenly falling on a sinful world, the mass of mankind in all ranks still clung to their former vices. They were, as of old, marrying and giving in marriage when the waters burst upon them. But the ark of salvation had been prepared by more than mortal hands. The handwriting on the wall was perceived by the gifted few to whom Providence had unlocked the fountains of original thought, and in the highest class of intellect was soon to be discerned the elevating influence of trial and suffering upon the human mind. While the innumerable votaries of Revolution, borne along on the fetid stream which had burst from the corruptions of previous manners, were bending before the altar of Reason, Chateaubriand ventured to raise again, amid the sneers of an infidel age, the standard of ancient faith, and devoted the energies of an intrepid, and the genius of an ardent mind, to demonstrate its relation to all that is beautiful, or great and elevating, both in the moral and material world. Madamo de Staël, albeit nursed in the atmosphere of philanthropic delusion, and bred up with filial piety at the feet of Gamaliel, arose, amid the tears of humanity, to nobler principles; combined the refinements of sentiment with the warmth of eloquence and the delicacy of taste, and first announced, in a philosophic survey of human affairs, the allimportant truth that there are but two eras in the history of the species-that which preceded and that which followed the establishment of Christianity. Seeds, whether for good or evil, sown in the human mind, generally take half a century to bring their fruit to maturity; and in the general profligacy and irreligion of the urban population in

for they declared there was no God, in whom to | France since the Revolution, is to be discerned the havoc prepared by the labors of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, and the long-continued corruption of previous literature. But the nobler fruits of the suffering of the Revolution are already apparent in the highest class of intellect, whence change, whether for good or evil, ever originates. Guizot has brought to the history of civilization the light of true philosophy and the glow of enlightened religion; Cousin, in the midst of philanthropic labor and vast information on the vital question of education, has arrived at the eternal truth, that general instruction, if not based on Christian principle, is rather hurtful than beneficial, because it opens new avenues to moral corruption, without providing the only antidote which experience has proved to be effectual in correcting it, Lamartine, gifted at once with an orator's fervor and a poet's fire, has traced in strains of almost redundant beauty the steps of an enlightened European pilgrim to the birthplace of our religion and the cradle of our race. May the seeds scattered by these illustrious men not fall on a barren soil and perish by the wayside, nor yet be choked amid briers, but bring forth good fruit, in some fifty fold, some eighty, and some a hundred !*

> "Germany is a younger branch of the same illustrious family, but from the time that her language has been cultivated by native writers, she has advanced in the great race of mind with extraordinary rapidity. Last of the European surface to be turned up by the labors of the husbandman, her soil has been found to teem with the richness of a virgin mould, and to exhibit the sparkling of hitherto untouched treasures. In reading the recent poets and great prose writers of that country, we feel as if

> * Sir James Mackintosh, thirty years ago, observed this remarkable change in French literature, and deplored that it had not then made its appearance among English writers. "Twenty years ago," says he, "the state of opinion seemed to indicate an almost total destruction of religion in Europe. Ten years ago the state of political events appeared to show a more advanced stage in the progress towards such a destruction. The reaction has begun everywhere. A mystical spirit prevails in Germany; a poetical religion is patronized by men of genius in France. It is adopted in some measure by Madame de Staël, who finds it, even by the help of her reason, in the nature of man, if she cannot so deeply perceive it in the nature of things. In England no traces of this tendency are discoverable among men of letters, perhaps because they never went so near the opposite extreme; perhaps, also, because they have not suffered from the same minfortunes." MACKINTOBH'S Memoirs, i., 408. What a curious and instructive passage to be written thirty years ago, midway between the experience of the French and the commencement of the English Revolution! The days of anxiety, contest, and suffering have come to England from the effects of that very organic change in which Sir James Mackintosh himself, in his latter days, from the spirit of party, against his better judgment, was led to concur; and with them, the resurrection of the religious spirit in the works of philosophy, literature, and philanthropy, of the want of which he then was led to complain.

we had arrived at a new mine of intellectual wealth : long as the memory of the struggle by which it the northern nations, with fresh ideas and powerful expression, have again burst into the almost exhausted world of thought, and the long away of Grecian or Roman dominion has been modified by a second infusion of Gothic energy. However it may be explained, the fact is sufficiently proved by the most cursory survey of the history of mankind, that the human mind is never quiescent; that it frequently lies fallow, as it were, for a long succession of ages; but that, during such periods, former error is forgotten and ancient chains worn off; and that original thought is never so powerful, and important truth never so clearly revealed, as when the light of day is again let into hithertounexplored regions of the mind. The ages of Bacon and Shakspeare in England, of Machiavel and Leonardo da Vinci in Italy, of Pascal and Descartes in France, are sufficient to demonstrate the general justice of this principle.

"Long illustrious in the walks of philosophy, holding for centuries a distinguished place in the republic of science; the birthplace of printing and gonpowder, the two most powerful agents in the cause of freedom ever communicated to mankind;* the country of Kepler and Copernicus, of Euler and Leibnitz, Germany had not till the last half century explored the riches of her own tongue, or developed in native literature the novel and fervent ideas which had long been working in her bosom. But this was at length done; and her literature started at once into life with the vigor of youthful energy and the strength of an armed man. Klopstock, obscure but sublime, poured forth the spirit of mystical Christianity in touching and immortal strains: Goëthe, simple, yet profound, united the depth of philosophical thought to the simplicity of childish affection; and, striking with almost inspired felicity the chord of native reflection, produced that mingled flood of poetic meditation and individual observation which has rendered his fame unbounded in the Fatherland. Wieland, without the religious fervor of the first of these writers, or the deep reflection of the second, has charmed every imagination by the brightness of his fancy, the richness of his language, and the sparkling freshness which he has thrown over all the subjects which his magic pencil has touched: Schiller, uniting the ardor of a soldier to the soul of a statesman and the graphic hand of an historian, has portrayed the shades of former times with dramatic power, and in a noble spirit; while the ardent soul of Körner, awakened by the trumpet of Germany's deliverance, has poured a hero's soul and a patriot's heart into lyric verse, which will endure as

*Of printing this will be generally admitted; of gunpowder, at present, as generally denied. This is not the place to demonstrate the proposition: the experience of a few generations will place it beyond a doubt.

was inspired.

" Nor have the efforts of thought in the Fatherland been confined to poetic effusion; in the calmer walks of philosophy and literature the vigor of the human mind has been equally conspicuous; and a new light has been already thrown, alike on present speculation and past events, by the mingled originality and perseverance of the German character. Niebuhr, uniting to the prodigious industry of the German scholar an instinctive sagacity in discerning truth and apprehending the real springs and state of far-distant events, which is, perhaps, unrivalled, has thrown a new and important light on the earlier periods of Roman annals; and though his history, generally obscure, sometimes perplexed, and too often overloaded with insignificant details, can never rival in general popularity the heart-stirring legends to which the page of Livy has given immortality, yet his profound observation and marvellous penetration have rendered his work the most valuable contribution to the stock of ancient knowledge which modern times have produced. Heeren, not, perhaps, with equal learning or knowledge, has thrown a clearer, if not a more original light over the general history of ancient nations, and demonstrated how much remains still to be done on subjects apparently exhausted by previous industry, when the vigor of real talent and the force of an original mind are applied to its elucidation. The peculiar turn of the German intellect, abstract, contemplative, and often visionary, appears in the writings of Kant; and the reader, in toiling through his obscure pages, cannot but feel both how many new ideas have been poured into the world of thought by the Gothic race, and how much their importance has been diminished by being turned into the realms of ideal contemplation, instead of being devoted to objects of real useful-

"Perhaps future ages, in comparing the philosophy and literature of England with that of Germany and France at the commencement of the nineteenth century, will regret that the first has, especially in later times, so exclusively devoted its energies to objects of physical utility, practical importance, or ephemeral amusement, to the neglect of those higher and more lasting purposes which spring from the elevation of national feeling and the purity of national thought; that the direction of the second, cramped by the despotic nature of almost all the governments in the Empire, has been so strongly directed to abstract speculation, imaginary feeling, or visionary perfection, to the neglect of those more heart-stirring and momentous topics which bear directly on the well-being of society, or the amelioration of the human race; and that the genius of the last, still perverted, save in a few gifted spirits, by the sins and depravity of the Revolution, has been so much lost in the wildness of

extravagant fancy, or blinded by the passions of of genius, the Bar and Bench of the country. disappointed ambition. And, if we could conceive He was called to the bar at Edinburgh in 1801, an era in which the freshness of German thought and soon attracted notice by the energy of his chaand the power of German expression, united to the acuteness of French observation and the clearness of French arrangement, were directed by the solidity of English judgment and the sway of English religion, it would probably be the brightest which has ever yet dawned upon the human race."-Alison's History of Europe.

LORD BROUGHAM.

As Lord Brougham's vast powers have been exerted in celebrating the great statesmen of this period, it may be well to see what Mr. Alison says of that Eminent Orator, Statesman and Philosopher. It may be added that his Lordship has been dead and been handled as "historical property." Yet he lives and knows what posterity said of him.

"History, in the general case, has to deal only with the dead; and it is seldom either just or delicate to mingle with the historical gallery of departed greatness the portraits of living genius. There are some instances, however, in which this obvious rule must be infringed upon; where the impress communicated to the events of an age by one individual has been so powerful, that his character has become historical property even before his active agency has ceased on the theatre of human affairs. Such a character, in a military and political view, is the Duke of Wellington; and such, in a moral and social one, is Lord Brougham. This very remarkable man is descended from an old and respectable family in Westmoreland, from whom he inherited the ancient castellated mansion from which he afterward took his title; and he received the rudiments of his education at the High School of Edinburgh, where his father had for some years resided. Thence, at an early age, he went to the far-famed university of that city, over which the names of Stewart and Playfair at that period threw an unusual splendor, and where a band of gifted spirits were then arising, many of whom have since shone forth with extraordinary lustre on the great stage of the world. Lord Jeffrey, the most celebrated critic of the age in which he lived; Sir Walter Scott, the greatest of human novelists; Lord Lansdowne, the not unworthy successor of Pitt in the direction of the British finances; Mr. Horner, whose early and lamented death alone prevented him from rising to the highest place in the councils of his country; Lord Brougham, who, for good or for evil, has made the schoolmaster's rod superior to the marshal's baton, formed some of the members of a society, in which other men, not less distinguished for energy and talents, were then prominent, whose powers are, it is to be feared, destined to be buried in that common charnel-house attained.

racter, and the fearlessness and occasional sarcasm of his demeanor; but that capital was too limited a theatre for his growing powers. An able and original work, which he published in 1802, on the colonial policy of Great Britain, early attracted the notice of Mr. Pitt; a series of powerful and original papers in the Edinburgh Review gave token of the vast influence which he was destined to exercise on public thought; and his removal to Westminster Hall a few years afterward placed him in a situation where legal celebrity was not inconsistent with senatorial advancement.

" He first obtained entrance into Parliament, like all the great men of his day, for a close borough, then in the gift of Lord Carlisle; but his manner was unprepossessing, his voice harsh, and he was far at first from coming up to the exalted anticipations formed by his friends, and subsequently realized, of his future career. The unconquerable perseverance of his disposition overcame all obstacles, and ultimately obtained for him, if not the avowed, at least the real lead on the Whig side in the House of Commons. His practice at the bar, though considerable, and brilliant from the political character of the cases in which he was chiefly engaged, was not first-rate; and both in legal knowledge and forensic judgment he was never deemed equal to his redoubted antagonist on the northern circuit, Sir James Scarlett, now Lord Abinger. But in energy of character, invincible perseverance, versatility of talent, force of expression, and sarcastic power, he was far beyond any barrister or statesman of his day; and if his judgment had been equal to his ability, or his discretion to his information, and his vast capacity for exertion had always been directed to objects consistent with each other, and of permanent utility rather than passing interest, he would have left a name in history, as he unquestionably has exercised an influence on his own age, second to none in the modern annals of Great Britain.

"But inconsistency and want of foresight have always been the bane of his public character. He has signally promoted some great causes, as that of legal reform; but it is hard to say, upon reviewing the opinions which he has advocated at different periods of his life, whether he has most injured or benefited others which he had still more at heart. He was the steady advocate of negro freedom,

* To those who have the felicity of enjoying the acquaintance, or still more, the friendship of Lord Corehouse, Lord Moncrieff, Lord Mackenzie, or Lord Cockburn, it is needless to say that nothing but a wider theatre of action, closer proximity to the Legislature, or greater leisure for literary pursuits, were necessary to have raised them to the same general eminence which the philosophers, statesmen, and historians of their country, in the last and present age, have

general education, universal toleration, and social the sublime image of Dante; and yet he seldom amelioration; yet there is hardly a measure in the end destructive to these great interests of which he has not, at some period of his career, been the ardent supporter. He has been through life the most resolute enemy of the slave-trade, and deserves the lasting thanks of every friend to humanity for his noble efforts to root out that execrable traffic; but he not less strenuously advocated the abolition of slavery in the British West India Lalands in 1834; and, by so doing, he has doubled the slave-trade in extent, and quadrupled it in atrocity throughout the globe.* He besought the House of Peers on his bended knees to pass the Reform Bill, though the opponents of that measure drew their strongest arguments from his own earlier writings on the subject; and his whole efforts for the last five years have been directed to demonstrate the unhappy effects of the kind of government which that great change necessarily brought upon the country. He was the warm and consistent supporter of Catholic emancipation; but his exertions have of late been equally vigorous and effective in demonstrating the bad consequences which its concession has hitherto at least had upon social amelioration in the one island, and the general system of government in the other. He has always been the sincere and powerful supporter of popular instruction; but, by directing it chiefly to intellectual acquisitions, he turned that mighty lever to visionary objects, and placed it beyond the reach, or without the interest of the great body of the people; while, by severing it from religious instruction, he deprived it of the chief blessings which it is fitted to confer upon mankind. He is possessed of extraordinary intensity of vision for present objects and immediate interests, but far from being equally clear-sighted as to ultimate consequences, or the permanent welfare of humanity.

"His style of speaking presents the most extraordinary contrast to the abstract ideas which he entertains, and has powerfully expressed, as to the perfection of eloquence. No man feels more strongly the simplicity of ancient oratory, or has better described the injurious effects sometimes even of a single epithet on the majesty of thought; while none more constantly weakens the force of his own intense and vivid conceptions of variety and redundance of expression. He objected to the addition which the imagination of Tasso made to

* "The number of slaves landed in Cuba and Brazil alone," said Mr. Buxton, the able and humane advocate of the negro race, "is 150,000, being more than double the whole draught on Africa when the slave-trade controversy began. Twice as many human beings are now its victims as when Wilberforce and Clarkson began their noble task; and each individual of this increased number, in addition to the horrors formerly endured, is cribbed up in a smaller space, and stowed in a vessel where accommodation is sacrificed to spoil."-African Slave-trade, by T. F. BUXTON, London, 1839, p. 172,

fails to overwhelm the reader by exaggerations of the same idea under different forms, till the original impression is well-nigh obliterated. No one more happily or forcibly strikes the iron upon the head in the outset; but none, by a repetition of slant blows, more frequently mars its force or alters its direction. His long practice of addressing juries, or assemblies of ordinary capacity, has proved injurious to his efforts to reach the highest style of eloquence. Every idea, if at all felicitous, is, in his hand, torn to rags. He forgets that those who read his speeches will not be equally obtuse with those who heard them, 'que les gens habiles s'entendent à demi-mot.' On this account, his fame with posterity, that is, the reading and thinking few, will be by no means equal to that which he has enjoyed among his contemporaries, that is, the hearing and unthinking many. Irony and sarcasm constitute his strongest arm in oratorical contests, and there he is unrivalled even by Pitt or Canning. His speeches to juries were often models of vehement and powerful declamation; but his judgment as a counsel was far from being equal to his talent as a barrister, and in more than one instance he has supplied what was wanting on the side of the prosecution by his imprudence in calling witnesses for the defence. † His information is immense,

Al guisà di Leon quando si posa. To which Tasso added the line,

Girando gli occhi, et non movendo il passo.

Critics may differ as to whether the beautiful image in the last line does or does not detract from the majestic simplicity of the first; but Lord Brougham unequivocally condemns it as destroying the grandeur of the Florentine bard. See Lord BROUGHAM'S Address to the Students of Glasgow. Lord Rectors' Addresses, Glasgow, 1830. A most interesting collection, as well from the celebrity of the statesmen and philosophers called to that eminent station, as from the progressive change in the character of thought which their successive compositions evince, from the philosophic silence on the subject of religion, characteristic of the days of Hume, with which it commences, to the devotional glow descriptive of those of Chalmers, with which it concludes, and which only wants the admirable address of Sir James Graham, in 1838, to be one of the most instructive monuments which the literature of Europe during and after the French Revolution has produced, of the vast effect of that great event in bringing men back, by necessity and suffering, to the best and noblest sentiments of their nature.

+ It is well known that the character of the chief witnesses for the prosecution, in the case of Queen Caroline, was so bad that no reliance could be placed on their testimony; and on this fact Lord Brougham has never failed to descant in the most unmeasured terms whenever he could by possibility introduce the subject. He has not so frequently told, however, what is equally well known, that it was the evidence of the witnesses whom he himself put into the box, Lieutenants Flyn and Hownam, whose character was above suspicion, that in the end left no doubt of the queen's guilt in the mind of any person capable of weighing evidence. See Parliamentary Debates, 1820, iii., 459, 543, New Series. Yet this unhappy princess was possessed of some amiable, and many charming qualities; and

and his powers of application unbounded; but his is manifested in this sentence, and which he disknowledge on subjects of philosophy rather extensive than accurate, of law varied than profound. He has always been distinguished by the warmest filial and domestic attachments; and a purer ray of glory, than even that which is reflected from his senatorial achievements, is to be found in the steadiness with which, though often erring in judgment, he has ever supported the interests of freedom and humanity; and the indefatigable ardor which has enabled him, amid a multiplicity of professional and official duties, which would have overwhelmed any other man, to devote his great powers to the illustration of the wisdom of God from the works of nature."—Alison's History, No. 11, p. 389-90.

REPLY TO "AN OFFICIAL MILITARY SEAMAN."

To the Editor of the Sou. Lit. Messenger:

Sir,—Giving to the paper of "an Official military Seaman," in the August number of the Southern Literary Messenger, an honest credit for the desire it expresses "to avoid the appearance of acrimony and recrimination," and to aim at "truth and the good of the service," and, with the same harmonious, yet searching influences guiding and controlling our pen, we beg the favor of your pages in reply to that paper.

Candor compels us to say, that we think the writer has permitted his feelings to leap the boundaries of his judgment; and that he has made a free use of epithets, insinuations and threats, little essential to the cause of truth, and inviting more to harsh retort than to deliberate investigation. But, in the most honest conviction, we assure him of our belief, that these have escaped the vigilance of his sincere purpose, and we ask him to attribute to the same deserting propensity, any thing offensive which may appear in our remarks.

"An Official Military Seaman" seems to have formed his opinions upon the not unfrequent ground, that the long existence of a wrong and continuance of an injury make the wrong right and the injury just; and we thank him for the testimony of the following sentence:

"For it may enlighten some of your readers to learn, that the complaints alluded to do not arise from any new injury, lately received, but are only one of the modes taken for advancing novel and unheard of claims." (p. 452.)

The great want of correct information, which

in better hands might, in Mr. Canning's words, have been "the life, and grace, and ornament of society." "She is," says a personal and disinterested acquaintance, Sir Walter Scott, "a charming princess, and lives in an enchanted palace; and I cannot help thinking her prince must labor under some malignant spell to deny himself her society."—See LOCKHART's Life of Scott, p. 99.

plays upon all the subjects treated by him, and against which we shall oppose established facts, shows him to be possessed of zeal beyond his knowledge and presents a claim to charity for the error of his opinions. He commences his paper with charging some members of the medical corps with an alarming hostility to the sea-officers. It is a sensitive combativeness, which attacks the interests of a whole corps for the offences of a few; but, when imagination peoples the air with enemies, blows must fall without discrimination. We believe that the assertion is an unfounded imputation upon the sea-officers, for most of them, who are actually in service, have too much courage to be alarmed at a real danger—and too much judgment to conjure up a bug bear. This alarming hostility is charged, not only without proof, but in the face of the strongest proof to the contrary, as we shall show as we advance with the subject, and it will be seen, that the medical corps has, in all its official acts, deferred to the general interests of the service, and it has been this very relying deference which has prevented the medical corps from attaining those rights and privileges, which are withheld from it in the U.S. Navy alone; rights and privileges, which are so far from being "novel and unheard-of claims," " now asked, for the first time," as asserted by "an Official Military Seaman," that they have long had an existence in every military service but that of the U. S. Navy. The want of them in this is productive of nothing but discord and confusion; when made known it excites the wonder of every civilian, the contempt of every truly military man, for the petty jealousy which prohibits their existence. The error of his bold assertions this writer might have learned. by an easy reference to the regulations of our own army; and the very paper of "Toga Civilis," which he undertakes to review, informs him of the existence of the privileges claimed, both in our own army and in the French Navy, to a much greater extent, than they have ever been advanced by the medical corps of the U. S. Navy. Assertions, as positive as they are wrong, in the face of such glaring facts, may well throw a doubt over the opinions and statements of this "Official Military Seaman" and show the impossibility of his being right, notwithstanding an honest and earnest disposition to be so.

His readers will require much enlightening to convince them that the antiquity and long duration of the injuries, against which the "novel and unheard-of claims" are advanced, render them more proper, right and bearable, unless those readers acknowledge the fisherman's philosophy, that eels get used to skinning. When making such an allusion, how little could this writer have dreamed of the long and bitter retrospection he has called up to give additional contradiction to his assertions of

novel and unheard-of claims! No! these injuries themselves in the position of commanders and to are not "new and lately received," and, however entertain no proposition which could be seen, in unheard-of by him they have been protested against, any way, to impede the full authority of such an again and again, by men who have grown high in officer over the entire command and discipline of professional honor and usefulness, and grey in the the ship, and many measures, just in themselves, public service, from before a time when many, who were rejected, lest they should, remotely, have this would now monopolize all the privileges of rank, tendency. The code prepared by this board has were scarce "muling and puking in the nurse's been submitted to sea-officers of every rank and of arms." The protest has failed, not because it was the highest intelligence, and it has received their made in hostility to our sea brethren, but in a cou- approbation, as not only consistent with discipline, fiding reliance upon their expressed sympathies and but as contributing to it. It greatly enlarges and flattering assurances; whereas, had the wrongs defines the duties of medical officers, as none but and injuries of the U. S. Navy medical corps been medical officers would be competent to do, and the thrown before the country, they would have aroused whole action of the board is marked by a deference the indignation of every liberal mind against the to the general interests of the service. Of 74 petty feeling which permitted them, the entire articles, but three relate to rank in the Navy, and medical profession would have felt it a duty to come to the rescue, and the present indignities would long ago have ceased to exist. The charge of hostility, brought against men who have endured so much, rather than proclaim the injustice done them, has a boldness of ungrateful misconception, equalled only by its injustice, particularly when the rights asked are essential to real discipline and the public good, and are not more promotive of the comfort of the medical corps, than of that of seaofficers.

This "Official Military Seaman" assures us, with most bitter truth, that the board of sea-officers, which framed the new and unjust regulations proposed for the government of the Navy, took nothing from the "rights, privileges, dignity, or independence," of the medical corps. Grant it; they would have performed the task of taking nothing from nothing if they had, inasmuch as no such "rights, privileges, dignity, or independence," have any legislative existence in the Navy, and this board took good care not to fulfil the premise of hope, by conferring any. He takes a strange method of eliciting respect for the labors of this board, when he informs the public that, instead of being independent in its action and debates, important measures were submitted to it with "marks of the highest disapprobation," and complacently assures us that "it only remained for the board to confirm this authoritative judgment." Comment upon this is unnecessary; every independent mind at once settles the full value of that board. Instead, however, of admitting his inference, that the pencil marks indicated Judge Upshur's disapprobation, we think it more fair to infer that he deemed the board incompetent to the discussion of the measures, and his calling a medical board, soon after, upon these very measures, strengthens our inference.

As "an Official Military Seaman" has told us some of the secrets of this board of sea-officers, and more we know, we will, in return, tell him some of those of the board of medical officers, convened under authority of Judge Upshur. When these racter: he asserts, that these can be as well perofficers met, their first resolution was, to place formed without rank as with it : true, as much to

these contain the following provisions:

"Commanding officers, of whatever grade, shall always take precedence of all medical officers under their command." Again: "The rank of medical officers shall not entitle them to command, or control, any commission or warrant officer, (but medical officers.)" Thus making every sacrifice to the most sensitive vanity of the most juvenile member of the service, and while providing for the proper respectability and just social position of the medical corps, of a military service offering every security for subordination. "An Official Military Seaman" has been particularly fortunate in hearing complaints against the measures of the board, which he so lauds, from but one grade; as our experience has been so different, that we have heard those measures ridiculed and disapproved of by every grade of the naval service, and we are prepared to show, when the proper time for the discussion comes, that there are points in the preposed code destructive of the interests of the entire naval service, and in which the people, at large, are interested; points which show the "quo animo" of the whole code and leave it a matter of but little surprise, that rules should be applied to the medical corps, directed more by an assuming vanity, which would humiliate all fellow laborers, than by an enlarged view of the public good. Upon the subject of rank, respecting which we are treated with such a broken philosophic essay, we think that little more need be said, as it is above the debate of my opponent and myself, having been settled upon more comprehensive principles, than he seems to understand, by every military authority, and by the usages of all well-organized military services. The present discussion and the confusion which marks our Navy, the only service destitute of a defined rank for all its grades, is alone a proof of its necessity. This writer, with a characteristically limited view of his subject, seems to think that a medical officer has no duties, or relations, in a military service but those of a professional chahim, whose life is passed in a position of social reality, constitutes a claim to superior position, is humiliation, and if he has had any observation in alleged as a reason why the Assistant Surgeon military life, he must know that positive, or assimi- should take a station inferior to those who come lated, rank regulates social relations. It is contrary to all reason to place a man in a military atmosphere, surround him by a military organization, hold him amenable to all its laws and ceremonies, try him by its courts, and yet throw him into contempt, by withholding from him a military position consistent with his character and duties.

The rank asked by the medical corps of the Navy is inferior to that assigned the same corps in other services, and inferior to that which many sea-officers think ought to be assigned it in the Naval service. An enlarged and liberal policy would teach our sea-brethren to give the medical corps the highest military position consistent with its character and duties, inasmuch as the corps, the only one out of the general line, consists of four distinct grades, and, by giving it a high military character, its interests are more firmly united with the general military interests of the service, instead of being kept dissevered from them by a life of dissatisfaction and unhappiness. Holding these common interests, and with its friendships in the service, the medical corps has an extended and active communion with a large, powerful and organized professional fraternity spread out over the whole country, and already do we see leading medical journals speaking, with eloquent indignation, of the position of the medical corps in the Navy, and one individual, with a name eminent in the walks of literature, lending it the influence of his graceful pen. That men of the years, character, and acquirements of the older surgeons of our service have but one opinion as to the wrongs done them, is one strong evidence of the necessity for improvement, which a liberal service would not overlook. Men will not be driven from a position which has its defined rights, by those who seek to destroy them, and as long as they can feel and act, will efforts be made to obtain justice, while there is a power, of which all are common servants, to decide the question of right.

It is somewhat amusing to see how this "Official Military Seaman," when he cannot find an error, or an argument, to sustain his position, will make a ready use of those truths and arguments which are against him. With accustomed inaccuracy, he asserts, that the position of an Assistant Surgeon is one of apprenticeship. This is not so in our service: in the British service it is. An Assistant Surgeon, in the U.S. Navy, must be a fully qualified physician and surgeon, of, at least, 21 years of age, and he is submitted before admission, to an examination more rigid than is required he deemed such a code essential to efficiency, for the assignment of a diploma, and which closely rather than "novel," "startling" and "alarming."

the satisfaction of the individuals benefitted by his physical qualifications; but, with strange and deservices, but not as much to the satisfaction of termined perversity, this examination, which in into the service from civil life without any test of fitness whatever, and he tells us, with a great appearance of wisdom, that it is the "peculiar privilege" of other civil officers to be considered, at the moment of their admission, "qualified to perform all their duties." Why they have this "peculiar privilege," and why it entitles them to a better position, is what we want to know! Why men, just entering the service, should take a position over those who have been in it ten years, requires a better reason than a mere statement of the injustice. The medical officers desire to be relieved from this injustice and not to have others "placed under them," or "in a state of retaliative subordination," (p. 454.) These assertions are contradicted by the clause we have already quoted upon the subject of rank, proposed by medical officers themselves, and prohibiting them from exercising command, or control, over any other officers. But, again, it is said the medical officer ought not to count his service as an assistant, because the Lieutenant does not count his as a midshipman, but the remarkable difference between them is not taken into consideration. The Leiutenant enters the service as a boy, acquires his profession in it, and is very justly sustained by the government in the mean time. The medical officer, on the contrary, enters as an adult, and has acquired the fitness for his public duties out of his own pocket, while supporting himself. These are not opinions, but facts, which speak their own argument. Our author affords, with every step he takes, the most conclusive evidence, that his observation has been confined to the most narrow limits. He sees something novel, startling and alarming in usages, older, perhaps, than the service, and in acts, essential to efficiency. But what is the efficiency of the service compared with the gratification of that selfishness and vanity which would monopolize all privileges and humiliate all associates? He is particularly startled by the fact, that the humble medical corps, instead of lying quiet, with the foot upon its neck, should undertake, under the authority of an eminent jurist, to make laws for itself. As he is in search of truth, and appears to be lamentably in want of it, if he will apply to the Surgeon General of the Army, we have no doubt that gentleman will send him the book containing the separate code for the government of the medical corps of the Army, from which that proposed by the Navy board has been chiefly constructed, and the Hou. John C. Calhoun will, perhaps, inform him that tests, not only his intellectual, but his moral and Whenever such a Secretary presides over the

Navy, then will the asurping propensities of "an ciates; they have rather thought themselves enti-Official Military Seaman" hide themselves in shame, and the present anarchy and confusion be at an end. Does this gentleman not know that our marine corps not only has a code of its own, but tries its own officers?

The charge of exclusive legislation, coming from one of a grade which has controlled the service and monopolized its privileges, against those who are only asking for enough to secure their comfort, has such a spirit of daring recklessness and disregard of the true relations of the parties as to prohibit all reply. It is the more remarkable for its boldness, when it is fresh in the minds of those acquainted with the subject, that the talented editor of the U.S. Gazette detected this very spirit infringing upon civil privileges out of the service, and, with vigorous pen, lashed it back into its proper domain, to devour, we suppose, more ravenously, all within its reach, if the disposition of "an Official Military Seaman" represents that of his brethren; but we cannot believe it.

We now approach, with feelings of reluctant mortification, the following taunt applied to medical officers: "They were the first to have their pay increased." To relieve the writer from the charge of being wanting in justice, gratitude, generosity and magnanimity, we must suppose him to be as grossly ignorant of the facts in this matter as we have proven him to be in those previously noticed, and we answer the taunt by the following piece of history. The bill of 1835, proposed to increase the pay of each Surgeon \$22.50 per annum, and that of Lieutenants \$123-42. As relates to Surgeons it became a law, but with regard to Lieutenants it was amended so as to increase the pay of each \$300 per annum. The Surgeons were requested not to urge a proportioned increase, lest the Lieutenant's bill would be endangered, and they complied with the request. Does this, again, look like hostility to sea-officers? Our attention was, for the first time, called to this paper yesterday and we have been obliged to go over it rapidly in the midst of professional engagements; but we have shown that the writer's most prominent and positive assertions are contradicted by established facts in every case, and his most triumphantly paraded arguments are against himself. The medical corps of the Navy is in a position as unjust to the corps, and as injurious to the interests of the service, as it is peculiar to the naval service; a position, contrary to all military principles, and the usages of well-organized services. In a long period of service, we have been most grossly deceived, if such is not the opinion of the majority of sea-officers, who are conscious of any dignity of character, not dependant upon the coat they wear. In asking to be relieved from this position, medical officers have asked for nothing conflicting hope, and we believe that this "Official Military with the rights and privileges of their sea-asso-'Seaman" has misrepresented every class of sea-

tled to the aid and support of their associates; but, if hostility is to come, let it come, the quicker the better; friend and foe will then be marked; and, professions separated from practice, the medical corps will be released from the delicacy which has hitherto retarded its interests, and the public be benefitted by the information laid before it, and its searching eyes will find where lies the rottenness of Denmark. We are threatened with the influence of the power of numbers, and our defeat in characteristic, quarter-deck arrogance predicted. This threat betrays the ferocious spirit from which the medical corps requires protection, it is a fitting argument to sustain unfounded assertions, and has the merit of being the most conclusive the author has advanced. It is the spirit which would answer reason, law, right and justice, with the marine guard, double irons and the bayonet. The power of numbers! that influence may prove to be a power crumbling from its very height, and when the nation's eye is directed to the unwieldly structure, to every rotten and worthless constituent, in just indignation it may strike it over, rather than bear the oppressive burden longer. We admit the superiority of numbers, when we see some grades with two thirds of its members drawing large salaries from the public without rendering it one particle of return, and many who are so much more "official," than either "military," or seaman-like, in their qualifications, as to occupy the rank, which constitutes their chief merit, from the sole circumstance of having lived long enough to forget every duty but that of signing the Purser's receipt roll. We cannot wonder that such should regard the claims of useful officers to the same rank with themselves as a most alarming presumption. writer has had much to learn in relation to his own service, and he may yet learn that, in a country of free investigation, no service is advanced by measures of injustice, and their zealous support but readers them conspicuous and facilitates their termination. He may learn, too, that men are never driven from the defence of their rights and privileges by the influence of power and persecution. You may go on to persecute, humiliate and degrade the medical officers of your ships; they have been tempered by the uses of adversity and can bear much without losing the character, which has hitherto sustained them, without protecting laws and usages.

If the friendship of our sea-brethren is to be converted into hostility, because we ask for justice, their friendship may readily be spared, and if the medical corps must be driven into enmity to defend its rights against a narrow and illiberal policy, then may the certain consequences of such a policy be upon the heads of its authors. But we

officers, as much as he has misstated and misunderstood the subjects he treats; but we end, as we
still remain. The family of Landgrave Smith,
began, in an assurance of our belief in the honesty
of his views, as their error is amply justified by
his want of correct information, and we trust that
better knowledge will lead to better feelings.

first settlers of Carolina, and their descendants
still remain. The family of Landgrave Smith,
carolina, under Mr. Locke's celebrated constitution, (with which family, as Dr. Irving informs us,
better knowledge will lead to better feelings.

A SEA-GOING SURGEON.

A DAY ON COOPER RIVER.*

Works of the kind, to which the above little production belongs, are rare in our country, particularly in the south. The scenery in which our land abounds, occasionally diverts the foreign tourist from his observations on "Men and Manners," or is described in the pages of a Northern Monthly, by some wanderer for health, or for pleasure, to our hospitable shores. But we can, at present, recollect no work by a Southerner, v hich professes to relate the local history and paint the features of his own native land, or to hold up the portrait to those already familiar with its lineaments. On this account alone then—as the pioneer in this department of our Southern Literature were this work deserving of our cordial reception; but it needs no such weak title; its intrinsic merit and interest are of the highest order, and it well repays perusal.

Dr. Irving, of Windsor, St. James' Santee, (well known to all who have mingled in the refined and polished society of Charleston, as one of those accomplished gentlemen and ripe and elegant scholars, who abound, though unseen afar, in this land of the sunny clime), gives us here, in a most attractive shape and easy, classic style, but without the ostentation of "antiquarian lore," diverting and useful information concerning the past history and present state of the country on Cooper River, in the immediate vicinity of Charleston. He takes us with him, not only from the bustle and noise of the city into the leisure and quiet of a planter's mansion, but also from the prosaic interests of the present back into the poetic past. The part of Carolina which he describes is its oldest settlement; here was the earliest refuge of the Huguenots, and here still, many of their wealthy descendants reside. Anecdotes of that olden time, when the gay noblesse of that aristocratic colony was at the height of its power and prosperity, as also of that struggle, in which their order sacrificed their privileges on the altar of liberty, and periled their all, "animis opibusque parati," for their country's weal, unite with descriptions of local scenery, mansions, agricultural information, etc., etc., to give the most varied interest to his sketches. Family history mingles largely, and not without justice, with the other matter. Many ancient families were among the * By John B. Irving, M. D., Charleston S. C .- 1842.

The family of Landgrave Smith, still remain. "perpetual and hereditary noble and peer" of Carolina, under Mr. Locke's celebrated constitution, (with which family, as Dr. Irving informs us, those of Mr. Otis and President Adams are connected by blood,) the Broughtons of Mulberry Castle, (doubtless descendants of those Lancashire knights of the same name, who figure in the wars of the Roses,) and others of gubernatorial rank in the colony, have received from Dr. Irving a fuller notice, while many, of less note, are sketched in Landgrave Smith's residence is fewer words. still, after the lapse of a century and a half, in the possession of his descendant, while Comingtee " has never been out of the Ball family, the great grand-father of the present proprietor having been born there in 1709"-a length of possession which must be exceedingly rare in this country. Here is Dean Hall, the residence of Sir John Nesbitt, the "retreat" of Sir Edgerton Leigh, and all in a cluster on "French Quarter Creek," the homes of the high-minded and enthusiastic Huguenots. ancient seats of the Middletons, the Izards, Heywards, Pinckneys, Rutledges and other distinguished Carolina families, in Fairlawn Barony, once the domain of Sir John Colleton and of Sir Nathaniel Johnson, and the mansions of the Huguenot Du Tarts, the Hugers, Ravenels, Prioleans, etc., which mark the character of the stream, are all so many monuments of the olden time, and throw light on the history of that favorite royal colony. Nor is the work destitute of local anecdotes of more general interest: a ghost story-if we forget not, two, or three,-a tale of a man, who kept his own iron coffin by him for years, during his life, whose "body, after his death, according to the instructions contained in his will, was put in this coffin and was consumed to ashes in it-it was then properly secured and locked and the key thrown into the middle of Cooper river!"—the history of "one of that respectable class of grey-headed family servants" now almost extinct-and many other enlivening episodes diversify the narrative.

But we must close our notice of this exceedingly clever and entertaining book. We return to its talented author our acknowledgements, as a part of his public, for the rich treat he has afforded us, and hope this is but the commencement of a series of "Visits to Remarkable Places," after the manner of William Howitt, which, issuing from so able, elegant a pen, will instruct us in the local history of our sister state, at the same time that it assists us to while away pleasantly a tedious hour.

In the printing department, the method of saturating the paper with water, by exhausting the air in the chamber where the paper is placed, and then suddenly forcing the water upon it, by which every pore is instantly filled is quite ingenious and effective.—Visit to the Bank of England.

ment:

TO MY HUSBAND.

BY MARIA GERTRUDE BUCHANAN.

I've lest the mother on whose breast my infant head was laid.

Around whose knees my bounding steps in childhood oft have played,

Into whose ear, I poured the hopes of girlhood's fleeting flower,

And whose affection was my stay in dreary sorrow's hour.

I've left the sisters—they, with whom full many years were spent.

spent,
Of childhood's April smiles and tears—its guileless merri-

The good—the loved ones—they with whom through Learning's paths I've strayed,

When on our brows youth's coronal in circling beauty played.

I've left the brother—him whose mind full oft has guided mine.

And led me through fair mystic paths to Ancient Wisdom's shrine.

Unrolled the page of olden lore and gave unto mine eyes
Those words that hallow all the soil 'neath Grecia's golden
skies.

I've lest no father's tender care—his spirit rose on high, To wander by the blissful streams of Immortality,

When on my childhood's fairy path, life's early flowers did bloom.

What knew I then of sin, or death, or darkness of the tomb?

I've left them all—they whose pure love was like a mantle cast

Around my form to shield it well from sorrow's chilling blast;

I've left them all, whose voices dear ne'er uttered one harsh

That could have, in my throbbing heart, grief's bitter fountain stirred.

I've left them all, and I have come, my husband, to thy breast.

In future life, the only place whereon my head must rest; I've come, my inmost spirit filled with Love's celestial glow, And Joy's resplendent diadem upon my youthful brow.

I've left the loves—the hopes—the cares of all my former years.

And, though at that sad parting hour burst forth the fount of tears,

A rainbow formed of Love and Joy upon its wave did shine, And sorrow fled before the thought that I was thine, all thine.

Then take me, love, and place me in the dear shrine of thy heart.

Through all earth's scenes so varying, to bear my willing part,

To smile with thee when happiness around thy path does gleam,

And weep with thee, beside the wave of dark affliction's stream.

Oh! never may the golden links of our affection's chain Be sullied, by the icy touch of hate or cold disdain;

 Pure may they shine in pristine light until they're linked above,

With the fair chain around God's throne—chain of Immortal Love.

Decatur, Ga., July, 1843.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

FOUNDATION OF THE ORDER.

[Concluded.]

On the twenty-third of July 1009, eight days after the capture of Jerusalem, which it had cost Europe more than a million of people to reduce, the crusaders assembled together to elect a king to govern them. Five nobles only were present, who, from their birth, their fortunes and rank, could possibly hope for this honor; and these five were Godfrey of Buillon, Tancred of Italy, Raymond of Toulouse, and the Counts of Flanders and Normandy. Godfrey was proclaimed by the assembled band, with hardly a dissenting voice, and though he refused to be styled their king, or to wear a diadem, where Christ had worn a "crown of thorns," still he consented to act as their chief, and to be called by his subjects the "advocate and defender" of our Saviour's tomb. We cannot take leave of this prince, who bore so prominent a part in this crusade, and was the founder of the Latin rule in the Holy Land, without saying a word of his person and character, as we have found it recorded by Robert, the Monk. "He was," says this writer, "beautiful in countenance, tall in stature, agreeable in his discourse, admirable in his morals, and, at the same time, so gentle, that he seemed better fitted for the Monk, than the Knight; but, when his enemies appeared before him, and the combat approached, his soul became filled with mighty daring; like a lion, he feared not for his person; and what shield; what buckler could resist the fall of his sword!" Godfrey's rule was of short duration. Hardly had he been a year in the Holy Land, before he was seized with a fever of the country, which proved fatal after a few days' illness. Singular it is, that these crusaders, the same men, who, when fighting in Hungary, or storming the walls of Nice, of Antioch, and Jerusalem, had not feared the poisoned darts of their enemies, and, when victorious, had committed every excess," even to that of wounding children at their

* In reference to the horrid excesses committed, when Jerusalem was taken, to which allusion was made in the former article, Fuller says, that "this massacre was no slip of an extemporary passion, but a studied and premeditated act;" and that "the execution was merciless upon sucking children, whose not speaking spake for them, and on women, whose weakness is a shield to defend them against a valiant man." It may be asked, where were the bishops and priests, that they did not interfere to save the lives of those, who, either from their advanced age, or youth, or sex, were helpless? Persons there were present, dressed in the garb of the church; but they were as bigoted, as immoral, and as much lost to any sense of humanity, as the brutal soldiers, or the titled Lords, by whom they were surrounded. The Infidels and Jews alike were murdered, and Jerusalem was only a Christian city, when all who had dwelt in it before the siege had perished. The number of Saracens, who were massacred at this time, is not certainly known. The archbishop of Tyre says, that

mothers' breasts, and then tossing them in the air, I had the King arrived under the walls of the city, that they might die from the fall at their parents' feet, without being moved to pity, should so far have given way to their feelings, on the death of their chief, as to bend over his corse and bathe it with their tears. By such conduct, they certainly evinced, in the strongest possible manner, the love which they bore towards him when living, and their grief for his loss; a tribute to his memory, which none of his successors ever enjoyed, not even his gallant brother, Baldwin, who was a great favorite with the army, and was chosen their King, an honor which he did not decline. When Godcalled Gerard to his couch, and gave him, for the use of his hospital, a large estate which he owned in Brabant, known as the "lordship of Montboire." This first property owned by the Hospitallers was not of so much importance to them for its yearly rents, as for the example which Godfrey had given to his wealthy followers, to take these poor pilgrims under their protection, and bestow on them a portion of their wordly goods. Within ten years, this single gift had been followed by so many others of a similar nature, that Gerard was enabled to erect a splendid palace for his hospital,-to establish branches of his institution at four different places in Europe, - and to say that there was hardly a province in Italy, France, Spain, or Portugal, in which he, as the head of his Order, did not hold some princely estate.

While, for eighteen years, Baldwin held sway as the King of Jerusalem, the crusaders were always in action. Sometimes called upon to defend their own fortifications from the assaults of the Saracens, and at others to follow their leader in his warlike excursions, they passed their lives in a continued state of savage excitement. Truly may we say, that, at this epocha, their swords were always drawn, and their lances were never at rest. Baldwin having, at different periods during his reign, successfully stormed the fortresses of Acre and Tripoli, of Sidon and Berytus, started with a large force in the spring of 1118 to conquer the city of Tyre. This was the only place on the whole coast, where the infidel flag was waving in defiance of his authority, and this he had sworn to reduce. So long as Tyre remained a Mahommedan town, Baldwin could not say, that throughout Syria, by right of conquest, he was its only ruler. To claim this honor he engaged in this expedition, and, in trying to obtain it, he lost his life. Hardly

ten thousand were slain in the temple of Solomon, and a like number in the streets; while Aboulmahasen states that one hundred thousand perished in the mosques of Sakra and Akra, and one hundred thousand were made prisoners. We think the former number is as much too small, as the latter is too great. The Jews all perished also at this time. The synagogues, to which they had fled for protection, were set on fire, and their inmates "died in the flames."—[See July Mess., p. 421.—Ed.]

which he had left his throne to reduce, before he perished of a disease, which had its origin only in the fatigues of his journey. Expressing a horror of being interred in land which was subject to a Moslem's rule, he made his followers swear that they would embalm his body, and place it near that of his brother, under our Saviour's tomb. The crusaders keeping their oath, this monarch's wish was complied with; he being the second who was burried in this holy place. About the time of which we are now writing, the Christians in Jerusalem, were destined to receive another shock frey was made aware of his approaching end, he by the death of Gerard. This meek and pious man breathed his last in the month of May 1118, and so long as the Christian world respects philanthropic actions, so long will his memory live. He lived to a good old age, and was succeeded by Raymond Du Puis, who, on his election, assumed the title of Grand-Master, and was blessed with a long and happy reign of more than forty years.

Rome, Italy, 1843.

SUNDAY EVENING VERSES.

BY REV. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

In weakness and in trembling. I spoke, O God, to-day,-No threat of thine dissembling, No promise kept away ;--Thy will to men revealing, With unction from above, Rebuked I sin with feeling, And comforted in love.

Yet, were I ready Aaron, Yet, were I gifted Paul, Unless Thou teachest, barren And profitless were all ;-The zealous tongue may clamor, The stupid heart to wake-Thy Spirit is the hammer Which only can it break.

A broad and lovely margin Is Truth, with flowerets set. Through which, its wealth discharging, Flows Prayer, the rivulet ;-Though heautiful the border, Art thou, my soul, content, Till swifter, deeper, broader The onward stream is sent?

I count it solid pleasure, I count it lasting fame, To guide the poor to treasure Concealed in Jesus' Name ;-Yet if the soul's glance, flashing, Sends not to mine its spark. I seem, where waves are dashing, A star, untrue and dark.

To vanquish Baal, before me Go! Pleading that prepares;

At alters waiting, o'er me Rise cloud of Christian prayers: In answer to my calling, In answer to their cry. The fire of heaven, falling, Shall lick the trenches dry.

Called down at Prayer's desire, To bless the Jewish world-Thy glory, at Moriah, O'er shrine and pillar curled ;-I ask not now the splendor Which dazzles aching sight,-But, Lord, the glimpses render That fill the heart with light!

Boston, Mass.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER:

Sir,-During a sojourn in the South, the incidents of the following story were related to the writer, as having actually transpired in the city of New Orleans; and, thinking, with a few necessary adjuncts of fiction, they might be embodied, in a manner, so as to interest a "light reader," it is thus submitted to your publication. The scene at the masquerade is literally true; the effects of which, for a long time, conspired to cast a well-merited obloquy upon that fascinating, but dangerous kind of public amusement.

LONA D'ALVAREZ.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

- "This even handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips."-Macbeth.

The vesper bell of the Ursuline convent had pealed its last chime on the still air-and the brief hour of a southern twilight was faintly merging into the deep darkness of night, when the tall figure of a female emerged from the vestibule of its chapel, and rapidly traced her way through those narrow streets of the city leading towards the venerable cathedral, the pride and boast of Havana. As she paused within the deep shadow, which its high walls cast far and wide around, she drew aside, for a moment, the thick folds of her mantilla—as if to catch the passing breeze, which was then faintly rising from the sea and sending once more an invigorating throb to the languid pulse-rendered doubly stagnant by the intense heat of noon-day; but she soon replaced it o'er her face, and then quickly passed into the gloomy arched entrance of the building.

"Daughter," said Father Clement, "what has detained thee so long beyond the hour appointed for smile. It is also too sinful, because of his heresy. confession? Suppose the holy virgin were thus to Thinkest thou the holy virgin would bless thy union delay her intercessions for thee at the throne of grace, as thou seemest to do recently in seeking her divine aid, through the wisely appointed way of penitential confession?"

adjusting her mantilla, betrayed the agitation of words.

conscious delinguency. She bowed her head low upon his extended hand, as she replied-

"My detention at vespers, holy father, was unavoidable, but if it causes you any interruption from other sacred duties, I can defer my confessions until to-morrow's early mass."

"Oh no!" returned he in a somewhat softened tone, waving his hand towards the confessional chair, "enter daughter and avail thyself now of the blessed privilege of unveiling thy most secret griefs and human weaknesses, to a willing and most sympathizing ear. Full well thou knowest, ere this, that there is no balm more acceptable to the wounded spirit, than that of priestly consolation, for, from the holy book, thou hast heard, that 'it is only the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous, that availeth much."

In silent acquiescence she knelt gracefully beside the latticed aperture, to which the priest's ear was bent so close, that the soft breath of the fair penitent fanned his pale and sunken cheek. Occasionally some violent emotion seemed to check her articulation, which caused Father Clement to brush away the glistening tear from his benevolent eye, whilst various expressions passed over his face, as he listened to the low murmuring tones of her voice. She ceased to hear his proposed penance.

"Alas! my daughter, I greatly fear thou hast yielded thy heart to the most sinful of all earthly passions, because of its absorbing and idolatrous nature. Thou hast permitted a mortal to usurp that place in thy affections, which thy Creator has claimed as his supremely, and thou wilt rue, with bitterness, as all who have likewise done, the dethronement of thine idol. Has He not said 'thy God is a jealous God ?""

"True, father, but has He not implanted within us certain feelings, and endowed us with certain capacities, which are instinctively nurtured, and which entwine so closely around us, that to cast off, or sever their influence, would be as a futile attempt to re-create ourselves!"

"Even so, my child, but, nevertheless, we are enjoined in holy writ, to keep them in subjection, lest they lead us captive to Satan. If God has thus elevated us in the scale of creation, by such endowments, how much more are we by the additional gift of the power of self-control, that mastery of will, which says thus far thou shalt go, and no farther. Be assured such a love, as thou hast confessed for the young American, is too soul-engrossing to receive from Heaven one propitious with one so far removed from the privileges, and the pale of the only true church? No, daughter, thou should'st and must subdue, nay, extinguish thy passion by strict penance." The priest's voice was The trembling motion of the maiden's hand, whilst stern and commanding, when he uttered the last

trembling maiden, after a pause.

"Thou hast said thy lover leaves the city tomorrow-see him no more-refuse all communication with him; in struggling prayer and fasting, spend the intervening time, ere you again seek the aid of confession. If his love be true, he will soon be willing to abandon his heretical faith for thee, and if thine be of that pure self-denying nature, worthy of a daughter of the mother of all Christian purity, it will, by your pious subjugation, be pleasing in the sight of Heaven, and, perchance, through this ordeal be eventually blest.'

"Oh no!" said the maiden imploringly, "I cannot compromise my pledged word, by performing your required penance. For the last time, I have promised to see him this evening-any other restriction but that, which would cast upon me the imputation of faithlessness towards him."

" I have done," returned the priest, withdrawing his ear from the aperture, "thy sins be upon thine own head-but mark you, the holy virgin's face will lie shrouded from thee until this, thy madness, hath past. It would be mockery to impose upon thee, the sanctifying penance of prayer, since thou art not capable, or willing to deny thyself the interview named." His voice was one of calm denunciation,-but it changed, as he added, with tenderness, "I pity thee my child-yea, most deeply do I feel for thy dangerous condition in the eye of God and of all his perfected host; return to thy home, I will see thee soon—farewell."

The feeble glare of the sacred lamp, suspended over the richly decorated altar, gave to view the robed form of Father Clement, as he reverently bent his knee to the golden image of the Saviour, above the holiest of holies. Slowly his slender finger signed the cross over his bowed face and bosom, whilst his thin pale lips faintly uttered his pater noster-then, as slowly rising with head inclined, he turned into the private ante-chapel of the cathedral. Whilst the movements of the priest had thus been decided, the tottering steps of the penitent, had echoed through the spacious aisle, and when she paused upon the threshold of the arched entrance, the town-bell so startled her by the lateness of the hour, as to quicken into a run her speed homewards. Heedless of every passer to and fro, she rapidly threaded several dimly lighted and unfrequented streets, that finally brought her into one, in which she halted with evident relief. It was broad and spacious, and seemed the widelyextended point, from which diverged those many narrow and uninviting streets intersecting the city of Havana. It was appropriated for public promenades, and beautifully ornamented with trees, which none but a southern, tropical climate could so luxuriantly produce. The rich white bloom of the

"Name thy penance, holy father," replied the laures-mundi spread its graceful limbs over an extended space, forming a shade, which, in the delicious coolness of the evening, wooed the retreat of even the most careless observer. The spiral leaves of the acacia, tremblingly agitated by every passing breeze that murmurs through its thick branches, whose downy bloom, the slightest motion ever seems to threaten with annihilation—these, together with the silvery aspen, and many other trees, rendered the Rue St. ---, one of the most inviting spots in the city. But its heauty was too familiar to the maiden, to elicit any other expression save that of-

> "Thanks to the holy virgin, I am within the shade of my own home"—and, quickly crossing the paved walk on the opposite side of the atreet, she, the next moment, ascended the long piazza of a low Spanish-built, but very handsome dwelling, situated a little in the rear of the shaded pavement.

· Throwing aside her mantilla, she sank, breathless, upon a lowige resting against the stone-fretted pillars, which were almost concealed 'neath the twining tendrils of the Spanish jessamine and Grendalia vine. Every noise or rustle amongst the leaves seemed to startle her strained ear, for it was apparent, from the anxious expression of her face and attitude, that some one was eagerly looked for. At length, as if incapable of maintaining her position of quietude, she arose and hastily walked There was a stately majesty in her the piazza. step, a gracefulness of mien, that would have attracted the attention, without waiting for a view of her face, to wonder if she was beautiful. Her head was haughtily erect, though her finely formed neck and shoulders bespoke none of that unbending stiffness, which an elevated carriage of the person is so apt to produce. But her face was, indeed, most difficult to decide upon: there was beauty in it, if regularity of features constitute the possession of that desired, though often fatal gift-yet to the confiding heart, the yearning soul, and the wellattuned mind, it was a beauty that instinctively caused each one to shrink from a prolonged examination. Perhaps it was not a fit time to judge of the maiden's claim to such a possession-for some strong, and probably unusual, disquietude conspired to mar the natural expression of her face. With an impatient gesture, she parted the thick branches of a myrtle that swept luxuriantly o'er the piazza, and looked anxiously around-no approaching step fell on her ear. The square was entirely deserted, and the colored lamps, suspended from the trees, were flickering dim in the star-light. The marmuring of the fountains near was the only sound borne on the perfumed breeze—the glittering spray of the evening dew over her person soon warned her of a longer exposure to the dampness of the air, and withdrawing her fair hand from orange, intermingled with its dark clustering fo- the parted branches, she passed through a large liage, gleamed with scented brightness. The glossy | glass door, into an adjoining apartment. Pausing before one of the lofty mirrors, that hung against drawing her towards the entrance of the piazza the richly decorated walls, the maiden started at the reflection of her disordered appearance, but ere her trembling hand could adjust the tangled mass of her dark hair o'er her proud and deeply furrowed brow-her ready car caught the sound of approaching footsteps—but a deeper contraction of her countenance bespoke her disappointment, when they receded and passed around towards the apartments of her brother. Casting her eye towards the gorgeous time-piece in the niche o'er the mantle, she started, for the hour pointed to that, verging towards midnight—a small silver bell was quickly rung, which summons a servant as quickly obeyed.

"Bianca," said the maiden, "has my brother Julian returned, or was that Pedro who has just gone to his apartment !"

"He has not my lady-it was Senno-for my master left him, in place of Pedro, to attend you in his absence,"

Very true, I forgot Julian will be gone some days, retire until I ring again-but stay, see that no light flashes from my window—nay, darken the hall, for my aunt has just retired, and I would not have her disturbed."

The lady was obeyed. "I feel relieved that Julian is absent," mused she, "for his strangely imbibed prejudice against Romanzo is the source of much discord between us. Perhaps it proceeds from a too jealous care for his only sister's happiness, we being the sole remaining links of a proud and noble race. But ah! my brother, did you but know, or could feel one half of the deep, yea, unfathomably deep love, I have yielded my heart to, how your lip's carl would be banished when taunting me about my cherry cheeked bon homme northerner. Methinks Romanzo plays the laggard tonight, for it is long past our hour of meeting-he would not dare to be the first to ----, but avaunt such dark thoughts—they are more worthy of my own suspicious heart than of his-for love, with one of my race and nation, has, throughout time, either proved the pabulum of life, or the drug of death to its object. Hark, 'tis he!"

In a moment the lady stood on the piazza, with one by her side, whose face, even in the shadowy light of the night, gleamed with the brightness of rapture.

"True as the prophecy of my own true heart, in its better moments," said she, placing her hand in his, "but, alas! Romanzo, that this should be only a meeting moment to part, although thou hast said it will not be long ere we will again renew our trysting vows?"

"Even so, my beauteous Lona," returned the young man-"ere another moon smiles on our green earth, I trust we will again stand with the same feelings of confidence, that we now do, on this most beautiful spot. Look forth, (continued he,

and leaning against the embowered pillars,) could even thy most fervid imagination, or that of the most soul-inspiring son of science, picture a more lovely, a more bewitching scene ?"

The view, that the eye then drank in, of the rare fruited isle, was indeed surpassingly beautiful. The harbor lay in unrippled stillness; various, countless sails rested on its watery bosom-some of which were folded in inactive, luxurious case, whilst others were spread on their tall masts, with their white pennons floating in the motion of a speedy launch, upon another voyage. The fine public walks, the palace of the Governor, and many splendid private edifices, each and all surrounded by a citadel of sweets, then greeted the eye. Stretching far in the distance, rose the unchanging blue line of the mountains, which ran through Cuba's whole length. and one glowingly fancied, even in that distance, he could distinguish some of those many pearly streams, which pour their chrystal waters over the plains, and whose banks are said to be so richly garnished with the Jerusalem and African rose, the bright scarlet cordium, and the silver, silky leaves of the port landia: flowers that have so often attracted the curious admiration of the stranger botanist. If the verdant earth seemed so beautiful. how much more so the cloudless azure of the heavens, in that sunny clime! The nights are more calm and serene, and the moon is said to shine more brilliantly, than in those that are colder; but, on the one alladed to, the absence of her broad light was, in some degree, compensated by the luminous effulgence of countless planets, whose twinkling light then shadowed forth distinctly, and more beautifully than the sunbeams, the enchanting beauty of Havana. To Lona, the scene was grand as well as picturesque, because it was her home, and she had never seen any other; but, to Romanzo, it was doubly so by the power of contrast, and that impulsive assent, which one of his cultivated taste, and inherent susceptibility, ever yields to all that is sublime or beautiful.

"The scenery on my own majestic Hudson, I have thought, could not be surpassed," continued he, "that it bore nature's grandest impress, and embraced every feature calculated to fascinate the gaze—but it yields to this the advantage of a delicious, dreamy climate, which can only be conceded to the soft balmy south. This is, indeed, a home for bounding fairies-blushing beauty and rapturous love. Alas, alas! what a binding fetter the two last have cast o'er my bewildered senses."

Lona liked not the deep drawn sigh that escaped her lover, nor the averted look which followed it. Her tone was bitter when she replied:

"If thou hast yielded an unwilling heart, no fetter will prove lasting—and that sigh speaks some inward rebellion at thy present subjection."

She had withdrawn from his side, and stood be-

fore him, towering in all the majesty of her haughty mortal man to give another absolution. beauty—the fire of suspicion beamed from her almost staring eye, whose unnatural brilliancy shot a pang through Romanzo's heart. He was startled by her unusual excitement of manner-for, hitherto, the glow of sentiment had only deepened on her full, round cheek-soft and delicate emotions had alone seemed to bid the deep current mingle with the rich brunette of her complexion, and lovetrusting love, had ever lent its lustre to her dark eye-but now, what a change had passed over her face! one terrible to behold, for it spoke the volcanic fire of hidden passions, whose eruptions would pour a searing lava on the most confiding heart. With that one moment's reflection, passed a like withering change over his feelings-the penalty of which he afterwards so sadly experienced.

"Lona," replied he, calmly, "surely some fiendlike influence has filled your mind with such violent distrust. Bid back the torrent of suspicion in your bosom, for when once the soul yields to its dashing force, chaos and darkness become its sole occupants. This is no time for doubts or fearsand I would not that our last meeting should be thus shaded, or one gloomily remembered."

Her proud bearing was somewhat subdued by his calm, but sad manner.

"Ah, Romanso-I fear Father Clement's prediction may fearfully be fulfilled, for I feel now the extent of my idolatry. His words, this evening, seem to ring in my ear, and fall, I know not why, like an ominous knell on my heart. but the removal of the hated barrier-thy religious,-nay, thy heretical faith, can ever procure me unalloyed peace. Oh! would that I could persuade you to abandon it, as wretchedly spurious in the sight of Heaven."

"Lona, in justice to you as well as to every principle of truth and honor within my own breast, I now declare, with all due respect for your views of religion, that not even to gain, or secure your love, could I become a Catholic. Think not it is through the medium of a jaundiced prejudice, that I have examined the tenets of that faith-for, as I have often told you, I have been reared without any particular bias guiding my religious opinions. I have searched in vain among its sophistries for the slightest ground of reason, for all its ceremonies, glosses and traditions-but I have only found a most corrupting system, every feature of which, is subversive of the plain simplicity and purity of the gospel, and inimical to the clearly taught precepts of the Bible. No one of which is more repulsive to me, than that of auricular confession. I regard it as a fatal lash to every victim within its power, and it has been the instrument of more sinful delusion than all the other requirements of Catholicism. Independent of its dangerous tendencies-I hold it a daring profanity towards our and thus vanquished, Lona dared not dwell upon

Disguise it as you may-place it before the mind in every light, it is nothing more than an impious delusion,the offspring of a corrupt and superstitious age."

The maiden's cheek became deadly pale, as she listened to her lover and marked the deep scorn that curled his lip, when speaking of that religion, which had, from the earliest dawn of reason, been so devotionally cherished and closely entwined with her every thought-for no feeling is stronger, within a Spaniard's breast, than his most holy religious Amongst the females, it superstitiously blends, and assimilates with every other passionit is often the sesame to the hidden store of their natural affections-and colors, with its tinge, their every principle of action. This devotional bigotry gives an additional vehemence to their love, which from the defective nature of their education, the influence of many pernicious national customs, and the native ardor of their temperament, has often resulted in much misery, and brought many deplorable evils upon them. They have the elements of greatness, which, under more favorable circumstances, would elevate them in the scale of human admiration and moral excellence-but, alas! the galling manacles of ecclesiastical superstition have so fettered the Spanish race, that they have fallen from their once high estate, and the end of an evil age is gradually coming upon them. This is the case collectively; but, individually, there are many who exhibit the spirit of their ancestors of Castile and Aragon, who maintain the same invincible, inflexible, and noble heroism, that fired and exalted them in the age of Cortez and Pizarro. From such a lineage, sprung Lona D'Alvarez. parents were natives of the beautiful city of Seville, but emigrated to Cuba, when she was a mere child, and died soon afterwards, leaving two children, Julian and herself, to the protection of their widowed aunt—a lady of vast wealth and habits of strict conformity to the revered religion of her forefathers. Madame de Virar's life was one of pious vigor and ascetic devotion. With such a train of influences, it is not to be wondered that Lona's very soul shuddered at the heresy of one so dear to her, -and that her feelings were more than ordinarily embittered, when listening to his scornful detraction of the holy church. There was a terrible conflict within her bosom, one of equal passions—her leve and religious faith—had it not been for the faint glimmerings of hope, with which the indomitable spirit of proselytism never fails to sway the mind of a Catholic, the former would probably have been sacrificed to the latter; but with woman, too surely,

> "in the parting hour, Victorious Love asserts his power, O'er coldness and diadain,

Creator, to esteem it in the power of one erring, the fearful price, or heed the loud denunciations of

conscience. * * * They parted. That night, her never before neglected rosary, lay untouched beside the holy crucifix on the altar of her oratory-a veil seemed cast o'er the holy virgin's face as she knelt before it-and darkness, unwonted darkness, rested upon her heart.

The morrow's glowing sun poured its vertical beams upon the island-chasing away the gossamerlike mist, which seemed to envelope the never fading verdure of earth-and to gem every flower with its chrystal hues-but Romanzo's admiring gaze dwelt not upon its gorgeous beauty. He was far away from that spot, where he had so dreamingly whiled away the few past months, and whose beauty had so steeped his senses in the excitement of rapture and novelty. He felt as if just rudely awakened to the extent of his infatuation, which now bore a most repulsive aspect,-then followed a train of remorseful feelings—for it was in vain to woo the vision of a happy future, if the chain of his fate was linked with that of Lona D'-Alvarez; reason and a knowledge of his own heart assured him, too strongly, that the immoveable barrier of uncongeniality would ever exist between them,-they were not, nay could not be destined for each other.

Romanzo Morley was a northerner-possessing, both physically and mentally, the many characteristics peculiar to the sons of a healthful and vigorous climate, and that belong to our enterprizing Perhaps, even in the different states and provinces of Europe, there does not exist a more striking difference between their inhabitants. than that which distinguishes those of the northern part of the United States, from those of the southern. Their habits and manners are as dissimilar as their persons; respecting the latter, Romanzo's every feature proclaimed his native clime. Light auburn hair clustered in thick curls over his broad, high brow-an intellectual animation gave a dancing light to the clear blue of his eye-the prominent, but finely formed nose, and strongly marked mouth conspired to throw an expression of dignity and nobility over his whole face, upon which two features, true manliness of beauty is so often dependent-his complexion might have been too ruddy, and of a feminine blending, for the taste of those who regard paleness indispensible to the entire intellectuality of expression and appearance-but the whole contour of his face, and the tout-ensemble of his person, spoke at once

> - "that manly mould For hardy sports, or contests bold."

He had journeyed to the south for the united purpose of business and pleasure, and having been despatched to Havana, on a speculating mission, it was theme, for the first time, he had ever been beguiled or some feeling akin to it. She was one often into the pastime of love. It was at the celebra- loved, but not beloved—a strange contradiction—

and imposing ceremonies enjoined by the Catholic religion-that he had first beheld Lona D'Alvarez. It is likewise regarded as a holiday festival, for both rich and poor engage in it with manifest gayety. They are all arrayed in their best attire—the churches are ornamented with flowers and garlands placed on the figures of the various images of the saints. The Sacred Host is carried in a richly wrought gold vase, by a priest dressed in his costly robes-which he elevates above his head, covered over with an embroidered veil-the rest of the revered laity follow, chanting a te-deum; and, as the holy host passes through each street, the assembled multitude prostrate themselves with uncovered heads before it. Romanzo was struck with the exceeding gracefulness of Lona, as she lifted her manto, and, with upturned eyes, bent reverently her beautiful person. There was something so novel in her appearance, and in the whole scene, that he was almost induced to regard it some gorgeous pageant of an eastern land, and the being before him one of its brightest houris. that time he haunted her every step, with such evident pertinacity, that it was impossible for Lona not to be attracted to the person who thus dared to watch her, with so much silent admiration-and in return for which she occasionally condescended to gratify him with a view of her brilliant eyes. These little incidents proved sufficient fuel to the fire of his imagination, as also to her vanity, and a desire arose to become acquainted with the bandsome stranger-But failing in every attempt at any formal introduction—it was one evening, on her return from vespers, that the barrier of ceremony was broken by the slight act of his dropping a bouquet at her feet, whilst reclining under the shade of the beautiful Rue St. ----, followed by her smiling acceptance of the significant offering. Thus commenced their era of love, which, to Lona, was the beginning of a new life—and to Romanzo the ecstasy of a novel infatuation. Every circumstance conspired to rivet the chain around the hitherto unsusceptible maiden-but, with him, the progress of love began to assume a different aspect. The mist gradually vanished from his enraptured mental vision, in proportion to the many manifestations of Lona's love, and often did he find himself shrinking from those repeated professions that fell from her beautiful lip. If the bright current within her bosom was ever darkened by a doubt of his truth, it rarely dwelt long upon its surface—for hers was a nature too proud, ambitious and intrigueing to fear. Of all the many of her race, who had wooed or loved her, none had ever dared to change the fiat of the imperious Lona D'Alvarez. when once it was past; and it was rarely that the love they had offered, did not, in turn, become hate. tion of the Féte Dieu-one of the most solemn but such, nevertheless, has not unfrequently ex-

Not only one moon, but two had lighted the starry firmament, since Romanzo had parted from Lona, and yet he had failed in his promise to return. In vain had Father Clement expostulated, entreated and threatened her with some heavy condemnation, if she continued to cherish the sinful-nay, destroying passion for the heretical American. He was not only her spiritual confessor, but had, in a measure, been her principal mentor from childhood, and the superintendant of her education, when in the Ursuline convent. Being distantly related to Madame de Virar, he was frequently brought into social intercourse with the familywhich privileged him to continue the exercise of his preceptory influence over Lona, but his importunity on this subject finally became too great for the self-willed maiden, and, for the first time, she evinced an indifference towards his friendly admonition, and assumed a reserve, that he could never, by art or stratagem, overcome. Not only was she watched by his scrutinizing eye, but she was aware that her aunt and brother regarded her with no little suspicion; for, as yet, neither had been apprized of her betrothal to one-towards whom they had both manifested a deep rooted prejudice.

"Lona," said Julian, as they sat one evening alone, "I have recently marked the paleness of your cheek-the listlessness of your manner, and I begin to suspect your foolish fancy for that arrogant Morley, has conspired to bring this change upon you. Methinks my proud and once devotional sister has proved a recreant to the faith of her princely ancestors, in thus being interested in one stained with the sin of deep dyed heresy, and, doubtless, some low-born adventurer."

"Low-born," replied she, aroused from her reverie by the bitterness of his tone-" such an epithet could never be applied to Romanzo Morley-his very stamp is that of one of 'Nature's true noblemen.' Julian, I like not your manner when speaking of him-and I often wonder that your generous nature should, without any good reason. so frequently indulge in a disparagement of one, who, I am sure, never has, or could give you cause for such detraction."

"No, he but shares in common that inherent detestation I feel for every thing American. The people are a penurious, calculating, gasconading set,-of mushroom blood, with feelings and principles corresponding. I scarcely ever met a wholesouled, chivalrous specimen of a man from that land of vaunted independence. I am too entirely a descendant of Valencia and Andalusian blood to tolerate them, or their pitiful country. Besides my dislike to their national peculiarities, I am such a hater of Protestantism, that I never could pardon their religious presumption, or bear their canting arrogance. But come, I see your spirit is roused,

isted, respecting persons of her mind and char-iso I'll give not another thought to your fair haired northerner. Let us banish him now and forever, as unworthy of a moment's consideration. Will you not soothe, as you were wont, my chafed mood, by your sweet music !"

> The blue ribbon attached to her guitar was again wound around her polished neck, and as Lona's fingers atraved carelessly o'er its strings she looked sarcastically upon Julian, saying, tauntingly,

> "What if I tell you your favorite song is an impromptu of my northerner's, which I, at his request, placed to the music of one of our much loved ballads! Come, no objections from you, for my retaliatory spirit likewise requires some ventilation:

> > Oh! it was not when fortune And friendship were thine, Thou could'st judge of a heart, So devoted as mine-When joy hung its light On each garland I wove; Ah! where was the test. Or the trial of Love?

From the darkness and depth Of the waters of woe, Like the pearl that is cradled In ocean below: Love rises above, The dark breakers that roll,-To shine as a gem, in the crown of the soul.

Then say not rude fate, love, Would make me recall The vows that I breathed, In pleasure's gay hall: The love that I plighted, Was pure as the skies-Now, I ask for no more,-But to bask in thine eyes.

The rich melody of Lona's voice had died away for some moments, ere the brother and sister spoke. Julian had gazed upon the deep sadness of her face, with mingled feelings of apprehension and solicitude-which she no sooner perceived than she conquered the tempest of emotions within her own bosom, and cheerfully obeyed his request to sing him some of his loved, Moorish ballads. music of Spain partakes much of the character of her language: it is as pathetic as the Italian, and has greater energy-for it speaks of a more highsouled, chivalrous people; and wilder romancefor it images a more mountainous and picturesque country-whilst that of Italy breathes little else but love. Lona's wild and impassioned manner seemed well suited to its peculiar style, and when Julian's ear drank in the mournful tenderness of his favorite Moorish ballads, which likewise breathe the very spirit of heroic gallantry and devotedness, he felt as if it would have been a glorious destiny, could he have struck the last blow for oppressed Granada, and have been the last fallen Moor on her blood scented plains. Oh! what a God-like power there lies in music! It is as susceptible of

allaying the wildest tumult of inward passions, as | mercial life, than take place there, in the same space strikes "the electric chain," wherewith the mind is wing o'er all that is full of life, aweeping away darkly bound-and is the touchstone of memory's most secret cell, often arousing the slumbering energies of a crushed intellect. To Love it ever proves a faithful and congenial sister-spirit, while it fills the longing soul with holy aspirations, opening to the imagination the bright portals of a brighter world. Yes, there is indeed a

"Something of mystery that surely dwells Within thy touch, in our hosom cells-Something, that finds not its answer here, A chain to be clasped in another sphere!"

But, reader, with many pleasant memories, we must bid adieu to the verdant islands, and follow the steps of Romanzo Morley. A feeling of infinite relief chased away the one of strange oppression that hange upon the mental and visual organs of every stranger, when he hails the crowded levee of the crescent city-especially if his home has been amongst the towering mountains, and aloping hills. Even the muddy, opaque waters of the Mississippi had lost their uninviting aspect, which had filled him with so much disappointment, when he first landed in the far famed southern Perhaps there is no city, that excites more singular and novel impressions, than New Orleans—bounded on the margin of a rapidly sweeping river, by high levees, from whose height one looks down upon its terra firma, as they breast the ever flowing current, and when entering the city he finds himself descending a hill, above which the waters roll on in one vast mass of boiling eddies overlooking the banks most suspiciously. The opposite coast is one boundless level, bearing evidences of cultivation, in the many scattered dwellings-but the side on which the city lies, seems one continued village for more than a hundred miles. The numerous picturesque houses of different architecture and tastes-with their long piazzas, galleries and out door communicationsamongst which buildings, the high, comical chimney of the sugar mill towers so conspicuouslyall conspire to give the coast an appearance of some well cultivated and thickly settled village. There is something quite oriental in the arrangement of the gardens attached to these housesplants and flowers, regarded as tender exotics in a northern clime, pour their scented fragrance in delightful profusion on every breeze-whilst the music of birds of every hue and note fill the air with their echoes of vocal gladness. The spirit of go-shead-ism seems to actuate every one in the prosecution of his business, for the stranger's fate is one of self-banishment from that paradise, in a few short months, which stimulates him to perness greater changes in society—in public or com- her brother at the north, and being a lady of much

of stirring the soul to deeds of mighty valor. It of time. The angel of death spreads his besom those who, a short period before, occupied the highest scale of either-and when another year is ushered in, a new race seems to have sprung up with it. Improvements are equally as astonishingly rapid, for, in the well-built, and widely extended streets, one scarcely recognizes those of a few months former date. Although Romanzo Morley's absence had been short, yet he felt a greater stranger on his return, than when he first entered the fluctuating society of the city-but it was rather a matter of rejoicing to him that he could, unknown and unwatched, pursue the even tenor of his way. A feeling of isolation crept o'er him, which be cherished with misanthropic pleasure, for the very thought of social gayeties or amusements, filled him with unconquerable repugnance, by recalling too vividly the past months he had thus whiled away in the gay circles of Hazana. The quiet glance of a dark eyed creole, as she glided gracefully by, would conjure a vision, which would be far from pleasing to him—and that change, which, at first, he was unwilling to admit had fallen o'er his heart, began to be rapidly developed, and to wither even the fairest flowers of his sweetest memories. How was it possible to be at peace with that heart, when he was bound by honor to one towards whom the voice of love had become so strangely cold and discordant? Alas! even whea "wishes give us our greatest wish," how prone we are to rue neglect, nay, reject the possession of those blessings, enjoyments and pleasures which were so ardently courted, and for whose attainment we would have made any sacrifice, or encountered any opposing difficulties. Truly man often "starves on the possessed."

It was in vain that Romanzo sought a refuge from himself in the engrossment of business. The disquietude of his mind, combined with the effects of the climate upon his constitution, brought on a slow fever, which so gradually enervated his once vigorous strength as finally to prostrate him upon the couch of lingering aickness. Many days passed by, but a consciousness of earth and earthly scenes was denied the stranger invalid. All the wild phantasms of dangerous delirium passed in dread array before his tortured, fevered mind. The name of Lone frequently escaped him with a shudderwhich was no sooner attered, than words of entreaty followed, imploring those around him to save him from her dreadful vengeance. The tear of sympathy often glistened in the eye of his benevolent attendant, Mrs. Alwyn, who assiduously administered those many kind attentions, which none but one of her sex could so well perform. torm an age of labor, and live a life of pleasure in one Romanzo was one of her favorite boarders; he had brief and fleeting season. In no place do men wit- been highly recommended to her acquaintance by

penetration, and proper appreciation of the human character, her partiality had been greatly enlisted in his favor by an exhibition of many of those traits, that are well calculated to enlist the admiration and interest of one of her taste and judgment. Every effort on her part was made for his comfort and restoration, and no sister, or mother, could have watched him more faithfully. The crisis was past-the contest between the power of disease and his native strength of constitution was overthe latter triumphed over the destroying sway of the former—but it was a dear-bought victory; for, so great was his prostration, that, for some time, the spark of life scarce seemed to animate his attenuated frame, and even the power of articulation was beyond his strength: nothing but the constant vigilance of Mrs. Alwyn could have preserved him from a fatal relapse.

One evening, after having enjoyed a deep, refreshing sleep, he faintly opened his eyes, hardly aware that the room and every thing around him, were not the objects of his recent dreams. It was about the dusk of eve-the balmy breeze, fresh from its Favonian chambers, stirred the thin folds of a curtain, falling over an opposite window, in whose recess sat a young girl, busily engaged in twining some flowers into bouquets, that lay around her in the utmost profusion. Youth and innocence cast a bright halo o'er her face, which was not less blooming than those fit emblems of freshness and beauty she held in her delicate hand. The sunshine of life was just dawning o'er her horizonthe impress of gladness was upon her brow, and tenderness beamed in the dark depths of her beautiful blue eyes, as she occasionally glanced towards the couch of the invalid. The small, straight nose, and short upper lip, would have proclaimed her a daughter of Greece: her hair was the lightest chesnut hue, "brown in the shade, but gold in the bun," as it waved o'er her delicate brow, and caught behind in a rich mass of plaits-no curls shaded her varying cheek, or concealed the beautiful proportions of her shoulders. Her dress was a flowing robe of muslin, confined by a pale blue ribbon around her slender waist, and beneath the gossamer folds of the loose sleeves, was detected the rounded outline of an arm, that would have rivalled the greatest effort of Canova. What a beautiful tableau vivant Florence Alwyn would just then have made! and, as Romanzo thus quietly gazed on her, he wondered if angels had not worn the like face in his spirit's dreams! He feared to move, lest the vision should vanish, and the spell be broken. At length, her task seemed completedshe rose and gently placed the vases, in which the flowers were arranged, in various parts of the room. Her step was careful and noiseless, as she

and slightly bent over him-it was but for a moment-for it was softly replaced when she was assured of his sleeping, and quietly closing the door, Romanzo heard only her faintly receding step. When he again opened his eyes, which he had, involuntarily, closed, he found it difficult to persuade himself that what had passed was not one of those spells of enchantment, which often binds the soul in its neither waking, nor dreaming moments, but the perfume of the freshly called flowers, spoke the blissful reality, and banished all doubt. Romanzo slowly recovered his health; his daily companion was Florence, whose child-like simplicity and gentleness served to cheat Time of his lagging duliness, and her artless vivacity to imbue, with a new life, his languid spirits. She was the only child of Mrs. Alwyn-upon whose earlier years, fortune had smiled more propitiously. The sudden death of her husband was followed by many equally sad reverses -but, amidst all the darkness of affliction's tempest, her many Christian virtues and pious resignation had shone with such light, as to command the admiring esteem, and ensure the warm love of a large circle of friends. Being herself a northerner by birth, her heart felt drawn towards every one who owned the same nativity, and to this fact, as to other circumstances, Romanzo owed the large share which he held in her interest. Florence had just returned from school, when his illness commenced, and often, to relieve her mother, she had watched at the couch of the sick stranger, with all the kind affection of a sister. Her dimpled hand was ever ready to smooth the light curls from his fevered brow, and to wipe the cold dew of disease from its burning surface—but to all he was insensible, and every one who glided around his bedside bore the same face to him. When the flush of health returned to his pale cheek, and the fire of animation again beamed in his eye, could he fail to be otherwise than grateful to a being, so gentle and so lovely ! Was it not natural for him to feel a longing impatience in her absence, and a blissful gladness, when listening to the joyous music of her voice,-when revelling in the light of her youthful beauty? Romanzo was one over whom the power of confiding gentleness in a woman held greater sway, than all the brilliancy of genius, or the animation of intellect, could ever excite. When with Florence, he felt more sensibly than ever, that imagination had alone created his passion for Lona, and that the chain, which bound him to Florence, was wove by the hearts mysterious sympathy! The flame of the former had sunk into the coldness of death,its ashes had been scattered by the hand of reasonwhile, in the deep sanctuary of the latter, bloomed a never-fading flower, whose fragrant incense was passed to and fro, -for it was evident she deemed the very spirit of his life. His parting interview the invalid in a deep slumber. Placing a large with Lona convinced him she was possessed of bouquet near the bed, she then lifted the curtain, energies, which, when roused, were desperate, and

a mind too fervid and uncontrolled to submit to the guidance of any, save a congenial, master-spirit. He knew that her love for him was deeply tinged by this bias of character, and he felt a similar return could never be rendered her, by his own heart. Madame De Stael truly says, "However distinguished a man may be, he rarely feels unqualified pleasure in the superiority of a woman." This may be equally as true, respecting the superiority and strength of her affections, as in the intellectuality of her mind. When man most fears, then most he loves-but should the preponderance of love be in her own heart, it often becomes her fate to wither 'neath the chilling winds of indifference, and to be finally blasted by the frost of neglect. Well might it be said, that

> "Man has power o'er head and hand, But heart alone is woman's dower."

"What say you to attending the celebrated Mardi Gras masquerade ball to-morrow," said Florence, laying her hand upon Romanzo's shoulder, as he sat on the balcony—the victim of remorseful reflections, for, as yet, he had not dared to explain his position towards Lona, or breathed one word of love to her. "You say," continued she, as he looked up with a melancholy smile, "you have never beheld that boasted novelty of our city-and you know, after the procession in the afternoon, the ball is the closing one of the season-for the next day commences Lent, when all gayety ceases amongst the Catholics: say, will you be my preux chevalier on the occasion !"

"Certainly," replied he, "but I hope you will not go in mask-for, although I am not competent, from experience, to judge of such a novelty, yet, from all I have read and heard about those places, my views of propriety could never sanction a female friend's appearing in such a disguise; it is a license her inherent delicacy of mind and character should You know, my sweet Floever shrink from. rence," added he, taking her hand, "I would but advise you as a brother on this occasion?"

"Oh yes!" answered she, innocently turning her fingers through his-" I certainly appreciate your motive, and would wish to be guided by your advice. I had no thought of going in bal masque costume, for I have not the courage and confidence to encounter the many familiarities offered each other by those in mask. But you would find the scene much more amusing, were you to assume some character."

"Perhaps I may avail myself of the benefit of such a disguise, if for nothing else but to see if I could successfully play the quiz on you. I will escort you and your mother there, and then I'll challenge your penetration."

guised to escape my keen eye-although, I admit,

I have sometimes been completely quizzed—but then, it was by some person about whom I had been too indifferent to notice any peculiarity. A mask metamorphoses the voice entirely—it gives every one a squeak that is almost unearthly—and so much alike are all, that a person finds it a difficult matter to recognize a friend, merely by any natural tone.

"Will the Mardi Gras procession be well attended?" asked Romanzo, musingly.

"It generally is. Le Blanc told me, a few days ago, this would be one of unusual interest, as great efforts were being made among the French, throughout the city."

"I suppose if he is there it certainly will be extra. What is his character, did he say, for methinks, as you seem to be the object of his vigilant attentions, you should also share his confidence?"

"He would not tell me," replied Florence, somewhat gravely-" indeed, he strangely avoided the subject when I introduced it. I can't account for Le Blanc's wild ways recently—especially, after I have been in your company, or speak, in any manner, of you. Nay, I have reasons to suspect he is the person who has so recently haunted our steps, when walking out, and I am confident now, that the mysterious billets, I have so clandestinely received, have emanated from his jealous brain."

"Why did you not impart your suspicions to me sooner? I was not aware that you have been thus annoyed-I, too, have also observed his singular manner towards you, and have frequently been induced to question him as to the cause, but these Frenchmen here are so irascible and capricious, I deemed it best, upon reflection, to let his conduct pass as some whim."

A shade passed over the bright face of Florence, when she quickly replied-

"It is well that you did so-for I know Le Blanc's impetuous nature would never have brooked any such inquiry from you. He has Spanish blood in his veins, which you know never hesitates to heed the impulse of revenge. Although American born, he has not one characteristic of his countrymen-all his associations and feelings having been under the influence of French and Spanish society. I heard him say the other day, he had a noble cousin, of the latter's best blood, just arrived in the city, whom he intended introducing to me. I have seen very little of him lately, owing to his many engagements with this newly arrived specimen of Spanish aristocracy and gallantry."

"The night dews are falling heavily, Florence, you had better not be longer exposed to them," said Romanzo, hoarsely, while a sudden contraction of anxious interest passed over his countenance, as he listened to her. "I too will retire," added he, with a heavy sigh, "for I would not tax "You would have to be most thoroughly dis- your patient kindness, by hazarding a relapse."

In all ages-from the barbarous, the middle, down to the present era of civilization, every country and nation have preserved their religious festivals and ceremonies. Amongst no sect are they more numerous than that of the Catholic church. Indeed, the strict observances of her holy feastsconsecrated days and ecclesiastical epochs seem to constitute the essence of their religion. Protestant, or an enlightened student of the sacred Scriptures, their many flummeries and jargon of service cannot seem otherwise than ridiculously absurd. The pomp of vain show, and superstitious idolatry seem enshrined in their every act of devotion-and, wherever the banner of Catholicism prevails, dark ignorance beclouds the minds of its followers-whilst the true religion of the cross suffers a violent death. The Mardi Gras procession, in New Orleans, is but a faint resemblance of the carnival, in Italy's most palmy daysthe country of its origin—although considerably on the wane there, at this present time. It is the last day of pleasure, preceding Lent's most holy period of pious abstinence-and one regarded as a joyous jubilee by every good Catholic. principal streets in the French part of the city are appropriated to these masquerading sports. The windows and balconies are thronged with spectators, eagerly gazing down on the dense and ever moving mass of persons, in grotesque masking costumes, completely burlesqued. Carriages, of various devices, move along in rapid procession, some of which are so open as to display a group of characters, in their fantastical dresses, and, by their actions, easily recognized. Many of the vehicles represent animals, ships, temples, and, occasionally, some classic pageants, with their famous gods, mingle, indiscriminately, with cavalcades of merry Italians, showering maccaroni on every passer-by, while a set of dancing French peasantry pelt the crowd with sugar plums, most ferociously. though this appears supremely childish to a stranger spectator-yet, to the actor, it seems to be pursued with astonishing zeal and merriment. These sports commence about a few hours before sunset, and are kept up until night, when all attend the ball, which is the grand finale of this far-famed amusement.

Such a scene of uproar, and fantastical madness was surpassingly strange and ridiculous to Romanzo, as he gazed, bewildered, upon the numerous cavalcades whirling past him. He hardly thought he was in a civilized land, and those were rational, Christian beings, aping the characters of such senseless puppets—but its entire novelty could not fail to excite his unbounded interest, and, with much animation, he made preparations for the ball. During the winter season, his absence and succeeding illness had prevented his participation in any of those singular and exciting amusements, so numerous in that city—and when he entered the

splendid saloon of the Exchange, it was with feelings of increased surprise. If the figures in the procession had aroused his risibles so excessively, how much more were they excited, when his ear caught the loud jargon of voices, and squeaking tones of a greater number of masqueraders there assembled. The more he witnessed the liberties, the foolish slang, and unrefined gestures which the license of a mask sanctioned, the greater became his disgust and abhotrence of a delicate female's being exposed to such as he saw offered to all, without regard to sex, age, or condition. Having consigned his charge to some suitable protector, he entered an adjoining room, appropriated to visitors, for secretly masking themselves, and selecting a plain domino, with a monk's cowl, he again entered the saloon, to enjoy the advantages of his incognito enlistment. Two persons attracted his attention as he emerged from the dressing room door-one masked as a friar, the other a nun; the former pointed to him immediately, and soon afterwards they were both lost to his view. He had not been lung moving amongst the crowd, before he perceived they were again following him, rather suspiciously—but he determined not to appear annoyed by avoiding them, he, therefore, was the first to exchange courtesies, which were silently received on their part. Having indulged in familiar badinage with many a city belle-pronounced a benedicite on those who craved one from him-accepted the offered calumet from some Indian chief-robbed a flower girl of some of her choicest bouquets-in fine, had played the quiz so successfully, and had also been the object of many a return quiz,-he grew weary of the sport, and sought the party, with whom he had left Florence. After tantalizing her, by his amusing remarks and jests, he revealed himself, and drew from her the confession of his having been disguized far beyond her keen penetration. Being accosted by several other masqueraders, her attention was, for a moment, diverted from Romanzo, who, as he stood silent and alone, perceived the friar and nun approaching him-the latter withdrew her arm from the friars, and, gliding to his side, took his-requesting his protection during a short promenade on the gallery around. He yielded a ready assent, but not without casting a lingering glance towards Florence, for he was not altogether satisfied to see her the object of so much attention from the maskers.

"Such gay scenes and intercourse with the world must be very reviving to thee, fair sister of the cloister?" said Romanzo to his companion, who had preserved an uninterrupted silence, when left alone with him.

much animation, he made preparations for the ball.

During the winter season, his absence and succeeding illness had prevented his participation in any of those singular and exciting amusements, so numerous in that city—and when he entered the "They are," replied she, evidently making every effort to disguise her real voice—"but alas! my friend, the sacred walls of a cloister do not always shut out from the heart a desire for earthly pleanumerous in that city—and when he entered the

in it, and about it, the face of patient resignation, doubtless a neophite in such scenes, as are now enacting."

"You speak the truth, fair lady, for this is, indeed, a strange babel to my wondering sight and hearing. One that could not fail to overwhelm with excitement a native of the adopted land of our sober pilgrim fathers—which nativity I proudly elaim."

"Think you they possess, in the like degree with ours, of the chivalrous south, those elements of character, which make man the noble being he was originally destined to be. Could a northerner possibly be faithful to the lady of his love?"

"I trust such a possibility, or capability, is not denied them, as your question seems to imply, fair sceptic. I myself have the presumption to claim the virtue of constancy, without which, you know, there could not exist true love."

"True," answered she, bitterly, "but take care, that it be with you, a mere presumption, without any real basis for claiming such a virtue. Perchance, too, the fair Florence Alwyn may suffer with others from your vaunted presumption."

Romanzo started. "I know you not, mysterious lady, but not even from the lips of one of her own sex, will I hear a jeer passed on a being of such purity and innocence. That hour, in which Florence Alwyn's guileless heart felt the blight of sorrow, would be the darkest to me, and heavy, indeed, would be my own self-condemnation, were I the inhuman cause."

"You love her, then," said the nun, hastily, "what hinders you from seeking hers in return ?

"Ah," replied he, shaking his head, and forcing a careless smile, by way of evasion-" I am not enough of a Catholic to embrace, just now, the privileges of auricular confession, and even if I were, I hardly think I would be guilty of the daring transgression of making a fair lady, instead of a stern mentorial father, my confessor. In matters of love, your sex transcends ours in sympathy, but they are rarely given to the exercise of secresy, or caution."

"Hist," said she, suddenly, "let us retreat on this balcony," drawing Romanzo towards a small one jutting from an opening window, over which swept a rich curtain of azure damask satin. "I have a reason for avoiding my former companion, yonder friar; besides, I have something to say to vou. First, I will enlist your confidence, by a request to keep motionless when Florence Alwyn approaches us—as she now seems about to do. great deal depends upon your silence, which, if broken by a gesture, an infinite benefit will be your loes."

The nun steed a little in the advance of Roas many now wear in pleasure's hall the smile of manzo, who, wonderingly, obeyed her injunction, gladness on their faces, and breathe, from their and kept his position near the iron railing of the fresh lips, the light words of mirth, while the heart balcony, too small to admit more than three peris coldly breaking. Thou art a stranger here, and sons. It was impossible to enter the gallery without her moving aside, but his view of what was passing above or below, was not the least obstructed. She pointed to an opposite window and bade him observe the individuals near it. He did so, and beheld Florence leaning on the arm of a mask, habited exactly as himself-about the same height, and whom she, evidently, from her familiar manner, thought to be no other than her lately discovered friend. They were closely followed by the friar, whose every action betrayed the spy. Romanzo watched the changes of her youthful countenance with a burning impatience and anxiety,he could not repress the fear that she had been beguiled into her present act of imprudence, by some nefarious machination, for she never would have accepted the attentions of any one thus disguised, unless he had revealed himself. Her whole manuer bespoke entire confidence-gratified pleasure, and animated interest. Every movement he made to pass the nun, was observed strictly-and, with many a gesture of defiance, she invariably waved bim back to his post of observation. At length, he could refrain no longer attempting the rescue of Florence from her dangerous companion, and was about to push the nun aside, when she seized his arm, with a strength almost equal to his own, and whispered-

> "Be still, she will pass us, and then you will probably be prepared for what I may communicate, but not one word will I utter, if you move."

> Florence approached near, and seated herself somewhat behind a large pillar, festooned with evergreens, from which peeped branches of the rarest flowers. Her companion leaned forward and took her hand, with all the tenderness of a confidant lover-her face was slightly averted, but the glow of delight was upon it, and the delicate leaves of a rose, were severed by her trembling lips almost unconsciously, as she listened to him.

> "Do you know any thing about the plot, evidently wrought for her entanglement!" said Romanzo, roughly seizing the nun's hand. "If so, by all the inherent delicacy of a woman, reveal it to me."

> "Florence Alwyn is not the only one of her foolishly blind and confiding sex, that has become the dupe of yours," replied she, with scornful bitterness, shaking off his heavy hand. "See, she has disappeared, and, doubtless, her heart, poor thing, is far lighter with happiness than it ever was". A mocking laugh escaped the nun, "but," added she, " I had well nigh forgot to answer your question. Yes, Remanzo Morley, 'Heaven doth often, with our small vices, light the torch that extinguishes our virtues,' and vengeance worketh

deep to-night against thy small vices. innocence should suffer, or be the medium through which you receive its acorpion lash. Florence has been deceived by yonder mask, who has, for purposes of his own, meditated and perfected his revenge, by making her a proffer of love in your name, and she, if I mistake not, has been successfully wooed. Doubtless her unsuspecting heart has opened its long concealed treasures in return-and her nectar lip has poured into his ear, without reserve, the various thoughts, wishes-nay, dreams of her guileless soul. Yonder friar, who steals so stealthily after them, is accessory to the plot, and I, yes I, was the strong power that set them in motion. We may meet again, but it will only be to see the work of just revenge fully accomplished."

Romanzo in vain made the attempt to detain her, she eluded his grasp and was soon lost in the crowd, which was rapidly increasing in that part of the gallery. He bounded down the staircase leading to the saloon below, that he might regain the friar, or Florence and her companion. Several officious maskers stopped him with inquiries about his mad speed, but he heedlessly passed them, and had just reached the entrance hall, when he saw Florence about to pass out of the door, attired for returning home. She had just permitted the mask to throw around her person a shawl, and had given him her hand, as Romanzo started forward, and seizing the arm of the mask, demanded, with an air of defiance, his "dishonored name,"

"Yes," continued he, pressing his bloodless lips with his clenched teeth., "most vilely dishonored by your present ungentlemanly deception."

As he ceased, he threw aside his own mask and stood before the affrighted Florence, with a face lighted by the excitement of the fierce stranger. But quickly perceiving her violent agitation, he threw his arm around her, and with the other attempted to unmask the individual who had dared to personate him, and who, so boldly, confronted him in unmoved silence.

"You are probably not aware," added he, with increased vehemence of passion, "that no person is permitted to walk the streets in mask, and, if I am compelled to call the attention of the managers to this scene, which you, one would suppose, ought to wish as private as possible, I will not leave this spot until I see the face of one, who has so outraged every feeling of honor, implanted within the bosom of a man."

Romanzo's threatning words seemed to have little or no effect upon the immovable incog, who still preserved his manner of cool calmaess; at length, he leaned forward, and said, in a low voice—

"For the sake of the lovely being beside you, I would not recall to your tortured vision the face of one, who might, by one word, cause your boasting charge to recoil on your own head."

"I fear you not," replied Romanzo, scornfully;

Alas! that "no man living could, or would, dare to hurl such um through an imputation upon my name, and if you do, that Florence of lying will be added to your villainous cowar-ho has, for dice."

With one rapid movement of his hand, the domino fell from his face, disclosing the tall figure of one, who was a perfect stranger to Florence, but whose calm look of vengeance and aneering contempt was bent upon the evidently agitated Romanzo. Never had she beheld such a deadly scowl of hate flash from eyes of more terrible blackness. The mustache upon his hip seemed to curl like Azo's, from the deep intensity and dire malignity of a heart, that never failed to "treasure up a wrong." But Romanzo's natural self-possession did not forsake him long, and, with a haughty inclination of his head, he replied—

"The nefarious plot was indeed worthy the genius and spirit of an intriguing Spaniard. But methought the blood of Don Julian D'Alvarez flowed from too noble a fountain, thus to have stooped to such petty villainy. Florence, fear not," added he, still supporting the shrinking girl, "although you have been the dupe of revengeful malice, and betrayed into a confession, which your delicacy now revolts at—yot, before the highest earthly tribunal, I would declare you the object of my purest love, and, with life's last pulse, will that love shield you from insult, or harm. It is unnecessary to have further words, Don Julian, as I have already been troubled longer than I desire, by your presence. We meet again."

Don Julian haughtily returned his look, but ere he could reply, the man grasped him by the arm, and whispered a few words to him—when he turned towards Romanzo, he was gone.

Ere Florence Alwyn had sought the silence of her chamber, Romanzo had related the whole history of his acquaintance with Lona D'Alvarez—and although his resentment was painfully excited by what had transpired,—although the sweet voice of the confiding girl, again, and again at his bidding, assured him she loved him not the less—that she would be his own true Florence for life—yet, Romanzo's heart felt shrouded in darkness, an ominous fear dwelt upon it—for the voice of conscience, and of honor, denounced their fiat of condemnation against his past weakness.

He assured Florence there could not result any danger to him, from a meeting with Don Julian, inasmuch as he had so demeaned himself by playing a part, which, if rendered public, would draw upon him the scorn of every one, and that the acceptance of an apology, on his part, would be sufficient atonement. Thus scothed, they parted. The soft fresh cheek of Florence was paler than usual, but as it pressed her pillow, on that eventful night, her youthful heart treasured only the blissful remembrance of Romanzo Morley's proffered love.

It was a sleepless, unending night of wretched-

ness and anxiety to him-and ere the cheering sun had emerged from the horizon, he sought an interview with Don Julian. Dire words of insult and deadly imprecations from the latter excited Romanzo to the sudden and, to him, repulsive determination of accepting his challenge. The Spaniard was so bent upon satiating his vengeance, as he said, "by drinking the very life's blood of the dastard northerner," that he unwillingly consented to the usual forms of duelling-but Le Blanc, who was present at the meeting, conquered his impatience by suggesting the consequent suspicions of cowardice being its cause. In proportion to the increase of Don Julian's passion at any delay-so seemed the firmness of mind, and calmness of manner evinced by Romanzo. He retired to an adjoining apartment, and hurriedly arranged some of his most important secular affairs—then taking up some paper, he prepared to address a few lines to Florence. Only once his hand faltered-it was when tracing the concluding words, "Farewellloved one,-to you I now breathe, perhaps, my last farewell, to you I give my last thoughts." Without the least trace of emotion, he placed the papers in Le Blanc's charge, requesting him to adjust every thing for both, as he was indifferent about selecting any particular friends to make his own arrangements. Accompanied by a surgeon, the three repaired to the duelling ground in the suburbs of the city. Never had two faces exhibited a greater contrast of expression, than those two, in that moment of deadly meeting. The Spaniard's dark eye glared with demoniacal rage upon his imperturbable enemy—whose eyelids scarcely seemed to obey their natural quivering impulse-so steady and calm was his gaze. The signal word was passed, which sealed the fate of one, in another world, whilst it stamped the cain-like mark upon the brow of the other, left a wanderer in this. Romanzo's pistol was found in his hand untouched at the spring; he had received, but not returned his enemy's fire-but his heroic generosity failed to excite one emotion of gratitude, or remorse, in the revengeful bosom of Don Julian. Naught but the instant death of his victim seemed to suffice him,whose faint fluttering of life's pulse, which the surgeon declared still betokened the hope of existence. caused his heaviest curses against the uncertainty of his own ruin-and the fury of his disappointment, that the same world held them as breathing beings.

Again was the vigorous form of Romanzo Morley stretched, in helpless insensibility, upon the same couch-from which he had so recently arisenbut, alas! no Florence was his ministering angel! no tender woman's eye watched, with untiring fondness-or smoothed, with her gentle hand, his uneasy pillow. The surgeon and only one attendant act, towards one he regarded as an enemy-but Le were permitted to attend the mortally wounded suf- Blanc's jealousy weve the whole plot enacted at

his waning pulse-but the anxious eye could detect no ray of hope in his countenance, as he held the motionless hand. Le Blanc stood on the other side of the couch, looking mournfully upon the pallid face of him, against whom, he had so thoughtlessly conspired, and brought to an end so awful. At length, Romanzo slowly opened his eyes, and bent upon each a look of recognition, then raising himself up, with a strength that surprised his companions, he glanced around the room, and, in a clear voice, asked for Florence. The name had scarcely passed his feeble lips, when a hand waved Le Blanc aside. The nun stood before him.

"Did I not say we would meet again? Yes, Romanzo Morley, I am here to see that the work of my revenge is justly accomplished, methinks," said she, pointing to the rising moon, whose shimmering light, just then, glanced through the curtains, "yonder orb smiles o'er a different scene than when we last watched it together. Not even the heavenly beams of Florence Alwyn's blue eye shall bless the gathering darkness of thy last vision of earth-she received thy last vow of love-but Lone D'Alvarez will witness the last heaving motion of that heart, which proved false to her."

Faintly closed the eyelids of her victim-as if to shut out the terrible vision, before him-who, even in that moment of rapid dissolution, pursued him with the mastery of a fiendish spirit.

"Forgive Lona," were the words that escaped with his last sigh. "Farewell, Florence," accompanied his last smile, whose beauty, even the rigidity of death could not displace. The surgeon let fall the cold hand he held-Le Blanc pressed his burning lips upon the pallid brow-and Lona D'Alvarez laid her hand upon the still bosom of the dead.

"Could Long forgive," said she, "when every thought of this, now senseless heart, so deeply wronged her. No, never until her love had proved thy drug of death, and thou did'st drain the poisonous draught of her revenge, as deeply as thine own falsehood hath mingled with her life's portion."

It was not compatible with the impetuosity of Lona's nature, to, silently, endure the apparent desertion of one, she so passionately loved-and having confessed to her brother the whole history of her betrothal to Romanzo-it was only necessarv to declare herself thus slighted, the long-smothered hatred Don Julian had always cherished for him, burst forth with increased violence, impelling him to meditate immediate vengeance against him. Not long afterwards, the brother and sister arrived in New Orleans, and through Le Blanc, (who was their distant relative) accidentally became apprized of Romanzo's movements. Don Julian's spirit would have scarcely hesitated at any assassin-like ferer. The finger of the former was pressed upon the masquerade. He had long wood the love of

Florence Alwyn, and, although he knew his de- | place, thus consecrated, is the heart more sensibly than it excited any confident suspicions of his having secured her affections,) yet he was determined to throw around her a snare, by which means he would arrive at the true knowledge of her feelings towards Romanzo. Actuated by this motive, he consented that Don Julian should assume the same character at the ball, and as such, proffer her his love—whilst he, as the friar, would be a better spy upon their actions, being more thoroughly initiated in the mysteries of such places. The fatal termination of what he had connived at and engaged in, so unthinkingly, wrung Le Blanc's very soul with the bitterest anguish, and wrought an effectual change in his heart, which had hitherto been swayed by the love of reckless folly and idle amusement. But the speechless woe of Florence Alwyn smote him with such remorse, enhanced teo, by her mild assurances of her forgiveness for the injury he had meditated against her, individually, that he could endure no longer the inward torture which her presence even created, and, in a few short months, no trace of him could be found in the bustling city.

The summer of 1837 all remember to have been one of the most fearful mortality, in the city of New Orleans. The blighting wing of the messenger of death hung over every beautiful locality, in and about the place. He ever seems to "love a shining mark," and many a form of pride and life was swept with awful rapidity into the darkness of the tomb-among which frightful number, were not a few of those who had revelled in the security of being fully acclimated. All business was completely suspended, the busy hum of voices, no longer echoed in the streets, which were deserted by the tread of life, for the slow measured one of death. The emblem of mourning hung upon the gilded knocker of many a princely mansion, whilst some ruder sign rested on those more humble. The various hearses, with their sable and white plumes, no longer moved in solemn sloth, but rattled with a most revolting haste along the pavements-sometimes followed by a courageous few. The gateway of the cemeteries were never closed either in the dusky hour of night, or at the purple dawn of morn. In vain could the immagination picture in language dark enough the awfulness of that period; but November's chilly winds soon brought a blessed antidote to the fatality of the dread upas of disease; and soon the city awoke to a sense of health and busy life. The annual celebration of All Saint's day, which takes place during the middle of that month, was attended with more mournful faces than it had ever been before. To all who have witnessed that ceremony, it is one of curious, though melancholy interest-for who can enter the abode gilded cross on the top of the tomb a garland of of the slumbering dead, without the most chas- flowers, encircled by a chain of beads, which she

feat did not result frem any priority of another's swayed by such emotions, blended with a warm claims, (for Romanzo's conduct surprised him more admiration for the beautiful, than when viewing the Catholic cemetery of New Orleans. It occupies an immense space of ground, divided into three parts, leading into each other, through a high carved gateway. The walls surrounding it are of sufficient depth and thickness to form a row of vaults, which are generally appropriated to the interment of stranger Catholics, or those whose finances are inadequate to the purchase of a more costly tomb. The avenues, on which are ranged the vaults and mausoleums, (for, owing to the shallow depth of the soil, the dead are thus entombed,) are regularly laid off at a suitable distance, smoothly paved with shells, and ornamented with every variety of trees, and the choicest flowers. Squares are appropriated to families, and many of the tombs evince a pure classic taste-whilst others are rather elaborate and garishly decorated. The pure white marble, gleaming amongst the dark granite and that of the Egyptian sable hue relieves the eye, by a beautiful contrast. As if to give an air of green life, to a place of such silent desolation, freshly called flowers are arranged in gorgeous vases, on the pedestals, and it is not uncommon to see a tomb completely covered with the richest garlands. These acts of reverence for the dead, are peculiar to Catholic countries. The home of the departed is never one of withering decay with that people-on the contrary, they make every effort, and incur every expense to render it one of beauty and cultivated taste. "The wintry blast of death kills not a friend's virtues," which are said, by the superstitions of ancient times, to be exhaled by flowers, thus consecrated beneath the evening dews.

The thousand torches, carried by those in the procession on the day alluded to, cast an unearthly light, and gave an air of solemn grandeur to that place of tombs, whilst the sad miserere, chanted by the numerous bands of slow moving priests, as they entered the gateway, all conspired to fill the soul with infinite awe and melancholy. Beside a monument, remarkable for its gorgeousness and richly carved iron railing around it, knelt the form of a nun, in her flowing black robes-four tall wax candles burned on each corner of the ground slab, whose flickering glare threw a pallid hue over her face, which was fully revealed to the view-her thick veil having fallen over her shoulders. Her black hair was laid smoothly beneath the plaited frill of her close white linen cap, and as she raised her eyes, their dazzling lustre and fulness startled the gaze. The rest of her features were a forbidding sharpness, and, as her pale lips moved in silent prayer, her thin fingers rapidly counted the beads of her rosary. She then rose and hung around the tened feelings of man's utter nothingness? In no reverently pressed to her lips—and having replaced

fresh bouquets in the several vases around, she again | cast their cheering light on all within their influbent her tall person—then closing the small iron ence—rendering her a "crown to her husband" gate, passed out from that hallowed spot.. The and a tutelary divinity amongst his "household large gilt letters could not fail to attract attention to the tomb, they told the noble name of "Don Julian D'Alvarez, of Havana, who fell, in the flower of his youth, a victim to the prevailing epidemic of 1837." Had the stranger known him, he must have confessed, that in his fall, restless ambition was rebuked-vanity let fall her soaring wings-revenge ceased his scowl, and pride, that ain, whose original price was the loss of Heaven, acknowledged "what shadows we are, what shadows we pursue."

A few moments afterwards, the nun was seen entering another mansion of mortality—the Protestant cemetery-but its appearance presented a striking contrast to the one she had just left. The plan and order of arrangement were something similar, but it was greatly deficient in evidences of taste and cultivation, although some of the tombs were costly and elegant. Silence and desolation reigned undisturbed, not the echo of a footstep broke upon its stillness. The nun approached a neat monument of the plainest and most simple architecture; no cross or Catholic symbol-adorned its summit; no glaring device was elaborately engraved on its white surface. A stifled sob escaped her as she knelt, and the deep drawn sigh spoke a more heart broken grief, then when she laid her tribute of devotion at the shrine of the other. parted the branches of the green curled willow, which swept ever the pedestal, concealing the inacription of

> "Fell, by the hand of vengeance, ROMANZO MORLEY, In the year 1837."

With all the abandonment of the wildest sorrow, the nun pressed her lips upon the dark letters again, and again-no silent prayer moved her soul-and the rosary lay untouched over the thick folds of her dress. The garland she placed upon the slab wore not the variety of gay flowers, but was twined entirely of the darkest evergreens. Slowly drawing her veil ever her face, she folded her arms, and gazed for some moments, unmoved, upon the tomb, and then as slowly passed from that region of death.

Within the Ursuline Convent, the proud and revengeful Lona D'Alvarez now passes her days "in an eternal war with woe," and shrouded in all the darkness of despairing grief, which, like the rest of her passions, is of enduring strength. And Florence, aweet guileless Florence, whither art thou? Afar in a northern home, whose healthful I put forth the pretension, humbly, in view of the and invigorating clime soon bade the rose re-bloom on her young cheek, and Time the great physician weight of their energies, their influence, their of all mental, as of corporcal maladies, wrought prayers, into the scale of reform, on this all imporbis effectual skill on her wounded heart. Within tant subject; it strikes me that many overdo the

Gods.".

Fredericksburg, Va.

NASUS.

FAMILIAR LETTERS TO MY READERS.

No. I.

My Dear R.—It being a rainy day, and therefore consecrated to the spirit of duliness, I think I cannot better dispose of the superfluous lead which weighs down the wing of time, than by scribbling to you. But what? "Ay! there's the rub"-any one can make up his mind to spoil fair paper with dull thoughts, but my ambition is to fabricate something, which will not only relieve my own ennui, but be found worthy to perform the same good office for you, should you chance to be in the like unlucky predicament.

I look abroad for a subject,—and I behold a duli, leaden, hopeless sky; rain falling in torrents, water dripping from the eaves, water chasing over the window panes-water, water, water in every direction—and by a spontaneous impulse, thoughts of tee-total societies, temperance and toddy flow, irresistibly, into my mind. The world has been making a tremendous row on this subject, for some years past, and we have been literally overwhelmed with temperance societies, temperance tracts, temperance meetings, and temperance speeches. Superannuated old fellows, who must dabble in something, have taken to dabbling in cold water, and obliging gentlemen, who have drank all the money out of their pockets and all the sense out of their heads, excite the profound sympathies of the credulous public, by marvellous narratives of their experience; and the nearer approach they have been fortunate enough to make to the beasts that perish, the more profound the sympathy, the higher the enthusiasm, their narratives excite.

Far be it from me to depreciate, or speak lightly of so great and good a movement. In itself, it is inestimable; the fault lies in its advocates. Like Uncle John's world, "It is splendid, but for the people in it." I cannot help thinking sometimes, there is a want of "filness"—to use the favorité expression of an amiable friend of mine, in the intemperance with which many advocate the cause, and the acrimony and bitterness they often bring to bear on a subject, whose very name rebukes them, trumpet-tongued. It strikes me, and many, wise, good and virtuous, who turn the whole the tanctuary of domestic bliss, her many virtues matter, from that universal proneness we find in

thereby, only retarding the good cause, while the golden mean, neglected and despised, creeps on more slowly, but not the less surely, to the destined end.

Individuals sometimes learn wisdom by experience—but that great congregated mass of opposite materials, which we call the world, is the very dullest, most leathern-headed, and obstinate of scholars. It persists in perpetually running its nose full tilt against the same post, scouts at warnings, despises counsels, and never, I fear, will be any wiser, until some great arcanum is discovered, whereby a man may leave his learning and wisdom to his children, along with his landed property, and alip out of his wordly experience, at the same time that the laws of nature compel him "to shuffle off his mortal coil."

The history of ages, stamped with the seal of truth, and freed by the hand of time from all local disturbing and blinding influences, shows us, on every page, the same story of misplaced zeal, and headlong opposition. Every where, in politics, religion, science and art, wherever the world was to be benefitted, enlightened, or improved; whereever human genius was deputed by its Great Author, to everturn some cherished error, or erect some undying truth—the fiery crest of persecution, the universal spirit of opposition, arrayed itself. Every great discovery, every wonderful invention, that the world has ever known, has forced itself, as it were, into existence, not only unaided and unencouraged, but opposed with all the virulence of ignorance, and all the bigotry of superstition. In former ages, the strong arm of force, fell heavily upon the drooping head of the pale student of philosophy, as he wasted life and health in the pursuit of a glorious truth-or strove manfully to dispel the darkness in which ages of ignorance and barbarism had enshrouded the fair form of science. In these more enlightened days, not the sword but the pen, not the arm, but the tongue is wielded with this same intention, and the same effect. Men are men still-neither to be threatened, driven, coaxed, nor humbugged into the acceptance of the most palpable truth, until they have fairly tested its powers of endurance and its inherent vitality.

But my object now is not to convince you, that opposition is, and always has been, a necessary ingredient in the social improvement, or scientific advancement; we hold that, to be a self-evident proposition—but to show that it is excess of zeal on the one side, which invariably produces it on the other, and that it is one of the peculiar characteristics of amiable human nature, to bristle up its back and growl defiance, the very moment it is spoken to in a peremptory tone, or desired to move a hairbreadth from its accustomed track, even if it be to avoid a pitfall, or escape an ambush. It

human nature, to seek extremes in every thing, is this which makes so many victims to intemperance. They will not be taught by any other master than experience, and not always by him. It becomes, therefore, a question, whether it is wise to advocate any-even the very best cause in an intemperate manner, whether it is advisable to excite this spirit of opposition, by thrusting constantly and forever the same thorn into the side of the not always "patient public," even although, like the lancet of the physician, it wounds to heal.

It cannot be doubted, for a moment, by any one in his senses, that intemperance in the use of liquor, is a crying evil, a mighty monster, which cannot be too bravely battled with, or too speedily overthrown, but in a proper way; like all other popular maladies, it must be carefully and gradually eradicated from the great body politic, by gentle and wise means, by the slow but irresistible influence of public opinion, which never fails in the end to find out the right road, let it stray ever so much by the way. Never doubt, never despair, oh ye brave laborers, in the great cause of humanity-let hope be your beacon light, and keep on steadfastly to the end. Be not impatient, but take a lesson from God's beautiful providence, which suffers nothing to start into existence at once perfect and complete; but wisely ordains that it should pass through a gradual and almost imperceptible probation, ere it arrives at its full and sufficient glory. Look back upon the history of ages passed away, on every page you will find instances of the ultimate triumph of your great principles; every where, where darkness seemed most palpable and to be felt. Great truths, starting up like meteors from the midst of desolation, and illuminating the waste, with a steady increasing flame. This flame, the great preservative principle of human nature, cannot be extinguished or subdued-smothered for a time, it bursts forth again with renewed strength. To borrow the words of one of the first, if not the first of our American poets-

> "Youth crushed to earth will rise again. The eternal years of God are hers; But Error wounded writhes in pain, And dies amid her worshippers.'

Yes, there is a great, an undying principle of vitality in Truth—that small spark of beavenly flame. which yet lingers amid the grossness and corruptions of our mortal natures. The puny efforts of man, can neither extinguish, nor enkindle it-but. fostered and fed by the divine beneficence above. it needs not their fruitless aid.

There is an excellent old proverb, which says-"too much of a good thing, is good for nothing"-and another which advises all busy bodies "to let well alone." There is manifestly a great onward movement taking place in the world. People have been, heretofore, fighting against the passions of others, they are now beginning to free is this which makes so many people irreligious, it themselves from the dominion of their own. They

have been securing to themselves personal freedom and peace, and they are now at leisure to examine into the state of their hearts and consciences and those of their fellew men, and wage war against mental slavery, as fearlessly, as they did battle for political rights and personal freedom. "Let them alone," as little Bopeep, in the Nursery tale, wisely says of his treant flocks-" Let them alone, they'll soon come home, and bring their tails behind them."

But enough on the head of intemperance, (so called par excellence,) which consists in taking into the mouth an enemy to steal away the brain, and a few words on another, and, in my opinion, equally disastrous foe to human happiness, which reverses the order, and sends an enemy from the mouth, to steal away the quiet of households, and raise in many a family a demon of discord and disunion, which can never be laid. I mean internperance of language.

> "Tis a strange mystery, the power of words! Life is in them, and death. A word can send The crimson color hurrying to the cheek, Hurrying with many meanings; -or can turn The current cold and deadly to the heart. Anger and fear are in them; grief and joy Are on their sound ;-yet slight, impalpable, A word is but a breath of passing air!"

The sweet poetess has here celebrated, with great force and beauty, the power of that gift which has been bestowed upon us by our Creator for far nobler and higher purposes, than those to which we The Bible, itself, repeats again and apply it. again, through all its pure pages, the lessons of meekness, forbearance, charity; lessons, alas! but little heeded, seemingly but little understood. Mankind go on, year after year, age after age, setting in stern judgment, on the weaknesses and follies of an erring brother-ever ready to break the bruised reed, ever willing to cast the first stone, with a hand sullied with equal, perhaps greater guilt, a conscience burdened with equal, if not greater enormities.

But even if we must judge our fellow men, although that is strictly forbidden—we should pause before we give vent to that judgment, in words that may inflame, but cannot heal. There needs some champion to arise, some apostle of meekness, some good Father Mathew to teach men, they have no right to pervert one of God's best gifts to unworthy purposes, to abuse the power, which, properly wielded, yields us the eloquence of the patriot, the mild teachings of the Christian, the noble accents of philanthropy and benevolence. Sad and bitter reflection!-that the power, which can soothe, persuade, soften and heal, should find its most common exercise, in the sharp reproof, the keen sarcasm, the biting jest. That the mild and gentle accents of peace, sympathy and kindness, should be so utterly lost and overwhelmed, amid lating and waving against the blue sky, like a gi-

It is a little, but a most powerful weapon, and more destructive to mankind's peace and happiness. than even the draught that inebriates, or the deadly weapon that destroys, for its ammunition is inexhaustible, universal, and indestructible. More than money is it the root of all evil-for it is an active worker of mischief. How many families have been disturbed, often dispersed by its baneful influence, how many sweet and holy jies severed, how many wounds inflicted, how many hearts broken! On all sides we behold evidences of its prevalence, its destructiveness, and its results; every where we see those whom God and nature have joined together, widely, fatally severed, by this intemperate indulgence. Instead of the "soft answer which turneth away wrath," we have harsh rejoinders-bitter recriminations-disagreeable truths,and why should truth be rendered thus unlovely, when she is in her own pure person, beautiful exceedingly! Think you, my reader, this is not an important subject?-would it not be worth while to make an appeal in its favor, to the leaders of the great parties of social reform, to the advocates of association, to the Fourrierites, to all those, who may chance to find the tongue a potent little rebel, in the way of their schemes for human improvement? Here is the great fundamental error in the social system-here is the great first cause of trouble and distress among us. Here, oh ye advocates of temperance and cold water—here is a field for your best efforts,-quiet the sharp tongue, which drives the husband first to the dram shop, and you will have made a great step towards keeping him at home. Advocate not only temperance in drinking, but temperance in speaking-temperance in all things, temperance on a grand and liberal scale, and depend upon it, the effort alone will work its own accomplishment.

I had enlarged thus far upon the above theme, dear R., for your benefit, and with the freedom, which your kind favor towards my poor productions emboldens me to adopt; and, while my mind was still occupied with the subject, insensibly yielding to the overpowering influence of the heat, I fell into a profound slumber-during the course of which, I dreamed the following dream: Methought I was wandering alone, upon a vast, level plainthe boundaries of which, instead of stretching far away in the usual dim perspective of a landscape view, were hidden on all sides by masses of cloudy vapor. Studding the plain at intervals, occasional groups of beautiful trees lent a graceful and refreshing shade, and numerous pure and limpid streams, issuing from beneath the cloudy boundary, ran quietly and gently towards the centre of the level space, where, as it were, by spontaneous action, they all united in forming a magnificent fountain, which rose high in air, its foamy crest unduthe din and clash of rude and boisterous tongues. gantic plume. Immediately in front of this fountain, which formed an appropriate and magnificent pretended votaries—and the trumpet voice again cauopy, on a throne of purest alabaster, sat a majestic female figure, who, by seme hocus pocus peculiar to the land of dreams, I knew at once to be the Genius of Temperance. Surrounding her, and, as it were, forming her court, were grouped, in many a beauteous circle, the perfect and ravishing forms of virtues, which men have been permitted to know and aspire after, but never yet to reach. Peace, Hope, and Charity were there, lovely and inseparable sisters; -- Forbearance, Meekness, Gentleness, and Love, not that profane and selfish deity, to which men delight to pay homage. but the pure offspring of religion and virtue, which calls all men brothers, and rejects no creature, which God has made. With calm, self-conscious strength, there stood Fortitude, supporting, on his steadfast arm, the drooping form of Patience, while Constancy, with brow serene as night, and star-like eyes, looked forth between the two. Many other pure and angelic forms were there, but the wandering senses could not take in their lineaments, and, although I gazed with curious delight upon the spectacle, I seemed to feel a sense of its want of substantiality; a nervous dread, lest the whole appearance should vanish, which prevented my taking more than a hasty view of its various wonders. Suddenly a clear, ringing voice broke forth upon the solemn silence, like the sound of a silver trumpet. It proclaimed, that the Genius of Temperance, having been entreated and prayed to return to earth again, after ages of banishment, and willing to afford to her true votaries the encouragement of her presence, had appointed this day, to give audience to all claims of her subjects,-that they might show cause why she should comply with their requests, and make report of their exertions and their success in her cause.

At this announcement, the before solitary plain appeared covered, all at once, with a mighty and tumultuous throng of human beings-on every side they pressed forward,-running, pushing, and jostling one another in the intemperance of their haste, each appearing to believe he had some pecuhiar claim to the favor of the Genius-each looking with ill-disguised contempt upon the pretensions of his neighbor-and each armed with some favorite dogma, or mounted on some peculiar hobby, by which he hoped to gain great preferment in the approaching audience. I observed some carrying banners, emblazoned with emblematical devicesand a great many, among whom were a vast number with extremely red noses, rushed, ostentatiously, to the fountain and began to drink like so many fishes,-while one pompous old fellow, with a huge pile of temperance tracts under one arm. stretched forth the other like a pump handle, and began spouting out the praises of temperance, in a voice like the roaring of Niagara. Meanwhile, the Genius awaited, in silence, the approach of her cause, was snatched from me, and instead, I found

rang forth, commanding silesse, that the proceedings of the court might be heard by all. At this crisis, Dear R., I-did not awake-oh no, that would have been too provoking-but "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream"-a confused mistiness seemed to envelope all my dramatis persone-for I could not help feeling as if this was a sort of drama of which I was the only and privileged spectator. The image of the after events is but imperfectly stamped upon my memory-at least until the final catastrophe, which was too personal to be forgotten. I have a faint recollection of a confusion of tongues, worse than Babel of old, despite the warnings of the silver trumpet, which rang forth long and loud. The air seemed filled with temperance tracts, which fell in such quantities that they formed a rostrum for the pompous orator, who speechified, undauntedly, to the very nose of the Genius, while his admiring auditors transferred to him the worship they at first paid to her. I could not help, inwardly, contrasting the struggling, excited throng, with the statuelike figure of the majestic goddess, as she sat with an immovable calm impressed upon her chiseled features, and thought it a fitting and most forcible portraiture of human wisdom and divine truth. The fitful gleaming of the one, the calm, undying glory of the other. The first a noisy, turbulent torrent, fretting at every obstacle, and foaming at every inequality—the last, still, silent, and immortal-like the pure depths of a mountain lake, bringing down to earth an image of that heaven, of which its purity makes it the truest emblem.

But neither time, nor this intolerable hot weather, will permit me to dilate at much greater length upon the circumstances of this remarkable dream. Among all the thronging myriads, none appeared to be acceptable to the Genius, over whose brow an expression of pain and disappointment was gradually stealing-when, suddenly, it appeared as if her eye fell upon me, as I hovered on the outskirts of the crowd, casting, ever and anon, a glance of true adoration upon the divinity, in whose behalf I had been making my feeble but sincere effort. Methought she extended graciously towards me her fair and snow white hand, and a smile of heavenly sweetness appeared, for the first time, to relieve the classic coldness of her features, like a sunbeam playing upon a marble statue.

I made almost superhuman efforts to reach the foot of her throne, but an unaccountable and unseen influence appeared to root me to the spot; the vast crowd turned upon me as one man, and a perfect phantasmagoria of faces, distorted and disturbed into the most fantastic expressions of malignity, glared upon me from all sides. My letter, which I thought I still held in my hand, to present to the genius, as a token of my exertions in her myself the happy possessor of a tract, bearing the interesting title of "Tidings for Topers; or, the Last Kick of King Alcohol." "Join the Teetotal Society"-" Spiritous Liquore"-" Abetinence"--" Cold Water" were shouted in my bewildered ears. I felt myself borne along as by a rushing mighty wind, amid a chorus of singing, shouting and screaming. I found myself suddenly lifted high in air, just caught one glance of the serene countenance of the Genius, as, surrounded by her court, she floated majestically upward, and was soused, head over heels, in the basin of the fountain, with its rushing waters pouring a deluge of foam around me, and driving me still under and under with their ceaseless plunge. At this crisis, I did awake, but it was some time, before I fully escaped from the influence of the land of shadowsfor the sound of falling waters still perplexed me, and kept me wandering between sleep and waking. A soft, gurgling sound, followed by a sudden plunge, was, at intervals, perceptible in the silence of the apartment, and, at last, fully awakened, I rose to discover the cause of the unusual sounds. And what think you it was, gentle reader !- Lo! in my basin, which contained just enough water to secure without drowning him—a fat little mouse swam incessantly round and round. He was a very unwilling tee-to-taller however-like many other folks he had got too much cold water, and it was his strenuous efforts to escape, which had affected my slumbers and procured you the pleasure of hearing my dream.

If it has relieved a single weary moment, or amused a single stray hour, my object is accomplished. Therefore, good, bad, or indifferent, eh, my lacubrations! I dedicate you to all those, who have nothing better to do than to read you; and se great is my good nature, and freedom from the usual touchiness of scribblers, that even if they be pronounced duller than a dull lecture, and more tedious than a rainy day, gentle and kind reader, you are still welcome to them. With honest Dogberry I exclaim, "were they ten times more tedious, I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your worship."

RIEGO'S HYMN.

Where our swords are uplifted Our country to save, Let us chant, brother Soldiers, The Hymn of the Brave.

Its deep swelling accents
Fly loud the world round;
And the Cip's proud descendants
Awake at the sound.

Our country invokes us;
The foeman is nigh:
Then swear for our country
To conquer or dis.

Prouder object ne'er hallowed
The concord of song;
On valor more during
The sun never shone,

Than the day when RIEGO,
With bosom on flame,
Raised the banner of freedom
In battle's acclaim.

Then haste to the conflict;
Our country to save:
And our anthem in Heaven
Be "the Hymn of the Brave."

THE BASQUE PROVINCES OF SPAIN.

(Translated from the French.)

I was conversing to-day with the vicar of Hernani, Don Augustin Iturriaga, a man of sense and education, respecting the immunities of the three Basque provinces, Guipuzcoa, Biscay and Alava, to which immunities they owe the name of the exempt provinces. This knowledge is useful to enable us to understand properly the heroic resistance made by the Basques to the Queen's armies.

"The hermandad of the province of Guipuzcoa," says the book of the fueros, "is a very old federation, formed for ever and ever between the municipal councils of all its inhabitants, with a view to considering the measures best suited to secure the King's service, as well as that of the republic, and, lastly, to maintaining all the provincial privileges, exemptions and liberties."

This real republican federation is composed of about a hundred cities and boroughs, which recognise no capital; the eighteen most important have, however, the right of becoming, by turns, the seat of the General Junta. This Junta is composed of sixty-six procuradores, commissioners, under the presidency of a corregider, nominated by the King, who usually confers this office on a magistrate of the court of Pampeluna and Valladelid: if the corregidor is absent or sick, the presidency of the Junta belongs of right to the alcade of the city or borough where it is assembled. Thus, very lately, the alcade of Sestona, a poor locksmith, was seen presiding over the assembly, wherein sat the count of Monteron, the Duke of Grenada and the richest proprietors of Guipuzcoa. The corregidor cannot interfere in any way with the debates of the Junta, unless it encroaches on the royal prerogative; then he assumes his reserved rights and protests against its resolutions; his political part is confined to this alone. Such is the deference paid by the crown to the province, that, if a corregidor should happen to sign an Act of the Junta, which should afterwards be found affected by some illegality, and if the province should be sentenced to be fined by the crown, it is he alone that would have to pay it.

The corregidor is changed every six years, and thousand maravedis. what is remarkable, because it proves to what extent Guipuzcos is independent of the crown, according to the fuero, the King has no right to send a new corregidor, except upon the formal demand that is made to him for one by the province :--only out of regard to royalty, from time immemorial it has been usual for the retiring corregidor himself, to solicit of the king a successor, or else, if the province agrees to it, a new appointment in his own favor.

The Junta is entirely renewed every year, and its sessions, which are secret, commence on the sixth of May and last only eleven days. Before breaking up, the Junta causes an account of its sessions to be published, and nominates a deputacion de gobierne, composed of seven members, chosen from its own body, which exercises the executive power, until the meeting of a new Junta. The first member chosen, assumes the title of primer deputado, who might well be called the President of the little republic. Formerly, his office was altogether honorary; now, they allow him a salary of three thousand pesètas, under the name of expenses of representation. The first deputy resides for three years at Azpeitia, three at Azcoitia, three at Tolosa and three at Saint Sebastian. He has the power of summoning around him the other six members of the deputacion de gobierno, and, when circumstances require it, he convokes, by his own authority, an extraordinary Junta of all the procuradores, without needing authority for it from Madrid, or from the cotregidor, to whom he merely gives notice of the resolution that he has taken.

The nomination of the procuradores appertains to the ayuntamientos generales, great municipal assemblies convoked, by the sound of the fife and tambourine, in which every noble inhabitant, possessed of real estate, sits. (In Biscay, the law requires a foguera, a hearth, a fire, in other words that the hidalgo does not lie in the open air.) This requisite of nobility, which, everywhere else, would seem to indicate an exclusion for the benefit of a privileged class, is here a burthen to no one. Every inhabitant of Guipuzcoa, that can prove that his family derives its origin from that province, is noble from that single circumstance. It is only the issue of foreigners that are not noble, and every one of native stock may clothe himself in his secular hidalgoship, from the player of the fife and tambourine, from the organist, the alguazil and the barber, up to the individual most highly situated in respect to fortune. Like an affectionate mother, the little Guipuzcoan republic, has treated all her children with equal love, except, however, the lawyers, to whom the law has not only refused the honor of being able to sit as procuradores in the General Junta, but has even prohibited their ap-

Such, in short, is the fear with which the bar's spirit of chicanery has inspired the Basques, that every lawyer, residing in the city where the Junta sits, convicted of having had intercourse with a procurador during the session, may be expelled from it by the alcade for the whole time of the session. (In Biscay, it is not the lawyers, but the priests, that are stamped with political incapacity and cannot be elected procuradores.)

The communes sometimes allow individuals, not Basques, to make their proofs of nobility. For this purpose, the avantamiento of the borough, where the stranger asks to fix his residence, sends two of its members into the place of the petitioner's birth, with orders to commence an inquiry into his hidalgoship. On the return of these envoys, the ayuntamiento resolves itself into a heraldic court, and, the documents in hand, grants, or refuses the letters of naturalization that are asked of it. The stranger, once naturalized, may aspire to become a member of the ayuntamiento, and even deputy to the Junta; provided, however, he is not a Frenchman, for the fuero says, positively, "Every person of French origin shall be forever excluded from the ayuntamiento, and from every office in the republic."

The procuradores wear a French dress and a sword, which they lay down on entering the hall of session. A sumptuary law prohibits to them all embroidery in gold, or silver, on their uniform, and the military themselves, who happen to be procuradores, are obliged to appear in civil attire.

The judicial power is exercised, either by the corregidor; assisted by four Judges, nominated by the province, or by the alcades of the villages at the option of the contending parties, who may appeal from the decisions given against them to the high audiencia of Valladolid, and, in the last resort, they may have recourse to the hall of the mil y quinientos of Madrid, thus called, because, before a cause can be argued therein, the parties must deposit fifteen hundred good doubloons to pay the expenses of the proceeding. As to the legislation, it is the same as that which prevails in Castille.

The administration of each commune is composed of an alcade, two lieutenants, a notary-secretary and an alguazil; except the latter, the discharge of their offices is gratuitous. The alcade combines in his own person the executive and judicial powers in the first instance, as has been said. One of the alcade's duties is to assemble and review, once a year, the alarde of his commune: this is the assembling of all the young people of the borough, able to bear arms. The alarde is commanded by the alcade and his two lieutenants, and each of the companies, that compose it, is under the orders of one of the members of the municipality; the honor of carrying the standard of the commune belongs to the retiring alcade. Usually, pearing in the place where it is assembled, under the alarde is called together on the festival-day of penalty of immediate expulsion and a fine of five the village, and each deputy to the General Junta

is bound to furnish written proof that the alarde | they rendered the monarchy, during the long wars has been duly and properly held in the commune that he represents.

The alcade renders an account, to the general ayuntamiento of his commune, of the management of the public money. If he has laid by any savings during the year, it is seldom that part of them is not spent in some act of public rejoicing. In the general ayuntamiento, held on St. John's day, this year at Hernain, at the request of the hidalgo cultivators, they were used to buy some hogsheads of Navarrese wine, Dutch cheese, and excellent Indian-corn bread, (a kind of broad thin cakes, baked between two iron plates heated at the fire,) on which they dined in the square of the commune.

Like the procuradores, the vicars of the villages are nominated by the general ayuntamientos. In some localities, however, as at Oyarzun, all the inhabitants, even the pordioseros, beggars, take part in the election of the pastor of the commune. The fuero provides that no priest shall aspire to becoming the vicar of a village, unless he can prove that he derives his origin from it. The tithes serve to maintain the clergy.

As to what concerns the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, Guipuzcoa is subject to the Navarrese bishop of Pampeluna, as Alava and Biscay are to the Spanish bishop of Callahorra. Doubtless, in making this arrangement, the Kings of Spain thought it would be too dangerous for them to constitute an independent clergy, in provinces already so independent. It is evidently, from this fear, that they have never consented to the erection of any Episcopal see in the Basque country.

Guipuscea provides for the maintenance of its roads, and for the expenses of the central administration, by means of tolls and the duties levied at the gates of the villages. Among the duties laid upon the introduction of certain articles of consumption, it is at least curious to observe, that that which is laid upon meat, partly serves to benefit the foundlings, so numerous in this country, that the hospitals are not sufficient to contain them. . If a family be at all in easy circumstances, it is seldom that it does not furnish an asylum to one of these innocent creatures. It often happens, that the good villager is awakened in surprise, by an infernal racket, made at his door. Believing that he is to receive some important message, the good man makes haste to come down to the street; but instead of the messenger, who has taken himself off, he only finds a poor new-born, to which he has not the heart to refuse a shelter.

Guipuzcoa. They consist of costumbres and fueros. The costumbres are, as the word indicates, old customs, anterior to the annexation of the Basque provinces to the crown of Spain. The fueros are that if ever a minister of justice, or any person, favors, that the Kings of Spain granted to these however powerful he may be, dares to infringe provinces, to compensate them for the services that

waged by them, either against the Moors or against the Kings of France, or, lastly, against their own rebellious subjects.

Among the fueros, is one of which the Guipuzcoans are very vain; it is that, by which Don Enrique IV. granted, in 1466, the title of very noble and very loyal to their province; they are so proud of it, that there is not a little borough that, in all its public acts, does not call itself la muy noble y muy leal villa de .

Now, how can we distinguish which immunity is costumbre and which is only fuero? It is very difficult to form an accurate opinion upon this subject; for if, on the one hand; the inhabitants pretend that all their immunities are anterior to the union of their province with the Spanish monarchy; on the other hand, Spanish writers are seen racking their brains to prove that they were all granted by their Kings, which implies, in their opinion, the power to revoke them. However, this may be, here are the immunities that Guipuzcoa has enjoyed from time immemorial.

Perfect freedom of trade with the interior, as with the exterior, of the province.

Complete exemption from every kind of impost, manorial or otherwise, except, however, the alcalaba, a light tribute paid to the erown, barely amounting to 42,000 reals, in token of vassalage, upon the importation of foreign wines and the sale of the iron of the province. In some extraordinary cases, and upon the demand made to it by the crown, the province also grants it a sum of money under the name of donativo, gift.

The free sale of salt and tobacco, no impost upon timber, no tax on contracts, nor upon inheritances, &c. Exemption from all compulsory military service; in case of war, however, all the Guipuzcoans must run to arms, but only for the defence of their soil, and the province alone has the right of nominating the coronel, or general-in-chief, of the provincial militia.

The nominations conceded to the province of the notarie and the alcade of sacas, a magistrate entrusted with watching over the exportation of money on the frontier of Behobid.

Old fueros, by which the crown has promised never to build any fortress, city, or village in Guipuzcoa, without the Junta's consent, and never to place in this province any Spanish employé, unless it be for the service of the carriage of letters, of which the crown has the monopoly.

Inviolability of the debtor's person, whose house, Some words, now, respecting the privileges of arms and horses can never be comprised in the sequestration of his effects.

> It is lastly said, in Title 29, of the fueros of the province: "Such is the respect due to the fueros,

them, every Guipuzcoan shall have the right, not language. only to resist him, but to kill him." served in

The arms of Guipuzcoa are three trees, rising from amidst the waves of the sea; a king sitting on a throne and resting his right hand on the pommel of his sword, the point of which is buried in the ground, and lastly, the twelve cannons taken by the Guipuzcoans from the French, at the time of the memorable victory of Elizoqdo, (1512.)

I have thought it right to enlarge upon the fueros of Guipuzcoa, to avoid useless repetitions, in speaking to you of those of Biscay and Alava; for the fueros, that those two provinces enjoy, are very nearly the same as those of Guipuzcoa.

The political organization of the very noble and very loyal lordship of Biscay is much more complicated, than that of Guipuzcoa. It is composed of two assemblies; the one extraordinary, known by the name of merindad; the other ordinary, called junta general. To the latter, is committed the nomination of the members of the regimiento, a magistracy under the presidency of the corregidor general, as well as the election of the two deputies, who, jointly with the same corregidor, form the deputacion de gobierno. All this requires some explanations.

According to its fueros, the lordship of Biseay has the right of meeting, in general junta, every two years, under the tree of Guernica, which is situated a little distance from the village of that name. is under this tree, that, with uncovered heads and standing, the hundred and eight procuradores of Biscay take, in presence of the members of the regimiento sitting upon stone seats, the oath to maintain the fueros and respect the rights of the lord; for, in Biscay, the King is called by no other title. The procuradores then go into the chapel of our Lady of Antigua, and open the session, under the presidency of the deputacion de gobierno. The sittings are held with open doors, and entrance is free to every body. The gallery, appropriated to the public, is adorned with portraits of the twentysix old lords of Biscay, from Sopez, surnamed the Red Corsair, (848) to the Infant Don Juan I., who, on ascending the throne of Castille, incorporated Biscay with the monarchy. The elbow-chairs of altar; all around the nave are arranged, in the form of a horse-shoe, three rows of benches, the lowest of which is reserved for the padres de la provincia, fathers of the province, the name by which they designate the former deputies, to whom is allowed, in the deliberations of the Junta, only an advisory

language. Two important things are to be observed in Biscay: the lordship pays no tax, not even the alcabala to the lord, to whom it is at liberty to grant or refuse the donativo, when it is asked of it through the medium of the corrégidor. Except in a few places, all the inhabitants of each commune take part in the election of the two procuradores to the Junta, also in that of the vicars, likewise chosen by the mere majority of votes. It is, as you see, pure democracy that reigns in Biscay.

The other assembly, known by the name of merindad, is composed of extraordinary envoys from all the communes of the lordship. Convoked on urgent occasions by the regimiento, it meets first at Begona, in the sacristy of the church of Saint Mary, and then removes to Bilbao, when, under the presidency of the corregider and the two deputies, it consults about the affairs that have required its The decisions of the merindad have convening. as much force as those of the general junta of Guernica, to which, however, are reserved certain attributes that make it a real sovereign representation. The regimiento of the province is nominated by it every two years. For this purpose, the procuradores divide themselves into two bans, one called onazino, the other gamboino, titles borrowed from the civil wars that formerly desolated Biscay. (It was in the reign of John I.; they fought in the fields of Uribarrigamboa, long and furiously; the question was serious-it was whether a certain colossal wax-candle, that was to figure in a prosession, should be carried by the hands, or on the shoulders, by the deputies of the Basque federation.)

In each ban, three electors are drawn by lot. Each of these electors proposes a certain number of candidates to his ban, from whom are chosen, by lot, two deputies, six regidores, two syndics and two secretaries. These same electors then nominate six regidores, who are called regidores electos, who, in the meeting of the regimiento, take precedence of the six regidores drawn by lot. The regimiento thus composed of eighteen members meets, regularly, once a year at Bilbao; and, on extraordinary occasions, as often as the deputacion de gobierno thinks proper.

Biscay with the monarchy. The elbow-chairs of the three Presidents are placed at the foot of the three Presidents are placed at the foot of the province. It is composed of two deputies, members of the regimiento and of the corregidor, who presides over it. To it appertain the political control of the acts of the corregidor sent to Madrid and all the administrative, military and judicial measures. It takes charge of the collection of the taxes laid by the Junta of Guernica, to which it subsequently submits a printed statement of all the acts of its administration. In case of war, it regulates by itself every thing relating to the defence of the country; it decides, in the first instance, upon four hours, whenever it is demanded of him. The debates of the Junta are indiscriminately in Basque and in Spanish, but are published only in the latter

the measures, that the corrigidor thinks it his duty | Biscay, to appear under the tree of Guernica, there mony with the fueros of the province. Observe upon this point, that every guarantee is given to the province; for the decisions of the deputation, being had by majority of voices, if the corregidor were to propose the adoption of any measure injurious to the country, he would inevitably have against him the voices of the two deputies. sides, the fueros foreseeing the possibility of some abuse of power, on the part of the corregidor, say expressly under Title 1st., "Every ordinance issued against the liberties of the country shall be registered, but not executed, (obedezcase y no se cumpla.") On the other hand, the corregidor is obliged to affix his signature to all the acts that the two deputies think proper to enact upon their own responsibility, for the good of the lordship.

Every borough, or to use a term, consecrated in the fueros, every republic of Biseay is internally administered in the manner the most independent of the general body. It is bound, only, for form's sake, to present a statement of its administration to the corregidor, or to his lieutenant, residing at Guernica, when they make the tour of the lordship.

Every Biscayan is noble, from the mere circumstance of his Biscayan origin, and the fuero expresses this quality by the words Todo Viscayo de Viscaya es noble. Exempt from all conscription, the Biscayan cannot be compelled to fight without the territory of his province; whose limits, according to the fueros, are the ocean and a tree, called el arbor malato, situated near the village of Lujaondo.

There are two systems of laws in Biscay; that of Castille, which rules the cities, subject to the general legislation of the kingdom, and that of the terra llána, or country, which enjoys a jurisdiction altogether special, and as old as the province. The cause of this difference, is, that the ground occupied by the cities is considered as appertaining to the crown of Spain, whilst the country is considered entirely independent of it. We may cite, as a characteristic trait of this difference, the power that every father of a family in the terra llána has of leaving all his property to one of his children, excluding all the others, to each of whom he is, however, obliged to leave un arbol el mas cabecero, una teja y dos reales de plata; one of the highest trees, a tile and ten pence in money. In the villages, on the contrary, the father can dispose of only the third and the fifth of his property, as is done in all the rest of the monarchy. Another curious peculiarity is that relating to murderers, who, in the terra llána, cannot be pursued as assassins, if the relations of the victim grant them their This fuero is known by the name of perdon de los parientes del muerto.

At the beginning of each new reign, the Kings

to take in his capacity of royal envoy, are in har- to take the oath to the fueros of the lordship; but usually they confine themselves to confirming them by royal proclamation.

No Biscayan can be removed from before the judges of his province, unless it be to appear before the Grand Judge of Biscay, residing at Valladolid, who sits every Thursday in the year. Lastly, such is the consideration in which the Biscayans were formerly held by the Kings of Spain, that when the torture and the bastinado were included among criminal punishments, they could not upon any pretext be inflicted upon any inhabitant of the lordship. See in what terms, so honorable to the Biscayans, Ferdinand VI., expresses himself upon the subject, in his proclamation of 1754; "Seeing that the Biscayans prefer: death to dishonor, I command that no one have power to sentence them to any punishments that cannot be inflicted upon hidalgos. The judges may increase the time of imprisonment, or the amount of the fines to satisfy public justice, but they shall always take care to observe that the quality of the punishment decreed against the Biscayans does not offend, or wound the point of hopor of vassals so noble and loyal."

The arms of Biscay are argent, the tree of Guernica, with two wolves sable, each devouring a lamb. According to the chroniclers, Don Lopez, the first Count of Biscay, having dreamt, the night before the battle of Arrigoria, of two wolves devouring lambs at the foot of the tree of Guernica, had the dream that had preceded his victory painted on his buckler; thence the origin of the escutcheon of Biscay. Saint Ignatius Loyela is the patron of the lordship; he was unanimously proclaimed so at the General Junta, held at Guernica in 1680, upon the proofs furnished by Father Don Gabriel Ilendo, that the founder of the order of the Jesuits was the son of a Biscayan woman. On the Saint's day, each new regimiento, assembled in the great church of St. Jago, of Bilbao, takes, after solemn mass, between the hands of the officiating priest, the oath to preserve forever the fueros of the lordship unimpaired.

Lastly, the Junta of the very noble and very loyal province of Alava meets twice a year: the first time, in the month of May, in the convent of St. Francis of Vittoria: the second, in September, in some country-borough. Both sessions are alike secret. The executive power is exercised in common by the royal corregidor and by the deputy general, chosen every year by the Junta of Vittoria. Whilst he is in office, the deputy has the rank of Major General. The nomination of the alcades belongs to the general ayuntamientos; in some places, however, it is the retiring alcade that nominates his successor. The procuradores to the Junta and the vicars of the villages are also chosen by the of Spain are bound, in their capacity of lords of general ayuntamientos of the thirty-six hermanda-

des, brotherhoods, composing the great Alayese | fused and remained faithful to the Emperor Charles hermandad. Formerly, these brotherhoods held their Juntas in the famous plain of Arriaga, and, according to the accounts of the chroniclers, the wives of the hidalgos had an equal right of voting with their noble husbands. The arms of Alava are a castle with turrets, from the battlements of which proceeds an armed arm that seems to threaten beaven and earth. Lastly, those of the federation of the three Basque sisters, as the three provinces of Guipuzcoa, Biscay and Alava style each other, are three interlaced hands with the words Irurac bat, the three one. It might be said, that the three Basque sisters make a foreign family, amidst the great Spanish family. Language, manners, traditions, institutions, all contribute to this difference, to this isolation. The commodities, the manufactured goods of the Basques are considered as of foreign origin and pay a duty upon the line of the Ebro, before passing into Castille; lastly, they are forbidden to have any direct trade with the Spanish colonies.

If you now ask me how it happened, that a country, where the spirit of independence and liberty appears innate, embraced with so much enthusiasm the cause of Don Carlos, to explain to you the motives of it, I must ask your permission to cast a glance upon the historic past of these provinces. Guipuzcoa, Alava and Biscay formed part of the kingdom of Navarre, when in 1200, Don Alonzo VIII., taking advantage of the absence of Don Sancho the Strong, King of Pampeluna, who was in Morocco, invaded Alava, and laid siege to Vittoria. Then the Alavese communes, either because they feared being conquered, or because they thought it would be more expedient for them to make common cause with the Kings of Castille, than with the Kings of Navarre, gave themselves up voluntarily to Don Alonzo. "The King was at Burgos," says the historian Mariana, " when the ambassadors of that part of Cantabria called Alava came to seek him, and paid him homage for this territory, which, hitherto, had been free and independent, without acknowledging any other laws than its own fueros. Assembled afterwards in the plain of Ariaga, the Alavese communes swore obedience to the King in person, placing, of their own free will, the old liberties of the country under his protection."

Guipuzcoa and Biscay having followed the example that had been set them by Alava, the three Basque provinces were incorporated of their own accord with Castille, upon condition, however, that their fueros and immunities should be perpetually preserved. Henry III., John II., Henry IV., the Catholic Kings, and Donna Juana, the Fool, successively swore to these fueros, and even increased munes of Castille, these provinces, solicited by the monks and the richest families of their commune, insurgents to make common cause with them, re- a kind of all-powerful village aristocracy.

V., who, wishing to acknowledge their loyalty, also confirmed their fueros, and allowed them, besides, to have them printed. Philip II. imitated his father, and all the Kings of Spain did as much after him. The perfectly natural result in the Basque previnces has been a real attachment to royalty, besides the creation of an instinctive feeling, that absolutism in Spain is the strongest support of their liberties. Thus, when in 1820, the Constitutionalists required that they should take an oath to the Constitution, they only agreed to it, by declaring that they submitted to compulsion and by making protests and reservations. The absolatist restoration, in 1823, was greeted by their unanimous acclamations, and afterwards, the death of Ferdinand VII. was regarded as a real calamity to the Basque country. At saint Sebastian, in the funeral ceremony that was performed upon the King's death, the royal cenotaph bore an inscription, wherein Ferdinand was styled el defensor el mas firme de los fueros. In fact, Ferdinand incessantly defended these provinces against his own ministers, who desired by all means to alter their constitution.

Was this on the King's part an act of gratitude, for the energetic opposition that they had made to the French invasion? What is known of Ferdinand's character renders this opinion little credible, and it is more reasonable to think that he only acted thus to prevent the Basque provinces, seeing themselves ill-used, from making common cause with the Spanish liberals.

After the death of Ferdinand, the manifesto of Zea Bermudez, announcing the maintenance of the statu quo, "always excepting the administrative reforms, demanded by the situation of the kingdom," was enough to alarm the Basque country. Anticipating events, the clergy especially felt that the administrative reform would sooner or later bring about a political reform, impressed with the ideas of the French revolution, and that there would then be an end of the influence, that they have exercised in these provinces from time immemorial, an influence immense, as well on account of the extremely religious disposition of the inhabitants, as on account of the excessive number of this same clergy. There is not a single Basque village, as unimpertant as one may suppose it, that is not served by a number of ecclesiastics, thrice as great as the spiritual wants of the parish require. Thus every vicar finds himself a powerful abbé, having under command, four, six, eight, often even twelve other ecclesiastics, all natives of the borough that they supply, and all alike chosen by popular suffrage. Connected by the ties of personal interest with the numerous convents, (there is one of them in the At the time of the insurrection of the com- smallest borough,) these priests compose, with the

themselves threatened, the one in their influence, | frequently exaggerated a character, as to fail to and the other in their very existence, and more-produce a general belief in its existence, or to over, the masses foreseeing, that the new liberty imposed by the Constitutionalists could never equal that which they already enjoyed, the whole countryrevolted. Thence, that almost unanimous insurrection, because the interests of the poor peasant were equally involved with those of the priests, the monks, the influential gentlemen, and, lastly, with those of the numerous phalanx of smugglers, accustomed to see in these provinces a kind of neutral ground, that offered them all kinds of facilities for their lucrative trade with the Castilles. owners of the iron-mines, and the merchants of Bilbao and Saint Sebastian were the only opponents; the latter, to procure the opening of the ports of these cities to vessels, arriving from the colonies, the latter, in hope of seeing removed as far as the Pyrenees a fiscal frontier that hindered the sale of their iron; both, in short, thinking the source of their riches better secured by the Constitution than by the fueros, took part with the blinstinos.

I will conclude by giving you the burthen of the war song of the bands of the Vicar Gorostidi, in insurrection against the Constitutional regime; in 1893. The liberals called the Basque insurgents thieves, the latter reply to them;

> Somos volontarios, No somos ladrones; Somos defensores De la religion.

Fuera la milicia, si, Vive la nacion ! Y muera eternamente La constitucion.

"We are volunteers ;-We are not thieves ;-We are the defenders of religion. Turn the National Guard out. Long live the nation !- And death forever to the Constitution."

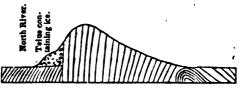
This word volunteers, opposed to that of the National Guard, by the side of the anathema hurled against the Constitution, and, lastly, the religious declaration contained in the first verse explain wonderfully well the ideas that animated the Basques in 1823, and again, quite recently; for the same interests, and the same passions were in play at both these epochs.

ICE MOUNTAIN OF HAMPSHIRE COUNTY, VA.

BY C. B. HAYDEN.

"A mountain possessing a temperature so independent of all external causes, as to permanently preserve ice, within a few inches of its surface, unaffected by the vicissitudes of the seasons, or the diurnal variations of temperature, was too singular and striking a phenomenon, not to have early attracted observation. The Ice Mountain has hence large interstices. The main ridge seen in the sec-

secure it that interest which this rare curiosity so richly merits. The Ice Mountain is one of the subordinate ridges of the Cacasson Mountains, and is a continuation of the North River Mountain; the latter consists chiefly of sandstones, and constitutes the western portion of an anticlinal axis, which at its commencement, many miles south of the Ice Mountain, is low and symmetrical. As this axis proceeds north it becomes more developed, and loses its symmetry, the rocks on the western side having a much greater inclination than the corresponding ones on the eastern. This inclination of the rocks, constituting the western side of the axis. rapidly increases with its development, until they become perpendicular, and form a distinct ridge, which in its continuation forms the lee Mountain. It rises to the height of seven or eight hundred feet, forming a mural precipice, whose cragged summits, split and rant, aboot suddenly up inte sharp turreted spires, or jagged pinnacles, resembling the battlements of a Gothic castle, or the minarets of a mosque. At other times, losing this wildness, it is as remarkable for its singular symmetry, as before for its fantastic irregularity. Still retaining its precipitonsness, it rises to the height of several hundred feet; its uniform summit, and rude massive symmetry, its steep rocky sides, devoid of vegetation, save where some stinted pine has "cast anchor in the rifted rock," all combine to give it the character of a huge Cyclopean wall. This singular structure has been thus minutely deecribed, both from the unique and imposing scenery to which it gives rise, and from the connexion it is supposed to have with the phenomenon of the Ice Mountain. At the Ice Mountain, the steepness and walled structure are retained, and the mountain forms an abutment, or support to an enormous glacis, or bank of rocks, which is thrown up against it on its western side. The following section, without pretending to topographical accuracy, will show the structure of the mountain and the relative position of the talus heap containing the ice.



This natural glacis lies along the direction of the mountain, reaching high up towards its summit, and extending laterally several hundred feet from its base; the debris consists of fragments of sandatone, varying in size from a few inches to many feet in diameter, loosely heaped together, and from their irregular angular shape generally separated by received frequent notice, but of so indefinite and tion is known as the Ice Mountain, though it is ice is formed and preserved.

"The Ice Mountain was visited by the writer in the summer of 1838, a season memorable in the annals of western Virginia for its long and distressing drought, so fatal to the crops. The heat of this season, though unparalleled in that region for duration and intensity, but slightly affected the temperature of the Ice Mountain, as ice was found in great abundance by the writer, by removing the rocks to the depth of a few inches. A thermometer on being introduced into one of the cavities between the rocks, so as to be exposed to the air without being in contact with the rock, rapidly sunk to below 40°, and would doubtless have been atill further depressed had it been permitted to remain. The general low temperature of the rocks was evinced by the maisture which either bedewed their surface, or trickled from their sides; the result of the condensation of the atmospheric vapor by the low temperature of the rocks, although at the time, the dew point must have been extremely low. During the previous winter, the rocks had been removed from a portion of the heap, to the depth of three or four feet, and the cavity thus formed filled with snow, and loosely covered with planks, but so slightly that the snow could be seen through the crevices of the covering; but though so imperfectly protected from atmospheric agencies, the show exhibited not the slightest traces of the heat of the past summer, and was as dry, friable and crystalline, as if new fallen. The dairy mentioned by Kerchival,* has three of its sides surrounded by the heap of rock, and hence partakes of the low temperature of the mass. The sides of the dairy were not however, as in ordinary seasons. encrusted with ice, nor were icicles pendent from its roof, but its temperature was still sufficiently low to subserve all the purposes of a dairy and refrigerator. The temperature of the spring, which issues from the base of the talus, is unaffected by the temperature of the overlying mass, and, though reputed to be but slightly above the freezing point, is in reality but one degree lower than the springs of the vicinity, and no lower than some others in the same county, which vary from 51° to 52°. The scene, as viewed from the base of the mountain, was as interesting as paradoxical. On one hand was the North River converted into a stagnant pool, its indurated bottom exposed at short intervals-the drooping foliage of the forest, the blighted grain, tinged not with autumn's golden yellow, but a sickly hue, denoting that it had prematurely fallen into "the sere and yellow leaf"all too plainly indicating the long continued action of summer's heat. On the other hand was a mass of rocks below the freezing point, enclosing in its cavities snow and ice, while-the spectator himself enjoyed an atmosphere whose bland, spring-like

*Kerchival's History of the Valley of Virginia,

only in the interstitial cavities of the talus, that the softness formed an agreeable contrast to the distressing hot one, (96°,)* for which it had a few minutes before been exchanged.

"Having thus given a detailed description of the Ice Mountain, it may not be uninteresting to inquire into the causes which give it a temperature so singularly independent of all those influences which usually determine the temperature of terrestrial bodies,—a temperature upon which the summer's heat, neither in ordinary, nor in unusually long, and intensely hot seasons, exerts the slightest influence. The solution, I conceive, is to be found in the large and unusual collection of rocks, which from their porous homogeneous texture are extremely poor conductors of heat. By reference to the description and section, it will be seen that on one side is the mountain, consisting of a massive wall many hundred feet in thickness, and heaped up against this as an abutment, a mass of rocks containing several thousand cubic feet. As the mountain has a general direction from N. E. to S. W., the talus heap containing the ice has a N. W. exposure. The cavernous nature of this heap would admit the free entrance of atmospheric waters, which during the winter would form ice in the interior of the mass. The ice thus situated would be protected from external heat by the surrounding rocks, as ice in a refrigerator is isolated and protected from the external temperature, by the nonconducting sides of the refrigerator. The Ice Mountain only requires for the explanation of its phenomenon, the application of the familiar principle upon which is constructed the common refrigerator, which temporarily effects what the Ice Mountain permanently does-a temperature independent of external causes. The Ice Mountain is in fact a huge sandstone refrigerator, whose increased and unusual effects, beyond those of the ordinary refrigerator, are due to the increased and unusual collection of poor conducting materials which forms its sides.

"Similar, though inferior accumulations to that of the Ice Mountain, from geological causes, frequently occur in Hampshire, and the adjoining counties. Observation showed them in every instance to have a temperature far below that of the atmosphere. That this low temperature is permanent is proved. by the universal custom of individuals residing in their vicinity so constructing their dairies, that three of their sides are enclosed by the rocks, in the same manner as the one already described at the Ice Mountain. Even a thin layer of poor conducting materials affords a much greater protection, than would be anticipated by those whose attention has not been given to the subject. The means resorted to by the shepherds of Mount Etna, for supplying their flocks with water, exhibits the protecting influence of a bad conductor. The shep-

* The temperature a few moments before ascending the mountain, at 24 P. M., was 96° in the shade.

herds during the winter, cover the snow with a layer of volcanic sand and ashes, a few inches in thickness, which protects it from the sun, and preserves it throughout the summer, thus affording them an abundant supply of water for their flocks, where it could be obtained from no other source.

" A still more interesting and striking proof of the perfect isolation from external causes, by a poor conducting covering, is attested by the fact, that a large glacier of ice and snow was overflowed by a stream of hot lava from Mount Etna, without being destroyed.* The ice thus covered by the lava, was protected by it from the summer's heat, and continues thus preserved to the present day. This can only be explained by supposing that the lower portion of the lava current, immediately upon its contact with the ice, was reduced to the temperature of the glacier, and that this reduced stratum, from its imperfect power of conducting heat, protected the ice from the hot lava above. Whatever may be the explanation of it, or however paradoxical it may appear, the fact is attested by too high authorities to be doubted. Public attention was first called to this interesting fact in 1828, when the discovery was made by Signor Gemmellaro, in searching after ice. It has been subsequently examined by Lyell and other distinguished geologists, who confirm the report of Signor Gemmellaro. Excavations made for removing the ice have exposed the lava for several yards, overlying the glacier, and so superimposed, that the relative position of the lava and glacier can only be accounted for by supposing that the latter was overflowed by the former in a melted state. Monte Testaceo may be instanced as presenting a phenomenon more strictly parallel with that of the Ice Mountain, and as affording a happy illustration of the principle so frequently alluded to. Monte Testaceo is situated in one of the suburban rioms of Rome. It is merely a large mound, composed of fragments of earthenware vases and urns, and is supposed to mark the site of an extensive ancient pottery. This accumulation of bad conducting materials preserves a uniform temperature, many degrees below the main temperature of Rome, and, on this account, artificial cavities formed by digging in the sides of the mound are used as wine vaults. In July, 1773, Professor Pictet found by observation the temperature of one of the caves to be 44°, while that of the external atmosphere was 78°.+ If this comparatively small accumulation produces so great a depression in Rome, where the mean temperature is 60°, it can be readily conceived that the still greater accumulation at the Ice Mountain would reduce the temperature to 32°, in a climate where the mean temperature is but 52° or 53°.1

† Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

"In endeavoring to explain the low temperature of the Ice Mountain, the effect resulting from the bad conducting nature of the mass, and its protection by similar materials on all sides except the N. W., have alone been considered. The nature of the rocks as absorbents of heat should also be estimated, as from their dull white color, most of the heat would be reflected, leaving but a small portion to be absorbed. It should also be borne in mind. that the air immediately in contact with the ice would be, from its lower temperature, specifically heavier than the external atmosphere, except in midwinter, and could only be replaced by an atmosphere heavier than itself, and therefore colder. It hence follows that the ice could only be affected by the hot air of summer, so far as its heat is conducted by the surrounding rocks, which, as will appear from the foregoing explanations, must be very inconsiderable."-From Silliman's Journal, July, 1843.

RHODODAPHNÈ.

Mr. Entron: -In looking into your last number, I have been a little amused to see the gallantry, with which your correspondent H. endeavors to maintain the position (or supposition) which he had rather unadvisably assumed in your previous one, in ascribing the authorship of the beautiful poem of Rhododaphne to his friend Richard Dabney, of Louisa, the author of a small volume of poems, published in 1815. He tells us, indeed, that "a highly respected and intelligent correspondent" has adduced some "plausible evidence that he was mistaken on this point, and acknowledges that his faith in it has been somewhat shaken;" yet, he says, with great naivetè, "I still cling to the fond and possibly delusive thought, that it might have been and really was the genuine creation of that unfortunate and ill-fated child of genius." Now I should really be glad to agree with him in his opinion if I couldfor I, too, feel a lively interest in the progress of polite letters in our state; but I must acknowledge that the evidence, which his correspondent has adduced to prove that Dabney was not the author of Rhododapne, strikes me as rather more than "plausible," and indeed as quite conclusive—at least while there is none, or next to none, on H.'s sidefor, bear in mind, the onus probandi is on him. He is to prove that his friend was the author. How does he undertake to prove the point! He says first, that "the poem was generally ascribed to him, on its first appearance;" ("generally"that is, "in the reading and literary circles" of Richmond.) But on what ground! On none that he states! And does the ascription, then, prove itself! Did Dabney authorize or sanction it ! No-for II. tells us his "impression is that he had luft town

[•] Lyell's Principles of Geology, London edition, Vol fl, p. 124.

[†] Deduced from observations on the temperature of the springs of that region.

when the poem came out," and "he does not re-iple, then, as far as it goes, actually makes against member ever to have conversed with him on the subject." Who then started the idea! Was it H. himself! No-for he only heard it; but who it was, he does not say. We have nothing then here, upon which to raise even the shadow of a presumption. But, secondly, H. thinks that the internal evidence supports his supposition. But how so? The piece is certainly of a far higher and finer flight of wing, than Dabney's Pegasus had ever displayed in any former excursion. Indeed H. acknowledges this; but then he says: "There is a curious resemblance in several particulars between the acknowledged poems" of D., "and the anonymous Rhododaphne." Indeed! This is a question of taste, and I am sorry to differ upon it with so wise a critic; but what are these " several particulars!" Why, first "the same delicate discrimination distinguishes the notes in both productions." This is strange, for the notes in Dabney's Poems are almost entirely mere references to a few Greek authors-(chiefly in Dalzel's Analecta) and certainly do not show, or even pretend to show, any "discrimination" at all. But, "there is the same ardent and passionate devotion to the fair sex." Not exactly, for D. is rather cool and circumspect in his service; but at any rate falls far below the anonymous writer in the warmth and glow of his earnest and enthusiastic idolatry. is, besides, a common quality, and belongs, of course, to all poets. But "there is the same purity of thought and diction." True-something like it, but with a vast disparity in point of fervor, fancy, and finish :-- " and sometimes almost an exact identity of language." This is more than I can see; and H. has given us only one sample, which, he must allow me to say, does not sustain his assertion; and, I think, rather weakens his point. It is true the line in Dabney's Poems,

"And spoil the hyacinths of thy hair," is somewhat like the passage in Rhododaphne, " Soft glossy hair

Shadowed his forehead, snowy fair, With many a hyacinthine cluster;"

yet, this resemblance, at most, would only indicate a common classical source. But, in fact, it appears that Dabney borrowed his thought, as he tells us himself in a note, from Sir William Jones, who has

"The fragrant hyacinths of Agga's hair," while the author of Rhododaphne has evidently borrowed his idea from Milton, (in his description of Adam,)

> "And hyacinthine locks, Round from his parted forelock, manly hung Clust'ring."

Now, it is hardly likely that the same writer would have horrowed the same thought from two

H.'s conclusion. Thus, we have no proof, whatever, to show that Dabney was the author of Rhododaphne.

On the other hand, H.'s correspondent proves clearly that he was not; for he tells us that he was intimate with Dabney, and that the poet told him more than once, "that he was not the author of Rhododaphne." Surely this "disclaimer" must settle the question. But no-for says H., Dabney might have wished to preserve his "incognito." Yes—if he had had any incognito to preserve; but this is what H. has not yet shown. But further, H.'s correspondent says that Matthew Carey, (the publisher,) was written to after the poet's death, and answered: "Rhododaphne was an English production, as my son informs me. I had quite forgotten it." This, then, clinches D.'s disclaimer. But "no," says H., very pleasantly, (determined not to be satisfied) "Mr. C.'s remark is too vague and indefinite to be conclusive on a point so important." "Vague and indefinite!" Why, it strikes me as altogether clear and explicit. Mr. C., indeed, had quite forgolten the poem; but his son remembered it, and remembered that it was an English production—for he knew, I suppose, that he had republished it from an English copy. But says H .- still indomitable-" his son might doubtless have been informed that Rhododaphne was an English production, and it is even probable (though not so stated) that the work was first published in England; and yet it might have been actually written in Virginia." Yes-it might have been; but was it ! And what motive could Dabney have had strong enough to induce him to publish the work in England; and could he, and did he do it? H. however, does not attempt to prove this: but rather seems inclined to maintain that it was not published in England. Yet, surely Matthew Carev's son ought to know, and he tells us that it was. But says H. (still doubting.) "It is somewhat remarkable, that if this gem of sparkling beauty was really the offspring of British genius, and first saw the light in that land of poetry and taste, it should, nevertheless, have almost entirely escaped the notice of British critics and reviewers." But is it so very remarkable! Is not British literature a perfect ocean; and does not the poet say:

> " Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:"

and is it so wonderful, then, that one of them should have escaped the carping critics who were out fishing in their small shallops, along the shore! But is it certain that this "gem of sparkling beauty" did escape the notice of all the reviewers! Indisputably-for H. says, "I am informed on undoubted authority, that the attention of some of the most distinguished literati of the north was espedifferent authors, and acknowledge his obligation cially invoked to the rare merits and beauties of to one of them, and not to the other. The exam- Rhododaphne, after the publication in this country; and that they had neither seen any reference to it in the numerous English magazines which reached them,-nor, indeed, had ever heard of its existence." This is surprising, yet it does not quite prove that it might not have been written, and published, and even reviewed, in England notwithstanding. But, luckily enough, I have some proof that it "really was" published and reviewed there; for I find in "the Athenseum, or spirit of the English Magazines," published at Boston, (among some of those Northern "literati,") an article with the title "Rhododaphne, or the Thessalian Spell. A Poem 2 vols. From La Belle Assembleé, March 1818." (See vol. 3rd. p. 176) which purports to be a notice er review of the work-and is a very flattering one indeed. Moreover, I find, in this notice or review, a sort of glance at the author of the poem in the following words: " The author has thought proper to envelope himself in an anonymous mantle; but it is impossible for him to disguise his peculiar sweetness, elegance of style, and real erudition; as he wishes, however, to screen his brightness behind a cloud, we will not give even our conjectures to the public; fully-aware that those who have read his former works with the same attention and admiration that we have, will easily discover his numbers in Rhododaphne; which is one of those fascinating poems that really casts a spell over the whole mind; and with which no reader of taste will be satisfied by only giving it a single perusal." It would seem then that the author was well known in London; though it seems his name has not yet transpired on this side of the Atlantic, at least, has not been uttered in the "reading and literary circles" of Richmond.

But how does it happen, then, that Thomas Roscoe has "assigned a conspicuous place to this beautiful production" in his "Specimens of Américan Poets!" This is altogether a mistake. He has not even mentioned it in his book.

After this, your correspondent H. may continue to indulge "the fond and possibly delusive thought that" Rhododaphne "might have been"—but, I think, he will hardly contend any longer that "it really was"—written by his gifted but "unfortunate" friend.

A READER.

A WORD TO THE SLUGGISH.

Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next day more dilatory;
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed!—Geethe.

LOVE'S LAST WORK.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

"Mightier thou art, and ever wert, O, Love-than Death!"

1.

A soft Italian sunset its rich warm purple spread—
Blending its royal rays; with hues of gold and ruby red:
A still and shining lake, beneath, mirror'd each passing die,
Which in its sun-born glory lay, bright as the bending sky.

11.

Serenely radiant and fair, that Southern sunset play'd

Around a Cottage Home, which stood, in a green, luxuriant
glade—

Filling the glossy chesnut stems, with veins of tender light, And flinging, o'er the olive leaf, a veil more silvery bright.

But its parting glow fell loveliest, where a starry jasmine wound,

With the myrtle and rose-laurel, an open casement round; Through which the citron-odors and lime-tree's fragrance

And a nightingale made music, to charm the pensive soul.

IV.

But unheeded fell the sunlight, thro' the rich and bow'ry gloom,

Unheeded stray'd sweet scents and sounds, through the Dying Painter's room.

Upon his silken couch he lay, but his thoughts were all of her,

Who had been the starlight of his dreams, his boyhood's worshipper.

٧.

Long did his dark, adoring eye, rest on her lovely face, As the to grave upon his soul, each fair and faultless grace. He spoke at last,—and low, and deep, yet melting was the tone,

That thrill'd'the list'ning ear of her, who watch'd him there alone.

"The Spirit of my Art-

The high-the beautiful, the God-like spirit-

Visits once more my heart,

Its lest, last crown of triumph to inherit!

Come hither, love, this parting work shall be
Worthy my skill,—and thee.

Just lay that soft-braid, from thy snowy forehead,
And I, ere I depart,
Will paint such loveliness, as ne'er was borrow'd

From Raphael's Mary,—so divinely fair, Thou standest, half-dropping there!

"Yes! thou art wondrous fair—
Not the rich, radiant beauty, that I found thee—
But a loveliness more rare—
Refin'd and chasten'd, floateth soft around thee—
Thy cheek is pale, and thy pure, pure brow
Showeth the blue veins now!

"But how serenely bright'
The dear work grows, beneath my quiv'ring fingers;—
See! I have caught the light—
The spiritual light, that in thy blue eye lingers—

And given, to those curv'd lips, the tenderness

Born of thy love's excess.

"But how much dwells unseen,
My blessed, blessed one! O, nought can ever
Show forth what thou hast been,
Through all the changes of 'Life's fitful fever:—
Unto my heart, thy deep, devoted love
Hath been all gifts above!

"For all thy gentle cares—
Thy patient ministry, through long bours of sickness—
For thy watchings, and thy prayers—
Thy hopeful spirit, rais'd to aid my weakness—
For thy youth, thy bloom, made offerings unto me—
For all, again I bless thee!

"Now lay my weary head,—
For the last time, upon thy faithful bosom.
O, weep not thus, belov'd!
Yet, yet a little while, my drooping blessom,
And thou shalt fill that vacant place by me—
Under yon spreading tree!

"And let this comfort thee,
That our Souls' Love is not of things that perish;
It will immortal be
And holy, as the Faith our spirits cherish.—
We shall 'o'ersweep the grave,' again to dwell
Beside each other—love—farewell!"
July, 1843.

VIRGINIA ANTIQUITIES.

To the Editor of the Messenger:

Dear Sir.-I have, in a desultory way, made some small Virginia antiquarian and historical collections, which I should be pleased to see preserved in the columns of your periodical. The contributions of this sort, which any one person, (whose means of research are as limited as mine,) can make, can hardly, of themselves, be very extensive, or valuable. I suppose, however, that there are a good many persons in Virginia, who, to a greater or less extent, indulge in a taste of this kind. Now, if each of these will communicate to the public the fruits of his inquiry, the aggregate might make up a large and opulent stock of curious and important materials for the history of the state. The field is wide and interesting, There are precious and too much neglected. manuscripts, that ought to be snatched from the vortex of oblivion; there are local traditions and legends, and personal reminiscenses which, unless soon rescued, may perish, and be forgotten. There is in Virginia no historical society, whose archives would be the proper repository of such materials.* Individual efforts alone can be looked to in this behalf. Manuscripts and documents might, however, be deposited for preservation in the several libraries of the state, of the university, and of the colleges. It is necessary to winnow from all the musty old manuscripts reposing in the closets, the chests and drawers, and desks of Virginia, such

* There was an historical society in Virginia. Could it not be revived and sustained?— Ed.

as are of a real value. Thus winnowed and filed away, some of the more valuable might deserve to be published, in extenso. From others, extracts might be made; while the remainder would afford, at all times, to the student, the antiquary, or the historian, an ample store of useful information. As Virginia traces back the thread of her history only about 237 years to the first settlement at Jamestown, the term, "Virginia antiquities," sounds like a solecism, and may excite a smile in those who have been accustomed to refer the word to the monuments of the old hemisphere, Gothic churches, mouldering feudal towers, or classic marble ruins. But, in this world, every thing is reckoned by comparison. Thus, there is a comparative antiquity, so to speak, even here in Virginia. Accordingly, Richard Bland, the distinguished revolutionary patriot, who died 65 years ago, was, on account of his intimate knowledge of the early laws and history of the colony, styled "the Virginia antiquary.

Although Mr. Jefferson, in 1781, said, that "the genius of architecture had shed its maledictions over the land," yet there are old houses in Virginia, which, whatever may be their architectural merits, may command attention, as being associated with the memory of great men, whose names have resounded over all Christendom. Who would not pause to behold the birth-place of Washington, or Jefferson, or Madison, or Henry,—or the spot where repose the ashes of a Lee, a Nelson, a Bland, a Mason, or a Randolph?

There are to be found in Virginia not a few old books accumulated in the libraries of old seats,—the neglected heir-looms of a former age. Perhaps a curious bibliopelist might discover, in lower Virginia, antique tomes of rare value, and, possibly, some that are even obsolete in England.

Many interesting materials may be gleaned from the files of newspapers.

Some of the inscriptions in Virginia are, likewise, worthy of preservation. Monumental evidence, of dates and other matters of fact, is, of all others, the most accurate and authentic. Much good biography and history may be derived from that source. In a state, so extensive as Virginia, where the aboriginal race, after long-continued bloody hostilities, has been obliterated—where the Saxon settlers have gradually extended themselves from the seaboard to the Alleghanies, which has been the scene of Bacon's rebellion, and of many interesting revolutionary events, including the crowning triumph of Yorktown-there must exist a multiplicity of legends and traditions. An attractive volume might be filled with the " Legends of Virginia." The incidents of the first settlement, the sanguinary conflicts with the Indian savages, the stories of the revolution, the lights and shadows of the pioneer's life-these all contain not a little of, what is styled, "the Romance · of History"—the poetry of real life. Fiction has already laid the scene of several of her minor works in Virginia;—the future may bring forth other and nobler creations.

A great deal of curious and valuable information is in the possession of aged persons. reminiscences, if not soon secured and recorded, may be lost in oblivion. Have we no "Old Mortality" among us to scoop out the moss-covered inscriptions of our ancestors, and to gather, with a fond inquisitiveness, from the aged, their recollections of a former day?

It is the custom among the Arabs, in crossing their deserts, for each pilgrim, in passing by a memorable spot, to cast a stone thereon. At length, a lofty pile is reared. So let those, who are animated by a patriotic solicitude for all that concerns their native state, contribute, each his quota, to the common stock-each add a ray to the pencil of light.

For myself, I offer the following collections already alluded to, which, with your permission, shall be the first of a series to be communicated to the Messenger.

Petersburg, July 24, 1843.

C. C.

From a tombstone at Rosewell (on York river, in the county of Gloucester) formerly the seat of John Page, sometime Governor of Virginia.

Sacree et pise memorise

Hoc monumentum positum doloris ab honorato Mann Page armigero, charissime sue conjugis Judithe in ipso ætatis flore decussæ, amatissimi Ralph Wormeley in agro Middlesexim armigeri, nec-non Virginize Secretary quondam meritissimi, filiæ, dignissimæ, lectissimæ, dilectissimæ-que feminæ, quæ vixit in sanctissimo matrimonio quatuor annos totidem-que menses, unius-que sexus unum superstitem reliquit Ralphum et Mariam vera patris simul et matris edypa, habuit-que tertium Mann nominatim vix quinque dies videntem, sub hoc silenti marmore matre sua inclusum post cujus partum tertio die mortalitatem pro immortalitate commutavit. Proh dolor! Inter uxores amantissima, inter matres fuit optima, candida domina, cui summa comitas cum venustissima suavitate morum et

sermonum conjuncta, obiit duodecimo die decembris anno millesimo septingentesimo decimo sexto, ætatis suæ vicesimo secundo.

Inscription copied from a tombstone in the yard of the old church at Yorktown. The inscription composed by Rev. Mr. Camm of William and Mary College.

Hic Jacet

Spe certa resurgendi in Christo, THOMAS NELSON, Generosus filius Hugonis et Sariæ Nelson de Remith in Comitatu Cumbrise. natus 20mo, die Februarii, Anno Domini 1677. Vite bene geste finem implevit septimo die Octobris 1745, setatis aus 68vo.

[N. B. On the marble is carved the Nelson coat of arms, the crest a Knight's head, surmounted by fleurs de lis.]

Another found at the same place.

Here lies the body of the Honle. WILLIAM NELSON, Esq., late President of his majesty's council in this dominion,

In whom the love of man and the love of God so restrained & enforced each other,

and so invigorated the mental powers, in general, as not only to defend him from the vices and follies of his age and country, but also to render it a matter of difficult decision, in what part of laudable conduct he most excelled, whether in the tender and endearing accomplishments of domestic life, or in the more arduous

duties of a wider circuit; whether in the graces of hospitality, humanity, or piety. Reader, if you feel the spirit of that exalted ardor which aspires to the felicity of conscious virtue, animated by those stimulating and divine admonitions, perform the task and expect the distinction of the righteous man. Ob. 19th Nov. An. Dom. 1772. Ætatis 61.

Inscription on the tombstone of Benjamin Harrison, Eaq., who lies buried at Westover, on James River.

Memorise Sacrum.

Hic situs est in spé resurrectionis Benjaminus Harrison, de Berkeley Benjamini Harrison, de Surrey filius natu maximus uxorem duxit ELIZABETHAM LUDOVICI

BURWELL GLOUCESTERCENSI filiam e qua filium reliquit unicum BENJAMINUM et unicam filiam ELIZABETHAM.

Obiit Aprilis.—Anno Domini. MDCCX Ætatis xxxvu.

Plurimum Desideratus. Prolocutor Domus Burgunsium, causidicus ingenio doctrina eloquentia fide et Αφιλανρυρια insignis, Viduarum, orphanorum omnium-que pauperum & oppressorum patronus indefessus. Controversiarum et litium Arbiter et Diremptor Auspicatus et Pacificus. In administratione Justitize absque tricis et ambagibus, Comitatus hujus Judex, sequissimus, ibidem-que impietatis et nequitiæ

vindex acerrimus Libertatis Patrise assertor intrepidus et boni publici imprimis studiosus. Hunc merito proprium VIRGINIA jactat alumnum. Tam propere abreptum querebunda dolet. Publicus hinc dolor et nunquam reparabile damnum. Det Deus ut Vitæ sint documenta novæ!

A beautiful monument of curious workmanship was erected in the chapel of the college of William & Mary, at Williamsburg, to the memory of Sir John Randolph, knight, who was interred there, which has the following inscription upon it :-

> Hoc juxta Marmor S. E. JOHANNES RANDOLPH Eques; Hujus collegii dulce ornamentum, alumnus; Insigne præsidium gubernator Grande Columen Senator Gulielmum patrem generosum Mariam ex Ishamorum stirpe In agro Northamptoniensi matrem præclaris dolibus honestavit filius natu sextus Literis humanioribus artibus-que ingenuis fideliter instructus (Illi quippe fuerat tum eruditionis

Tum doctrinæ sitis nunquam explenda) Hospitium Graiense concessit Quo in domicilio Studiis unice deditus Statim inter legum peritos excelluit Togam-que induit Causis validissimus agendis In Patriam Quam semper habuit charissimam reversus Canaidici Senatus primum clerici, deinde prolocutoris Thesaurarii Legati ad Anglos semel atque iterum missi Glocestriæ demum curiæ judicis primarii Vices arduas honestas-que sustinuit Perite graviter integre Quibus in maniis Vix parem habuit Superiorem certe neminem Hos omnes quos optime meruit honores Cum ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo Et quidam Senatorius decor Tum eximium ingenii acumen Egregie illustrarunt. At Æquitas summi juris expers Clientum fidele omnium Pauperiorum sine mercede patrocinium Hospitium sine luxu splendidum

Tandem
Laboribus vigiliis-que fractus
Morbo-que lentissimo confectus
Cum sibi satis sed amicis, sed Reip: parum vixisset.
Susannam

Veritas sine fuco

Sine fastu charitas

Ceteris animi virtutibus

Facile præluxerunt

Petri Beverley Armigeri
filiam natu minimam
Conjugem dilectissimam
(Ex qua tres filios filiam-que unicam susceperat)
Sui magno languentem desiderio
Reliquit.

6 to non: Mar: Anno Dom: 1736-7.
Ætat. 44.*

* We have often stood in the venerable old chapel and read this inscription, which, together with the once sacred desk, alone remained to tell to what use the spacious apartment had been appropriated. The beautiful marble slab bearing the nicely carved inscription is set into the wall, some distance from the floor. When we were an inmate of. William & Mary, the chapel was entirely neglected, used, perhaps, by some carpenters to store lumber in; but since then her spirited professors and trustees have had it repaired; and, on the 4th July last, restored to its ancient use, it contained many of her dutiful and faithful alumni. The country had been ungrateful to the old shrine; but ardent youths now worship there. May her prospects continue to brighten, and not only old things be restored, but some new honor and good be achieved, every year to come. The old church of Williamsburg contains some memorials imbedded in her walls and floors-but, no doubt, our curious friend knows all about them.-Ed.

LITERATURE, ITS TOILS AND REWARDS.*

BY A. JUDSON CRANE, RICHMOND, VA.

If under any circumstances I had the ability to treat this theme as its magnitude demands, it is certain that the short time devoted to it, literally snatched from more imperious duties, cannot suffice for such an attempt. The unbroken earth does not assume the order and beauty of a well trained garden, under a few magic strokes of the spade and the rake, nor does the chaos of man's first tumultuous reflections, upon any subject, reduce itself into any order of solidity and symmetry without long protracted thought and patient labor. But, notwithstanding the impossibility of treating so exalted and extensive a subject as it deserves, the following thoughts are presented, suggested mainly by the ever present remembrance of bitter regrets, and dear bought experience, mingled with the hallowed pleasures and undying joys, which belong to the theme. How shall I adequately convey to other minds even the feeble and indistinct conception, which I have of it. Where shall I find either the language or the thought to body forth the laboring idea within me. Literature! what is it! At the mention of it, a thousand indistinct thoughts and a thousand half formed expressions rush to the mind; but only to confuse it by their vagueness and obstruct it by their number.

The fancy is dismayed at the labor of portraying it, and the judgment staggers under the weight of the subject. The crowd of by-gone men and the multitude of living authors gather about me, each bearing, in his hands, the labors of his life; and books and papers are strewed thick about me, each demanding clamorously to be included, as of right it ought, when this great theme is mentioned. How shall I bring order out of chaos! How reduce, into one expression, a name for all this number? Well may one falter upon the threshold of a theme like this, well may he pause before entering upon a subject, which has employed the proudest intellects of the world: and which holds as its devotees and bondmen the gifted of every land and every clime. It can only be done by the most general and indistinct expressions, by a hasty grouping of the whole, and a bare glance, here and there, at what no power on earth can fully describe.

Literature is the earthly shrine of genius, and the Mecca, to which its pilgrim children bend their wearied feet. It is in one sense, their cloud by day, their fire by night, and they gather, in their journey under it, part of that manna which comes down from Heaven. It is the smitten rock of Horeb, to which the desert wanderers rush, to taste

That comes to lips just cooled in time to save."

"The wave.

I shall use the term in its most general sense: in a sense somewhat unusual and perhaps unwar-

* The substance of an Address, delivered July, 1842.

rantable; but in the view I shall take of it, it is a place among the uncounted multitude. noble theme! It is all written human knowledge. It lence has its place, and Aristotle, and Galen, and is the embalmed thought of man handed down from age to age. It is the great scroll upon which is written all human learning; it is the record of man's thoughts and doings, and I can present no tolerable idea of it, without invoking the fancy of the reader to stand by mine, while I point out a mighty tablet, reared up in the face of the world, whose top is obscured among the clouds of hoar antiquity, where, amid the regions of the fabulous, Apollo sits enthroned. Here and there, however, bursting through those clouds, the light of the true Deity sheds its brighter rays upon it. Its lengthened sides stretch down through all the intervening time to us, and its base is buried far beneath us in the mists of an impenetrable future. We much less walk over and occupy its ample domain. cannot know what coming ages are to write thereon. The moss of ages streams adown it, and it is only [lated since the invention of letters! who has seen fresh and fair as it draws near to us. Upon that them all, who has heard even the names of them mighty tablet is written, all over, every where, the all? Alas! ten lives would not suffice to read them. record of human thought and human achievement. Here, is the written learning of all times, in every black letter tomes lie heap on heap, with the dust language, of every zone, and here are the traces, upon its once fair marble face, of the tooth of time, and of the hand of the Barbarian, the Goth, the Vandal, where they have struck from its impartial truth-telling front, some art, some science, some achievement, lost now, perhaps forever, to the There, the records of a whole library have been brushed away-still here are all modes of writing, the Egyptian hierogliphic, the Greek, the Roman, and the Indian letters-here are traces of the stylus and the pen. There, far up under the shade of fabulous times, we see the name of Cadmus the inventor of letters, and Heredotus, and Moses, and Strabo, and Diodorus Sieulus, and far along down, in a wearying line, with many a long interval, of all the early historians; and the eye takes in, as it glances down, Tacitus, and Livy, and Bede, until we meet the more familiar names of Hume, and Hallam, and Gibbon, and Sismondi, and Prescott, and the long hosts of History. And there, in a broad parallel column, we indistinctly read the names of Homer, "that blind old man of Scio's Rocky Isle," and David "the sweet singer of Israel," and Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Horace and Virgil, until we come to Dante and Tasso, and Chaucer, and Spencer, and Skelton, and Gower, and Shakspeare, and "rare Ben Johnson," and Dorset, Milton, Dryden, Swift, Byron, Pollock, Wordsworth, Southey, and our own Bryant, and Halleck, and Longfellow, and the whole hosts of Poetry: -And still another column for Joshua, and Cambyses, Alexander, Darius, Xenophon, Washington, Bonaparte, and Bozzaris, and the unmentionable hosts of warriors. There is a column, too, for music, painting and sculpture, where Praxitales, Canova, Haydn, Claude, ing that they have not begun to know! How few Mozart, Rubens, Rembrandt and Sully hold their

And sci-Archimedes, and Euclid, and Newton, and Laplace, and Davy, and Daguerre, figure among the hosts of science. And here too, woman, whose feeling heart and ready mind are always attuned to tones, which sing of truth, love, piety and beauty, woman has carved her honored name: and Sappho, Hemans, Sedgwick, Sigourney, Landon, Edgworth, Gould, and the ever blessed Hannah More, flash the bright light of female intellect over the whole. Gazing upon this great record, we stand silent, humbled, and confounded, that we cannot even count the names of the children of Literature, to say nothing of their works—we cannot do more, than survey, in a lifetime, the fields of literature,

Think of the untold books which have accumu-Think of the famous libraries of Europe, where of ages gathered on them, brushed away only partially now and then, by the hand of some devoted scholar. What treasures lie concealed, hidden to the eyes of the mass of men, and blessing the multitude with no rich blessings! What joys lie scattered with unbounded profusion! What harvests spread before us, and yet how few go forth with toil and industry, to glean the waving fields! Remember, too, that Literature holds in its ample embrace all now existing books, from the first slowly elaborated manuscript that was ushered to the world, to the damp sheets at this moment leaping from the press.

Literature may be likened to a great ocean, in which the streams of Illissus, and Scamander and the pure waters that flow from Helicon join with the British, Germanic, French and Italian waters, and the rushing rivers of the western world, to form the mighty flood: and oh! if the Great Philosopher could say, in all the sincerity of a truth-humbled spirit, "I am but as a child picking up here and there a pebble on the shore, while the whole ocean of truth lies before me;" how and what ought those to feel, who have not so much as stood upon the shore! For it is not every man who has read a book, that stands upon the shore; but he only who has read enough to know there is a shore, and how to find it. The beach of this ocean can only be reached by toiling down the cliffs-it is by going down-down in labor, down in spirit that it is to be reached. All human knowledge is circumscribed, it has its limits, marked by the finger of the Almighty, as the ocean has; but how little do any of us know of what we might! How few but are well content with what they have acquired, little dream-

but are destined forever to skirt the narrow friths stood are either not now known, or are the homes and inland creeks, that steal their devious way through foggy marsh, and weeded glen, to the beach, without ever once laying their hands " on old ocean's mane." How contemptible does the pedantic, wind-inflated, fellow appear, who, having skimmed through a book or two, fancies he is deeply learned, and would fain be considered an oracle. He does not even suspect his own shallowness, and, while the more practised eye of his hearer, sees clear through him-and his face is wreathed with a smile of contempt, the fellow apouts away! He does not believe there is any ocean of learning! and why should he! he has never seen it, and how could he? He has no eyes to see. It is only when education, in some form or other, strengthens the visual power and clears the mental eye, that we see the immense track of knowledge spread out before us. It is only as we ascend the mountain, that we get above the clouds, which obscured its high, impending summit.

Literature humbles the spirit: it is the shallow smattering of it, that puffs up the mind. Lord Bacon says, in his work on the "advancement of learning" (the pure and solid gold of which will be found beaten out into thin tinsel, through many modern books,) Lord Bacon says, "Learning endueth men's minds with a true sense of the frailty of their persons; the casualty of their fortunes, and the dignity of their soul and vocation." In this, as in other ways, it lends its aid to Religion. Indeed, Literature is the younger sister of Religion, and Religion leans gracefully upon her arm, as they walk together through this segment of eternity. It is the uninspired volume of the great Revelation of the Deity-and it is a duty to read this volume, as well as the other: I do not say it is so imperious a duty: (God forbid, that I should attempt to detract anything from the preëminent superiority of the inspired Scriptures,) but it is a duty: for Literature is an emanation from the same Great Mind, a gift from the same bountiful hand. Is this doubted? If it be our duty to read His divine Revelation, because God has given it to for studying this latter also. Can any truth be revealed, without God's permission! Can any truth be discovered without his control? why has He permitted and controlled it? why has He not rather kept back the secrets of his knowledge? What but tiny wings gemmed with pearly dew, raise, on the the Almighty arm has handed down to us the writings bough, the morning hymn of joy, that insects echo of the elder world? What changes have not taken with their humming wings, in the air: and the place in the physical creation? Thousands of years have rolled away, since He spoke the world out of river, and wood, in a flood of gorgeous light: who nothing, by the breath of His power. Mountains then, but is impelled, by the upstirring of all have been swept from the face of the earth, and within him, to feel, to think, to know? valleys smile where once they frowned; volcanoes

of every wild beast. Islands have risen up, from the depths of the ocean. Her very bowels have been dashed up on the high land. Perhaps this mighty continent, like the fabled goddess of the ancients, is the child of the sea, and yet we have the writings penned thousands of years ago! What has brought down to us, through all the floods and burnings, wars and mutations of nature, the writings of the earlier dwellers on the earth; committed as these writings were to the frail papryrus, or parchment, or graven on wax, or brass, or stone ! How wonderful! that, while the voices of men echo no longer in the earth, while their very dust has been scattered by the winds of heaven and the earthquake's shock, we still commune with them: their names are known to us; their characters are familiar to us. We have their thoughts, their morals, their science, their religion, so many beacon lights, reared by them upon the nether shore of time to aid us in navigating life's stormy sea. Oh! who has reared the mighty tablet, of which I spoke just now, but the unseen hand of Deity! who has preserved it amid cloud and storm and elemental thunder? who has written it all over, with lessons of wiedom and learning and religion, but the mighty God? And shall we not read it! Is there no duty to do so? Will He hold us blameless, if we do not read this other writing of His! Shall we not be responsible for this lesser light? Is it no crime to be ignorant? We readily recognize the eulpability of the man who neglects his physical health, but we have no horror of the mental suicide! Is the body worth more than the mind? Who can find any where his warrant to neglect the cultivation of his mind, any more than his soul, or his body ! They are equally the gift of God. Does nature utter her voice in favor of ignorance! does reason, or Revelation? I answer, emphatically, no! The Scriptures tell us "with all thy gettings get understanding"-and nature woos us gently towards knowledge. Who can look upon the earth, pranked with a thousand beauteous flowers, yielding up their perfumed breath to the use of man, or stand and us, the same reason holds, (though not so strongly) look into the face of nature, when the soft light, which opens from the east, as a blooming flower, unfolds its glories and streams athwart the rose tinted sky; when every thing in nature awakes and smiles; when the little birds, shaking their never failing sun comes slowly up, bathing rock,

Again Literature, like all our other most valuahave risen up, belching out their tide of fire; na- ble blessings, in this country, at least, is free, bountions have come and gone-cities have been built, tiful, and open to all: like the air we breathe, or flourished, and decayed, and the places where they the gushing water of the spring, it is every man's this great ocean. There is no royal prerogative a battle, in which many enlist, but most of them to warn us from the shore, to inhibit our sailing either ground their arms early in the march, or whithersoever we list. The poor lad, who gives sink down, fatigued by the tomporture an his little leaky smack to the waves, and the man of ignominious peace, give up on any firms. Hence wealth, who rides proudly in his richly freighted argosie, navigate the same free waters, with all the speed they can gather from the winds of Hea-Nay, Literature rather crowns the poor; for, if you will look to the roll, upon which are inscribed the names of those who have derived from it honors, riches and a pure fame, you will find oftener the youth, who struggled with adversity, poverty and neglect, than the glad sons of Plenty.

But it blesses them all, the pale student and the swart artisan; the sun-embrowned child of Labor and the softer son of Luxury. All are blessed, in proportion to their application and their powertheir power to see, to think, to feel, to know. All must struggle for its blessings; all must bring whatever powers they have, whatever of natural eye, whatever of microscope, or telescope, or other aid they can bring to bear. The slothful alone gain no reward.

Literature must not be confounded with education. Knowledge is not education: the acquisition of knowledge may incidentally educate, as the mason learns to build by the ase of the trowel, and stone and mortar; but the trowel, stone and mortar do not constitute the skill of the mason: Knowledge is the trowel, and mortar and stone of education, but education is the skill acquired, the power of thinking and building up anew out of the materials afforded. Hence, a man may be a well read man, and not necessarily an educated man: his memory may retain what he reads, but his judgment, his reasoning power may not be strengthened thereby. The force of this distinction will be shown a little further on. Such is an indistinct and imperfect glance at what Literature is: how imperfect I am prepared to feel more sensibly than any one else, for I feel myself much in the predicament of the youthful lover, who paints for himself a portrait of his mistress. He gives a fine contour to the face, gently arches the brow, gracefully curves the lip, and throws the warm color into the cheek, steals the raven hue for the hair, and lights up the eye with brilliant light; but, when all is done, it is not she, and, disgusted and disheartened, he dashes it from him, proclaiming it but a daub.

The same great curse, which said "by the sweat of your brow ye shall eat your bread," seems to have passed upon all mental acquisitions also, for all our advances in knowledge, all our steps back toward the primeval intellectual state of our race, are so many several labors, so many hours of toil and sweat. Every foot of the way is battle ground, and we fight our way to knowledge, combatting prepared to shake their sapient heads and cry with a strong army of foes. He must be a war-"humbug, all humbug." And why humbug! for-

There are no imposts and excises on rior indeed, who makes a successful march. It is the reason why so few are conquerors: they cannot endure the labor of thought; they cannot endure the confinement of study; they cannot forego the more easy and seductive pleasures, which the "reeling goddess with the zoneless waist," scatters, with a liberal hand, upon her followers. This is the great maelstrom in the giddy whirl of which. the hopes and prosperity and character of so many of the young, the bright, the gifted, are engulphed forever. Allured by the more enticing and accessible pleasures of physical life, they fling forever away the joys of cultivated intellect and of a correct moral being, and bid adieu to happiness and a pure fame. The proclivity of the whole human family is toward ignorance, wedded to it, chained to it; so that neither reason, nor revelation, nor nature, nor self interest, nor pure pleasure, produces searce any influence to break those chains. Is this picture overdrawn? It is true, there are exceptions, but they only establish the truth of the general rule. It is true, there are here and there some bright shining lights, but they serve only to develope the surrounding darkness, and it is to be feared that many of these are influenced more by the pecuniary reward flowing from their knowledge. than by any love of it. The first great toil, the first great battle, therefore, is within us, to establish the preponderance the other way; to establish a taste, a love, a passion for knowledge. It is this which literature has had ever to encounter; but, if we would form some better idea of the toils of literature, let us think of the lone hours, of the heaving hearts-swollen almost to bursting, of the throbbing heads, of the privations and wants and the persecutions, too, of those great men who reared slowly, painfully, and with brave self-devotion, the storehouse of literature, now so freely opened to uswhat a cost of time and treasure and health and spirit! Every science, every new theory, even those truths now most commonly known and believed have fought their way into credit. Gallileo was put to the rack because he asserted, that the earth revolved around the sun, and there are sciences now struggling into confidence, against the prejudice and stupidity of the human mind.

It has been said, that the human mind has a natural taste for truth; this is, indeed, flattering enough to our vanity; but, unfortunately, the facts do not sustain so pretty a theory. Let a new book be written, announcing some new science, or let a new theory be struck out, and the first effort is to find how false it is, not how true; and, at once, there are a hundred mole-eyed oracles who are

sooth, because they never thought of it before: | follow on, will lead us onward and onthis, too, without ever knowing, or caring, how much, or how little merit there may be in the case: they exclaim "why! it isn't possible you believe any such nonsense." If one of them is asked, "what do you know about it? what have you read about it?" "Why, it's true, I hav'nt read any thing about it, I can't spend my time reading any such trash, and I can't say I know much about it, but it seems to me it can't be true; any how, I am not going to be fooled by any of your humbugs." This is a faithful portraiture of the great mass of men-and this is what is called exercising a due caution-a necessary prudence. If examples are wanted, by way of illustration, the philosopher Espy, who was met at first with the brisk wit of scientific ridicule, and those three apostles of true mental science, Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe, are sufficient. It is only when my Lord Dogmatism, or the great Mr. Selfconceit, or the Rev. Mr. Bigot, or the antievery-thing-new condescend to lend their favorable notice, that literature, in any branch or merit of whatever sort, dares to raise its head, and when that is secured, the world at once discovers what it could not see before, and wakes up with "well, really! who would have thought it!" There must be put down, therefore, among the toils of literature the stupidity of men not only, but their mental servility. If it were not that there comes, now and then, into the world, a truth-loving spirit, who has the boldness to investigate, and the bravery to defend the truth, as he has discovered it, perhaps we should stand stock still, if we did not retrograde. It is a bitter sarcasm thrown at the truth, when it is said that the human mind has a leaning toward knowledge; for what will not men buy sooner than literature? what do they not labor for more than for knowledge? How much of the average time of the world is spent in its acquisition !

Alas! there must be put down another hindrance to Literature: and call it by its mildest term, and that is avarice. The accumulation of wealth is the great, the all-absorbing labor of life-and knowledge, as a general thing, is valued only as it tends to that end. The great standard by which it is measured is money. What will it bring? Can we measure grief by money? Will it stanch the bleeding heart? Will it drive away the bitter pang of remorse? No more can we measure by any scale of gold, thought, immortal thought. How will we undertake to weigh the worth of the rich, the indescribable influences of power, of beauty, and of truth, which the mind cleared, strengthened, and humbled, drinks in from the sweet hidden springs of nature! Will these weigh in the scale with gold? Is knowledge a mere thing of reading, writing and figures, so many mere appliances for the production of wealth? Has it no higher end, no brighter des-

ward, through brighter and still brighter fields to the Deity. It came from God, it tends back to Him. Life is a sort of observatory, into which we come to mark the aspect of the moral Heavens, and choose the future journey, we shall take. Oh for judgment to scan the Heavens rightly! This is the labor of life. This choice of our destiny must be quickly made, and that, too, with fearful odds against a proper choice. Clouds arise in the sky and often deceptive lights. Man stoops in his flight from eternity to eternity, to rest upon this planet; and, in place of looking back whence he came and forward, whither he is going, he falls to, most blindly and laboriously, to see how much of the useless earth he can gather up. He spends the whole time he stays, his three score years and ten, in this employment: and wherefore does he need it here! Can he take it with him bereafter! Will it feed the immortal mind?

This is true nationally, as well as individually—it is assumed as a cardinal principle of political, as well as domestic economy, that wealth must bring happiness, and every blessing. Truly do the legislators of our day follow up this doctrine. They legislate for it, as though it were the autagathon of life, the very essence of all good, and the great moral influences, which should be a prime object of legislative concern, in spreading and facilitating education, and the genial virtues, that follow in its train, are neglected, for, the squabbles of political favoritism, and delusive stock companies. It is false that wealth is any just measure of a nation's true prosperity; for, since the earliest records of human history, have we ever learnt that a nation grew better, and, of course, happier and more stable, in a direct ratio to its advancement in wealth? The ratio has been rather inverse. The nation that has soonest reached a high elevation in point of riches, has the speediest rushed into vice, sunken the intellectual in the brutal, and perished in the consequent unavoidable law of decay. It is of the nature of man to do Adam fell only when he had reached the this. climax of earthly good. Fresh from the hands of his Maker, gift after gift, glory after glory, brought him to the full possession of the whole broad earth; when he rushed immediately upon the downward path, despoiling himself of the purity and brightness of his nature, and plunged himself, and his future progeny into the profoundest depths of temporal and spiritual ruin. The star of man's destiny rose resplendent in the Heavens. The song of angelic choirs and "the music of the spheres" ushered it up to its high place, but soon as that star had reached the highest point in its path of virgin glory, a "wanderer" struck it from its orbit, and extinguished its brightness-and though tiny? Oh yes, it is a cord let down from the un- the star of Bethlehem quickly rose to relume its seen world, which if we take hold of implicitly and darkness and lend it its light, it still gloams its way amid the mist and cloud of storm and elemental | prehend, enjoy and profit by the learning so freely thunder. This was but the typical prefigurement of every future nation. Egypt, the cradle of science, and first patroness of the arts, the treasure house of wealth, reached the zenith of her glory. She piled up her pyramids amid her vasty deserts, but what was her destiny? The wind, that whistles around their summits and wraps their bases in a grave of sand, tells all the story. Look at those other lands, whose beauteous structures, beauteous even in decay, are traces of their former power. Those mouldering tokens of former wealth and taste, peer up to the sky, in proud mockery of the splendid downfall of their builders. Their very glories gilded the pathway of their ruin. They sunk in all the pride, and wealth and power of national virility into the grave of nations. The states of Europe are enjoying the blessings of wealth! Yet, are they peaceful and happy! Theirs is still a problematical fate. If we come over the sea, our own fair land, basks under the sky, bright in her youth, blooming as a maiden in the healthy blush of virgin beauty. What is in store for her, God only knows, but right sure are we, that wealth cannot secure to her continued prosperity, and an enduring name. A coronet of diamonds upon the brow cannot supply the better riches of the head and heart. Nations may build up their navies, they may make their soil a Gibralter-they may encircle themselves with armies; swift ships may bring treasures from all foreign shores—their busy sons may toil to heave up a pile of wealth; senates may enact their laws, and prime ministers may draw their treaties and their protocols; but still, there will be no sure foundation of national perpetuity. Armies will protect them from without, but what shall protect them from within! Riches may supply food for the body, but what shall supply food for the ever busy mind? Let us look back over the nations of earth: they have crumbled into dust. What was the cause? History will tell a long story, of wars, of famine, of disease, of oppression, of improper legislation; but I will venture to give, at some hazard of presumption, the efficient cause. They suffered the animal to triumph over the intellectual and moral. They had no wide-spread knowledge: no divine religion. Knowledge, knowledge, widely diffused, and baptized of the spirit of God, is the conservative principle of national and individual prosperity. I have wandered somewhat from the line of my subject, but there will be gathered from these hasty remarks some of the general hindrances to the progress of Literature. The individual hindrances are greater than these. Putting aside all the obstructions growing out of the necessary labor for the maintenance of our domestic and familiar relations, there are moral obstacles, which have so far proved well-nigh insuperable. The first of which is the mental cultivation, or in other words, education necessary to com- 'night must witness the application of the aspirant

afforded us. This is rarely ever created by general and promiscuous reading; and, when it is so, it is incidental only. The reader will remember the distinction taken a while ago, between learning and education. Education of some sort must precede any tolerable advancement in Literature; this alone can give the power to comprehend, the taste to enjoy, and the judgment to select profitable reading. Far better would it be to spend an hour in disciplinary study, than a month in general and vague reading; one hour spent in learning to think is worth a month spent in learning to know. It would be as reasonable to hope for a house to be the product of a mass of stone and mortar and wood, all tumbled together, as for a cultivated mind to be the result of indefinite and general reading. If we learn to think, the acquisition of knowledge and general Literature becomes comparatively easy. It becomes pleasant, nay, an appetite as imperative as hunger itself. But, perhaps, the question may be asked how are men to educate themselves, whose pursuits are rather unfriendly, or at best, leave them little time, or means to do so! Half the time and money, that are now spent in desultory and promiscuous reading, and the other half, that is wasted, if devoted to any branch of disciplinary study-the Mathematics for instance-would go far toward ensuring the result. Where there is the strong will, there will be found the way. The firm and indomitable resolution is nearly all that is The multitude are complaining of the wanting. want of early culture and the means of education, while the means—the proper, the only means of education-self-education-are all around and about them. It is the will, the purpose alone that is wanting. Education is not something put in while the recipient is perfectly passive, but it is a result wrought out by the intensest labor. "The schoolmaster abroad" is desirable, but the schoolmaster at home is more so: around the hearth stones of our own hearts, must the work of education be done, and there alone. Assuming, then, that the mind has been trained to think-there must be severe and intense application, not desultory and intermittent efforts, but devoted enthusiastic labor. The pange and pleasures of mental parturition must be felt, and all the birth of thought. A celebrated writer has said "no good thing was ever accomplished, without a good degree of enthusiasm," and in this, there is peculiar demand for it. I will not quote the cant Latin and fashionable poetry on this subject, but I shall present what I have to say, as I have done, in right plain prose. It must be a life work, it must be an individual effort; there is no royal road to learning; there are no Favonian gales to wast us over this sea; the impulsive power must be furnished from within, it must be a night work and a day work, the still hours of the after knowledge, and unheeding the world he must when young; they never find out their crippled push his studies with all the ardor of a lover.

A great hindrance to individual advancement is too little self-confidence. A pretty general conviction exists, that genius alone will bear the aspirant to the joal of success. This prevents the self-distrusting from entering the lists for a race, from which modesty alone excludes them. Such, forgetting that, in general, nature has pretty equally divided her gifts, and that deficiences must be supplied by greater perseverance and more untiring industry, and that more depends upon the habit and the mode of study than upon any natural endowment, never dream of any thing more than indifferent efforts and partial success; but the genius of success is the genius of labor. Conceal from himself, as he may, the fact, man is destined to labor, slowly and steadily, for whatever is valuable. Patient labor alone is the price of substantial good. The belief that a few only are to lead prevents many from even making an effort. A few master spirits have ever held sway, and the herd of men have been content to follow their lead, and to receive at their hands laws, religion, and the arts of life. They gaze with open-mouthed wonder upon them, as prodigies of nature, and bow, with adulatory homage, at the feet of those, who, for natural powers, are no whit superior to themselves. The multitude are wrapt in a gaze of admiring wonder at the few, while the few possess no excellence to which most of them might not attain. I would not, if I could, diminish aught of the honor, which literary men have so worthily won; it is the price of their toil, but he, who will consider how few make any considerable advance in literary pursuits, will draw conclusions from his meditation, but little complimentary to his race. How few have distinguished themselves and sent the remembrance of their greatness through all future time, rearing themselves amid the broad wilderness as monuments to the true dignity of life! How few have done justice to themselves,-how few have enjoyed the full fruition of their high powers! We repeat, with proud satisfaction, the names of the great dead and the living great, we trace with pleasure the impress of their minds upon the world-we feel a self-complacent pride at the thought that we are linked to them by sameness of being, and, perhaps, by consanguineal ties; we are proud (for human nature) that such have existed; but we forget, in the joy for the few, that have been mentally great, the multitude who have not; we gloat with satisfaction over a sparkling gem, here and there, when every pebble should have been a glistening jewel! There is no man, who has not, within himself, powers of which he has no conception, and between the moral and intellectual, on the one which are not discovered by others, until accident, or labor, reveals them. The flint is dull and cold so far, has, in the main, reigned absolute. The until the percussive stroke brings out the fiery time was, when brute force was the standard of

strength. Let us believe, then, that there is a sacred flame within, that needs only the continual inpouring of oil, and our assiduous care, to be nursed into a fire that our bosoms alone cannot contain, but the bright light of which will be reflected on others. The efforts of those who will endeavor to quench this flame, should be disregarded, for the world is filled with those, who will throw cold water on aspiring hopes, and ridicule even noble resolutions. Let those who strive for the honors and pleasures of literature, do justice to themselves, and the sneers of the mentally lazy, who, by way of soothing themselves, make a point of sneering at the industrious, will be turned, by and by, into wonder. It is by slow accretion that mind is built up, it is no mushroom work; but the process is as certain as the labor is devoted. A determined will, and a well-grounded self confidence are the nuclei, around which the accretion is deposited. The slowness of one's progress, should not dishearten him, but he should remember that, in the race, the tortoise, in the end, was the victor over the hare. In the words of Milton, he should "bate no jot of either heart, or hope, but move right on." On the other hand, an over-weening confidence, which induces self-complacency, or that more silly foible, self-conceit, will be equally fatal to advancement. He, who hopes for progress in literature without labor, hopes for crops without seed-time, and ploughing and harvest. He, who is not prepared to labor for it, is expecting a house without the toil of building, and he expects that which will never come to him. He who dreams of genius, and sighs that the world does not appreciate his merit, gives the most convincing proof that he does not possess it; for, if indeed he does, and labors to nurture, not to exhibit it-to improve. not to show, he may make himself easy of its eventual discovery; he has his hand upon a power men cannot resist, and which will extort from them at last the meed of their praise.

The rewards of this toil will be sure and ample. It will give power. The apothegm of Lord Bacon. that "knowledge is power," is truer now than when he said it. Its truth, like the light of day, beams all around us: it is so palpable that argument in support of it would be entirely gratuitous; but to dwell, for a moment, upon the proposition, hallowed as it is by the assent of all intelligent minds, and to observe how knowledge brings power to its possessor, may not be useless. History is replete with the triumphs of knowledge, and a detail of its results would alone be the history of the world and of man. The whole career of man has been a war hand, and the animal, on the other; and the animal, spark. Men live from habit, like wild beasts caged 'power; when the strongest was greatest. Achilles was the "pride of Greece and bulwark of her losopher and mechanic harnesses nature in the host;" but even he, mighty as was his brawny arm, business of life. We have but to mention Buonawas not equal to the Pylian sage.

"Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skilled—Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled—Could calm his passion with the words of age."

That time has passed, or is fast passing away.— Trace the sources of power in this day, in any direction, and they resolve themselves into knowledge. The whole physical creation is yielding to its power. Man writes, with the sunbeam of heaven, whatever he lists; he bids the water and fire unite to convey him, with the speed of thought, and sends the electric spark, his quick vassal, around the world.*

The philosophy of the power of knowledge will be discovered, only when we shall be able to comprehend the mysterious union of matter and spirit, and that the omnipotence of God is but his omniscience; and how, by the decree of His will, the world rolled forth clothed with verdure and beauty as with a garment. These things are past finding out; we only know that it is the application and manner of applying our knowledge that render it power. A whole library stored in the head is useless to this end, unless it be brought to bear. It is not unusual to see an intellectual gourmand, who reads every thing, devours every thing, and yet is so little under any law of intellectual action as to be unwieldy and useless. I repeat, that it is the application of knowledge alone that renders it powerful-powerful upon nature-powerful upon the minds of men; and a man is all powerful, to the extent of his knowledge. It is upon this principle, that all the occupations and professions of life are pursued. The soldier brings his tactics to the field; the statesman plays his game of politics. The conjoined knowledge of the phi-

*Mr. Alison also has finely described the modern trisumplies of mind, in the introduction to his splendid History. He says-" Nor were the intellectual exertions of this animating period less conspicuous than its warlike achievements. In this bloodless contest, the leaders of civilization, the lords of the earth and the sea, outstripped all other states. The same age, which witnessed the military glories of Wellington and Napoleon, beheld the completion of astronomical investigation by Laplace, and the hidden recesses of the heart unfolded by Sir Walter Scott. Earth told the history of its revolutions, through the remains buried in its bosom, and the secrets even of material composition yielded to the power of philosophical analysis. Sculpture revived from its ashes under the taste of Canova, and the genius of Torwaldson again charmed the world by the fascinations of design; architecture displayed its splendor in the embellishments of the French metropolis, and the rising capital of Russia united to the solidity of Egyptian materials the delicacy of Grecian taste. Even the rugged ridges of the Alps yielded to the force of scientific enterprise, and the barriers of Nature were smoothed by the efforts of human perseverance; while the genius of Britain added a new element to the powers of art, and made fire the instrument of subduing the waves." The genius of America might dispute this glory of Britain; but not now.-Ed.

business of life. We have but to mention Buonaparte, in whom military skill and a deep knowledge of the springs of human action were aptly united, and the drenched fields of Italy and Egypt, and the plain of Austerlitz tell us the truth, in the force of it, that knowledge is power. The mathematician of Syracuse may furnish another example, by means of whose mechanical skill, the proud galleys of the Roman navy, that threatened immediate destruction to the city, were caught up in the bay and hurled into the air, to sink amid the waves on which they just now rode in awful grandeur. The advancing knowledge of man thrills the earth! The desert is becoming a place of beauty; the knowledge of man is piercing it everywhere: we have only to look to our rail roads for a proof of man's power. Vallies have been exalted and mountains brought low, and the wild woods daily echo the fierce breathings of their iron horses, and the undisturbed earth of primitive creation trembles under their ponderous tread. What shall be the ultimate end of man's knowledge, God only knows; but it fills the soul with mysterious awe, to contemplate the advancing discoveries of men.

Literature, in the sense in which I have viewed it, will give us a participation in this power. Shall we embrace it while young, or shall we squander our hours foolishly away?

This power, when acquired, we may use as we will. It may be our quiver from which to pluck arrows, not dipped, as were the arrows of a former time, in murderous poison, but baptized by the spirit of God and sped with a fearless aim at the enemy of all truth. In the retinue of mental power, walk wealth, honor, station, usefulnessbut the high, the great reward of this labor is the upbuilding of our own intellect, and the pure pleasure to be derived from mere knowledge. There is a legitimate pleasure growing out of the exercise of the mind-as beauty in a flower pleases the eye. The cultivated mind sees poetry and harmony, and love, and beauty, and power, in every thing; "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." "There is an infinitude above and beneath him, and an eternity encompasses him on this hand and on that, and tones of sphere music, and tidings from loftier worlds will flit round him, if he can but listen, and visit him with holy influences, even in the thickest press of trivialities or the din of busiest life."

What to the eye of the dull mind is still and cold, to him is instinct with life. He sees a Hand others do not see, he hears a Voice others do not hear. There are unseen harps touched by unseen hands, that give to him a faint prelude of that heavenly melody, he hopes to hear beyond the grave. Unseen angels visit him, that come not nigh the slothful mind. He walks the earth, in it but not of it.

What though the epithet "book worm" be flung at | through life, cherished the privacy of studious rehim-better be a book worm, crawling among mighty truths and holy thoughts, than earth worm, toiling through the dust of gold. His spirit communes with the great and the good, and he cares not for the ribald jeer of the unthinking world. His pleasures are permanent—he has invested his labor beyond the reach of adversity, -no power, less than the arm of God, can deprive him of it. Riches flee away, and give no real pleasure, while they last. Houses are consumed by the mocking flame. Investments made in the mind are the only fast property—these will last when

"The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve, And, like this insubstantial pageant, faded, Leave not a rack behind."

The flowers of literature, sown in the seed field of the mind, only bud here on the earth: they bloom in all their fragrance and their beauty beyond the dark winter of the grave.

H. S. LEGARE,

LATE ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of the Sou. Lit. Messenger:

I observe, with sincere satisfaction, in the last number of the Messenger, that you invite for its columns a fitting notice of the character of the distinguished man, whose recent loss, under circumstances alike imposing and affecting, the nation has been called to deplore. It is a homage most appropriately due from the patriotic literature of the country to the memory of one, who, always a zealous worshipper at its shrine, has done so much to assert its dignity and illustrate its usefulness, in connection with the highest pursuits of social and active life. The theme demands a pen, which has other qualifications than those which an ardent and devoted friendship alone can supply, to do justice to it in all the breadth and elevation of its moral dignity and grandeur. But there are some reflections, growing out of the recent death of H. S. Legaré and the national mourning which has followed it, that even an untutored hand, under the instinctive guidance of the heart, may be excused for attempting to present.

The first observation, which occurs to the mind in contemplating this lamented event, is one which, out of the very depth of the public affliction it has occasioned, brings forth solid encouragement to every sincere and honest patriot, and is full of instructive lessons to the generous and aspiring youth of the country. All must have remarked, and many not without surprise, the loud and universal

tirement-who, far from courting, shunned the public gaze, except when an imperious sense of duty brought him before it—who never cultivated popularity, however he esteemed it, when the reward of virtuous actions-and who, from his inmost heart, despised, as, in his lofty and burning eloquence, he was ever wont to brand, the unworthy arts of the demagogue. The man thus honored and lamented in his death was neither the favorite, nor the nursling of party. He had, indeed, gravely offended the spirit of party, on more than one occasion, by the independence and the conscientious integrity with which he pursued the convictions of his own judgment, where he believed the interests of his country at stake. As a consequence of this inflexibility of principle, as well as of his retiring and unobtrusive personal habits, his career, while living, had not been attended, in a degree corresponding to his rare endowments, with all those external evidences of public consideration, which his friends, who, in the unreserved freedom of private intercourse, had been able to sound the depths of his genius and resources, well knew he merited. Such, however, is the winning power of virtue and talents, even when separated from the ordinary accessories of party popularity, that he was daily, though silently, growing in the sober esteem and confidence of the country; and when, at length, the hand of death arrested him in the noble path of his usefulness, the national appreciation of him, which had been lying comparatively dormant, though all the while warming the hearts of a generous and enlightened people, suddenly burst forth in one general symphony of lamentation and exalted praise.

Let all who engage in the service of their country, with elevated views and conscious powers of usefulness, take courage from this example. Sooner or later, the reward of public approbation and gratitude will infallibly crown every career, which rests its solid and imperishable titles on "the pursuit of noble ends by noble means." Let no feverish anxiety, for a spurious and fleeting notoriety, lead the aspirant for public esteem to put his trust in specious arts, superficial attainments, or accommodating suppleness, as available substitutes for that laborious and vigorous training and application of the faculties, moral and intellectual, by which only a genuine and enduring popularity can be won. Let him equip himself for the stern conflicts of public duty from the armory of knowledge and virtue, where only weapons of the true temper for such a warfare are to be found, and not go forth to battle in the mimic accoutrements of the toy-shop. Let him not indulge an undue solicitude to obtain popularity. Let his aim rather be to deserve it. Let him exhibit in superior knowledge acclaim of mingled sorrow and praise which fol- and acquirements—in the diligent and untiring cullowed to the tomb one, whose habits and tastes, tivation of all the capacities of a high public usefulness—in noble and elevated principles of action, and accomplished statesman. the authentic *credentials* of his mission to serve his country; and his country will, in time, call for and honor him, or, if she does not, the loss will be her's, not his.

The example addresses itself, with equal emphasis, to the gifted youth of the country, who have not yet entered on the arena of active exertion, but who are looking forward, with generous aspirations, from the silence and discipline of their accademic retreats, to the part they are hereafter to act upon the busy stage of life. The desponding sentimentality of the poetic muse, or rather the dangerous sophistry of that improba siren desidia, the natural indolence of man, is not unfrequently invoked to discourage a manly and strenuous ambition, by portraying, in funereal colors, the ultimate vanity and fruitlessness of all human pursuits. We are sometimes asked, in the misapplied language of unreasoning elegy, why "scorn delights and live laborious days," in the vain pursuit of fame; seeing that,

"the fair guerdon, when we hope to find, And think to burst out into sudden blaze, Comes the blind Fury with abhorred shears, And slits the thin-spun life."

But the only fame, which a true ambition is capable of coveting, is one which "the abhorred shears of the blind Fury" have no power to destroy. It survives the stroke of Fate, and flourishes beyond the grave. It is that amaranthine plant which, the same immortal poet tells us, "lives and spreads aloft" to Heaven, and is but its anticipated judgment on the deeds of men. It is that fame which alone Legaré sought, and which he achieved—with what glorious and enviable success, let the according praises and regrets of a whole nation testify. What other fame is worthy to engage, for a moment, the concern of a being, whose life on earth, when longest, is limited to a span! To live in the hearts and memory of our countrymen, when we ourselves shall have passed from among them, is, on the other hand, an object in harmony with the highest aspirations of the human soul, and fitted to elicit the noblest faculties of our nature. In the distinguished and now hallowed example before us, let the enlightened and patriotic young men of America read, for their encouragement, amid the daily and nightly toils of their probationary discipline, the pledge of their own high destinies, if, by the same means, they shall devote themselves to the same noble ends.

The extraordinary powers and varied attainments of the late Attorney General were the product of early and incessant culture, and of untiring industry and labor. How else could such rare excellence, in so many different departments of human talent and knowledge, have been acquired; for he was primus inter pares in all—a finished scholar, a consummate orator, a profound lawyer, an able

and accomplished statesman. No felicity of genius, however great, no fecundity of nature, however teeming, could account for such intellectual riches, without the creative energies of constant and unwearied diligence; for it is a truth, as applicable to the philosophy of mind as to the science of political economy, that *labor* is the true and only source of either mental, or material wealth. No paltry vanity of natural endowments ever prevented Mr. Legaré from bearing earnest and instructive testimony, in his discourse, as he exemplified so strikingly in his practice, the truth and value of this grand arcanum of all sound superiority and success.

Having enjoyed, in early youth, the advantages of a finished education in the best schools of his own country and of Europe, he continued, through all the avocations and active employments of his future life, the same habits of diligent and enthusiastic study by which he established, from the first, a marked preëminence among his companions. He was so smitten with a sympathetic appreciation of the great Roman orator's noble panegyric of letters, that he literally fulfilled in his daily habits, (without any such purpose, certainly, as that of mere pedantic conformity), the picture of their attractions so graphically delineated in the latter part of that celebrated passage—Hac Studia, &c., delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. His books were his inseparable companions, whether at home, or abroad—they passed the night with him, they travelled with him, they accompanied him in his occasional rural retreats. A jealous economist of time, and particularly attentive to husband those odd fragments of leisure, which irregularly intervene in the routine of daily employment, and which by most persons are thrown away as useless, he was more fortunate even than the ancient philosopher, who reproached himself with the loss of one day in the course of a long life. Legaré never lost an hour, for however small the interval of time which fell upon his hands, unoccupied by the necessary demands of business, or the cherished society of a chosen circle of friends, it was never wasted. A book, a pen, or a train of thought to be resumed, was always at hand to absorb and employ it usefully; for so perfect was the discipline of mind he had established, through long habits of industry and study, that he turned his attention, at will, to whatever subject seemed, at the moment, fittest to engage it.

As a scholar, he stood without a rival among the public men of America of his day, and if, even in that class of learned men who make the cultivation and pursuit of letters the sole business of their lives, he had any superior in scholarship, it would be difficult to say who that superior was. His acquaintance with the great writers of antiquity, the master minds of Greece and Rome, was inti-

mate, thorough and familiar—placing at his ready | learned professions. and perfect command all those hidden treasures of thought, philosophy and wisdom, all those exquisite models of taste, eloquence and power, which lie enshrined in their immortal works. In the languages and literature of modern Europe he was perfectly at home. He not only read, but wrote and spoke the languages of France and Germany with the ease and elegance of a native, and was profoundly versed in their history and literature. He had explored, with particular industry and success, the rich mines of learning and historical discovery, (so to speak), which the acute and recondite researches of modern German writers have opened, and enlarged his own accumulated stores by the super-addition of the fruits of their valuable With all this affluence of intellectual wealth, he made no ostentatious display of his acquisitions. They were assimilated into the solid nutriment of his own mind, and their effect was seen rather in the enlarged scope and vigor of his conceptions, than in any exhibition of mere learning.

As a speaker and writer, the style of his eloquence was ornate and rich. But, like the gorgeousness of Burke, this was the unbidden effect of the irrepressible exuberance of his genius. No one despised more than he did the mere glitter of words, or held in lighter esteem the studied arts of the professed rhetorician. Whatever was the elevation and richness of his diction, it was uniformly supported by a corresponding richness and elevation of thought. The stream of his eloquence was fed from copious and inexhaustible fountains, and its majestic current fertilized and fructified, even when it inundated its banks.

His character and abilities, as a profound and accomplished jurist, have been already given to the world under the seal of the highest authority. the question, was he an eminent lawyer, Judge Story, in his beautiful and touching address to the Law School at Harvard, while the funeral bells of Boston were yet tolling the knell of his departed spirit, answered emphatically and unhesitatingly-"no man was more so." And certainly, if a profound acquaintance with the most renowned systems of ancient and modern law, with the common law of England, the civil law of Rome, the codes of France and Germany, added to a familiar knowledge of the laws and constitutions of our own country and a thorough indoctrination in the principles of universal jurisprudence, can make an able and accomplished lawyer, Legaré was such. All this breadth and scope of knowledge, however superfluous it may be deemed for the lawyer who, to use the words of Cicero, is nothing more than leguleius quidam cautus, et acutus præco actionum, cantor formularum, auceps syllabarum, was necessary to fill Mr. Legaré's conception of the character of a great lawyer, worthy of the name, and

One of the great secrets of his superiority was to place ever before him the highest standards of excellence, in every department, as the beau ideal, at least, which a true and lofty ambition should aim to approximate as near as possible, if not able fully to attain. His idea of the nobleness and grandeur of the law, in its true dignity, was that which Bolingbroke has so justly and eloquently portrayed, and his impersonations of that idea were the Bacons, the Clarendons, the Somers, the Mansfields of England,—the Marshalls, the Pinkneys of America.*

The narrow and unworthy prejudice against learning, as incompatible with professional eminence, which has been so properly rebuked by Judge Story, sometimes ventured to question the claims of Mr. Legaré to the character of an able lawyer, on the very ground of his acknowledged pre-eminence in the attainments of elegant literature. The same Gothic prejudice, we learn from contemporary memorials, boldly called in question the legal abilities of Lord Mansfield, and was humorously satirized, at the time, in some lines of Pope, in which the poet represents two heavy serjeants of the Temple, "who deemed each other oracles of law," exulting, with a grave self-complacency, in the fancied profoundness of their own legal attainments, while

"Each shook his head at Murray as a wit."

And yet this Murray rapidly rose through all the gradations of professional eminence, to the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench, in which court he presided, with unrivalled lustre and ability, for thirty-two years, having been thrice offered also the great seal of Lord Chancellor; and such was the almost miraculous infallibility displayed by him as a Judge, that, out of the numerous decisions rendered by him during that long period of time, but two or three of his judgments were ever reversed, and about an equal number of instances occurred in which any of his brethren differed in opinion from him. With such an illustrious exam-

* In his letters on the study of History addressed to Lord Cornbury, the great grandson of the Earl of Clarendon, Bolingbroke, after speaking of the profession of the law as "in its nature the noblest and most beneficial to mankind, in its abuse and debasement, the most sordid and the most pernicious," makes the following remarks, admirable alike for their eloquence and truth. "There have been lawyers that were orators, philosophers, historians,-there have been Bacons and Clarendons, my lord. There will be none such any more, till, in some better age, true ambition, or the love of fame, prevails over avarice, and till men find leisure and encouragement to prepare themselves for the exercise of this profession by climbing up to the 'vantage ground,' so my Lord Bacon calls it, of science; instead of grovelling all their lives below in a mean, but gainful application to all the little arts of chicane. 'Till this happen, the profession of the law will scarce deserve to be ranked among the learned professions; and whenever it happens, one of the 'vantage grounds,' to which men must of a calling which boasts its rank among the climb, is metaphysical, and the other historical knowledge." ple before us, we shall be slow to believe that the superior literary accomplishments of Mr. Legaré were likely to prove a hindrance to him in the path of professional reputation and success, or to prevent him from fulfilling his destiny, in becoming one of the chiefest glories of the American bar.

As a Statesman, the merits and talents of Mr. Legaré were of the very first order. He early conceived the noble ambition of usefully serving his country, not to gratify a selfish vanity, or to promote any private or personal end, but from a true filial devotion to her glory, and from a generous and magnanimous desire to bear his part in upholding the honor and success of her model Institutions. His whole training was one of admirable preparation for this high career. There is no branch of knowledge proper to an American Statesman in which he was not a profound adept. He had thoroughly studied the genius of popular government, as well in its essential principles, as in all its great historical examples. With what sagacious and discriminating research he explored the history and institutions of the master states of antiquity, the Republics of Greece and Rome, he has given to the world proud and enduring evidence, in writings which will long survive him, and which posterity, assuredly, "will not willingly let die."* He had traced and meditated, with equal diligence and care, the progress of civil and political liberty among our British ancestors; and all those great social and political revolutions, which have changed the face of modern Europe, were alike familiar to his mind, in their causes, incidents and results, and with all the monitory and instructive lessons with which they are so richly fraught. With these preparatory lights, he made our own peculiar, happy and complicated system of popular and federative government, the subject of his profoundest study, and was as deeply imbued with its spirit, as he was thoroughly initiated in its principles, and familiarly conversant with its constitutional action. To these primary qualifications of all true American Statesmanship, he added that enlarged knowledge of the sound principles of political economy, and of the fundamental laws of trade, currency, revenue and finance, which are indispensable guides to enlightened practical legislation. With the public law of nations, which regulates, in peace and in war, the mutual rights and duties of civilized and independent states, the diplomatic position he had filled abroad with so much honor to his country and to himself, no less than his early studies, made him intimately acquainted; and to crown all these civic accomplishments and advantages, he had enjoyed the precious opportunity of observation and experience amid the largest scenes of human affairs, in foreign countries, as well as his own.

*Two most able and learned tracts, one on the Constitutional History of Greece and the Democracy of Athens, the other on the origin, History and Influence of Roman Legislation, are here more particularly alluded to.

When Mr. Legaré, therefore, came into Congress, he came clad in complete armor. The speeches and reports made by him, during the brief period of his service there, show with what fullness of information and knowledge he came into the discussion of every question in which he took a part-enriching it with the widest amplitude of illustration—judging it with the utmost maturity of thought and wisdom-while adorning it with the graces of a finished and captivating eloquence. But his career there was permitted to continue two years only, leaving the nation to regret the premature loss, from its legislative councils, of the rare and eminent abilities and statesmanship, of which, in so short a time, he gave such abundant and unequivocal proofs.

The splendor of his genius accompanied him in his ostracism, and illuminated the obscurity of his retreat. He was soon called back, to take a prominent position in the Executive Government of the country, for which he was pointed out solely by the consideration of his superior fitness; for he never sought office, and his friends deemed too highly of him to believe that any office was capable of adding to the intrinsic dignity of his talents and worth. This new sphere of duty elicited new proofs of his varied powers and attainments, and developed comprehensive faculties of public usefulness, co-extensive with and equal to every demand of the public service. Besides the able and distinguished discharge of the duties which more particularly belong to the post he occupied, which received the united testimony of the most enlightened judges and of the general voice of the country, he brought to the aid of the government, on every great question of national interest, a fund of knowledge, a clearness of views and a promptitude of decision, which could not fail to be sensibly felt and appreciated. When unexpectedly called to fill the leading Executive Department, it is not unreasonable to suppose, and it is hoped the suggestion may be made without offence, that none of the able and distinguished men who have filled it, upon their first introduction to its duties, probably ever fek more at home among its high and imposing concerns, than did Mr. Legaré-excepting always, with the profound reverence so especially their due, those great minds of revolutionary schooling, which grew up along with the thorny and difficult questions of our international relations, and which laid deep the foundations of our foreign policy and public law. The records of the State Department, during the short, but busy month his life was spared to stamp the lasting mark of his genius, industry and abilities upon them, will show whether this suggestion may not find in its verisimilitude some excuse for its temerity.

It is not a little remarkable that Mr. Legaré was doomed sometimes to encounter the same scepticism, in regard to his practical abilities as a Statessolidity of his legal attainments, and from the same cause. The extraordinary polish and brightness of his weapons, however massive, seemed to raise suspicions of their strength and durability. very superiority of his qualifications inspired distrust of their reality. So the great Roman Statesman and orator, whom Mr. Legaré especially resembled, in the broad and elaborate foundation of general learning on which he raised the superstructure of his political talents and usefulness, was pointed at, when he made his appearance on the public stage, as the Greek and the Scholar. Yet this did not prevent him from exhibiting such consummate proofs of practical statesmanship, in circumstances of the most complicated difficulty and danger, as no man ever surpassed, and which procured for him, by a solemn decree of the national gratitude, the title of the Father of his country.

But eminent as were the intellectual powers and accomplishments of Mr. Legaré, they formed by no means, the most distinguished part of his public character. It was the high moral tone so visibly impressed on all his actions, his disdain of every thing low and mean and narrow, the commanding elevation of his principles and views, the lofty spirit of personal honor, the magnanimous courage and self-reliance of conscious virtue, which made him truly great. What the greatest of Irish orators so impressively said of the first of British Statesmen, with suitable modifications, may be justly said of Legaré. "No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for mere party victories, regardless of principle, ever sunk him to the vulgar level of the so called great;" but resolute, conscientious, undaunted and unseduced, his object was ever the glory, liberty and happiness of his country-his means were truth, integrity, patriotism and honor.

A character, thus marked by the prominent and dazzling traits which enlist public admiration and applause, was set off by all those milder, but not less winning qualities which inspire affection and esteem, and which give to human life its highest charm and sweetest attraction. He was the delight and the ornament of the society he frequented. The spirit and brilliancy of his conversation were unremitting and unsurpassed. His manners were of the most perfect tone, uniting the dignity and elegance of the gentleman with the cordiality and playfulness of the companion and the friend. had cultivated, with no small success, a taste for the fine arts, whose happy influence it is to humanize and soften, without enervating the character. But above all, his heart was warm, noble, generous and true, despising every form of indirection and meanness,—embracing, with the strong affinities of a kindred spirit, whatever was lofty in principle, magnanimous in sentiment, or virtuous in action-entering, with the warm and unrestrained be contained in the less.

man, which had thrown unavailing doubts on the effusions of childhood itself, into the lovely sympathies and affections of domestic life,—and in friendship ever firm, faithful and devoted. But reminiscences, such as these, are too intimately connected with a yet bleeding sense of an irreparable personal loss, to be obtruded upon the public eye; and the sacred curtain, which the hand of an awful and mysterious providence has let fall upon the cherished hopes and affections of the heart, must remain farther undisturbed.

DEFECT IN SCIENCE SUPPLIED.

Plain and practical matters of science will always be welcomed, particularly articles on the history and progress of its useful applications. Our distinguished correspondent need not confine himself to his favorite science. In reference to his demonstration, a scientific friend has given us the following information:-- A similar demonstration was proposed some years ago, by M. Bertrand of Geneva. and attracted much notice in Europe. Several eminent Geometricians have approved it, and it has found a place in the 'Elémens de Geometrie' of M. Devely. Lacroix notices it with approbation, in a note to his ' Elemens.' The demonstration of M. Bertrand may be found among the notes to Young's Elements of Geometry, p. 181, American edition. Young does not consider it satisfactory.- Ed.

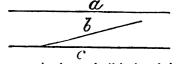
MR. EDITOR:-Though the lucubrations of a Mathematician may not comport with the character of your journal, yet as the teacher and the lover of science may not be unwilling to see an attempt to remove a difficulty, which has baffled the efforts of every one, from the days of Euclid to the present time, I will run the risk of a rejection at your hands.

The theory of parallel lines, itself one of the pillars of Geometry, depends upon the celebrated postulate of Euclid: and this postulate, a flaw in the most beautiful and exact of all sciences, has never been demonstrated, at least in a manner sufficiently simple for purposes of instruction. The whole difficulty would be removed, however, if the proposition given in Davies' Legendre, as an axiom, could be proved, viz. "Two lines cannot pass

through the same point, parallel to a third line."

I submit the following as a demonstration at once simple and complete.

Let b and c be two lines passing through a common point, and parallel to a, and let the three lines be supposed to be indefinitely prolonged. Now



whatever may be the angle (bc), the whole space included between these lines, if placed in juxtaposition around the point of intersection, a certain definite number of times, will fill up, or exceed the whole space about that point. But the space included between a and c, if repeated in juxtaposition any number of times whatever, will still leave an infinite space to be filled up. Therefore the space ac is less than bc; and b must cross a and pass beyond it, otherwise the greater space would

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OURSELVES.

In the military language, and with the resolute spirit of our political neighbors, "we have flung our banner to the breeze." It does not bear the names of political favorites, or political schemes. But it has its inscription; "The diffusion of pure Literature, the happiness and honor of the country." The good, the glory of the Republic of letters are our aim and our theme. Exalted are her stations, unsullied her honors, ennobling her measures, bright and inspiring her ample rewards. Genius and learning are her statesmen and ministers, every immortal mind is her citizen, and all her subjects are incited by the loftiest ambition, and the noblest of motives. We nominate, for the Presidency of this grand Republic, Useful Christian Knowledge, and its friend and indispensable supporter, Education, for the Vice-Presidency. The diffusion of the views of the President, will require an active, zealous and extensive erudition, for Postmaster General, one of whose humble assistants we claim to be. And then, what a treasury, rich and full, will there be to preside over! what a field of foreign relations for the linguist! what vast domestic relations for the pure heart and gifted mind! We call upon all, of every grade of endowment and acquirement, to lend an enthusiastic cooperation, that our candidates may be elected and the people blessed by their elevation.

We must take this occasion, to return our acknowledgments for the kindness and favor, which have been extended to us, in entering upon our Editorial career, by many of the presses of the country. Their good wishes will be an encouragement, and their undeserved encomiums stimulate to efforts to merit them. The advice of our venerable neighbor, to throw ourselves upon the generosity and intelligence of the South, and to call forth all the enthusiasm of our nature, will be remembered. Any one, who observes the youth of his spirit, to which we heard Boz so happily allude, or knows any thing of the influence which he exerts, must see the value of enthusiasm. Ambition and preference led us to our present pursuit; and, if others only give their support, with a hundreth part of the ardor with which we give our heart to the work, we shall ride a wave of success mountain high.

The word Southern was especially engrafted on the name of "the Messenger," to show its attachment to and main reliance upon the South. It was also intended thereby to manifest a design to supply a local want of some such periodical. The vast field of the South, as has already been said, was almost unoccupied, by native publications; our people were spending money, and such of our scholars, as were not idle, or did not confine their just been called to weep over the loss of the heroic Witt-

productions to newspaper articles, were exercising their genius, in behalf of Northern publications, in no wise superior to what it was thought the Messenger could be made and what, in fact, it has be-We did injustice, unintentionally, from wrong information, to the South in representing the Magnolia as dead. It still lives and should flourish. We would be the last to strike a star from the galaxy of Southern Literature, whose light we long to see beaming radiantly all around, instead of struggling feebly through mist and cloud, and only now and then breaking forth with appropriate splendor. The south is wide enough, rich enough, sunny and talented enough to keep Reviews examining and recording, Magnolias blooming, Magazines well stored and Messengers running and flying. We would not encourage any sectionality of Literature; but every independent and generous mind must feel desirous for the South to form and adorn her own intellectual walks. Why should an Ingraham, a Semmes, a Wilde, a Meek, a Lieber, and other literati seek so often a Northern theatre, for the displays of their culture and powers?

How glad to us will be the day, when an ardent, liberal love of learning shall have supplanted some of the hobbies of Southern intellect, have roused its slumbering energies and imparted a taste for purest joys and sweetest solaces! This result can be produced. The vision of it is wooing and inspiring; a vision, which the quickened efforts of all who, with desire, contemplate it, and the zeal and industry of the educated young can soon have realised. When the eye of hope sees joys and blessings, so pure and alluring, set before us, what can palsy the hand of action? Fruits are hanging around; stretch forth and pluck; for no tantalising breezes shall waft them from your grasp.

Notices of New Works.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE, No.'s 11 and 12; Harper and Brothers, New-York; Smith, Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Virginia.

These are among the most important and interesting of the series, embracing the thrilling events from 1808 to 1812. During this exciting period, the most memorable transactions transpired in the Peninsular war, which has since furnished such materials for poets, novelists and historians; and the star of Wellington began to vie in aplendor with that of Napoleon. The domestic history of Great Britain is laid open; and the historian has full opportunity of displaying his exulting nationality and of portraying the grandeur of the reign of George III. Russia, the destined giant of the Eastern world, comes prominently and formidably upon the stage, and shakes Sweden and the French and the Ottoman Empires with her power. Bernadotte mounts the throne of Sweden, thinking it a small matter to exchange his faith for a crown. Then follow the causes, which led to the Russian war of 1812, and the wonderful, appalling and almost incredible expedition of Napoleon to Moscow, with its glory and disaster-its immortality and its fatal horrors. Russia has genstein, whose name will ever be associated with this unrivalled expedition. As these numbers complete the third volume, an appendix is attached, containing much valuable statistical and other information. The history of Mr. Alison has been styled splendid, able, magnificent, and in many respects it deserves these epithets—but there are some sections objections to it, which we have long intended to point out.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE—No. 2. Harper and Brothers, New-York. Smith, Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Virginia.

The enthusiasm of one of the contributors to the Messenger, styles this eminent authoress "The ever blessed Hannah More." She has certainly blessed a vast multitude by her writings; and none have been more useful than the "Tales for the Middle Ranka" and "for the Common People," which the No. before us contains. The Shepherd of Salisbury plain, Hester Wilmot, and others, are known to every body. The No. concludes with part of "An estimate of the Religion of the fashionable world,"—which is headed by the following just tribute to Christianity, from the wonderful Lord Bacon, "There was never found, in any age of the world, either philosopy, or sect, or religion, or law, or discipline, which did so highly exalt the public good, as the Christian faith."

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS, by Albert Barnes. New-York, Harper and Brothers; Richmond, Smith, Drinker and Morris.

Mr. Barnes is already well known to the public as a commentator. His "Notes" are in the hands of multitudes of Sunday school teachers and children; and, by means of them and his books of questions, he has done a great deal to promote biblical learning. Mr. Barnes is an able theologian, about the ablest in his denomination—but the Epistle to the Hebrews, with its profound reasoning and sublime doctrines, must have given full mental exercise to the Editor of Butler's Analogy.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WEITINGS OF MRS. DAVIDSON.
Philadelphia, Lea and Blanchard, 1843. J. W. Randolph,
Richmond, Virginia.

A review has recently appeared strongly condemning the taste which could tolerate the writings of the young Davidsons; and invoking a revival of Tarquin's Spirit to abridge the effusions of the day. The review contains some excellent reflections, and is, to a considerable extent, just; though on the whole too sublimated and moralising. Every production must be judged of relatively, and instead of Irving's imprimatur, on the works of Miss Davidson, evincing a depravity of the existing Literary taste, it rather condemna the strictures of the critic. Certainly there is great haste, at the present day, to appear in print, and ephemeral works usurp the place of standard excellence. But our Literature is young and so must be our writers. It is true, that we have few early productions of some of the most eminent poets; and those few pale their light before the efforts of maturer genius. But had those who, in youth, gave promise of their future fame, been cut off in their bloom, those now slighted early lays would have been sufficient to embalm their names; and, in proportion to the brightness of their hopes and promise, would be the praise of those efforts that were too quick for hastening death. But none of the hopes, regrets and associations, that cluster around the brief career of the daughters, can operate in behalf of the mother. As a writer, she is inferior to her children, when all would even expect superiority.

She laments too much, for the public interest, their premature decay; and an unfeeling critic might rack her sensitive heart. Plaintive indeed must be the lay and exalted the elegy, for the public patiently to bear the repeated obtrusion of private grief. Mrs. Davidson has contributed nothing to her fame, nor to that of her daughters, by coming thus before the public, even under the auspices of Miss Sedgwick.

THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW Charleston, South Caroline, July, 1843. J. W. Randolph, Agent, Richmond, Virginia.

How cordially welcomed is any thing upholding the dignity and intellectual honor of the South! The chain of Union encircles every fibre of our heart; but with a Swizer's devotion do we cling to the dear, sunny South. Long may the Southern Quarterly flourish and prove worthy of the noble, but arduous work, in which she is engaged. The number before us contains a variety of spicy, instructive and ably written reviews, and numerous notices of late publications.

EXERCISES OF THE ALUMNÆ OF THE ALBANY FEMALE ACADEMY, on their second Anniversary, July 20, 1843. Albany, C. Van Benthuysen & Co.

Our thanks to the Alumnee for their neat pamphlet, interesting matter and accompanying "respects." To a gallant gentleman, as we claim to be, how cheering "the respects" of a whole society of Alumnæ! Indeed, if the young men of the land do not stir up their sluggish souls, their rights and privileges will have to be taken from them, and their places given, as of right, to the softer sex. If they do not lose their political position, they will their Literary. Up then, ye laggards, and dispute the prize with the fair usurpers. We belong to a numerous society of Alumni. composed of the gifted of a large portion of the Union; and yet how many years will roll round, before any such fruits, as these, will be borne!

Some may console themselves, for their indifference, by lecturing upon "blues," and "woman out of her sphere." But move on ye gentle lights:—let the pure, the modest and useful circumscribe your orbits; and, then, may ye be shining stars in the young sky of America. The system and organization of the Alumnes seem to be admirable. Subjects for poems, tales and essays are proposed, prizes offered and arbiters appointed. The productions are not confined to our vernacular tongue; and only those are published which gain the prize. The pamphlet before us contains the address of the President, Miss Robinson, of N. York; The Yemassee, a poem, by Miss Eliza Whitney, of Philadelphia; an Essay on Education, signed Mary Grafton; L'Imperatrice Josephine, in French, by Miss Delinda M'-Cormick, of Owego, N. York; and a moral tale, "Home Education," by Miss Mary C. Field, Haddam, Connecticut. The Alumnse would find that their flowers will flourish in a Southern clime.

AN ESSAY ON CALCARROUS MANURES. Third Edition, by Edmund Ruffin. Laurens Wallazz, Peterburg, 1842.

Mr. Ruffin is well known to the public, as the Editor of the Farmers' Register, in which capacity he was, for years, the zealous advocate of agriculture, and the means of its promotion and improvement. He has been, and is still, engaged in making an agricultural survey of South Carolina, under legislative authority, and has made several able reports, on the subject. The work before us requires an intelligent farmer's notice, and we invite some of the gentlemen of "ease and dignity," to take it in hand.

Brande's Encyclopædia, Part XI; M'Cullock's Universal Gazeteer, Part II; Doct. Pusey's Sermon, on the Holy Eucharist; Drs. Smith and Anthon's Statement: Change for American Notes, taking off Dickens, et id omne genus;—from Messrs. Harper and Brothers; Smith, Drinker and Morris, Richmond;—An Oration, by W. Mason Giles, Natchez, Mississippi; Gov. Gilmer's Address before the Societies of Randolph M. College, are all on our table; and we had prepared brief notices of them—but must subunit to be excluded, hoping that it will not produce a total eclipse in the Literary world. Our thanks are also due for the Rail Road Journal, the Medical News Library, and "Thoughts on the Philosophy of Light," by William Newton—Jeffersonville, Indiana, 1843.

We wished to say a word, or two, about some of the Southern Colleges, whose proceedings are before us; Bishop Mcllvaine's "Earnest Word" for Kenyon College, and the delightful day we spent there, a year ago, with its accomplished and excellent Pres. Douglas; the admirable Female Institute, Columbia, Tennessee, and the Guardian, published there; and to welcome to the field the Magazine recently started at Mobile, Alabama, but have not room.

ADVERTISEMES.

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idition to the studies above enumerated, there is a unent of higher studies necessary to the attainment of degree of A. M.

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T. R. DEW, Professor.

September, 1843.

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JAMES E. HEATH, Esq.
CHARLES F. OSBORNE, Esq.
Richmond, Va. September, 1843.

BENJAMIN B. MINOR, ATTORNEY AT LAW:

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RICHMOND, HENRICO, HANOVER & CAROLINE. COLLECTIONS for the North, or elsewhere, will be promptly made and the money remitted forthwith.

no Office removed to the Museum Building, over the office of the Richmond Whig. August, 1843.

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Having purchased many odd numbers and volumes VI. and VIII. of the Messenger, and not wishing to keep so

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We expect to be judged by our fruits, and will never offer useless apologies, nor deprecate the objections of any one. Yet time is indispensable to get affairs straight, and to mature any system. We desire to commence a new volume with a greatly increased circulation, and are persuaded, from what Mr. White experienced, that this can be effected. It is our expectation to take trips, North and South, before January next, for the purpose of procuring contributors and subscribers, and of making acquaintances and arrangements likely to promote the usefulness and success of the work. Those, who feel any desire to sustain the enterprise and the cause of Literature in our country, and especially the Southern portion of it, can come forward with a cheerful and hearty cooperation. Five Thousand Messengers once made a monthly visit to its patrons; but now, the number is greatly reduced. Why is this? Is its noble end obtained? Have our duty and interest changed? These remain the same. We call upon you to restore all that has been lost. has been lost.

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TO AGENTS.

Those who have been acting as agents hitherto are still recognised as such, and we hope they will exert themselves, from this time forth, to obtain many new subscribers. Let every agent consider himself as just appointed, for the purpose, as it were, of launching the work, and, in view of his own interest, use every proper means, for prometing it. Prompt collections and remittances from agents will always be acceptable and will ensure confidence and employment. Our thanks are due for the gratuitous services of many gentlemen; of which a continuance is solicited.

OUR CONTENTS.

Various suggestions, as to the character of the contents, have been made, by several kind friends, for whose opinions we entertain very high regard. One objects to too much poetry, and hopes the quantity will be diminished. If so, many others might deplore the attempted amendment. Poetry will ever have a large number of readers and writers, whose taste must be consulted. For their sake, the poetry must be retained, and, for the sake of our friend and all whom he represents, we promise not to have too much and to be careful of its quality; and, at the same time, grant them the privilege of skipping it. Another friend suggests that there is too much original matter, which is inferior to a vast deal that may be selected from abroad. With our permission, the Messenger shall never become a mere republication. There are many such works, able and cheap. The Messenger seeks to improve our native Literature, not to diffuse foreign productions. Yet it has always devoted some space to judicious selections. It is due to patriotism, to a just pride and to our immediate interests, to foster native talent, and encourage a home production and consumption of intellectual fabrics. It is certainly useful to diffuse knowledge; but improvement is our chief aim, of which writing is the best friend. For our part, we had rather publish a native production, evineing the fire of genius and the spirit of improvement, than the fine effusions of Macaulay, Wilson, or Carlyle. But here, too, we shall attempt to please all in part. In making selections, there are many difficulties. They must justify themselves and thus be of the first order, new and engaging. In these days of unparalleled diffusion of knowledge, when every source is wide open to the innumerable publishers, it is difficult to procure any thing interesting, that does not attract the attention of others also, whose publications may be issued oftener than ours. But, fortunately, all do not subscribe the attention of others also, whose publications may be issued oftener than ours. But, fortunately, all do not subscribe to the same work; nor does each one read all that is published. Still some may have seen the selection before; and may turn to something else. We will endeavor, however, to get such selections as will bear re-perusal.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The activity and zeal of Mr. White had enlisted many able writers in behalf of the Messenger. Of these, some were his personal friends, who gave their efforts to his solicitations. We do hope, that all such will feel impelled to continue, for the sake of the work and the cause it espouses, what at first were friendship's offerings. Their contributions will be welcomed, as of old; and may we not say, it is due to their own literary reputation to sustain a work, on which their fame is more or less dependant, either for acquisition, or extension. By far the larger number, however, have always written for the work, and not merely, or chiefly, to comply with a request of friendship. They cannot possibly withhold their assistance. Now is the occasion for more strenuous exertions. The Messenger has not only to maintain lits present and past elevated rank; but must seek to expend its useful rance and multiply its fruits. to maintain its present and past elevated rank; but must seek to expand its useful range and multiply its fruits. None, to maintain its present and past elevated rank; but must seek to expand its useful range and mustiply its fruits. Nore, then, able to wield a pen in her behalf, we hope, will excuse themselves for not engaging in her support. In the North, there are many able and charming writers, whose productions adora our pages. Have they not been thus far pleased with the setting their gems have received, and will they not continue to furnish them? A periodical may attain to such excellence as to make it desirable to appear in it. The productions of her contributors, carefully composed, would soon give such a character to the Messenger. It is due to readers and writers, that its standard should be high. Nor should this deter any. The height of the mountain does not prevent the Eagle's flight; but he plumes his wing to pass its towering summit. Nor would we confine our invitation to former contributors; but cordially extend it to genius and learning every where.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

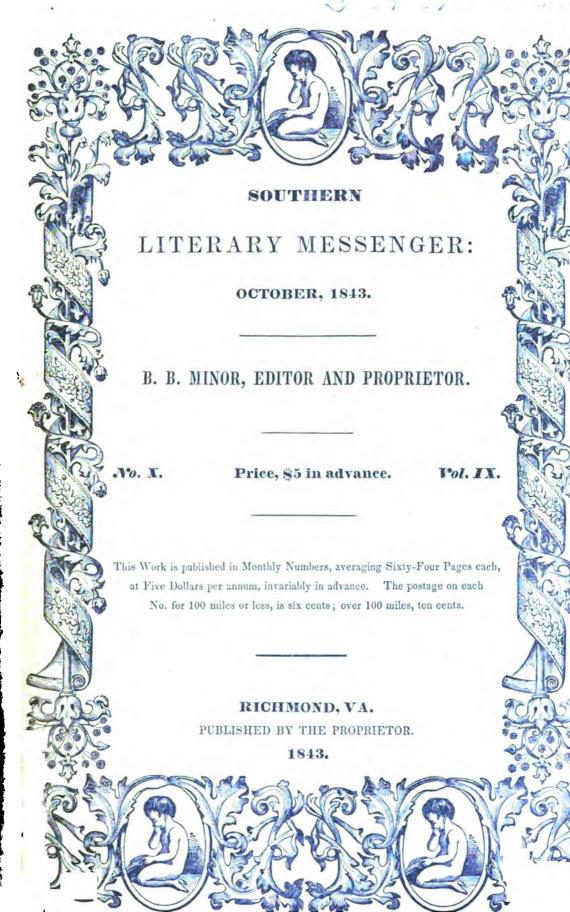
"Sarah and Elizabeth, or the Orphans," is declined;—also the Midnight Walk of "Alpha;" and "The Bashful Bachelor, or Trouble Troubled." It would be cruel farther to trouble so bashful a man, by exposing him to the public. "Hints to Preachers," was too late for September. There is no danger of the world improving so faat, in a month,

"Hints to Preachers," was too late for September. There is no danger of the world improving so fast, in a month, as to render the hints unnecessary.

"The Artist" is unfinished still. The first part was accepted by the late Editor, but cannot appear until all is sentenced favors of "Bruce," "Tara," "Southron," "Omega." "Juvenis," and "C.," are respectfully decline with the exception of, "To the Southern Lyre," which is under consideration. The "Odd-Ditty, L. L. D.," is laid be A part of "Parting Lines to my Guitar," will probably appear. "Thoughts on Apparitions," has some merit; but is no recommendation not to have copied "a rough effusion." "A Desire to Roam," is declined. "Chaos" is under condermentation in Moonlight Musings," No. II, and "Queen Mary's Vision," are in type. "Autumn Leaves," and "Tue Bird of Paradise," will appear. The bad choice of subjects and the carelessness and haste of the writers have alone rejected several pieces.

PRIZE FOR THE BEST TALE.

A Prize of \$25, in money, or in such form as the successful writer may prefer, will be given for the best Moral, Historical, or Imaginative Tale; not to contain less than eight printed pages of the Messenger. Those that contain more must be divided into parts, or chapters. The tales must be sent in by the first of December next. The prize will be awarded by competent judges, to be hereafter named. The privilege is reserved of publishing any of the unsuccessful productions. The sum offered will be some compensation to those who cannot write for nothing, and we hope * desire of winning will stimulate many.



CONTENTS.

NO. X .- VOL. IX .- OCTOBER,

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.	ORIGINAL POETR' - TINUED.)		
PAGE	PAGE		
1. The Immortal Gift. By Mrs. Jane L. Swift577	13. Moonlight Musings-N B. Hale 605		
2. Gleanings from different Histories, or a Historical	14. Early Lays. By the author of "Atalantis," "The		
Sketch of the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusa-	Yemassee," &c635		
lem. Period embraced, from 1119 to 1300. By	EDITOR'S TABL .		
Wm. W. Andrews, American Consul, at Malta579	15. Campbell's Foreign Semi-monthly Magazine, or		
3. To Whom does Washington's Glory Belong?588	Select Miscellany of European Literature and		
,	Art637		
4. Virginia Antiquities. By C. C. of Petersburg, Va. 591	16. A Discourse on the Qualifications and Duties of		
5. Hints to Preachers. By A Layman594	an Historian. Delivered before the Georgia His-		
6. Wilde's Austria596	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,		
7. The Fatal Effects of Insincerity. By L. V606	17. Census of 1840638		
8. "Leaves from the Diary of a poor Vicar of Wilt-	18. Rhododaphne		
shire." A Fragment. Translated by S. A., from	19. Life in Sweden 639		
the German618	20. The American Poultry Book		
9. Love Sketches. By Mrs. Jane Tyloe W632	21. The Orion, or Monthly Magazir		
9. Love Sketches. By Mrs. Jane Tyloe W	22. The Lowell Offering and Maga 640		
ODICINAL DOPTRV	23. Memoirs of the Court of England, from the Revo-		
ORIGINAL POETRY.	lution in 1688, to the death of George the Se-		
10. A Foreign Muse. Paradise. By Mrs. Mary Howitt579	cond. By John Heneage Jesse		
11, Childhood's Home. By J591	24. A Course of Lessons in the French Language, on		
	the Robertsonian method. By A. H. Monteith. 640 25. Woman an Enigma; or, Lif s Revealings. 640		
12. Queen mary a vision, on the Eve of not Excou-	25. Woman an Enigma; or, Lin s Revealings040		
tion. Dy Mrs. maria G. Duchanan	25. Woman an Enigma; or, Lif s Revealings640 26. The American Newspaper F 640		
DAYMENING TO THE COUTH	ERN LITERARY MESSENGER,		
	•		
Received since the publication of the September number. If any	names should have been omitted, they wil' ppear on the cover of		
the November number. I No order hereafter (come from	whatever quarter it may.) for the Messer, r, will be attended to		
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RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1843.

NO. 10.

THE IMMORTAL GIFT.

BY MRS. JANE L. SWIFT.

"Thought, that wanders through eternity."

It requires neither a poet's eye nor a poet's heart to be convinced, that the beautiful every where surrounds us; but to feel that beauty, and to drink in the holy influences by which it binds us to the Author of all good, is peculiarly the poet's boon. wanders through the green by-paths of this glorious earth; at every step a breathing intelligence accompanies him; and he lives and moves in the realms of a spirit world. The matter-of-fact man, in his philosophy, seldom dreams of the mysterious tie which links the natural to the spiritual state of being. All is of the earth, earthy; and amid the overweening claims of utility, the pleading attractions of the beautiful are unnoticed. Our hearts need the softening influences of purer aspirations than can be found in the traffic and cares of life; and God has robed every portion of the visible universe in glory, that we might be tempted to look upon its loveliness, and trace the hand that made it all for

Of what avail is the immortal intellect, if it expend its energies upon the sordid pursuits of the sensual being, content to experience and to enjoy only what it shares in common with the irrational creation? There are endowments to be developed, faculties to be strengthened, and talents to be exercised, before man can be said to have taken his proper station in the universe; and then, if these noble gifts lead to the perception and adoration of a divine intelligence, they fail in accomplishing their destined end. The mind, as well as the body, may be held in bondage. The golden links of mammon have weighed down many a spirit, which might otherwise have delighted itself in the contemplation and exercise of good; the pleasures of sense have dimmed the pure lustre of many intellects, which might have shone as guiding stars; and the pursuit of unworthy objects has deadened in many breasts the germ of what might have been great. What mean the inarticulate sighs and the deep yearnings of the unsatisfied heart, when it is surrounded by all that earth covets! Why does thought wander to and fro, seeking the rest which still it finds not, and returning, like the dove into the ark, to feel that its safety and its happiness are within! Are not these mysterious impulses the undying elements, which, withering in the uncongenial clime of this world, will hereafter be transplanted to a more kindly soil?

the silent forest, which, for centuries, perhaps, has thickened in its gloom, and as the dead leaves of autumn crackle beneath your tread, and the wind pours its melancholy dirge into your ears, tell me, if you do not feel alone with God. When night draws her veil over the world; when the pale silvery stars seem to ponder over her sweet mysteries, and the stillness becomes so deep as to be almost insupportable, tell me, do you not feel that you are alone with God? At such moments, nature speaks in a language fraught with high intent; and our better feelings, chastened by the hallowed communion, seek the source whence all these influences spring. But the mountain stream, as it wells from its crystal cavern, contracts impurities as it flows; and thought's pure current is too often tinged by the gross clay through which it runs. Yet this is the clog which humanity must drag, until it cast off its shackles in the tomb, and thought becomes the more perfect attribute of a perfect state of being.

Yet, what a sublime gift was this to man! How illimitable in its extension! How eternal in its duration! No bond can fetter, no coercion influence it; but it roams at will among the things that are past or present, and even dares to hover around the confines of the future. It can, by the power of memory, retrace the path of centuries. Worlds rise again from chaos; and light breaks upon the universe. No country is its home; no spot its dwelling-place; yet thought, infinite thought, pervades and overshadows all!

An idea is a thing seen in the mind. Let thought appropriate the idea, and amplify the varied shades, which, like the commingling hues of the kaleidescope, are ever changing, yet assuming new shapes of beauty. What a vivid picture is thus traced upon the tablet of the mind; and if thought gives vent in expression to its overpowering fullness, how vividly will the lights and shades of that picture be transferred to the written page! Here, the divine rays of genius, concentrated upon one glowing point, will impart the beauty and fervor which characterize the creations of the poet. And does this heavenly gift devolve no responsibility upon the possessor? Is it not mighty for good or for evil? Turn we to the great names which have desecrated their fair fame by offerings unworthy of a good man's perusal, and unfit for a vestal eye. Turn we to the records of impiety, which, under the insidious garb of poetry or philosophy, seems to lose its startling deformity, and conceals its darker lineaments beneath the drapery of an "angel of light." Turn we to the sophistry that can call Lover of nature! go forth into the solitude of evil, good, and good, evil; and then say, if superior intellect be not responsible for the error and to the destined perfection of his being, it is when consequent corruption to which it may give rise. If there be one gift more than another, for which its intense gratification in the contemplation of man will be expected to return a rigid account, it is for the glorious attribute of mental power. advantages are more circumscribed in extent and influence; but since the art of printing has enabled mind to speak to mind through every part of the civilized world, improvement or deterioration in morals must follow the march of literary effort.

It is degradation indeed, for the man of intellectual endowment to waste his high energies upon what is unworthy, or to debase them by pandering to a depraved taste; but when woman, (as in another country,) can prove so recreant to her nature and to herself as to prostitute the beautiful gift of talent to the very worst of purposes, it is enough "to make an angel weep." Placed in a sphere of more limited observation and action than man, she is spared the ordeal of temptation by which he is tried; and when she gratuitously unsexes herself upon the plea of superior endowment, it is no great wonder, if she should offensively caricature the part she has destined herself to play. Few women possess talents enabling them to do more, than to gild and to adorn the little niches of the temple which mightier minds must raise; but as the beautiful vignette may be admired by the side of the gorgeous painting, so may the more delicate and refined talents of woman be brought into pleasing contrast with the vigorous mental energy of man.

A single thought! how, after the lapse of years. it can return with the vividness of vesterday, bringing with it a train of emotions which darken in a moment the golden hue of life, and spread a sable pall over our joys! Dim phantoms of the past one little thought can conjure up; and again the carly lost are by our side. The voice that lulled our infant slumbers, and that imparted sweet counsel to maturer years, is whispering within our souls again; and as the memories of childhood rush upon us, they re-people the desolate chambers of the heart with those it loved in other days. Dark shadows of regret, and keen remorse for former errors, will follow in the wake of memory, disturbed from their long repose, perchance, by a random thought. And are there not bright and blessed influences borne upon the wings of passing thought? influences, that even a flower's breath may bring into being! How like an angel does thought hover round the precincts of the spiritual world, and through the mist of tears, which envelopes all below, pierce into the secret mysteries which shall one day be revealed. Earth, with its grovelling cares and heart-weariness, is all forgotten, as the light and loveliness of a more perfect existence beam with holy promise upon the soul. Man communes with God, by thought, in prayer; in the impulses of adoration; in the spontaneous gushings of gratitude; and if there be a time when he approaches

earthly passion has become spiritualized, and seeks

Yet see, by the mass, how the discipline of this immortal gift is neglected. There is in our nature, with all due deference be it asserted, an inherent resistance to effort; so that unless some stimulus be applied to quicken exertion, we are apt to be indolent in body, and inactive in mind. It is easier to dream away life in the lap of enervating repose, than to wrestle with its vicissitudes, and to earn our bread in the sweat of our brow; and by the majority of individuals, mental effort, or the exercise of the thinking principle, is eschewed as painfully wearisome and distasteful. Expediency, (might we not say necessity!) that great propeller to exertion, has been the means of contributing no small quota of the intellectual wealth of nations; albeit the far nobler incentive of ambition may have subsequently prompted continued effort. There is a pleasure in feeling the mental energies strengthen by the exercise of our higher powers; and thought, as it concentrates itself upon more elevated contemplations, becomes the essence that assimilates finite beings to superior intelligences. Wherever there is progressive tendency, each step facilitates the taking of the next; and this is peculiarly the case in all operations of the mind; so that what was, at first, effort becomes by proper discipline a source of unalloyed delight. The twilight, or dawn of the intellectual day, is enveloped in an obscurity which the growing light of increasing knowledge cannot fail to disperse; and ideas, arising by means of association, or recurring by the power of memory, will, by the employment of the thinking agent, be elaborated into the highest beauty and finish of which they are susceptible.

Thought! how it becomes the sacred source of moral improvement. When the heart has been led astray by its passionate impulses, or when the principles have been vitiated by unhallowed contact with the world, how often has a single thought brought back the wandering light of goodness, and re-illumined the glow of early purity within the Ah, there have been moments, when we all have felt the power of thought to call up undying regret for wasted time and wasted opportunities, which could never be ours again, and as it lingered round the lost treasures, we were taught to appropriate and to prize the privileges which remained. It would be well, if, amid the harsh conflicts and the hardening trials of life, more time were given for reflection upon the influence which these vicissitudes exert over our own characters. We should be both wiser and better, if the daily lessons of life were digested, as well as learned; and where can that process be performed, excepting in the laboratory of thought !

The association of ideas is one of the most beau-

tiful phenomena of the human mind; and as thought strings gem after gem upon its lengthened thread, it is almost bewildered which to choose amid the sparkling offerings of this fairy power. All have felt how slight a thing can call forth recollections, which have been long buried in forgetfulness; and how a look or tone can revive the spell of sweet household memories, when absence has severed the links of the tender chain. We know not whether the intellectual faculties will survive us after death, but the spiritual will; and thought, as the active agent of the spiritual being, can never die. Language is not powerful enough to convey a just conception of this sublime attribute of men and angels; and when we attempt a definition of thought in its expansion, we cannot but feel, that, like the definition of eternity, it eludes the grasp of a finite mind. And whither would these reflections lead us, if not to the mighty originator of thought? The refinements of ingenious speculation may well be lost sight of, in the contemplation and adoration of the Being who created this mysterious power, and bestowed it as an immortal dower upon man.

A FOREIGN MUSE.

We hope that the example set by our young friend will be well followed. Our thanks are more cordially given him, from the belief that his prompt response to our appeal will awake the zeal of others.—[Ed.

MR. EDITOR :

I, for one, among your former fellow-students of our State University, hasten to respond to the call you have made upon us for aid and support to your invaluable Journal. I will not ask you to intrude my own productions on the public, but send you a few gems which I know you and your readers will prize. They are some original verses by Mrs. Mary Howitt. I became acquainted with that gifted lady, while pursuing my studies at the University of Heidelherg, the romantic neighborhood of which ancient seat of learning has been her residence for about three years past. On bidding her adieu, she did me the honor of adding to my collection of autographs, some pages from the manuscripts of her own works, and enriched it also with these original verses, to be retained as a souvent on this side the water. Under these circumstances, I know not if I am committing a breach of confidence, or of propriety, in permitting them to be printed—a Southern gentleman is, and should be, particular in such matters—but I presume I am not. I leave them to your readers without further comment—the name of Mary Howitt is their all-sufficient recommendation.

Wishing you all success, I am, dear sir, very sincerely.
Yours,
Laurel Grove, Henrico, August, 1843.

T. C. R.

Where'er a human being hath once drawn vital breath, Hath hoped, feared, loved, and suffered, or bowed himself to death,

There doth my spirit warmer glow;
There, there a quicker pulse my heart doth know!

PARADISE.

How goodly is the earth!
Yet, if this earth be made
So goodly, wherein all
That is shall droop and fade;
Wherein the glorious light
Hath still its fellow, shade;—

So goodly, where is strife
Ever 'twixt death and life;
Where trouble dims the eye;
Where sin hath mastery;
How much more bright and fair
Will be that region, where
The saints of God shall rest
Rejoicing with the blessed;
Where pain is not, nor death,
The Paradise of God!

THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

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Gleanings from different Histories, or a Historical Sketch of the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem, continued. Period embraced, from 1119, to 1300.

Two days only had Gerard been entombed, before Raymond Du Puis was known as his successor. This Frenchman, born of a noble family, generous in his habits, and courageous in battle, possessed all those qualities which were necessary to enable him to fill the office to which he had been elected, with credit to himself, and honor to his convent. Du Puis had presided over the order but a short time, before he made several important changes in its government. Not content with the simple appellation of rector, he called himself the master of the Hospitallers, an honor which was confirmed to him by the Roman Pontiff, and by Baldwin du Bourg, who had succeeded to the throne of Jerusalem, left vacant by his cousin's decease. This title was of the utmost importance to Du Puis, as it brought with it a sovereign rule, and enabled him to enact his own laws, without asking the Patriarch's consent, or writing to Rome for permission. We cannot too much admire the feeling, which prompted Du Puis and his followers to remain in Jerusalem, and dedicate themselves to the service of the poor, weak and wounded pilgrims, who might require their aid. But for these pious monks, what, may we ask, would have been the fate of the two hundred diseased patients whom they had, at one time, under their charge, in the winter of 1119? Deprived of the common necessaries of life, and being without medical aid, they must one and all have porished. Many of these persons on their recovery, readily gave up their worldly callings, and forgetting alike their country, relations and friends, took the vows which were to bind them for life in a convent. Others, returning homeward, shouted forth their gratitude to the monks wherever they went, thereby inducing their friends to visit the Holy Land, who, thus secure of a retreat in case of illness, thought of no other perils, and started on their pilgrimage.

Although Baldwin du Bourg nominally ruled over a kingdom, still the limits of his sovereignty could have hardly been less than they were. No farther could fire their arrows from the battlements which empire. Although the cowled monks were conthey guarded. And not even for this distance were the inhabitants of Jerusalem always safe. Not unfrequently the roving Saracens, under the cover of darkness, would advance to the gates of the city, and woe to those whom they met with, while thus in search of plunder, as they were sure to die. Falling, pierced with wounds given by unseen hands, their bodies were stript, and then left for their friends in the morning to bury. If such was the peril with which Christians moved under the walls of their capital, how much more dangerous was the journey of the few pilgrims, who, on leaving Jerusalem, were obliged to travel in an enemies' country, for a distance of forty miles! Jaffa was the nearest point on the Syrian coast where they could find shipping to return to their homes, and to this wretched town they were obliged to go, without the least protection. So often were these wandering followers of Christ fallen upon by the infidels, robbed and murdered, that Du Puis asked permission of the Pope to arm his followers, that he might defend them on their journey. To this request the Roman Pontiff gave his prompt assent, and from this period, the monks became a military body, equally as ready to pray, or to fight, as their duties might call them. Gladly did the king of Jerusalem see these armed men around him, as many had been his companions in arms, and in their fidelity to his government, and their prowess in battle, he could place the utmost reliance. To the Hospitallers, therefore, Baldwin gave his cordial support, and so effectually did he win their friendship, that they offered to serve as his bodyguard, and if needs be, die in defence of his per-So long as the monks were confined only to their religious duties, there was no difference of rank in their convent; but no sooner were they allowed to wear arms, than Du Puis found it necessary to divide his followers into separate bands, and to allot to each its own peculiar station. Du Puis declared, that when in the convent, all were equal. and that, whatever orders were issued should only come from himself.* Now that the monks were fighting men, and liable at any moment to be called into action, they were made to appear under arms, and to go through the evolutions which were practised at that time by the soldiers of a Christian army. Having a taste for a military life, they quickly learnt the art and tactics of war, and rapidly rose to distinction. So much so, that within two years they were the best drilled troops in Palestine, and

*The division made by Du Puis, when the Hospitallers were engaged on foreign service, was as follows :- In the first rank he placed those of noble birth, who, by the laws of chivalry, were allowed to fight on horseback; in the second, the cowled monks, who were to engage on foot, and in the last, the serving brothers, whose duties were told by their title.

was he king of the Syrian soil, than his soldiers | justly termed by Baldwin, the stay and prop of his tinually clad in their armor, still they lost none of that humility for which they were so famed in the days of Gerard. If possible, on engaging in their new profession of arms, which was to bring with it so many dangers, they were more humble in their bearing one to another, and more devout to their God. To such a length did they carry their self-denial, that, while they gave bread made of flour to the sick, they took that made of bran for themselves; and while they gave wine to renovate the strength of their patients, their own beverage was water, which they knelt on the earth to drink from the springs which flowed at their feet. With the Hospitallers of this age, there was no pride, no hypocrisy, no immorality; charity, as we have said in a previous letter, was, under Du Puis, the corner stone of the Order, while chastity, religion, and obedience to the Pope, were its main pillars. Such numbers were flocking at this time, to join the convent from Europe, that the master elected a council, consisting of eight persons, to each of whom he gave one vote, while he retained but two for himself. Before this assembly, all matters of importance were to be discussed, and by a majority of their votes all such subjects were to be decided, without an appeal. Coming, as these monks did, from all parts of the Christian world, and speaking only the language which was that of their birth, Du Puis and his councillors were compelled to class them in seven different tongues; from thenceforward to be known as these of "Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, Germany and England." Baldwin du Bourg had only reigned six months, when his enemies marched into Syria in great force, to conquer the province which his cousin, Godfrey, had so valiantly won. The infidels, commanded by the king of Damascus, a Turcoman prince, and an Arab chief, opened the campaign by investing the walls of Antioch. Roger, a brave and choleric prince, who ruled over this city as regent, (Bohemund, the second, being in his minority,) no sooner heard that the Saracens were on their way to besiege him, than he sent couriers to the king of Jerusalem, to Josceline de Courtenay, lord of Edessa, and to Ponce, count of Tripoli, to ask for assistance. Each of these powerful princes promised their ready aid, and Roger,

† We have looked into many volumes, to find what may have been the number of the Hospitallers at this time, but have been unsuccessful in our search. It is, however, without doubt, that the English were sufficiently numerous to have a language of themselves. "The English (says a learned historian) are no longer reckoned among these languages, since heresy has infected that kingdom-and to that of Arragon they have since added the languages of Castile and Portugal." It is worthy of note, that these were the only changes made in this classification, until 1798, when the Order was expelled from Malta.

expecting their arrival, prepared a palace for them | feared not the prowess of his prisoners, but, as a to reside in. The king of Damascus, fearing that succours might be sent to his enemy, hurried his operations by setting fire to the environs of Antioch, and by murdering all their inhabitants. This savage act, performed under the eyes of the regent, so enraged him, that without waiting for assistance from abroad, he made a sortie on the infidels, and fell overpowered by numbers, as did most of those who followed him. Baldwin and the prince of Edessa were only twenty miles distant, when this battle was fought; and had Roger remained idle only for another day, he would have saved the lives of three thousand of his choicest troops, who perished with him on this untoward occasion. The king of Jerusalem, hearing of this defeat from some fugitives who came to his camp, hastened on his march to engage with his enemies, whom he found drawn up with their banners flying, and music playing on the field which had been the scene of their conquest. Not long did the hostile armies remain idle, when once within range of the poisoned arrows, by which missiles all the conflicts of this age were commenced. The Turcomans, flush- tion. Although the crusaders fought most valianted by their recent success, and in sight of the city | ly, still they could not cope with such fearful odds. which was to be the prize of the victors, fought Surrounded by the Turcomans, and unable to fly, with an obstinacy, courage, and boldness, which at their only fate was to yield as prisoners of war, or the onset gave them a decided advantage. Du Puis, whom the king had left in command of four hundred monks, and told to act as his duty might prompt him, or occasion require, seized the moment when he observed his friends to be wavering, to dash, at full gallop, into the midst of the Moslems, and check their approach. Baldwin, pleased with the martial appearance of these mailed warriors, as they came down to the charge, gallantly put himself at their head, and led them into action. By this brave deed, the fortune of the day was changed. The infidels, unable to withstand the shock, turned and fled, leaving the ground on which the contest had been decided, covered with their slain. In this first fight of the Hospitallers as a body, they proved themselves a brave and valiant band, and worthy sires of those warlike monks who, for more than six hundred years, were their successors in Paynim war. A strong garrison being left in Antioch, and an able officer to command it, Baldwin returned to Jerusalem, keeping the Knights of St. John always near his person, to act as his lifeguard in case of a sudden attack. Courtenay, marching from Antioch to his principality, was much less fortunate than his royal master. This Christian prince, while passing through a mountainous region, was drawn in ambush by Balac, a wily Turcoman chief, and after a sanguinary conflict, compelled to yield, to save his corps from de- with only eleven thousand crusaders to defend the atruction. Courtenay, on being taken before the whole of Palestine, and these scattered in many Moslem commander, was treated with marked dis- different fortresses, it is extraordinary that the Holy tinction, as were all of his comrades, who were Land was not at this period brought under Mahom-

covetous person, he valued their money. To obtain the price which he should fix on their heads. he carried them into bondage, and while doing it, acted in direct opposition to the general wish of his council. Far better would it have been for this Moslem commander, as far as his own safety was concerned, had he taken the advice of his friends, who voted for their immediate execution. By neglecting to do it, he perished. Courtenay being a captive, the city of Edessa was left without a ruler, and Baldwin, fearing that it might be captured, hastened with four thousand men, and three hundred knights for the relief of its garrison. forced march of several days, the Christian army came before the town of Carra, where Balac had entrenched himself, and held his captives in confinement. The king, anxious to discover at what point he could make his assault with the best chance of success, imprudently advanced with only a few followers, to reconneitre the fortress he had resolved to storm. Balac, observing his approach, made a sortie with a large force, and brought him to acto die in their struggle. Baldwin and his cousin, Guilleran, were among those who, after fighting most coarageously, were compelled to purchase their lives at the price of their liberty. told, that "it is impossible to express the consternation of Baldwin's troops when they heard of his captivity. A great number of the soldiers, as if the war had been at an end, or because they despaired of being able to resist the infidels, disbanded themselves." This inexcusable conduct on the part of the crusaders was not, however, sanctioned by all. A courageous band of four hundred men, with the Hospitallers at their head, "threw themselves into Edessa," to defend it at all hazards, in case of Balac's approach. But the infidel chief gave them no cause for alarm. Content with his victories, he remained in his capital, only awaiting the time of the king's liberation, to engage with him in other conflicts, which he hoped might bring him again in his power.

Never before, since the conquest of Jerusalem, had the affairs of the Christians in Syria appeared more desperate than at this time. With Baldwin and his cousins in bondage, and having no immediate chance of escape, as the money for their ransom could not be raised, with an Egyptian army advancing into Syria from the south, while Balac, as we have seen, at the north was victorious, and able to pay for their ransom. Balac, as a soldier, medan rule. The pressing letters for assistance,

made public in Europe, several thousand French and Italian pilgrims were induced to go to Jerusalem, and on their arrival either became Hospitallers, or enter the ranks of the army. Four years, however, passed away before a sufficient number had enrolled themselves under the standard of the cross to enable Eustace Garnier, the lord of Sydon, to leave his own principality, and advance to the aid of his king. This brave old warrior opened the campaign, with seven thousand men, by attacking and routing a Moslem army, which had been sent by the caliph of Egypt, for the reduction of Jaffa. No quarter was given in this battle, and he who was defeated was slain. But for this timely relief, the city of Jaffa must have been captured. A large Egyptian fleet was blockading its port, and the soldiers, in want of provisions, would have fallen by famine within another week. The infidel admiral, after the defeat of his arms, being unable to reduce the place, put to sea with the intention of returning to Egypt. His country, however, he was never destined to reach. Henry Michali, who commanded a Venetian squadron which was cruising off the coast of Syria, fell in with the Moslem fleet and brought it to action. After a long and desperate fight the Mahommedan commander was slain, his galley taken, and his ships dispersed. The Christians, thus victorious at sea and on shore, Garnier advanced on Ascalon to punish the garrison for their marauding excursions, and, if possible, to bring the fortress under his rule. Coming suddenly on a body of Saracen troops, who were out ravaging the country, he cut them to pieces, and in doing it, only lost an hundred men. Then approaching the town, he carried it with his first assault, and effectually kept it, by putting all its defenders to death.

The knights of St. John, being called upon at all times to take an active part in the military movements of the day, were frequently drafted on foreign service, and absent for years from their convent. The few who remained in Jerusalem being unable to attend on the sick in their hospital, and to guard the palmers who were on their way through Palestine, it was found necessary to form another association for their protection, which is now known as that of the Templars. The following extracts, touching so directly as they do, on the formation of this new Order, will be found of interest:

"Hugh de Paque, Geoffrey de St. Aldemar, and seven other Frenchmen, whose names are not mentioned in history, moved with the dangers to which pilgrims were exposed in going to Jerusalem, and coming from it, formed among themselves a little society to serve as a guard to conduct and bring them back afterwards beyond the defiles of the mountains, and the passages of the greatest danger. It was at first only a mere association of some him his life!-Butter's Lives of the Saints.

which were sent by Du Puis to the Pope, being private persons who, without obliging themselves to any rule, or taking the monastic habit, went to meet the pilgrims when they were requested to do so. Brompton, an historian almost contemporary with them, relates that in his time, these gentlemen were supposed to be pupils of the Hospitallers, and to have subsisted several years only by relief from them. They retired into an house near the temple, which occasioned their having afterwards the name of Templars, or Knights of the Temple." Sutherland says, "that the history of their union being communicated to Pope Honorius the second, he granted his sanction that, in imitation of the Knights of St. John, they should constitute themselves a military association; and from this humble origin sprang the Templars, that knightly band which, for two centuries, rivalled the Hospitallers in power and renown. The basis of the institution, like that of the Hospitallers, was chastity and obedience; and the ancient Templars are said to have been so outrageously virtuous, that they held it a tempting of Providence to look a fair woman in the face, and scrupled even to kiss their own mothers." The celebrated Bernard of Clairvaux, who was afterwards so much distinguished as to be called the Peter of the second crusade, was the person named by the council of Champagne, to take the Templars under his protection, to give them a habit and enact their laws. Some of the regulations imposed on the Order, by this pious monk, are worthy of being recorded. Vertot says, that, by one of his statutes, " he ordered them, instead of prayers and offices, to say over every day a certain number of pater nosters; which would make one imagine that these warriors, at that time, knew not how to read. By another, he required that they should not eat flesh above three days in a week; though he allowed them three dishes on the day of their abstinence. He declared that each Templar might have one esquire, and three saddle horses, but he forbade all gilding and superfluous ornaments on their equipage. He ordered that their habits should be white, and, as a mark of their profession, Pope Eugenius the third added a red cross, placed on the heart." Mills, while writing of these two Orders, justly remarks, "that, in most countries, the privileges of the Templars and those of the Hospitallers were commensurate, and that the nobility of Europe were divided in their regard to the military friars, and the red cross knights. Personal purity, submission, and community of possessions were the qualities of each Order: and it would have been false and invidious to have asserted, that one was more distinguished than the other, as the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enter-

> This feeling was doubtless prompted by the conduct of a worthy saint of olden time, who, for a penance, after gazing on a pretty woman, threw himself in the water, though breaking the ice to do it. An act which nearly cost

prize. The former was a religious as well as a military institution; but the latter was not occupied by the specific duties of a hospital; and, therefore, while some people admired the union of piety and valor in the cavaliers of St. John, others, more absolutely fond of war, embraced the discipline of the Knights of the Temple." Having said thus much of the Knights Templars, we shall leave them for a time and again take up the thread of our sketch. Garnier did not long survive the capture of Ascalon. Ten days only had he ruled over the city, when he was seized with a virulent disease, which, after a short illness, carried him to his grave, to the great grief of all whom he governed. Fortunate it was for the garrison that William des Barres, the lord of Tiberias, was present to succeed to the vacant command. This officer, who was famed throughout Syria for his personal courage and skill in infidel warfare, no sooner found himself at the head of an army, than he called his officers together to lay before them a plan which he had devised for the reduction of Tyre. The crusaders, ever ready to engage in any expedition against their enemies, hailed this proposal of their chief with shouts of applause, only suggesting that the attack should be deferred until spring, and that the cooperation of Micheli, the Venetian admiral, should be secured, to enable them to make an assault at the same time both at sea and on shore, which would give them a better chance of success. Des Barres, listening to this advice of his council, sent two of his friends, laden with presents, to congratulate the admiral on his victory over the Egyptians, and to ask him to join his forces that they might drive the Moslems out of Tyre, and make it a Christian city. Micheli willingly offered to engage in the expedition, provided he was paid for his services. And although his demands for a third of the city if reduced, and a street in Jerusalem with a church, a bath, and ovens solely for the use of his countrymen, were thought to be exorbitant, still they were acceded to, and in the spring the attempt on Tyre was made. This city, though greatly fallen from its ancient grandeur, was still, at the time of which we are writing, a well built town, well fortified, and, as the crusaders found it, admirably well defended by its inhabitants. The Tyrians, after undergoing a five months siege, were compelled to capitulate. It should, however, be said to their credit, that the gates of Tyre were not opened, until famine had greatly thinned the Mahommedan ranks, and their walls were so battered, that on any assault their enemies might find an entrance into the heart of their city. On the 30th of July, 1124, Tyre was captured, and for three days it was pillaged by the Christian troops, who, from the wealth they found, were amply repaid for their conquest.

tenable for a garrison which they intended to leave for its defence, some movements were taking place in the north of Syria, which had an important bearing on the history of the Holy Land. A few Armenians, prompted by the hope of a large reward, entered the town of Carra as merchants, and going to the palace where the king of Jerusalem and his cousin, Courtenay, were confined, mardered the guard, and set the royal prisoners at liberty. Hardly had the captives got without the town before this deed was discovered, and their flight was known. Balac, anxious to prevent their escape, sent out several parties of cavalry to scour the country, and cut off their retreat. Baldwin was overtaken and brought back, to be confined again in the palace, which had served for nearly five years as his prison. But Courtenay, more fortunate when alone than he had been before with an army, disguised as a trader, reached Edessa in safety. This prince, suffering under the remembrance of a long captivity, and burning to revenge himself, hastily collected a large force, with several hundred Hospitallers, and marched back to Carra to give his enemy battle. Balac, on his approach, did not confine himself to his fortress, in which he might have successfully withstood a siege, but, like a brave man, made a sortie with a body of soldiers, and brought on the engagement in an open plain. Courtenay, observing the Turcoman chief in the thickest of the fight, spurred on his horse to bring him to a single combat. The Moslem commander did not shun the contest, and thus these warriors met. After a hard fight, Balac fell, struck with a fatal blow, and in dying gave the Christian prince a wound with his scimetar, which, after three years of suffering, was the cause of his death. The infidels retreated on the fall of their leader, and the crusaders, unable to take the town, returned again to Edessa. Balac's widow consented, immediately after her husband's decease, to liberate her prisoner, the king of Jerusalem, on condition of his paying the sum of fifty thousand "pieces of silver money of what they call Michelins," and leaving his daughter, Melesinda, as a hostage for the other moiety, which was to be paid before the lapse of a year. The king consented to these terms, and got safely back to his throne, after it had been so long vacant by his imprisonment. During the one hundred and ninety-four years that the Holy Land was under Christian rule, the Crusaders, Hospitallers and Templars were always at war with their Egyptian and Saracen neighbors. In this long period, generation after generation had passed away, and each in its turn had furnished combatants for the deadly strife which had been entailed on it, by the deeds of the one which had preceded it. At all times the Christians in Palestine were an isolated band, and surrounded, as they While Des Barres and Micheli were employed in were, by their infidel enemies, they were ever rebuilding the walls of the city, that it might be threatened with their incursions, or exposed to their attacks. No one of the Latin kings was more continually disturbed by the enmity of the Moslem race, than Baldwin du Bourg. Scarcely had he been free for a month from his prison at Carra, before he was compelled to leave Jerusalem and engage with two powerful Turcoman princes, Borsequin and Doldekurin, who had marched into Syria at the head of their armies and laid siege to the city of Antioch. Coming suddenly on his enemies he routed them in a pitched battle, and made so many prisoners, that he was enabled to release his daughter from bondage, without paying to the Mahommedan princess any part of the sum which he had stipulated for her ransom.

The king, finding his health fail him on his return to his capital, was anxious, in event of his death, to secure to his family an undisputed claim to his throne. Having no sons, Baldwin looked among the Cavaliers in his train, to find one who, from his birth, might marry his daughter, Melesinda, (though only eight years old) and by his courage could defend the kingdom which she should bring him for her inheritance. Fulk, Count of Anjou, was the person chosen by the king to be his future son-in-law, and all historians are agreed in saying that he could not have made a better choice.*

This crusader was a Frenchman by birth, and a widower. Losing his wife, to whom he was much attached, he sought to assuage his grief by making a pilgrimage to Palestine, and engaging in Paynim war. Enjoying a large property, he travelled like a prince to the Holy Land, carrying with him a hundred gentlemen, all of whose expenses he paid! Differing altogether in disposition from his father, who, from his disagreeable character, "was surnamed le Rechin, or the ill-humored," he soon became universally popular with the crusaders, who esteemed him for his private worth, while they admired his daring intrepidity. Fulk, after remaining four years in the Holy Land, was about returning to France when Baldwin made known his intention of giving him his eldest daughter in marriage, and asked him to remain in Jerusalem. The count, dazzled with the prospect of wearing a crown, thought not of Melesinda's youth, though he was more than five times as old as this princess at the time of his betrothal. † In 1129, this marriage was

†Fuller, in his history of the Holy War, quaintly remarks, "that they never want years to marry who have a kingdom for their portion."

No one of the Latin kings was more consummated, and two years afterwards, on Baldy disturbed by the enmity of the Moslem win's decease, Fulk ascended the vacant throne.

Another religious and military Order was formed about this time in Jerusalem, known as that of St. Lazarus. The object of its members was to relieve all poor Christians, who were afflicted with leprosy. It would appear as if, at a very early age, the attention of the benevolent was called to those who were suffering with this loathsome disease. Mills observes that, " in the year 370, St. Bazil built a large hospital in the suburbs of Cesarea, and lepers were the peculiar objects of its These poor men were, by the laws and customs of the east, interdicted from intercourse with their relations and the world, and their case was so deplorable, that, according to unexceptionable testimony, the emperor, Valens, Arian as he was, enriched the hospital of Cesarea, with all the lands which he possessed in that part of the world. Christian charity formed similar institutions in various places of the east. Lazarus became their tutelary saint, and the buildings were styled Lazarettos. One of those hospitals was in existence at Jerusalem at the time of the first crusade. a religious order, as well as a charitable institution, and followed the rule of St. Augustin. purposes of defence against the Musselman tyrants, the members of the society became soldiers, and insensibly they formed themselves into distinct bodies of those who attended the sick, and those who mingled with the world. The cure of lepers was their first object, and they not only received lepers into their Order, for the benefit of charity, but their grand-master was always to be a man who was afflicted with the disorder, the removal whereof formed the purpose of their institution. The cavaliers, who were not lepers, and were not in a condition to bear arms, were the allies of the Christian kings of Palestine. The Order was taken under royal protection, and the Jerusalem monarch conferred upon it various privileges." The Knights of St. Lazarus were never distinguished in Musselman warfare. In no one of the histories of the Holy Land which we have consulted, have we found any mention made of their achievements. Although the military monks of this Order do not appear to have been spurred on by the same courage as their compeers of St. John and the temple, to bear the first shock of battle, by being the foremost in the fight, still there cannot be a doubt that they fought as well as the great body of soldiers who composed the Christian army, and are equally entitled with them, to share in the glory of their conquests. Had they even acted in a cowardly manner, it would have been chronicled against them, and it must be stated that if historians have penned nothing in favor of the Knights of St. Lazarus, they have said nothing to their disgrace. That the disgusting and dangerous duties performed by the monks who remained in their hos-

^{*} Mills, in his history of the crusades, has thus spoken of the count's ancestors. "The earls of Anjou had often made journies to Palestine. One of them, many years before the first crusade, went to Jerusalem, and compelling two servants, by an oath, to do whatever he commanded, he was publicly dragged by them in the sight of the Turks to the holy sepulchre. The servants scourged his naked back, while the old sinner cried aloud, "Lord receive thy wretched Fulk, thy perfidious, thy runagate, regard my repentant soul, O Lord."

larly striking account of the leprosy, as we have found it recorded in Henderson's history of Iceland.

This writer says, "that it is now generally agreed by physicians, that the Icelandic leprosy is the legitimate Elephantiasis, or Lepra Arabum, one of the most Herculean distempers ever employed as scourges to the human race. In its primary stages its symptoms are inconsiderable and very ambiguous. A small reddish spot, scarcely larger than the point of a needle, breaks out at first about the forehead, nose, corner of the eyes, or lips; and in proportion as it increases, other pustules make their appearance on the breast, arms, armpits, which generally dry up in one place, and break out in another, without pain, till the disease has considerably advanced, when they cover almost the whole body, give the skin a scabrous appearance, stiffen it, and terminate sometimes in shining scales which fall off like dust, sometimes in malignant tumors and swellings. The patient, in the mean time, labors under lassitude of body, anæsthesia, and lowness of spirits. When the malady becomes inveterate, the breath, which was before disagreeable, now gets intolerably fœtid; a strong unctuous matter is perspired; the hair, already changed in color, falls off; the voice grows hoarse and nasal; and the face becomes terribly deformed. The look is wild and haggard; the pallid red color of the body is only relieved by the most disgusting ulcers, which, becoming deeper, putrid, and virulent, not only affect the bones and joints, but, as they spread over the skin, deep ravines are formed, which give it an elephantine appearance, whence the name elephantiasis. The fingers get quite stiff and crooked, and the nails, and other parts of the body fall off by degrees. During the night, the patient is harassed with terrible dreams, and he is oppressed by day with a terrible melancholy, in which he is often tempted to make way with himself. He gradually surrenders one part of his body after another to the insatiate malady; and, at length, death, the long wished-for deliverer, comes suddenly, and puts an end to his misery.

As the leprosy is infectious, almost every person shuns the company of the sufferer, which must greatly add to the misery of his situation; nor can he flatter himself after the distemper has advanced to a certain degree, with any hopes of relief from medical assistance. It is considered to be irregularly hereditary; yet the symptoms do not become visible, before the person has reached the years of maturity. In cases of infection, too, it generally happens that three or four years elapse before any eruption breaks out in the skin. It then proceeds with slow, but steady progress, and succeed him, gave his kingdom by his will, to the it is possible for the person who is afflicted with it Patriarch of Jerusalem, and to the Knights of St. to drag out a wretched existence to the protracted | John, and the Temple. Although the grandees of term of fifty, or sixty years. Very emphatically Spain consented to this arrangement, prior to the have the inhabitants of the east given this disease, decease of their king, still Du Puy had no sooner

pital may be better known, we shall give a singu-|among other significatory designations, the name of the "First born of Death." The Icelandic "Likthra" is scarcely less striking. It properly signifies a rancid, putrifying corpse, than which there is nothing a person, inveterately affected with the leprosy, more perfectly resembles. What a mercy that we are now almost entirely freed from a disease, whose victims were at one time so numerous in Europe, that every country in it was filled with hospitals for their reception!"

It is difficult to picture a situation, which would be more horrible than that in which these monks of St. Lazarus were placed. Living in a hospital filled with lepers, and liable, at any time, to be infected with a disease which was more dreadful than death, they became lost to the world, though the world did not lose sight of them. The Christian charity, and moral courage, evinced by these Knights, made them so popular in Europe, that, in a short time, the rents which accrued from their endowments, were more than sufficient for their own support, and that of their patients. During the whole period that the Latins held sway in Jerusalem, the gates of the hospital were always open to give shelter to those wretched beings who could not find it elsewhere. Not unfrequently a pious pilgrim, on expressing a wish to become a member of this Order, was compelled before his admission, to wander through the "Holy Land," and seek in the high ways for lepers, men, women and children, who, deserted by their relations, had been left there to die. What a service was this to be engaged in! and what a group of followers to collect! Historians have observed such a studied silence with reference to this Order, that we know not who were its founders, or rulers, or when it ceased to exist. While volume after volume has been written to chronicle the deeds of the Hospitallers and Templars, the Knights of St. Lazarus have been spoken of in a single sentence, and this often has been given in the shape of a note. Certainly the character and conduct, profession and services of these monks did not merit such neglect, and why they have received it, must ever remain a mystery. Having said thus much of these Christian friars and their hospital, of its inmates and their sufferings, we shall return to our subject again, though it be only to bring it to a close.

Alphonsus the first, king of Navarre, and Arragon, a brave and gallant soldier, who, after his accession to the throne, had fought two and thirty battles with the Moors, and been victorious in all, was himself, in 1131, overcome by his enemies. and slain with the most of his army. This monarch, a year prior to his death, having no heirs to

appeared at Madrid, as the representative of his with two hundred thousand men to bring the city Order, to claim his right of succession, before he found the nobles opposed to him, and declaring that no one should inherit their crown who was not a Spaniard by birth, and a scion of a royal house. It was by virtue of this decision, that two princes of the name of Ramyre, ascended the thrones of Arragon and Navarre, and made known their determination to retain them, as the only lawful heirs-Du Puy, finding himself "embarrassed every day in a labyrinth of proposals which had no meaning, and of which he saw no end," wisely concluded to take the castles, lands, and a yearly sum of money which were offered by the king, and yielding his claim to the crown, return again to his convent. From this time, to the year 1800, the Hospitaller who ruled over the Order of St. John, was honored with the title of Grand-Master, and treated as a sovereign prince. Du Puy, as the inheritor of a kingdom, was justly entitled to these distinctions, but by what right his successor claimed them after his decease, we are left at a loss to discover.

Having now stated all the interesting incidents which we have found recorded of the foundation of the Order of St. John in Jerusalem, we would remark, that never was there an assault made, a battle fought, or a sortie carried into execution against the infidels while the crusaders held the Holy Land, in which the Knights of this convent did not distinguish themselves as brave and valiant men. Oftentimes were the monks defeated, and brought to an ignominious death-but then they met their fate like courageous men, thinking they were martyrs to a Christian cause. When victorious, these military friars, in their turn, shew no mercy to their fallen foes, and too frequently do we find them committing deeds of craelty, which nothing but the ignorance of the age in which they lived, coupled with its barbarity, can possibly excuse. Du Puy, after a long, a happy, and a fortunate reign of more than forty years, was seized with a mortal disease, and died in his convent in 1160, beloved and respected by all.

We now pass over a period of one hundred and thirty one years, not because it is devoid of interest, but for the reason that we cannot give a sketch of the history of the Hospitallers, without entering fully into that of the Holy Land, with which it is so intimately connected. Saying, therefore, nothing of the reign of Angur de Balden, who succeeded Du Puy, and of the eighteen Grand-Masters, who were his successors in princely rule, we come down to the year 1291, when John de Villiers presided over the convent, and when the monks of St. John, the Teutonic Knights, Templars and Crusaders, were, after many desperate struggles, compelled to leave their burning towns, and flying to the sea coast, embark on their ships for protection.

under Mahommedan rule. This was the last foothold of the Christians, of all their conquests in nine crusades, and this they determined to keep, if skill and courage would save it. Men, having no places to retreat to, in case of a defeat, and no succours to expect in their contests, usually fight most courageously-and although the garrison of Acre did not require these incentives to spur them on to action with their Moslem foes, still, with the common soldiers, they doubtless had their weight. Gallant officers can do but little in a battle, without the support of their men, and the Knights of St. John would have never acquired their celebrity, but for the devotedness and gallantry of the squires, and serving brothers, who were in constant attendance upon them. Khalil had sworn to his dying father, that he would get possession of Acre, and scatter to the four winds the ashes of those who defended it. With his great force he was enabled to keep his oath, though, in fulfilling it, he lost two thirds of his army. So bravely did the Christians defend their posts, that, when the Moslems entered the city, they heard only the shricks and cries of women and children, for those who had been their protectors, were silent in death. "Thus terminated, in blood and desolation, a war which had lasted, with little interruption, for one hundred and ninety four years, and which retains the appellation of Holy, to this day;"-a war, says Fuller, " for continuance the longest, for money spent the costliest, for bloodshed the cruelist, for pretences the most pious, for true intent the most politic, the world ever saw."

A few Hospitallers and Templars, who had escaped from the different fortresses in the Holy Land, fled to Cyprus, where, on their arrival, they were well received by Henry, the king of the island, who gave them a town to reside in. The Templars, who are a proud and overbearing set of men, soon became so much disliked by the Cypriotes, that they were compelled to leave their " delicious abode," and return to their bailwicks in Europe. But the monks of St. John were of a totally different character; -- for they were so humble in their carriage, so affable in their conduct, so generous to the poor, and so attentive to the sick, that Henry feared their growing popularity with his subjects, and tried, by loading them with taxes, to rid himself of their presence. The king, however, found it no easy task to drive them out of his Island. De Villiers, anxious to remain in the Levant with his Order, that, in case of another crusade, he might return to Jerusalem, wrote to the Pope and asked for his protection. The Roman pontiff, much to his credit, warmly espoused the Grand-Master's cause, and obliged the king, not only to refund all the money which he had received Early in the month of April, 1291, Khalil, the sul- from the Order, but for the future to tax it no tan of Egypt, appeared before the walls of Acre more, while under his jarisdiction. Five years

had the Hospitallers resided in Cyprus, an Island the privations of a four years siege, and were which, for its beautiful scenery, its rich soil, many fruits, and lovely climate, the ancients had dedicated to the goddess of love, when they were afflicted by the death of De Villiers, their brave and pious prince. The reign of this Grand-Master is memorable in the history of the Order for two remarkable events. The first, for the expulsion of the convent from the Holy Land, which he fought so bravely to prevent, and secondly, for sending his ships to Europe to carry pilgrims to Jaffa, thereby laying the foundation of a naval force for his successors, which should be superior to that of any other power in the Christian world, for more than four hundred years. The sultans of Turkey and Egypt, hearing these voyages were made, sent their commanders to intercept the Knights on their passage; and this they did at first so successfully, that the Christians met with many reverses. After several vessels had been taken, and their crews carried into captivity, De Villiers ordered his monks to arm for their own defence, and for that of their ships. It was thus the Knights became naval men. and their Order a naval power. In 1296, Odo de Puis was bonored with the vacant Grand-Mastership-but his rule continued only two years, and he was succeeded by William de Villaret, who was destined to hold a distinguished rank in the history of his convent. On his decease, 1307, his brother, Fulk d' Villaret, came to the throne. If we look back to the period when the Knights were living in the Holy Land, and ask what has become of their monuments, we are told that even the site of the hospital which gave birth to their convent, is now unknown, and that the fortifications which, for nearly two centuries, they so bravely defended, are at this day but piles of crumbling stones. If, when driven from the Holy Land, we follow them to Cyprus, where they dwelt for fourteen years, we find that nothing now remains, not even a ruin to show that they ever had a habitation and a name amidst the verdant hills, and picturesque valleys of this, at one time, truly beautiful Island. These warrior priests, persecuted by the king of Cyprus for (as he said) not obeying his laws, and paying the taxes which he levied upon them, embarked on their ships, and sought, among the many isles which dotted this eastern sea, for one which they might call their own. Rhodes, so famed for its climate, its wealth, and its harbors, was the one which they selected, and, if we may believe the poetical descriptions of Savary and La Martine, they could not have made a happier selection. But such a possession was not to be easily won. The Grecian and Saracenic inhabitants, being averse to any change of masters, united their forces together, and answered the summons, sent them to surrender, by threats of the most determined defiance. Villaret hoisted his standard over its bastions, only when its defenders had suffered from

weak from the losses of an hundred attacks. To the conquerors it was a dear-bought victory; for, in reducing the Island, the Grand-Master had expended millions of money, and among the thousands of his followers who had perished, were many of his bravest Knights and choicest troops. Hardly had the monks succeeded in bringing the Island of Cos, and many other barren islets in its neighborhood, under their rule, before they were called upon to defend themselves against a powerful force, which Osman surnamed the "bone breaker," a warlike Turk, had landed on Rhodes to assault them. A desperate contest ensued, and the Ottoman leader, meeting with a grievous repulse, and unable to rally his soldiers, fled with a single companion, a trusty slave, who, leagueing his fortunes with those of his master, would not desert him. Osman, having sworn by the beard of the prophet that, so long as he could wield a sword, he would never become a prisoner to a Christian foe, determined to keep his oath, though he might perish in its fulfilment. Chance willed his escape, for, on getting to the water's edge, he found a fisherman's boat concealed among the rocks, which, with the assistance of his companion, he succeeded in getting afloat. Some of the monks, who had witnessed his flight from the ramparts, mounted their horses, and started in full pursuit. But the Ottoman chief had the lead of an hour, and before his enemies got to the beach, the current had carried him without the range of their darts. So long as the Knights remained on the banks, the Turkish prince continued to brandish his scimetar, and wave his cap in defiance. And as they left, he gave them his war cry over the water, which met them both louder and stronger, because he who had sent it was free. Disappointed and enraged, the monks returned to their quarters, while the fugitives, without provisions, sails, or oars, were drifting in their frail bark to sea. The land breeze, which blew strongly at night, carried Osman and his slave to the opposite coast of Asia Minor, where, after a passage of eighteen hours, and passing over as many miles, they landed in safety. Thirty-five hundred unfortunate soldiers, who could not reach their boats, were made prisoners of war, and doomed to a servitude which was as lasting as their lives: Such was the destiny of these wretched captives, the more cruel, because they were enchained in sight of their native hills, and without even having a chance to reach them. When it was known in Europes that the Knight had a fixed residence, many French, Spanish, German and Italian noblemen went to Rhodes and entered the ranks of the Order. The achievements of this distinguished body of seamen and soldiers, shall be the subject of our next chapter.

Rome, 1843.

TO WHOM DOES WASHINGTON'S BLORY BELONG?

The disposition to appropriate to one's own country whatever grandeur and honor can be drawn around her, is a useful and often a beautiful trait of National character. Thus, the patriotic statesman devises and espouses measures, which will reflect the greatest lustre upon his beloved land, and seeks to connect her fame with the noble and grand movements of mankind. The orator, with the glow of genius and the light of truth, and in the brilliant colors of exulting hope, portrays her renown; and, with the fervor of soul-seated zeal and pride, exhorts all her sons to place her on the pinnacle of true glory: and the Historian comes at length to collect around her the splendor of her whole past career, and to shed upon her honors drawn from the widest range through which truth will allow him to wander. The lustre of other times and other nations must lend something to his country's fame; and sometimes, in the excess of his zeal, he is tempted to act the ungenerous part of weaving in her chaplet laurels that belong to another. This spirit of nationality is the daughter of Patriotism—and her powerful aid. In the brightest eras of Nations, it has been the governing motive of those who raised them to their exalted position. It swayed and inspired Chatham, Pitt, and their compeers. Bonaparte's greatest exploits were performed, when he fought for France: and, indeed, did he not seek during his whole career, to exalt her over all the European nations, as well as himself over all mankind? More than all men did Washington live for his country.

A true national spirit will elevate a nation, and then, when the people boast, they can do so honestly, and enjoy a proud consciousness that they have contributed to the greatness in which they exult. National vanity is entirely different from national pride. The former feeds on the recollection of what others have done; and, whilst it is gasconading, the glory achieved by heroes and patriots of older days may be fading fast. The latter is active and zealous. It views the deeds of "the fathers" as examples for imitation, as well as subjects for exultation, and strives to perpetuate, by its own exploits, the renown in which it so justly rejoices.

English Statesmen and historians seem to be more thoroughly imbued with this spirit, than those of any other country. England's glory has been a passion with her greatest heroes; and the bare annunciation "England expects every man to do his duty," has dispelled the deepest gloom, and aroused to the most gallant victories the almost desponding.

In past times, no country had more devoted and disinterested Patriots than America. Times of difficulty, peril and oppression must ever call forth the noblest and highest displays of man's talents either asperity or pride. He was a friend to liberty,

and virtues; but the labor is to keep up these displays, when the difficulties are surmounted and the "tyranny overpast." The only feeling that can do this is one of devoted nationality. Let the sons of this free republic live for her honor and glory, in the eyes of the enlightened nations of the world—basing that glory on the foundations of truth and justice—not disregarding, but by noble deeds, defying the opprobrious jeers and comparisons of foreigners. Let Legislators plan and execute measures which will exalt her before the assembled world. But the attractions of the subject have already prolonged this introduction.

It has been already remarked, that Historians are sometimes tempted to rob others, in order to increase the splendor of their own country. Mr. Alison, who must be ranked with the greatest of modern historians, has given a striking and almost amusing illustration of his overstrained propensity to magnify England; still, she will get the full benefit of his labors, and a title may soon repay him for his high-wrought eulogiums and masterly exaltation.

The fame of Washington has filled the world—and not as other men's has filled it. The names of other men have resounded throughout the world,—but there have been some virtues and excellencies which have shrunk instinctively from the swelling notes of their fame, as discordant and false; yet when the praise of Washington was sung, they came forth eager to catch the rising strain, and strove to retain the lingering notes, as it passed on. Mr. Alison, like Lord Brougham, must have joined in this exalted strain; but, then, he has sought to give to Britain the glory of producing the character of Washington. Speaking of the close of the year 1796, he says—

"The end of the same year witnessed the resignation of the presidency of the United States of America by General Washington, and his voluntary retirement into private life. Modern history has not so spotless a character to commemorate. vincible in resolution, firm in conduct, incorruptible in integrity, he brought to the helm of a victorious republic the simplicity and innocence of rural life; he was forced into greatness by circumstances, rather than led into it by inclination, and prevailed over his enemies rather by the wisdom of his designs and the perseverance of his character, than any extraordinary genius for the art of war. A soldier from necessity and patriotism rather than disposition, he was the first to recommend a return to pacific councils when the independence of his country was secured, and bequeathed to his countrymen an address, on leaving their government, to which there is no composition of uninspired wisdom which can bear a comparison. He was modest, without diffidence; sensible to the voice of fame but not licentiousness; not to the dreams of enthu-| subjects, the History of scarcely any other country siasts, but to those practical ideas which America exhibits as much crime, injustice and oppression. had inherited from her English descent, and which There is this remarkable feature in it, too, that all were opposed to nothing so much as the extravagant love of power in the French Democracy. Accordingly, after having signalized his life by successful resistance to English oppression, he closed it by the warmest advice to cultivate the friendship of Great Britain; and by his casting vote, shortly before his resignation, ratified a treaty of friendly and commercial intercourse between the mother country and its emancipated offspring. He was a Cromwell without his ambition; a Sylla without his crimes: and, after having raised his country, by his exertions, to the rank of an independent state, closed his career by a voluntary relinquishment of the power which a grateful people had bestowed. It is the highest glory of England to have given birth, even amid transatlantic wilds, to such a man; and if she cannot number him among those who have extended her provinces or augmented her dominions, she may at least feel a legitimate pride in the victories which he achieved, and the great qualities which he exhibited, in the contest with herself, and indulge with satisfaction in the reflection that that vast empire, which neither the ambition of Louis XIV. nor the power of Napoleon could dismember, received its first rude shock from the courage which she had communicated to her own offspring; and that, amid the convalsions and revolutions of other states, real liberty has erisen in that country alone, which inherited in its veins the genuine principles of British freedom." -- Alison's History of Europe, No. 4, p. p. 446-7.

The eulogy pronounced in the foregoing extract is not unworthy; but it is not worthy. The eulogy of Washington must be short. There is so little of his superior excellence in the world, that the list of lofty epithets and appropriate phrases, which there has been occasion to invent, would soon be exhausted. The best eulogy and the best improvement of his unrivalled example would be for Americans to study his character, impress his farewell address, so elequently alluded to by Mr. Alison, upon their hearts; and then bow their hearts before Heaven, and in a spirit of pious patriotism fervently ask "make me like Washington." The pure and upright mind, in its loftiest aspirations, may think his praise; but words can never express it.

But what shall be said to this grasping claim? Shall America's brightest, rarest gem be transferred to the coronal of British glory! There is some truth in the boast, that is made of the principles of British liberty. No one, the least conversant with English History, and with the Common Law, can doubt this; but "Oh! Liberty, what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!" With all the boasted of that Review, should it now claim in excuse for liberties, immunities and safeguards of English

has been done under the authority of the Existing Laws, which have ever been as much vaunted as now; for, however much the law forbade, it was perverted, or evaded, to compass the desired end. How often have "the genuine principles of British freedom" been sacrificed, by their appointed defenders and preservers too, to the Royal pleasure, or to the pretended expediency or necessity of the case!

Did "the genuine principles of British freedom" people America? Did they dictate the colonial policy, which drove us to Independence ? for, it is a remarkable fact that England set the colonies free long before they desired it. When they were ready for conciliation, she looked upon them as panting for Indépendence, and took her steps against rebels and not as against children. This mistake may have led to the establishment of our Independence, at the time it was achieved. It may be admitted, that the very principles of British freedom for which Sidney and Hampden died, were those which inspired Washington and his compatriots. But the principles of Sidney and Hampden were spurious, and the genuine slew them. Yes, and those very principles of British freedom, which the successive ministers and their supporters, in Great Britain, during the revolutionary war, maintained to be "the genuine," would have added our fathers to the list of state criminals. Then, this same historian, for the same end, would have condemned as rebellious the very acts, which have achieved a fame so splendid, that he covets and plunders it for his own country. British oppression may claim the fruits of American liberty; but "the grapes are sour." Even if "the genuine principles of British freedom" found an asylum " in transatlantic wilds," England can claim none of their fruits here; but is rather liable to the obloquy of having banished them from home. Ah! no, the glory of our fathers is all our own; the reproach alone is hers. was arrayed in long and deadly struggle with her children—each party contending for the establishment of diametrically opposite principles of freedom; and this struggle gave birth to the matchless Washington. If then "the genuine principles of British freedom" had found an asylum here, what kind were they for which she was contending?

England might claim some credit for having given occasion to the heroic displays, which her zealous and able historian seeks to appropriate to her. But this ground is scarcely as tenable as the one we have been considering. The attacks of the Edinburg Review are thought to have contributed to the excellence of the noble poet, whose fame is now in every clime. What would be thought its malevolent critique, that the principles of Scotch criticism had given higher flights to the poet's generation and that Scotland was entitled to his fame! States are proof, that they are worthy of such a countryman. I would cheerfully put the question that the Review in its strictures had openly departed from what it had always maintained to be say to the intelligent of the whole world, what the genuine principles of criticism.

Demosthenes' guardians robbed him of his patrimony, thus depriving him of all those advantages which it was calculated to bestow. The youth devoted himself to study, with the intention of one day bringing them to an account for their breach of trust. At length, he did arraign them before the tribunals of his country, and, by his eloquence and talenta, succeeded in gaining his cause. What would be thought, if the unfaithful guardians had claimed to share the fame of the model orator of the world, because their injustice had stimulated his powers and conduced to the splendor of his name?

When Nelson had gained a splendid victory over the Danes, one of their writers sought consolation in the fact that the conqueror was of Danish descent, and ascribed his gallant actions to Danish valor. Even this is a stronger case, than Mr. Alison's ascription to "the genuine principles of British freedom."

But, even in these transatlantic wilds, where Washington was born, nurtured, lived, acted and died, there are those capable of appreciating his deeds, and of vindicating America's sole title to his peerless purity and transcendant moral greatness. As yet, the historians of America are chiefly her orators, and in what matchless style have these, time again, written brilliant portions of her history! Suppose a Webster were called to take the historic pen, in reply, too, to this claim of the British annalist; what would be his idea of it! Indeed he has already, unintentionally silenced it forever; and, thus far, may justly be quoted as historical authority,-for, if specially called to the task above supposed, this, or something even still better would be his testimony:

"America exercises an influence, and holds out an example of still higher character, because of a political nature. She has furnished proof of the fact that a population, founded on equality, on the principle of representation, is fully capable of fulfilling all the purposes of government, that it is practicable to elevate the masses of mankind, to raise them to self-respect, to make them competent to act in the great duty of self-government. she has shown can be done by the diffusion of knowledge and education. But, my friends, America has done more. America has furnished Europe and the world with the character of WASH-INGTON. And if our institutions had done nothing else, they would have deserved the respect of mankind. Washington-' first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; Washing-

entertained for him by the people of the United States are proof, that they are worthy of such a countryman. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligent men of all Enrope; I will say to the intelligent of the whole world, what character of the century stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not that by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be Washington. That monument itself is not an unfit emblem of his character, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability. His public virtues and public principles were as firm and fixed as the earth on which that structure rests; his personal motives as pure as the serene Heavens in which its summit is lost. indeed, it is not an adequate emblem. Towering far above this column that our hands have built, beheld, not by the citizens of a single city or a single State, but by all the families of man, ascends the colossal grandeur of the character and life of WASHINGTON. In all its constituent parts, in all its acts, in all its toils, universal love and admiration, it is an American production. Born upon our soil, of parents born upon our soil, never having for a single day had a sight of the old world, reared amid our gigantic scenery, instructed according to the modes of the time in the spare but wholesome, elementary knowledge, which the institutions of the country furnish for all the children of the people; brought up beneath and penetrated by the genial influence of American society, partaking our great destiny of labor, partaking and leading in that great victory of peace, the establishment of the present Constitution; behold him, ALTOGETEER AN AMERICAN. That glorious life-

'Where multitudes of virtues passed along, Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng— Contending to be seen, then making room For the multitudes which were to come,'—

that life in all its purity, in all its elevation, in all its grandeur, was the life of an American citizen. I claim him, I claim Washington, wholly for America, and amidst the perilous and darkened hours of the night, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies, and the misgivings of friends, I turn to that transcendant name, for courage and for consolation. To him who denies that our transatlantic liberty can be combined with law and order, and the security of property, and power and reputation; to him who denies that our institutions can produce any exaltation of soul, or passion for true glory; to him who denies that America has contributed any thing to the stock of great lessons and great examples, to all these I reply by pointing to the character of Washington."-Mr. Webster's speech at Bunker J.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

Still on, still on, the wide world o'er With restless steps I roam; But my sadden'd thoughts turn, evermore, To my childhood's simple home.

The world has many a joyous scene, And many a sunny spot; But nought, to me, has so joyous been, As my childhood's simple lot.

I've tried ambition, power, fame, All that the heart can move; But none of all such longings claim As my childhood's simple love.

Time's ceaseless flight hath borne me on, And Autumn's frosts have come I'll seek, for age, its rest, there down, In my childhood's simple home.

Away! away! 'tis not for thee, This childhood's simple scene! Thy heart beats not, harmoniously, With all that here hath been.

Bring back thy childhood's trustful heart, Its taste for simple joy Its warm affections free from art, Where pleasures will not cloy.

Restore its unfledg'd hopes again, its freedom from all guile, Promptness to grieve at others' pain, Or in their joys to smile.

This do; and whatsoe'er thy fate, To rest, or still to roam; Within thy heart, now desolate Shall be thy childhood's home. Frigate Constitution, 1842.

VIRGINIA ANTIQUITIES.

Inscription on the monument in the garden at Westover.

Here lyeth

the Honorable WILLIAM BYRD, Esq. being born to one of the amplest fortunes in the Country he was sent early to England for his education where under the care a direction of Sir Robert Southwell And even favoured with his particular Instruction he made a happy proficiency in Polite and * * Learning by the means of the same noble friend he was introduced to the acquaintance of many of

the first persons of the Age for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth or high station and particularly contracted a most particular and bosom Friendship

With the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle Earl of Orrery he was called to the Bar in the Middle Temple Studied for some time in the low countries Visited the Court of France And was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society.

[On the opposite side.]

Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his Country he was made Receiver General of his Majesty's Revenues here was thrice appointed public agent to the Court and Ministry of England

And thirty-seven years a Member At last became President of the Council of this Colony. To all this was added a great Elegancy of Taste and Life. The well-bred gentleman & polite companion The splendid Œconomist & Prudent Father of his Family The constant enemy of all exhorbitant power

And hearty friend of the liberties of his Country Nat. Mar. 28, 1674. Mort Augt 26, 1744 Anno Ætat 70. [N. B. This monument of marble stands in the centre of the garden to the west of Westover house.]

Inscription copied from the tombstone of Sir William Skipwith, who lies buried at Greencroft, near Petersburg.

Here lyeth the Body of William Skipwith Baronet, who deceased the 25th of Feby 1764, aged 56 years. He descended from Sir Henry Skipwith of Prestwould in Leicestershire, created Baronet by King James the first, was honored with King Charles the first's commission for raising men against the usurping Powers and proved Loyal to his King, so that he was deprived of his estate by the Usurper, which occasioned his and his son's death, except Sir Gray Skipwith Grand-father of the above said Sir William Skipwith, who was obliged to come to Virginia for refuge, where the family hath since continued-

The following I found in the State Library at Richmond. The paper on which it was written was discovered in turning over the pages of Smith's History of Virginia. From the earliness of the date, 1608, it is likely that Lieut. Herris was one of Smith's companions in an exploratory voyage.

Here lies ye body of Lieut William Herris who died May ye 16th, 1608: aged 065 years; by birth a Britain, a good soldier, a good husband & neighbor.

The above inscription, handsomely carved on a tomb-stone of usual size, standing on the banks of the Neabsco creek, in Fairfax county, Virginia. Its duration to this time is 229 years.

Correctly copied by me, Thos. Hord.

Octo'r 20th, 1837.

Inscription on the tomb-stone of Edward Hill, at Shirley, Charles City County, Virginia.

"Here lyeth interred, the body of Edward Hill Esq one of his Maj'yes Hon'ble Councell of State, Collonell and Commander in Chief of the county of Charles City and Surry, Judge of his Majestyes High Court of Admiralty and sometime Treasurer of Virginia, who died the 30th day of November, in the 63d yeare of his age, Anno Dom 1700".

STATUE OF LORD BOTETOURT.

There is to be seen, in front of the College of William & Mary, at Williamsburg, a statue of Lord Botetourt. It was made in London, by Richard Hayware, 1773.

The following is the inscription—on one side: Deeply impressed with the warmest sense of

gratitude for his Excellency the right honorable Lord BOTETOURT'S prudent and wise administration, and that the remembrance of those many public and social virtues, which so eminently adorned his illustrious

character might be transmitted to latest posterity, the General Assembly

of Virginia on the 20th day of July Anno Dom MDCCLXXI resolved with one united voice, to erect this statue to his Lordship's memory.

Let wisdom and justice preside in any country; the people will rejoice and be happy.

[On the opposite side.]

America behold your Friend! Who leaving his native country declined those additional honours which were there in store for him, that he might heal your wounds and restore tranquillity and happiness to this extensive continent. With what zeal and anxiety he pursued these glorious objects Virginia thus bears her grateful testimony.

> [On another side, in front.] THE RIGHT HONORABLE Norborne Berkelev Baron de Botetourt. His Majesty's late Lieutenant and Governor General of the Colony and Dominion of Virginia.

The statue of Washington, in the area of the capitol at Richmond, was, I believe, the work of Houdon, a French sculptor. It was made, by the order of the Assembly of Virginia, at Paris, under the direction of Mr. Jefferson, a few years after the close of the American Revolution. Some particulars relative to it may be found in Jefferson's correspondence. The costume of this statue is the American military dress of the Revolutionary era-coat with epaulettes, enormous waistcoat, small clothes, boots and spurs—cue tied up with Here lyeth the body of the wise and learned THEODORICK ribbon. One hand holds a cane—the other rests upon the fasces, with which are united the sword of war and ploughshare of peace-and over it thrown a martial cloak.

The inscription on the pedestal, from the pen of James Madison, is as follows:

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected, as a monument of affection and gratitude to GEORGE WASHINGTON; who, uniting to the endowments of the Hero the virtues of the Patriot, and exerting both in establishing the Liberties of his Country. has rendered his name dear to his Fellow-Citizens, and given the world an immortal example of true glory .- Done, in the year of CHRIST

One thousand seven hundred and eighty eight and in the year of the Commonwealth the twelfth.

The Assembly of Virginia presented the brave Gen. George Rogers Clark with an honorary sword. The sword represented the General and his troops, and Gen. Hamilton at the head of the British and Indian forces surrendering St. Vincennes. the scabbard was inscribed the motto:

> "Sic Semper Tyrannis." On the blade " A tribute to courage and patriotism.

PRESENTED

By the State of Virginia to her beloved son. GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, who.

By the conquest of Illinois and Vincennes, Extended her empire and aided in the defence of HER LIBERTIES.

Having seen, in a copy of the Bland genealogy, which I found at Jordan's Point, on James river, mention made of the tombstone of Theodorick Bland at Westover, near the old Westover church, stated in that document to have been then in ruins, I had the curiosity to visit the churchyard at Westover, where I found the tombstone referred to. The genealogy represented it as lying (according to the request of the deceased) between the graves of two of his friends. These I discovered, --- both, however, on one side of that of Theodorick Blandhaving been displaced in the lapse of time. three tomb-stones were half covered with earth and grass-and one of them (that of Captain Perry) much defaced. To decypher them it was necessary to clear out many of the letters with a penknife.

J. S. M.

Prudentis & Eruditi THEODORICI BLAND Armigeri obijt Aprilis 23d A D 1671, Ætatis 41, Cujus vidua mæstissima Filia RICHARDI BENNET Armig:

Hoc marmor posuit. [Translated.]

Jesus Saviour of the world. BLAND Esq who died April

23d, 1671, Aged 41. His most disconsolate widow Daughter of RICHARD BENNET Esq. Erected this tomb.

[N. B. Coat of arms engraved,—a dragon with inflamed tongue; the crest, three lions rampant, &c.]

> Here lyeth the body of Captaine Wm Perry who lived neere Westovear in this collony Who departed this life the 6th day of August, Anno Domini 1637.

Here lyeth interred the body of leftenant Collonel Walter Aston who died the 6th of Aprill 1656. He was aged 49 years AND HE lived in this country 28 yeares

[On the same stone.]

Here lyeth the Body of Walter Aston Who departed this liff ye 29th of January 1666, Aged 27 yearss AND 7 monthes.

The Westover grave-yard is situated on the bank of the James River; it is enclosed by an antique moss-grown and somewhat dilapidated brick wall, and shaded by some venerable trees. There repose the remains of the Blands, the Byrds, the Harrisons and divers others,-it having formerly been the parish burial ground, appurtenant to old Westover church, which stood near by.

Petersburg, Aug. 30, 1843.

QUEEN MARY'S VISION, ON THE EVE OF HER EXECUTION.

BY MRS. MARIA G. BUCHANAN.

ı.

Alone, within a tapestried room
Of an old and feudal ball,
As twilight flies before the gloom
Of Night's descending pall,
Queen Mary sits, in silence deep;
Fixed is her earnest eye,
As o'er the waste of mem'ry sweep
The scenes of years gone by.

H.

Far back she sees the fleeting flowers
Of life's unsullied apring,
When by her fled the laughing hours,
On swift and rainbow wing,—
When sorrow's tear was hid beneath
Young Joy's celestial smile,
And thorns marred not the red rose wreath
Of childhood's fairy isle.

III.

She sees when that fair morning passed
To girlhood's sunny day—
When on her path a spell was cast,
Of ever potent sway.
That spell from Beauty's bower was thrown,
While Love's irradiant hand
Wreathed round her form the magic zone,
His beauteous mother's band.

IV.

But youth and beauty faintly beam,
Like waning stars of night,
When the bright casket's treasures gleam
Upon the raptured sight;—
Miod's priceless diamonds glitter thence,
With Virtue's virgin gold—
The spotless pearls of Innocence
And Learning's gems untold.

٧.

That vision passes, and a scene
Of grandeur meets her eye,
Plumes, waving free—rich jewels' sheen,
Proud banners floating high;
And music, that triumpbant flings
Its sweetness on the air,
Raising the soul on angel wings,
All—all are gathered there,

T.

She stands the fairest of the band,
In that majestic fane,
A child of Caledonia's land,
And princes grace her train,
As she—a monarch's daughter—weds
Broad France's youthful king;
While Love his hallowed influence sheds,
'Noath Joy's resplendent wing.

VII.

Alas! alas! that pageant's o'er,
Another's gliding by:
On Gallia's fair and fading shore
Is fixed her tearful eye.
Right proudly rides her gallant bark,
Before the freshening blast,
— Night's curtain falls 'mid shadows dark:—
The exile's dream is past.

VIII

She's left, for aye, the sunny clime,
Beneath whose cloudless skies,
Mirth's roses wreathe the wing of time,
As noiselessly he flies—
Where Music, Poesy and Love,
In their illumined bowers,
For ever weave their spells above
The sisterhood of hours.

TT.

All withered in her husband's grave,
Love's first born blossoms lie,
And joy's fair flowers that never wave,
Unless to droop and die.
She brings unto the home of youth
An eye bedimmed with tears,—
A heart that's lost the guileless truth
Of girlhood's happy years.

. . .

And now, before Queen Mary's eyes,
Dim visions swiftly pass,
Like changing clouds of sunset skies,
O'er mem'ry's magic glass;
And strange and wild and fearful seem
Those spectral figures there:
Like phantom's of a feverish dream,
Upon her sight they glare.

II.

Again she stands a beauteous bride,
Within a courtly ring;
But lo! the marriage flowers beside
The weeds of hatred spring,
Beneath whose dark and upas blight,
Their blooming beauties die,
As stars fade on the gazers sight,
When tempest rushes by.

XII.

What sees she now, that thrills her frame,
With such a nameless dread?
(Oh! let her sorrows pity claim),
She gazes on the dead;
A frightful shadow round his bier,
Is gliding sad and slow—
Guilt is the spectre's name of fear!
That name does Mary know?

XIII.

Mailed forms now are hurrying past,—
A bloody field's in sight;
Loud rings the warlike clarion's blast,
As fiercer grows the fight:
Alas! her banner's overthrown,
Her blissful hopes are dead;
—To mighty England's Island throne,
On terror's wings she's fied.

TIV

And now she sees, through gushing tears,
The castle's tower high,
Where she has spent the dreary years
Of lone captivity:
She gazes on the time-worn cells,
Where faded beauty's bloom—
Where joy's clear fountain never wells,
And hope has found a tomb.

Sad mem'ry's fled—behold! the veil From coming things is rent— Queen Mary's lovely cheek is pale, Her stately head is bent. The block, the axe, the headsman grim, Crowd fast upon her sight-Her fixed and straining eye grows dim, When lo! a heavenly light

Its golden mantle gently throws, To hide that awful view; And Mary's tears and Mary's woes, All-all are vanished too. She feels that beautoous light was sent From Mercy's home of rest: -Immortal visions now are blent, Within her peaceful breast. Decatur, Ga., 11th August, 1843.

HINTS TO PREACHERS.

- 1. When an ill-mannered person rises up and leaves the congregation during sermon, the most effectual way to prevent a repetition of the offence (next to preaching so that none can go away) is to pause, and look at him, calmly but fixedly, as he walks out. The dead silence, broken only by his own footfall,—the universal gaze of the assembly, and his own shamefaced, or at best, studiedly brazen look, will do more to deter others from copying him, than the most pointed reprimand could And if the preacher's pause be accompanied with a meek, uncomplaining countenance, as if he just waited patiently till the interruption is over, to proceed with his discourse,—he will enlist every soul on his side, against the brute who has disturbed him.
- 2. But on his part, he ought carefully to avoid the chief provocative to such ill-manners-excessive length. He ought studiously to compress his prayers, and all other services, but especially the sermon, into so brief a space as may exhaust no reasonable person's patience. Country preachers, who never practise writing-the great condenser of style-often transgress terribly in length. There are many who hold out for an hour; nay, (horresco referens) an hour and a half, or two hours! Of course, their meeting-houses are mere schools of drowsiness, inattention, and disorder.
- 3. Ministers are seldom chargeable with indifference to the great schemes of benevolence, which are now afoot in Christendom. Generally, they take the lead in such enterprises. could wish them more perfectly unanimous in support of some, which are certainly the noblest. know a venerable and strong-minded clergyman, who will have nothing to do with Sunday-schools, and heaps unsparing ridicule upon Temperance Societies; carrying with him a clan, right numerous and influential.—In a Virginia village, a popular minister's withdrawing from the latter society has ever since been worth at least forty dollars a exulted in his course, as a god-send to them. - A for his previous durance. He will overrate, ten-

very aged, and widely revered minister in southern Virginia, some years ago took a similar stand; and published a pamphlet against the Total-Abstinence society. It has been quoted with triumph, in my own hearing, by two men-Colonels, both of them,and husbands, and fathers-who are already occasional drunkards, and in imminent hazard of becoming habitual ones. They will in part owe to that reverend father not only their own ruin, but probably that of many others whom they may cheer on with his words, in a career of intemperance. I have been told of another, whom his authority encouraged to persist in "moderate drinking," till a drunkard's widow and orphans alone remained of that house, to welcome the good old pastor upon his periodical round.-A valued friend of mine has a stripling son at this moment tottering on the verge of regular drunkenness: and the lad avers, that he was led into one of his earliest 'frolicks,' by seeing his father's pastor drink toddy, or wine, with manifest gout.

A rum-selling deacon is said to have been shamed out of the traffic, by the following incident: He was once drawing liquor, when a poor ragged customer, who stood beside him, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "What is the matter with you!" said the deacon. "Why, Deacon," replied the beggar,-" when I see you here drawing liquor, and remember how it has ruined me, and starved my family,—and all the other mischief it has done,-I can't help thinking I see the Old Boy himself patting you on the back, and saying, Ah! this is the deacon for me!"

Now, it requires no great stretch of fancy, to suppose the Evil One standing close to every minister who throws himself across the path of any greatly beneficent cause, - patting him on the shoulder, and grinning forth the satanic plaudit,-- 'Ah, this is the parson for me.!'

4. It is an old and painful remark, that the children of preachers are much more apt to turn out badly, than other men's children. Though not a believer in all proverbs, I have known this one verified so often, that I cannot wholly discredit it. Nor does the reason seem to me unfathomable. It is, because ministers' children are treated alternately with neglect and severity. Constant, and watchful severity, is bad enough: apt enough to make sly, and stealthy profligates: apt enough, to crush the spirit, and to debase the character. Perpetual neglect is perhaps as bad, or worse: likely to produce lack of energy, and idleness with its copious brood of vices. But the boy who is one month subjected to the iron rod and the dragon's eye, and the next left to his own wild impulses,requires a miracle to save him. Governed, at the one time, by fear and not by love or reason, he will spend the other period in riotous excesses, week to two tippling-houses; the keepers of which which seem to him a natural and just compensation

fold, and wofully misconceive, the pleasures from quite too revolting to a hearer's feeling of indewhich he has been debarred. Chaste or sober ones, will yield him no enjoyment. Nothing less than a storm of revelry, and the giddiest whirl of dissipation, will suffice him. - Such is the case with the sons of many preachers. When at home, the father is far too strict,—too stern. Instead of taking every opportunity to establish a friendship with his boys, to bind them to him with the cords of love, to make them as frank and open towards him, as if he were their eldest brother,-his wand of government is awe. He is their master: they are his alaves. No wonder, that when he is away upon his high calling, they become eye-servants! No wonder, that like all other slaves, when suddenly emancipated, they are sensual, and unruly !-Let none suppose, that I would banish rigor entirely. Here, as every where else, there is a golden mean. What I would guard parents, and especially preachers against, is the fatal and frequent mistake, that any amount of unmixed vigilance and severity while they are at home, can keep their offspring in the right way while they are abroad. The boy's will must be enlisted on the side of duty, to make him do it when authority is absent : and this can be done only by implanting good principles, and cherishing his kindly affections.

5. It has often struck me as ill-judged and untasteful, in any public speaker, to use the word we, or us, in reference to himself. That plural unit is, of old, the prerogative of kings and editors: and the speaker who is wise, will let them enjoy it, exclusively. So far from lessening the apparent egotism of using the first person singular,—the plural form certainly has a higher strain of selfimportance: for, besides its being the style royal, what is it but an assumption of undue consequence, in one man, to pretend that he is more than one ! Thus, like all other mock-modesties, it is essentially immodest.-Then, it has so forced and unnatural a sound, for a single person who is addressing us, to talk of himself as we! It entirely mars his individuality, to our apprehensions.-If he intends, by it, to put us in more intimate communion with him, he defeats his aim: for he is presumed to be uttering, not thoughts at once his and ours, but his own, original or not original, which he would fain impart to us. To do so with success, he must employ the natural avenues of our reason and feelings: creating as much sympathy as he pleases in our bosoms, but attempting no forced identification of himself with us. I have heard, from the pulpit, the word we so egregiously mis-employed-where it was so impossible for the audience to unite with the speaker in the remark he made of himself,that my lips involuntarily muttered Horace's exclamation,-

' Quodeunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi!' I once actually heard a young divine say, "we are too nawell to proceed farther."-Such phrase is tion, would be far better for that end: would strike

pendence. But into this extreme all are likely to be betrayed, who once quit the plain track of nature, and of English.

Even an essayist, if spirited and effective, presents himself individually-I and me-to the reader. The Spectator always uses that form. So does the Rambler; whose Johnsonian love of pomp would have led him to the statelier style, had not his good taste forbidden. And how far more needful is it for a speaker, than for an essayist, to appear with a natural simplicity before those whom he addresses!

6. My next hint concerns not only preachers, but all who lead in prayer.

Long prayers are so emphatically condemned in Scripture; and, by that exquisite model from Christ's own lips, brevity is so impressively enjoined; that all doubt, all disobedience on that point, would seem utterly precluded, among Believers. Yet, strange to say, in the pulpit and out-from the devoutest and best Christains-we constantly hear such interminable strings of prayer, as plainly show that they expect to be heard for their much speaking.' Petitions are so multiplied, and with such minute specifications, that the ear is wearied with listening, as the knee is with bending: and something very like an insult is offered to Him who sitteth upon the Throne, by the supposition implied, that he cannot understand our wants without all this profusion in detailing them. Chief Justice Marshall was once addressed in a speech inordinately long, by an eminent lawyer, who ran into such minuteness, dwelling upon and explaining even the simplest points, that the kindhearted judge at length, leaning forward, said with a benevolent smile, "I think, Mr. *****, you ought to suppose that the court knows some things."-I am often compelled to wish that a similar admonition could be given to those who, by the minuteness of their prayers, really seem to give God Almighty credit for very little knowledge. In opening a Sunday School or a Temperance meeting, at family worship, or in a public assembly of the church,-this prolixity prevails. I have seen hearers wriggle on their knees, with the most painful fatigue; and entirely unable further to go along with the praying brother, in his reiterated supplications. I have seen a class of Sunday scholars inattentive, whispering together, taking marbles or other toys from their pockets, perhaps dropping them on the floor-and all, in the posture of devotion, while a teacher or superintendant has been filling a quarter of an hour with a prayer which ought not to have overgone three minutes. The common excuse for this tiresomeness is, that among so many topics of prayer, each hearer may find at least one, suited to his case. But more generality, presenting a few well selected heads of supplicadeeper into every mind, and cause each soul to go up with far devouter energy, to Heaven. A comprehensive outline, modelled after the Lord's prayer, would be ever suitable. Juvenal in his 10th Satire, and Dr. Johnson in his noble imitation of it, give suggestions which might be usefully studied by all who pray, in public or in private:

the publication of the 'Narrative,' he was advised by many of his professional brethren to proceed to Germany, for the purpose of making himself-each quainted with the most recent improvements in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the eye. In the purpose of making himself-each quainted with the most recent improvements in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the eye. In the purpose of making himself-each quainted with the most recent improvements in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the eye. In the purpose of making himself-each quainted with the most recent improvements in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the eye. In the purpose of making himself-each quainted with the most recent improvements in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the eye. In the purpose of making himself-each quainted with the most recent improvements in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the eye. In the purpose of making himself-each quainted with the most recent improvements in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the eye.

"Permittes ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.

Nam pro jucundis, aptissima quee dabunt Dt.

Orandum ext, ut sit mens sana, in corpore sano.

Fortem posce animum, mortis terrore carrentem;

Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat

Naturæ; qui ferre queat quoscunque labores,

Nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil," &c.

"Still raise for good the supplicating voice, But leave to Heaven the measure, and the choice.

Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires, And strong devotion to the skies aspires,—Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind, Obedient passions, and a will resigned; For love, which scarce collective man can fill; For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill; For faith, that, panting for a happier seat, Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:

With these, celestial Wisdom calms the mind, And makes the happiness she does not find."

A. LAVMAN

WILDE'S AUSTRIA.*

Travellers frequently introduce the home-staying to most of the countries of Europe; but they seldom take us into Austria. Dr. Wilde has lately given a very instructive view of that country; and, though the subject may be less inviting to some, than many we could select, yet its value and comparative nevelty, in our view, give it the preference. Accordingly we avail ourselves of the following review, in the "Dublin University Magazine." The press in this country may learn a lesson of national honor, and our citizens readily account for the prevailing ignorance and misrepresentation of foreigners, when they see standard reviews quoting the New-York Herald as authority.—[Ed.

"Doctor Wilde is already advantageously known to the public by his highly interesting 'Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and the shores of the Mediterranean'—a work which displays much accuracy of observation, an original spirit of research, and an extensive command of literature.

"On Dr. Wilde's return to Dublin, and soon after

* Austria: its Literary, Scientific, and Medical institutions. With Notes upon the present state of Science, and a Guide to the Hospitals and Sanatory Establishments of Vienna. By W. R. Wilde, M. R. I. A., &c. Dublin. W. Curry and Co., 1843.

by many of his professional brethren to proceed to Germany, for the purpose of making himselfenequainted with the most recent improvements in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the eve. compliance with this advice, our author went to Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna, and frequented the most celebrated schools of ophthalmic surgery, not only long enough to render himself thoroughly manter of the art, but to form an intimate and advantageous friendship both with its professors, and many of the most celebrated writers with whom Germany abounds. It is not our intention (and it would surely be distasteful to Dr. Wilde,) to pronounce an encomium on our author's practical acquirements; but as Irishmen we may be forgiven the pride we feel in being able conscientiously to assert, that no . European metropolis contains more ophthalmic skill than Dublin, whether we consider the wellknown reputation and brilliant attainments of our many eminent surgeons who so successfully treat the diseases to which the organ of vision is subject, and who are constantly engaged in imparting their valuable knowledge to numerous pupils, or whether we refer to the learning, tact, and experience of Dr. Jacobs, whose discoveries in the anatomy and diseases of the eye have acquired for that gentleman an European fame. As might be expected, Dr. Wilde's thirst for knowledge not only exhausted the strictly professional subjects which he had proposed to study, but prompted him to engage in active inquiries respecting the manners, education, and institutions of the inhabitants of the countries he visited; and, in the work before us. he has published the results of his researches concerning the Austrian dominions. Our author's work is by no means prolix, not extending beyond three hundred and twenty-five pages; but as great pains have evidently been taken to arrange and condense his materials, he has been thereby enabled to compress a vast fund of information within this comparatively narrow compass.

"Throughout the entire work, Dr. Wilde exhibits a vast deal of research and critical observation, as well as an intimate acquaintance with vital statistics and the laws that regulate man's existence, his nativity and mortality, &c., and wherever it was practicable, has enriched his pages with very valuable statistical tables, drawn from various and often difficultly accessible sources. These tables have been ingeniously arranged, and from them all those concerned in the management of public medical institutions may derive many useful lessons. Dr. Wilde describes all the various educating establishments in this great empire, from infant schools to those for the instruction of home and foreign diplomats and employés. Upon this all-important subject of education, he says-

"At the present moment there is no topic of greater interest than that of public instruction; and

inferior to her Prussian neighbor, yet the system arrived at the 'school age' are kept by the curate pursued in the former country is well worthy of an and churchwarden of the parish, who, with the local attentive examination. How well this system is arranged, and with what skill it is conducted, is a source of natural wonder and admiration to the foreigner, who finds upon inquiry, that among a population exceeding twenty-four millions and a half, (not including Hungary,) there are no less than 30,320 public national schools, with 2,338,985 pupils in actual attendance upon them: and this admiration is heightened, when he reflects not only upon the vast territorial extent of this immense country, but upon the apparently discordant elements of which it is composed, and the variety of nations and tongues-their different habits, peculiarities, customs, religions and manners—that are all brought under the benign influence of one great system of national instruction. Here we have the great Sclavonic nation, composed of the once-powerful kingdom of Bohemia, a part of the ill-fated Poland, the great province of Moravia, the ancient territories of Styria and Illyria, the rude military fron-tier of Dalmatia, the southern countries of Carynthia and Carniola, and all Hungary; the Rheinish, or true German nation, consisting of the two archduchies of Upper and Lower Austria, the Tyrol, and a small portion of nearly all the other states; and lastly, the Italian, who inhabit the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and a part of the Tyrol; besides some Wallachian people, half-Christian, half-Mahommedan, resident in Transylvania and on the Turkish borders; -all these, variable as the climes under which they are placed, from the hyperborean regions of Russia to the warm Liburnian villas and sunny cities of the Adriatic—Catholics and Calvinists, Lutherans, Greeks, Jews, and Unitarians all receive the same description of popular instruction, merely varied to suit the language or the religious tenets of each particular nation or country. In Austria, education is compulsory: it is not left to the option of the parent, whether he will or will not instruct his child, for he is compelled to send him, when of a certain age, to the national achool of his parish; and the many disadvantages under which the uneducated labor are too great, and the laws against them too strictly enforced, to permit of general ignorance, even in the most distant country parts. All children, from five to thirteen, both males and females, come under what is called the 'school age,' and the description of education they are to receive is strictly defined, so that all, from the simple agricultural peasant to the highest university professor, must pursue the path of instruction in the manner marked out by the state. This, however, is not without its disadvantages; for, though the instruction is general, yet the plan is one so conducive to the caste-continuing system, after the manner of the Chinese and ancient Egyptians, that it is opposed not only to political reformation, but also to the steady progress of civilization itself, and the rapid development of the resources, both mental and commercial, that should have taken place in this empire during the present long peace with which it has been favored.

"'The measures, taken to enforce instruction among the lower orders, are so much dependent upon the state of religion, and so mixed up with the local government of the country, that their details would occupy more space than would be necessary to the present introduction. Suffice it to say,

though, with reference to it, Austria is somewhat that accurate registries of all the children who have executive, take means to insure an attendance.

"'Public instruction in Austria is divided into the popular or national, the intermediate and the superior. The popular consists of that afforded at the elementary schools, Trivialschulen; the superior primary schools, Hauptschulen; and the Wiederholungsschulen, or repetition-schools, for persons above the age of twelve years, analogous to the Ecoles de Perfectionnement of France.

" ' Between this last and the next class, there are a number of very admirably constructed seminaries for the purpose of teaching the useful arts, and giving special instruction in particular trades-the schools of utility, Ecoles Usuelles, denominated in Austria, Realschulen.

" 'The intermediate instruction is acquired in the gymnasiums, lyceums, and faculties, or academies of different kinds; and the superior education is that attained in the universities.

"To the passage which we have printed in italics, we beg the reader's particular attention, for it announces the apparently anomalous fact, that education may be made the means of arresting the intellectual progress of a nation; and so in truth it does, when, as in Austria, it is confined to the mechanical acquisition of reading, writing, and arithmetic, a little smattering of some of the useful arts, and a dry catechetical formula of religion. Were the state to confine itself to ensuring to all its subjects even this limited quantity of instruction, they would have reason to be grateful, for the first rudiments of learning are the most difficult to acquire, and every individual might depend upon his own exertions for subsequently adding to his stock; but in Austria the state not only forces its subjects to receive an elementary education, but renders it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for them to make any further advance in the acquisition of knowledge. This object the government effects by superintending the censorship of books, and preventing, with the greatest jealousy, the sale of all popular and cheap works. The learned may purchase what books they like, provided they contain nothing politically objectionable; but cheap literature, cheap books, calculated not merely to teach some process of art, or convey the principles of a practical trade, but capable of enlarging and enlightening the mind-all such publications, we say, are forbidden. This restriction will, no doubt. excite feeling in the minds of our readers by no means favorable to the Austrian government; but, in candor, we are bound to add, that their defence of this restrictive system is, to say the least, plausible. If forced to become its advocates, we would urge the following arguments in its favor :-- Experience proves that unrestricted freedom of education and publication is by no means conducive, either to the morality or happiness of a people. The United States of America exhibit the best example of education most extensively diffused

untrammelled in the department either of schoolmaster or bookseller. There, every one may teach what he chooses, or print whatever speculation die-The great mental activity, which pervades all classes of the Anglo-Saxon race, has not suffered any diminution among the descendants of the English settlers, but on the contrary, from the circumstances of their history and their location in a new world, it has been wonderfully augmented. These colonists left home accompanied by the newly invented powers of the press, and America is now the only free nation in the world which has been founded, and has sprung into existence, since the art of printing commenced its stupendous operations. In America, education was called on to perform a new function, and was not destined, as in England, Germany, and France, to modify, to improve, or to deteriorate the character of a people formed during the preceding ages of a slowly developed civilization, but was destined, at once, to stamp with its impress, the soft and yielding materials of an infant society. In the United States the proportion of persons who can read and write far exceeds anything we know of in Europe; books too are much cheaper, newspapers more numerous, the law of libel is a dead letter, and no such thing as censorship exists—every religion is tolerated, and consequently the moral and intellectual condition of the citizens of the republic may be considered as the product of an experiment never before made on man. What has been the result? We fear, nay, we are certain, that every candid and unbiassed person, who has watched the progress of the model republic, must confess that the result has been most signally unpropitious. Let us receive, on this point, the statement of the New-York Daily Herald: - This is the most original and varied country under the sun, and none other is worth living in * * * Every element of thought, society, religion, politics, morals, literature, trade, currency, and philosophy is in a state of agitation, transition, change * * * Everything is in a state of effervescence! 50,000 persons have taken the benefit of the act, and wiped out debts to the amount of 60,000,000 of dollars. In religion we have dozens of creeds, and fresh revelations starting every year, or oftener. morals we have all sorts of ideas, and in literature every thing in confusion. Sceptical philosophy and materialism seem, however, to be gaining ground and popularity at every step.'

"This is strong language, but perfectly correct, and consequently the picture of America contrasts very unfavorably with that of Austria, as witnessed by ourselves, and as drawn by Dr. Wilde and other travellers; and in addition to this, be it remembered, that no population in the world exhibit so little crime as the Austrian—in this respect Austria far excels America, Britain, or France. Space does

among all classes of the community, and perfectly untrammelled in the department either of school-master or bookseller. There, every one may teach what he chooses, or print whatever speculation dietates. The great mental activity, which pervades all classes of the Anglo-Saxon race, has not suffered any diminution among the descendants of the English settlers, but on the contrary, from the circumstances of their history and their location in a new world, it has been wonderfully augmented. These colonists left home accompanied by the newly

"'Amusement is cheap in the capital; dancing and smoking are with the students, as with the rest of the Viennese, their chief solace and enjoyment; from the Sperl and Goldenen Birn down to the balls at Marien Hülf, the Wieden Theater, the Volksgarten, the Redoutensaal, and the Eliseum, all offer for a few kreutzers recreation even to satiety. The latter classic, though not attic, land consists of a vast number of cellars excavated beneath several extensive streets, and fitted up so as to resemble the several quarters of the globe;capable of holding some thousands of people, and far exceeding in the variety of its entertainments the merriest fête at Longchamp, or the Champs Elisées in their most palmy days. The temperature, the decorations, and the dresses of the band and attendants in each of these fairy lands being arranged in accordance with the originals; the millions of lights, the wit of the improvisators, the music of the troubadors, the native songs of the Tyrolers, the laugh and jest of the clowns, quacks, and conjurors, the clinking of glasses, and the honest good humor that beams in the faces of many hundred light-hearted Viennese, with their ponderous Fraus, and buxom daughters, make this scene highly attractive to foreigners as well as students, or indeed to all who would witness lowlife below stairs in this gayest of capitals. Grotesque and mixed as are the characters one sees in the Elyseum, the admittance to which is but fourpence, I have seldom visited it without meeting there some of the highest of the Austrian nobilitynay, it is not without the pale of royalty itself, for both here and in other places of similar character and resort will frequently be found some two or three of the archdukes of Austria, mingling with unconcern and almost without observation among the artizans and shopkeepers over whom they rule: strange to English eyes-yet such is Austrian po-

"" And then as to dancing—Orpheus must have been a Wiener, or at least have once set the good people of the imperial city a-going; and should he return some twenty years hence, he will find they have never ceased during his absence. It is really quite intoxicating for a foreigner to look at so many things turning round on all sides of him—men, women, and children—the infant and the aged, the merry and the melancholy—round and round they go, spinning away the thread of life, at least gaily, if not profitably. I do verily believe, that if but the first draw of Strauss' or Lanner's fiddle-bow was heard in any street or market-place in Vienna, in any weather or season, or at any hour of the day or night, all living, breathing nature within earshot would commence to turn: the coachman would leap from his carriage, the laundress would

desert her basket—and all, peeresses and prelates, must be numerous and celebrated. But noble and priests and professors, soldiers and shopkeepers, waiters and washerwomen, Turks, Jews, and gentiles, would simultaneously rush into one another's arms, and waltz themselves to a jelly. In fact, this dancing mania, like animal magnetism or the laughing gas, is quite irresistible, at least during the carnival.

"' With all this, I have never seen a blow given; I never witnessed a quarrel or a row amidst those varied acenes; and among the students duelling is almost unknown. But for the perpetual, neverending taking off hats, Austrian politeness would be really charming. The Austrians are polite and obliging to strangers and to one another, from good nature and kindness of heart—the French because it is the etiquette. Drunkenness is scarcely ever witnessed: during my residence in Vienna I never saw a person in a state absolutely drunk; and begging is neither tolerated, nor necessary. But, I find I am running into a description of the domestic manners of the people, instead of writing about their statistics and sanatory institutions.'

"Dr. Wilde strongly advocates the cause of the long-suppressed Academy of Sciences in the Austrian capital, concerning which so much has been already written :-

"'While,' he adds, 'no capital in Europe can boast of finer collections or more extensive museums in both science and the arts than that of Austria, it is a fact equally certain and admitted, that there is less done to advance the cause of general science, or any of its higher branches, or to uphold the true philosopher in Vienna, than in any other city of the same extent and resources of the present day. This is no new theme of wonder, no hap-hazard conclusion formed in an hour or a day: it is the result of minute and anxions inquiry for several months-it is a tale in the mouths of all those who are capable of forming an opinion on the subject, and who dare express their sentiments honestly and freely; and it must be the conviction of any man of science or literature, who there mixes in that rank of society from which science and literature have ever emanated. How is this? Is there not material for such? Will the mere want of patronage thus completely crush the growth of so noble and fast-flowering a plant! No—I fear we must seek in some deeper source for the stubborn rock that thus blights the roots of the tree of knowledge. Even the casual foreigner, or the amusement-hunting visitor, who in his short sojourn in the imperial city, is led about by his valet-de-place from institution to museum, from academy to university—who spends a delightful day in the Ambrass or the Belvedere Gallery—beholds the richest treasures of the animal and mineral kingdom, crowded into the different splendid collections of natural history—is lost in wonder at the brilliancy of the Schatzkammerand sees in the museums of antiquities the noblest efforts of Etruscan and Grecian art-whose mind is powerfully impressed with the paternal government which has erected and endowed such noble hospitals and sanatory institutions-and looking at these things through the purple veil with which well-ordered diplomacy has encompassed them, says to himself, surely with such encouragements arts and say that he would willingly exchange much of the science must flourish here—the savans of Vienna miscalled liberty for which the starving, naked,

impressive as are these institutions and museums. they have not produced the effects that similar establishments have in other countries. The higher branches of science are at a very low ebb in Vienna. particularly at this moment, and have been so since the decease of its astronomer, botanist, and mineralogist-Littrow, Jacquin, and Mohs. Chemistry has never had existence there; astronomy is buried in the grave of its late professor; mineralogy is locked up within the glass cases of the K. K. cabinet of the emperor (unless it may again flourish in the person of Mr. Haidinger;) physiology is but a name; and geology and comparative anatomy are still unborn in the Austrian capital—the former because it is, or was, forbidden to be taught, lest it should injure the morality of the religious Viennese!-and the latter because it has not yet been specified in the curriculum of education prescribed by the state.'

"'It certainly sounds strange, and loudly demands inquiry, why the imperial city should be the only capital in Europe without an academy for the cultivation of science, more especially as such institutions are permitted to exist in other parts of the empire, as at Prague, Pesth, Venice, and Milan.'

"'The fear of change,' he continues, 'even of a truly scientific and literary nature, seems almost as great a bugbear to the Austrian rulers as political advancement or reform. But let not the government of Austria suppose that by giving encouragement to the progress of science, it would thereby encourage a revolutionary spirit in the heart of its dominions. The author has resided sufficiently long in the capital, and has had such opportunities of observing the condition of the people at large, as enabled him to see and feel that the trading and working classes of the community (the only materiel by which the educated and the political can ever hope to effect any revolutionary change in their state or government) are too comfortable, contented, and happy to become their instruments. He has seen with regret how much superior was the condition of the burghers and tradesmen of Vienna to the corresponding classes in England; and how much superior the Viennese mechanic was to the gin and whiskey-drinking, sallowfaced, discontented artizan of Great Britain-too often, alas! rendered unhappy and discontented by the inciting declamation of some ale-house orator, or by the blasphemous and revolutionary sentiments of some Chartist periodical, that lead him to brood over fictitious wants, or drive him forward to deeds of outrage, at once ruinous to himself and disgraceful to the community to which he belongs. But look at the same class in Austria—enjoying their pipe and supper, listening to the merry strains of Strauss and Lanner, while their families, the gay, light-hearted daughters of the Danube, are whirling in the waltz or gallope, both helping to maintain, as well as their betters, the well-known motto of the Viennese, 'Man lebt um zu leben. The author has heard of, and also seen much of what is called Austrian tyranny; but ardently as he loves liberty, and venerates the glorious institutions of Great Britain, he is now constrained to

and often houseless peasant of his father-land hurrans, for a moiety of the food, clothing, and superior condition of the like classes in Austria. Without entering on the dangerous subject of politics, which should not find its way into a work of this description, even had its author the desire of doing so, he cannot but notice the boast of one of the latest writers on Vienna—that, while its rulers, or, to speak more correctly, its Ruler, has retained this great empire, steady and unmoved, although formed of such an incongruous mixture of tongues and nations, when other countries of Europe have been shaken to their foundations, or had their governments completely overturned by war and internal revolution, Austria has, during the last half century, remained like a ship in a calm, sluggishly rolling on the windless swell, while her helmsman simply rights his wheel when the occasional jarring of his rudder reminds him that he is still director of the barque.

"'This may, in political affairs, be all for the benefit of the country—time will yet inform us; but it is not alone in such matters that this great country has remained in statu quo; -- while the surrounding kingdoms have increased their commerce, extended their fame, and benefitted mankind, by their culture, patronage, and advancement of science, Austria can still boast that her rulers have preserved her unmoved and unaffected by the scientific progress and scientific revolution of the last

forty years.
"'It may be for her political advantage that her double-headed national emblem should keep a watchful eye upon innovation from without, or alteration from within; but we greatly fear that, in this overanxious, care the outstretched wings of the Schuwarzen Adler have shaded the extensive dominions of Austria, and its imperial city in particular, from the light of science, and cast a gloom upon the ardor necessary to discovery and improvement.'

"Dr. Wilde has, with considerable industry and literary labor, collected from various sources, accounts of the several learned societies that have existed in Vienna since the erection of the celebrated Danube Society, by Conard Celtes, in 1493, in order to show that the abstract and least popular sciences have not progressed since the days of the philosopher, Leibnitz:

"'From time to time, and by writer after writer, has this lamentable deficiency been alluded to; still the government, from whom all here must emanate, took no step to remedy the defect; at length, a few of the men most eminent in science and literature, finding no minister willing to assist them, or put forward their claims for this purpose, determined to address themselves to the emperor in per-The following twelve persons petitioned the Kaiser to establish an academy, and grant govern-ment assistance towards its support. The representatives of the mathematical and physical section were-Jacobin, the botanist; Baumgartner, director of the China factory; Ettingshausen, professor of physics; Schreibers, director of the natural hisnames of Kopiter and Wolf, both of the imperial London, Berlin, Paris, and St. Petersburgh.

imperial archives; and Hammer Purgetall, the orientaliet. This petition was received by the archduke Lewis, on the 20th of March, 1837, at the same time that the academy at Milan was re-erected. It was then forwarded to the chancellary, and from thence to the police department; and it remained in its passage through the police offices for about two years, till it at last gained its way back to the bureau of the minister of the interior, where it now remains, and is likely to do so, till a new generation, and a more enlightened era forces its attention upon the government. Littrow, and Buchholz, are no more: while they lived, comparisons might have been made as to the respective merits of the individuals who composed the leading persons of this desirable undertaking; but as the list now stands. Von Hammer remains without a competitor, undoubtedly the person of most literary reputation in Vienna.

"But Dr. Wilde has not been its only advocate. Littrow, one of the most distinguished philosophers that Austria can boast of for the last half century. wrote warmly and energetically in its behalf. eloquent appeals to the state are thus described by our author :-

"'In his own beautiful and peculiar style, he details the erection, and recounts the labora of the different European academies. When speaking of those in Spain, a poetic spirit worthy of the great astronomer breaks forth. He eloquently sketches the history of that country in her golden age; not during the period in which she discovered a world, but already, in the eighth and ninth centuries, when warmed with Arabic fire, she poured forth her spiritual light, in the richest streams, over the whole of Europe, then sunk in the dark night of barbarity and superstition, and even into the regions of the distant east. With the pen of a practised artist, and the graphic powers of an historian, he paints the splendor of the court of the Omunajaden, which added to the renown of arms an equal fame in arts and sciences, and calls to our recollection the day when the philosopher, abandoning his cell in the most distant parts of Europe, and even in the remote lands of Asia, sought instruction in the academy of Cordova. 'Never,' says he, 'was science higher esteemed, or every blossom of the human mind more honored than in the resplendent court of Hakem the Second. The renown of the academy of Cordova leaves far behind it the longest echoes of Alexandria, great as it was in its day. It leaves behind it even the fame of the high schools of Bagdad, Kufa, Bassora, and Bocara, and even the erections of Haroun Al Raschid, and Almamon; and never was Spain (in comparison with its time, and with the surrounding world) more intelligent, richer, or happier; never was its administration, finances, or industry—its internal or external commerce—its agriculture, and even the condition of its roads better attended to, than in the glancing period of the Omunajaden.' He next alludes to the men brought forward by academies, foremost among whom stands Pope Sylvester tory cabinet; Pruhel, director of the polytechnic the Second, the renowned teacher of kings and institute; and Littrow, the astronomer. The philo- princes. He adduces the benefits, national, scienlogical and historical class were supported by the tific, and individual, conferred by the societies of library; Buchholz Arneth, director of the cabinet holds up to Austria, the many great masters that of medals and antiquities; Chonel, curator of the these academies have produced—the Newtons,

Eulers, D'Alemberts, with Copernicus, Lagrange. Laplace, Monge, Gauss, and others; who, fostered by academic institutions, have extended their researches into the regions of the unknown; and by enlarging the boundaries of science, advanced the interest and honor of their countries. In a style of the most withering sarcasm, but with such admirable tact, as to escape the red pen of even an Austrian censor, he compares his own country to the present stereotype condition of China; and in the same classical, argumentative, and cutting vein, he clearly defines that difference, so hard to impress upon the Austrian government, between a university and an academy; the former being designed but for the instruction of youth, and where each professor (especially in Southern Germany) must teach not only certain doctrines, but teach them according to specified rules framed for his direction, and beyond which he dare not advance; while the latter is intended not only for the advancement of abstract science, but for the instruction of the professors themselves.

"We understand the reason, at present assigned by the heads of the Austrian dominions for refusing this boon to the literati of their capital, is that there is not a sufficiency of talent there to give it stability or eclat; but

"'If,' says our author, 'such a want does exist, then the science and literature of the Austrian capital must have degenerated since the days of Leibnitz and the time of Theresa; and such a deficiency at present can only be accounted for, as I have already stated, by the misdirection or mal-administration of the Studium Hof-Commission, and by the absence of the necessary care and support of science in the heart of the Austrian dominions. It is generally but erroneously supposed, that the Viennese possess but little taste for literary and scientific matters. I do firmly believe, that were the barrier, that now dams up the stream of learning at its source, removed, Vienna would pour forth a flood of light that would soon rival every capital in Europe. Surely, with such men as Hammer Purgstall, the first of living orientalists, and who undoubtedly stands at the head of the Austrian literati; mathematicians and chemists of such eminence as Baumgarten and Ettingshausen; novelists like Caroline Pichler; poets like Grillparzer, Sedlitz, Lenau (Nimpsch,) and Castelli; travellers like Hugel; naturalists, who count among their numbers John Natterer, Endlicker, Screibers, Haidinger, Diesing, and Heckell, besides such men as Count Bruenner, the friend and pupil of Cuvier, and Pratobavaria, the lawyer; together with those persons whose names have been already enumerated in the petition of 1837, and many others that I might with great justice enumerate;—there is a sufficiency of talent to render the literary society of the capital both useful, brilliant, and agreeable.

"So strenuously has our author taken up this subject, that we cannot forbear, even at the risk of being tedious, quoting his observations upon the establishment of an academy, as a political movement, from another portion of his work:—

*The number of poets in Vienna is very remarkable: independent of those I have enumerated above, we find Count Auersperg, (the Anastasius Griln.) Fraenkel, Feuchterslaeben, and Betty Paoli, who have all written with much spirit and effect.

" With reference to the present state of science in Vienna, and the want of an academy in particular, two subjects have started into notice since this work was originally composed, both pregnant with events that must one day infinence the welfare of Austria. It is well known to those conversant with the present state of affairs in that part of Europe, that during the last two years Magyarism and Sclavism have raised their heads from out of the literary darkness, and much of the political thraldom in which they have been sunk for upwards of half a century; and one of the first efforts of this new spirit has evinced itself in various attacks upon true Germanism. Should not, therefore, sound policy grasp at every means of opposing to those growing influences such a powerful scientific organ as an Austrian academy. The urgency of this becomes the greater, as the Hungarians and Bohemians rejoice in such institutions, and from these bodies have issued many of the works to which I now allude. The Austrian monarchy, and the reigning house in particular, being truly German, it is more than Egyptian blindness in them to remain passive spectators of the overpowering efforts of the Sclaves and Magyars, and not to strengthen and bind together, as they thus might, the German elements of the constitution. Is it not an unaccountable and unwarrantable neglect of the German race, whose scientific worth and capability is so much underrated in comparison with the Hungarians, Bohemians and Italians, to whom academies are permitted, thus to prohibit one in the capital city of the empire, from the days of Leibnitz to the present?

"But if patriotism has no avail, the consideration of foreign policy should have its weight. All Germany, as we have lately had many instances to prove, is rallying its nationality against France. The Zollverein is the great bond of union which holds the various states and principalities of this vast dominion in connection; but from this Austria stands aloof. Can we, therefore, while she neither leagues with the one, nor permits the other, consider her fully alive to her own and the common

interests of Germany ?

"As our author treats principally of medical subjects, the contents of his most important chapters are not suited to our pages, and consequently we must content ourselves with one more extract referring to the state of the fine arts in Austria:—

"'Although the fine arts are not particularly cultivated in the imperial city, or the provinces of Austria Proper, yet the splendid galleries of the former, added to the patronage bestowed upon modern artists, and its academy of painting, have created no unworthy school of art since the commencement of the last general peace; and even in the year 1820 there were seven hundred students and young artists studying in Vienna: but while Venice, Milan, and Prague are numbered among the cities of the empire, sculpture, painting, and engraving, music and the drama, find there a more congenial home.

Generally speaking, the fine arts flourish most in the German, Bohemian, and Italian provinces; while Hungary, Transylvania, Gallicia and the Military Borders, as might be anticipated from the present condition of these countries, neither possess much art, nor feet, its want. Yet, although

this applies to Hungary as a nation, the observation | sess all the errors in drawing and perspective which is daily losing force in the capital of that country.

"'The imperishable reputation of Italy as a school of art, the magnificence of its galleries, the number and the value of its antiques in marble and on canvass, the remembrance of its ancient glory, and the very tread of its classic ground, have long since created it the centre of European art; and while Rome forms the nucleus of this centre, the cities of the Austrian dominions in the Lomberdo-Venetian states still continue to uphold, as far as the state of art in the present day will permit, the name and celebrity bequeathed to them by the ancient masters; and the spoils of the Byzantine kingdom, which adorn the lovely daughter of the Adriatic, still mould the Venetian artists.

"'So early as the end of the fourteenth century, the school of Padua had arisen, with Andreas Montegna and his followers, and that of Verona, with Gianfrancesco Carotto. In these, if the outline was sharp or even harsh, still the drawing was In the second half of the fifteenth cencorrect. tury, the Venetian school arose; and while it softened the lines of the two former, first brought into play those wonderful powers of its magnificent coloring, which has since become its characteristic, and has never been surpassed. As we advance in the sixteenth century—the golden age of painting in Italy-Rome, Florence, and Venice vie for the mastery in the art bequeathed to them by Giorgione and the celebrated Tizianno Vercelli; and even in latter years, when the glory of painting had departed from the other Italian schools, that of Venice still flourished, and could boast a Tintoretto and a Paul Veronese. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, those stars of the first magnitude, which had illuminated the horizon of Italian painting, had set; the age of imitation ensued, for the artists of that day acknowledging the superiority of their forefathers, seemed as it were awed by the perfection attained by the masters of the early school, and seldom ventured to test their own powers of originality; and thus, although the schools of Milan, Venice, and Cremona still produced many distinguished artists, they were but disciples of an earlier and more resplendent period.

"This condition of the art in Italy continues to the present day; for although a hundred pieces of sculpture, and four hundred and ninety-seven paintings, by modern artists, were produced in the Milanese exhibition in 1838, there were but few works among them of any merit, whereupon 'copy,

could not have been read. " While the arts were undergoing this change in Italy, the peculiar schools of Austria and Bohemia shot forth and even in their infancy were characterized by much taste and genius, particularly in miniature painting. To Bohemia undoubtedly belongs the honor of having created the first national school in the Austrian dominions, for even so early as the latter end of the fourteenth, and beginning of the fifteenth century, when the Emperor Charles IV. held his court in Prague, the encouragement which painters, sculptors, and architects of every nation there received, soon raised a healthful spirit of emulation among the native artists of that country, among whom the names of Kunze and Theodorich of Prague stand preëmi-

"'The works of the early Bohemian school pos- Italian neighbors; Prague and Vienna have lately

characterize the old German style. The last and the present centuries have, however, produced many distinguished Bohemian artists, who justly earned for themselves and their country considerable reputation in painting. The imperial city was one of the last places in the monarchy where native art commenced to flourish; how far this circumstance may have arisen from the want of that encouragement to artists and that fostering care of art, (such as she now denies to science,) the records I have consulted make no mention; for although we read of the protection afforded by Rudolph II., the school has made but little progress till the present

"'In 1704, an academy of painting and sculpture, under Leopld the First, was founded in Vienna, and furnished with models of the best antiques from Rome and Florence; thus the foundation was laid, but no superstructure arose upon it, and a very few years after its erection it fell into decay. In 1726 it again rose into life, and a school of architecture was connected with it; but the first great step towards the formation of a school of art had its origin in the collections commenced by the noble families of Lichtenstein and Schwartzenberg, and by the protection and patronage which they afforded to architects, sculptors, and painters, during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

"'Under Joseph II. the academy was enriched with many new and splendid works of art, liberally endowed by this patriotic emperor, divided into separate schools for its several branches, and placed under the direction of Frederick Fuger, a painter

of acknowledged and superior merit.

"'The splendid public and private galleries of Vienna are now too well known to require comment or description—the present school is chiefly distinguished for its success in portrait painting and landscape. Although sculpture has never flourished to any extent in the capital, the statues and monuments of which are principally by Italian masters, yet Austria has sent forth many distinguished artists in this department, at the head of whom stands Raphael Donner, one of the most celebrated European sculptors during the early years of the last century. Some years ago the Viennese school of engraving was more distinguished than any other of southern Germany, and received much eclat from the works of Jacob Schmutzer; but this art has here, as in some other parts of Germany, given way to the softer touches of lithography. We are indebted to a Bohemian, Alois Senefelder, for the invention of this latter art, which was first brought into general use in Munich, and afterwards in enna, from whence it was spread to all parts of the globe.

"'Singing and music, which have had their birth-place in the Italian states of this empire, are highly cultivated in the capital, the operatic and sacred music of which is ably sustained by native artists, and the melody and power of Lutzer and Staudegel will be long remembered by those of their hearers who have a heart that can be charmed by music and song.

"'The German and Bohemian people, who by nature possess so much of the genius of music, soon improved their own talents in that line by adopting much of the style and manner of their become rallying points for all the good musicians | Carniola. and singers on the Continent; and the reputation which Mozart and Haydn, (both of whom were Austrians,) and Gluck and Beethoven, acquired for the capital of southern Germany, is still sustained

by able artists and composers.*

"The Viennese possess much taste for the drama in all its branches; the theatres, though numerous, are always well attended, and that of the Burg is one of the best conducted on the Continent. The pieces acted there are always of the chastest character, and the talent of the actorsamong whom are Löwe and Madame Rettich-is universally acknowledged."

"The remainder of Dr. Wilde's fifth chapter on the Present state of Science in Vienna is extremely interesting, and in order to give our readers some idea of Dr. Wilde's diligence in collecting information, we willingly lay before them his remarks upon Austrian literature-

"'The literature of Austria, in quality as well as quantity, appears to have degenerated during the last fifty years, for, from 1733 to 1790, the period when it flourished most, there were in one year in Vienna upwards of four hundred authors. It is stated by Springer, that the authors of Austria amount in the present day to two thousand five The severity of the censorship is no doubt one of the chief causes at present acting so injudiciously upon all literary labor, literary speculation, and the general spread of knowledge. tural history, geography, mathematics, law, and the physical, technical, and medical sciences, compose the chief part of the present home literature of Philology also has been long cultivated with success, and the oriental languages, in particular, have received in this country special attention, while dramatic works and lyrical poetry are, when unconnected with politic or religion, rather encouraged by the state, and are all well suited to the genius of this imaginative people. The Austrian literature, as may be supposed, consists of the several languages and nations of this great empire, and likewise numbers among its productions, works in several of the oriental languages, particularly the Armenian. These latter, which consist partly of translations, and partly of original productions, emanate from the Mechitaristen or Armenian Catholics, in the cloister of St. Lazarus, near Venice; they are for the most part composed of works of instruction and devotion, and supply those of the Armenian creed throughout the Ottoman empire The Wallachian people, upon the borgenerally. ders of Hungary and Transylvania, although they cannot be said to be possessed of a special literature, have their school-books, and also some religious works printed in their own tongue. Within the last few years, several new works have been printed in Latin, Romaic, and Hebrew. But the proper natural literature of Austria consists of those works published in the German, Italian, Sclavonian, and Hungarian languages, and very lately, some few books have appeared in the original Bo-hemian tongue. The German press is most actively employed in the capital, and the country below the Enns, and least so in the Tyrol, Carynthia, and

* " During my stay at Vienna, I was twice present at concerts in the great riding-school of the palace, at which 1100 artists performed."

Hungary has lately sent forth many valuable publications, chiefly on scientific subjects, in the Sclavonian language; but the upper portion of that country seems latterly to have preferred the German literature to its own. Its literature is said to have arisen during the second part of the last century, in the numerous songs and airs which well suited the chivalrous and enterprising spirit of the Magyars; and it has grown so rapidly since that period, that in the space of nine years, from 1817 to 1825 inclusive, there appeared three hundred and ten articles in Hungarian, two hundred and fifty-nine in Latin, one hundred and twentyseven in German, and eleven in the Sclavonian tongue, in that country.

"'Venice and Milan are the centres of Italian literature, which is at present characterized by the predominance of works on language, mathematics, natural philosophy and the natural sciences generally; not because I believe those subjects to be more congenial to the tastes and manners of that people, but because they are the only ones they

can treat with safety.

"'The Hungarian language, now the language of its senate and its official details, is daily becoming more known, more valued, and more cultivatedpoetry, and dramatic and theological writings are

at present its chief subjects.
"'The Sclavonian literature, which is divided into the proper Bohemian, the Sclavonian and the Serbish and Windish tongues, has long been distinguished in Moravia, Bohemia, and the Czechen, and may date its most glancing period so far back as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and it continued till the influence of Austria forced upon the people of these countries the German tongue. After a long pause, an endeavor has been recently made to reestablish the written language of Bohemia, but with little success; the public, and the upper circles in particular, had become accustomed to their adopted language, and they possessed neither the energy nor the literary ability of the Hungarians to throw it off. In 1835, there were nine journals published in Prague in the mother tongue.

"'The literature of Poland has likewise had a glorious era in the same period with the Bohemian; and a sufficiency remains from that time to exhibit its abundance, force, and beauty, in poetry, history, and theology. It can hardly now be expected that, bowed down, and broken in spirit as in fortune, Poland could still shine in literature; and, therefore, although translations from the French and German are numerous, her native works and authors are but few, yet these few still adhere to the original type, and their productions are chiefly of a poetical, religious, and historical nature.

" The Serbish literature is still in its infancy, for this tongue has only been elevated to a written language since the commencement of the eighteenth century. It is chiefly cultivated in Dalmatia and Ragusa. Several of the works of Hungary, particularly upon theological, historical, and philological subjects, are written in Latin, for there that language is still spoken, even by the lower

orders, in the common usages of life.

"'The following table exhibits in a clearer manner than words can express the character and present condition of Austrian literature; it is extracted from Springer's Statistics, published in 1840, and shows that the number of works published in the

monarchy had decreased two hundred and seven former publications. from 1832 to 1833 :--

SUBJECTS. YEAT	R8.
1832	1833
Morals and Theology, Religion, Prayer books, 729 &c	665
Law and Political Affairs	58
Medicine and Surgery, including Inaugural 263	279
Philosophy	25
Philology9	3
Astronomy.	4
History and Biography 216	111
Chemistry and Physics20	24
Mathematics and Geometry31	43
Romances, Tales, and Novels	198
Agriculture and Technology48	59
Natural History	25
Architecture23	16
Poetry and the Drama	351
Minor Poems and Songs256	233
Music and the Fine Arts (Painting)51	48
Statistics8	10
Geography, Voyages, and Travels106	96
Military Works 8	5
Educational and School books, &c	165
Almanacs, Calendars, Hand-Books and Annu-	160
Other Works unspecified93	106
2754	2484

"'An examination of this table affords us no bad criterion of the taste of the Austrian people and the character of their literature as sanctioned and patronized by the government. Heretofore we have been in the habit of judging of the Austrian literature by the number of the publications of that country, specified in the Leipzig catalogue; this, however, is an unfair test, for in the list of German works published at the Eastern fair in the year 1835, of 3164 books mentioned therein, but 216 were Austrian; and in 1839, of 2127 works, only 118 were Austrian. This arises from the little intercourse that subsists between the Austrian and the other German publishers-from many of the Austrian works being written in the Sclavonian, Hungarian, and Latin languages-from the fact of most Austrian works being expressly written for, and only applicable to, the condition of the inhabitants of that country—and from the strict censorship of the imperial dominions, rendering impossible the usual barter or interchange of literature, by which the booksellers of the other countries of Germany conduct their mercantile transactions. It is calculated that but a tenth part of the annual Austrian literature appears in the Leipzig catalogue. Compared with the other states of Europe, and with Germany in particular, it is evident, that when we substract the mere school-books, and other minor publications, the literature of Southern Germany is by no means adequate to the population and the present state of civilization in that country; and the polyglot condition of this literature reduces the number of works which are applicable to each nation or condition of the community to a much smaller number.

"'It will be seen by referring to the foregoing table, that (independent of the school-books and almanacs) religious works are the most numerous; then follow those on medicine; after that, poetry and dramatic productions; and then historical and biographic works; the novel and romance literature, although apparently so numerous in these years, is not so in reality, for many of the works

Many of the poetic works, which were chiefly Italian, were of mere local interest; and much of the history and biography is of a popular and encyclopædic character.

" The relative proportion of works in the four different languages now in most general use in the Austrian states, stood thus in the years 1832 and 1833—Italian 2,221, German 2,139, Latin 389, Bohemian 178; Hungarian literature was not at this time in a sufficient state of advancement to offer a fair comparison with the foregoing. Italian literature, the greatest number of works are those published in the Lombardy states, which, even in the year 1824, possessed a native literature to the amount of 1,040,500 volumes;—in 1832, this kingdom published 913 and the Venetian state 862 works; and in 1836, Lombardy produced 788 and Venice 843 hooks.

"'In the years 1832 and 1833, the works published in Austria (not including Italy) were 70 Polish, 91 Greek, 37 Windish and Serbish, 53 Hebrew, and 8 Armenian, exclusive of its own immediate literature; many of these, however, were but translations and new editions, the number of original works being about two-thirds of the whole.

"'Owing to the strict censorship, few foreign works are admitted into Austria;—in 1832, these amounted to 2,509, and in 1833, they numbered 2,791; among those of the former year were 67 historical, 63 poetical, 29 theological, and 14 legal and juridical. Of 5,300 foreign publications recently admitted into Austria, 3,578 were German, 771 French, 657 Italian, 112 Polish, 75 English, 6 Greek, and 101 Latin.

" 'The periodical literature is very scanty; each of the fifteen principal cities publishes a newspaper, denominated the Provincial Zeitung, which is under the immediate direction of the government of the place; it contains all the government orders and regulations, and likewise publishes the local news. Each government-office issues an Amtsblatt, or government Gazette, which is solely occupied with all the new laws, regulations, and enactments. There are likewise fourteen other newspapers, the principal of which are the Austrian Observer (Oesterreichische-Beobachter), established since 1810, and the Salzburg Troppau, Presburg, and Agram papers, the Kaschaur Bothe and the Magyar Kurir; that, however, in the greatest circulation, is the Wiener Zeitung. There are six newspapers published in the capital, two of which, the Observer and the Wiener Zeitung. are so-called political. The chief foreign news, however, obtained by the Austrians, is contained in the Allgemeine Zeitung, or Augsburgh Gazette, which has, it is said, a separate edition printed for circulation in Austria when anything appears in its pages that does not satisfy the conscience of the censor.

"'Foreign newspapers were likewise admitted in the following numbers and proportions, in 1833, German 252, French 116, English 20, Italian 35in all, 423.

"'This number has, however, been much curtailed since that period, for by the last official accounts (those for 1836) we find the number reduced to 205; the tone and character of which may be learned from the following statement :- German-39 political, 52 literary and artistic, and 40 of a included in this number, were but new editions of mixed nature; French—21 political, 2 literary and artistic, 36 mixed; English-4 political and 1 literary; Italian-6 political; and 2 in other foreign The higher periodical literature consists of journals, (Jahrbücher), magazines, and general communicators (Mittheilungen), to the number of seventy-six. One-half of these belong to the Lombardy-Venetian kingdom, which takes the lead in literary matters of all the other Austrian provinces; thus, we find, that of the 76 journals published in the entire of Italy, 32 belonged to Lombardy, 10 to Venice, 24 to Naples, and 10 to Sardinia. The characters of the 76 Austrian journals are, 2 theological, 3 legal, 7 medical, 2 astronomical, 13 for physics, agriculture, trade, and commerce, 9 for history, statistics, and geography, 2 military, 2 for general literature, and 36 for art and mixed subjects. There are 2 literary, 2 medical, and 3 legal periodicals published in Vienna, besides the quarterly proceedings of the agricultural and industrial societies. The Jahrbücher der Literatur, which commenced in 1818, is the chief Austrian journal of eminence, and the Medicinish-Chirurgische-Zeitschrift, published at Innsbruck, is one of the oldest medical periodicals in Europe; it is now in its fifty-fourth year. six papers, which are principally read in the capital, have the following circulation: - Allgemeine-Zeitung 1999, Theater-Zeitung 965, Militär Zeitschrift 523, Wiener Mode-Zeitschrift 490, Leipziger Moden 229, Journal de Francfort 87; besides this there are the Humorist and the Oesterreichische Zuschauer, which have also got a considerable circulation. There is a private subscription reading-room in Vienna, the Casino, where foreigners will find some of the English newspapers and reviews—the 'Times,' 'Morning Post,' and the 'Athenæum.""

"At the present moment, when the subject of the medical charities of Ireland engrosses so much attention, it is extremely fortunate that Dr. Wilde has presented us with the fullest details respecting the Austrian Sanatory institutions, for although the established habits of this country, and the nature of the British constitution, render the adoption of the entire Austrian code impossible, yet there are many of their sanatory regulations which we might borrow with great benefit to ourselves, and we have no hesitation in asserting, that, on the important questions of the poor laws and medical police, the legislature might derive many useful hints from our author's fifteenth chapter on the General and Medical Statistics of the Austrian empire.

"We are now compelled by our limits to close our notice of this interesting work, in which, although the author's object was principally to record the existing condition of Austrian literary, scientific, and sanatory institutions, abundant matter will be found to interest and amuse the general reader. Hard names and statistical tables may at first blush, deter him who reads merely for pleasure, but we promise that a nearer intimacy with the volume will suffice to dispel any idea of dullness, as it really is but another of the many instances before the world, of how agreeable a book can be made on apparently the least amusing topics, by a clever man, particularly when that clever man is a clever physician."

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS .- NO. II.

BY E. B. HALE.

Ah! when this weak and languid frame Is gathered to its lowly bed; Will Friendship ever lisp the name, Or shrine the mem'ry of the dead?

Will mourning friends, with gentle sigh, Recall the old familiar tone; When months and years have glided by, And Truth's young visions all have flown?

When I have trod the solemn way, And laid me in the narrow bed; Will wandering footsteps ever stray, The sympathizing tear to shed?

But hush! no friend shall weep for me;—
No clod shall press this silent breast;
But in the ever rolling sea,
I'll take my dreamless rest.

No stranger there, with careless tread, Will stain the consecrated spot; Or ramble heedless o'er the head, Of him that's long forgot.

Ah! there the breath of boist'rous mirth,
The din of men- the village hum—
The bustle of the lab'ring Earth,
Can never, never come.

Where thousands aleep, I may not sleep;
Where strangers lie, I may not lie;
For others, there are some to weep;
But none, when I may die.

Death loves to see the coffin's shroud,
A smile is on his ghastly face;
As Earth's poor dying children crowd,
To their last burial place!

It is his realm—his blest abode—
There sleep the noble—and the fair—
All nations throng the royal road,
And meet in silence there.

Ye myriads pale of ghastly dead, Ruled by the Conqueror's iron rod! Are there no scenes of wail and dread, Beneath the senseless clod?

Is there no deep and dark distress,

No gushing tears—no cureless grief—
No utter sense of loneliness,

Where none can give relief?

Does not the slimy reptile creep,
All softly on the maiden's breast,
And, in her heavy silent sleep,
Make there its nauseous nest?

Ah Death! tho' I shall bow to thee, A subject of thy kingly reign; Yet I will lie beneath the sea, And not upon the plain.

I will not feel thy foul decay,
Thy rotting breath I will not know;
But where the eternal waters play,
There, Tyrant, I will go.

Deep, down in the foaming brine,
Where the Naiads braid their silken hair—
Where the Nymphs their clust'ring ringlets twine,
And the sparkling gems of beauty shine—
My resting place is there.

There, where the coral banks of snow
Branch as the leafy tree;
Where the brightest tints in radiance glow—
A thousand thousand feet below—
Deep in the sounding sea;

There, where the solemn anthem swells—
And the piping insects play—
Where the sea-nymphs wind their golden shells—
And the mermaids dance with their crystal bells—
And music make alway;

There, there, is the place for me;
There 'neath the ocean waves;
Where the voice of joy is ever free,
And the dancing hours trip by with glee,
Deep in the coral caves.

There Shelley sleeps! the ill-fated one— But not unknown to Fame; Pale death obscur'd his noon-day sun: He perish'd; but his Genius won A bright enduring name!

Unhappy man! Had Wisdom told
To thee her priceless gem,
Thy name, enshrin'd in lines of gold,
Had brighter grown as ages roll'd,
In Poesy's diadem.

But thou art dead and deep, down
Beneath the rolling sea,
The mermaids deck thy locks of brown,
With flowery wreath—and garland crown,
Twisted and twined for thee.

There Falconer sleeps—the tempest cast— The sounding lyre he strung! And, how the rushing roaring blast Went sweeping o'er the ocean vast, Melodiously he sung!

Death saw him on the fated wave, Alas! the untimely day! The Poet found a watery grave, But well he sleeps in the coral cave, Where crystal fountains play.

And Orpheus, of the Olden Time, And Sappho, young and fair; And Lycidas, that in his prime, Departed to that purer clime; Sleep not the slumberera there?

Is it not meet that they, who sing
How man was made to die;
Who soar away on rapt'rous wing,
And songs of melting music bring,
From Ocean, Earth, and Sky;

Is it not meet, that they should dwell, In nature's loveliest spot; Where airy harps, with gentle swell, Their soft complaining murmurs tell— And sigh forget them not?

Ah yes! and be it where it will,
Away on the prairie plain;
Or on the bright and sunny hill,
Where gushing goes the rippling rill,
With softly murmuring strain;

Or be it by the streamlet's side,
Where "winds the stealing wave;"
And fairy barks by moonlight glide—
And rock upon the lulling tide—
Beside the Poet's grave;

Or be it here—or be it there—
On Earth—or in the Sen—
O lay his lowly couch with care,
And, mind thou, in the upper air,
He will remember thee.
Decatur, Illinois,

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF INSINCERITY.

"Well might they love! those two had grown Orphans, together and alone."

"For thou hast made no deeper love a guest 'Midst thy young spirit's dreams, than that which grows Between the nurtured of the same fond breast, The shelter'd of one roof; and thus it rose, Twined in with life."

The sparkling beauty and freshness of a summer morning spread their exhilarating influence over the beautiful garden attached to a splendid mansion, far in the sunny south. We will pass the wide halls and splendid rooms of the mansion, for the blooming paradise beyond. Here, are flowers of every hue and clime; and the beauteous creations of Art have been wooed to the assistance of Nature, to spread enchantment around. Behold Venus in her bower of roses, beneath whose blushing wreath her frolicksome son lurks with the thorns of the flower and the arrows of the god; Pomona reclines among the pomegranates and trees laden with apples of gold, more tempting than those Atalanta threw: Naiades invite to crystal fountains, gushing from marble urns beneath the rich shade of magnolias: Bacchus proffers the luscious clusters from his vine-trellised arbor; and even old Neptune stands leaning on his trident, by the shore of the noble lake, whose waters wash the southern border of this place of witching delight.

Two Hebe-like children are the sole enjoyers of this rare and poetic scene. With the heedless mirth of childhood, they are chasing the rainbow butterflies, over walk and bed, 'mid labyrinth and bower. The restless wanderers of air soon tire their pursuers, and the panting children seek repose on a grassy plat. The little maid has filled her apron with flowers, and the eager boy sits patiently wearing a chaplet for her silken hair. In silence he plies his task, and silently she watches, with her large bright eyes, the growing wreath. It is done, she draws a long breath, and claps her little hands with delight. How fond is the glance of his blue eyes, as he gently places it on her graceful head! Blest beautiful scene of innocent happiness, can you not tempt the hurrying footstep of Time to linger !- They are brother and sister, and orphans. When Frederick was three, and Alicia one year old, their parents impressed the last kiss of life on their unconscious lips. Heirs of immense wealth, they were left to the care of an aged uncle and aunt; but still dwelt in their paterremoved. Themselves childless, they lavished the tenderest affection on their lovely charge. Blessed with calm and equable tempers, they looked, with lenient eyes and benevolent hearts, on the world and saw nothing to alarm. Wealth and age exempted them from a participation in its troublesome broils and cares. The manners and minds of their charges were carefully trained, and nothing, that wealth, or affection could bestow, did they want. But the wild flowers of feeling were uncultivated, and the germs of fresh thought unpolished; and, worse than all, the light of correct principles and selfcontrol left to struggle unaided, through the darkness that shrouds the natural heart. Yet they were lovers of nature and books; and, as years rolled on, they filled their hearts with lofty emotions, and their hours of constant communion were fraught with happiness. They were the world to each other. A holy and blissful thing was their devoted lova.

A few years changed the children to youth and maiden. The happy recluses must leave their home for the college and school-room; they were to enter on a miniature world, and, severed from each other's sympathy, to meet its trials alone. The evening before their separation, they stood linked in each other's arms, on the shore of the lake, looking over the moonlit waters, on which their boat had just left its silvery wake. The fears and clinging affections of woman's heart filled Alicia's eyes with tears; but the ambition of the man had dawned in the heart of the boy; and, though at times his voice was sorrowful and low, he spoke words of encouragement and pride. As Alicia looked on his noble countenance, lighted up with the euthusiastic hopes and aspirations of a young energetic spirit, she, too, caught, for a moment, his spirit. But with the parting hour, resolves and hopes fled,—tears and bitter grief came. Time, however, wears away the finer edge of the feelings, and well it is for our peace; for we must meet the harsh and rude collisions of the world. When Frederick finished his collegiate course, Alicia with cheerfulness saw him remove to the distant city of M. to pursue his proffession of the law, which he could do with more honor than in the quiet village, in which was their home. Two years passed-Alicia left school, and few could bear a comparison with the beauty and grace of personal manners, and the cultivation and gifts of mind which were the portion of the brilliant heiress. Possessed of a discerning mind, and too refined and high-souled to be touched by the incense of flattery, she passed on heart-free, with the reputation of coldness and heartlessness,

> "Heeding the homage of the vain, As lightly as some star, Whose steady radiance changes not, Though thousands kneel afar."

nal home, whither their kind and only relations had But the sculptor's skill and genius can imprint a form of exquisite mould on the hardest marble, and many hearts wait long for such a magic power. Though such require countless delicate strokes of the chisel, and unwearying patience, the impression, when once made, passes not, as those traced with ease on the waxen hearts of the many. The heart which bears this impress must be broken ere the image is destroyed. Such was Alicia's; but the artist had not yet appeared. Her ambition, which was great, was fully gratified by the honors Frederick had acquired, and that brother became, more than ever, the object of her love and pride.

PERSECUTION.

"And when my heart would gush with feeling, To catch one kind, one sunny look; When love would be a leaf of healing, But scorn a thing, I will not brook. Oh! it is hard to put the heart Alone and desolate away,-To curl the lip, with pride, and part With the kind thoughts of yesterday."

Among the acquaintances Frederick formed in M.. was a young lawyer about his own age. Nature had done much for Alphonso Graham, in gifting him with a fine mind and attractive person; and to these were added correct principles and polished manners, bestowed by the careful training of a refined and pious mother. Poor in this world's goods, he was rich in the best endowments of mind and heart. Frank and independent in his ideas and actions, and depending on his own exertions for the support of himself and widowed mother, he devoted his time and talents energetically to his He and Frederick had fought several combats at the bar, and the engagement of two spirits so well matched always excited great pleasure in the court. Their gladiatorial contests opened the mind of each to the other, and their prepossessions soon ripened into intimacy. Frederick was too refined to seek pleasure in the sordid amusements, which occupied most of the young men of the city. Intellectual in his tastes and pursuits, the wine cup, the gaming table and midnight revel had no charms for him. In this, he and his friend stood alone; but Alphonso was too poor to excite their cupidity, or resentment. On Frederick's devoted head did the storm of their ridicule fall. It is a powerful weapon in any hands, and in those of a conscience-accusing class, who use it for defence, it becomes deadly. Stung by the contrast Frederick's pure morality presented to their own characters, a coterie of the aristocrats or first circle among the young men, determined, in their language, "to put this pink of perfection down." Frederick's great personal beauty and physical conformation, though he was wanting in nothing manly in action, or sentiment, and none would have dared openly to attack him, for fear of chastisement, added weapons to those their malice had invented, bright star of all eyes. and the epithet effeminate, with its concomitants, so odious to man, was coupled with his name. Nor was slander found backward; with her assassinlike dagger, she stabbed secretly but surely. conduct had its desired effect. Frederick found that those who, a few weeks since, received him cordially now treated him coldly; and one, to whom he ascribed all perfection, the idol to which his heart bowed with all its freshness, ardor and purity, was among them. To what must I attribute this sudden change? What have I done? were questions put to his friend.

Alphonso had struggled with the world; he knew it, its falsehood, its injustice,; he had also heard whispers, which had not reached the ear of his triend. He told Frederick his suspicions, but inexperienced and guileless, he could not believe to be true the dark pictures of malice Alphonso drew. "I know," he replied, "that band of roués despise me, but can they influence so many and those the purest of their kind? Would Gertrude treat me coldly, because she feared their ridicule ? Oh! no, Alphonso, 'tis some secret which I trust a little time will discover and set right." Yet most of these, so little dreaded, were members of the most influential families in M. Had Frederick heard the sneering whisper, and the insinuation of his isolated position-his unknown parents, (for he was a stranger in M.) his wealth being the gain of the piratical guilt of his ancestors; and his purity of life and refinement of manner transformed to hypocrisy and "traps" to secure the hand of some daughter of rank and influence, he would have wondered at, but no longer doubted the dangerous and malicious power of those he so lightly esteemed. Yet some of these were not so deeply dyed with malice and hatred; they merely meant to ridicule one who rebuked their laxity. But what man can say to his evil passions "thus far shall you go, and no farther," and how many a high-souled youth has suffered from similar persecutions!

-" They stood that hour, Speaking of hope, while tree and fount and flower And stars, just gleaming through the cypress loughs, Seemed holy things, as records of their vows."

Wounded and disgusted by the coldness and neglect of his associates, Frederick determined to visit his loved sister and home. He persuaded Alphonso to accompany him, and they were soon in the beautiful village of L.

Frederick had not seen Alicia for a year, but the beanteous bud had fulfilled its early promise, and his eyes rested on her womanly graces with proud affection.

" My beautiful one!" he fondly said, "you shall

Nay, I can listen to no excuse; you know, my Alicia, your brother will then have a home and indeed I often need your love and solace." The shade of sadness, which passed over his fine face, did not escape the sister's quick eye, and she asked question on question of his friends, his companions, and his attachment to them and the city.

Gradually he told her all, his late surprise and anxiety, Alphonso's suspicions and his doubts. Alicia's face glowed with indignation and her dark eyes flashed, as she thought of the injustice done to one so pure and noble.

Woman's intuitive perception of character gives her the advantages experience bestows upon man, and, when the object assailed is one of affection, few things can escape her detection. Alicia readily embraced Alphonso's suspicions; her feelings were all strong and she had never learned to control any impulse or emotion. Her usual serenity was not the effect of a quiet disposition, or wellcontrolled mind-'twas but the deep stillness which precedes the bursting of the storm.

Frederick remained some months in L., and was startled and delighted with Alicia's charms. It was not strange that the passionate admiration, with which Alphonso at first regarded her, soon deepened into love, when these charms were heightened by esteem for her character; for to him she appeared peculiarly attractive. The cold manner worn to the sycophants, who knelt to her, was all cast aside in the presence of her loved brother, and in the family circle. There she exerted herself to appear attractive, and to please. Alphonzo saw how deeply, how truly, she could love; how free she was from the baneful love of admiration; and these qualities rendered her dearer in his eyes, than all her gifts, powerful as they were. was he, as the valued friend of her brother, treated with the reserve she maintained towards other gentlemen. His talents commanded her esteem and admiration, and his nobility of soul and high toned feelings excited warmer emotions than had hitherto found place in her heart. The hours passed quickly away, in delightful interchange of thought, and they soon found time lagging when absent from each other.

Frederick was no inattentive, or uninterested spectator of these things. He had often expressed his admiration of Alphonzo's character, and their attachment to each other in his letters; nor did he now withhold praise, or discourage his friend's suit. Whilst he was otherwise engaged, Alphonso was Alicia's companion in walks and rides, and often his hand sent the light boat flying over the lake.

There were marble seats embowered by rare shrubs and graceful vines placed on the shore, and, not be buried here like some germ in a mine. in one of these fairy alcoves, they sat together one Uncle must come to the city and you will be the summer moonlit evening. The tiny wavelets, which curied beneath the gentle breeze, came gliding up almost to their feet, kissing the green turf enamelled with flowers, and then languidly rolling back, with a farewell murmur; and the soft rustling of the dewy orange leaves seemed to whisper of love and peace. The distant notes of the American nightingale came ringing sweetly and clearly, like the echoing thrill to their raptured hearts, from the stately grove of magnolias, whose pure pale flowers gleamed in the silvery light, from the midst of the glossy leaves that sheltered them.

Midst such a scene of softening influences, did the words of love first tremble on the lips of Alphonso; and to his passionate avowal and appeal Alicia did not listen coldly. The yielded hand, which trembled in his; the crimsoned cheek, the quivering lip and suffused eyes told him that young, ardent heart was all his own. Could he have doubted these, the confiding glance, which beamed on him through the glistening tears, reassured him, and he imprinted a burning kiss on those fresh pure lips.

Hast thou gazed on a beautiful landscape, by the gray light of morning's early hour, with the dewdrops lying still and cold on every grassy plat and graceful flower, the fresh and gentle morning breeze shaking down the tears of night from the topmest boughs of the forest, which is filled with faint music by wakened bird and rippling stream, the small pearly clouds above you tinged with a soft rose-hue, by the light of the coming sun, yet invisible behind the lofty mountain or thick wood,then, as the broad disk rose above the blue borizon, and the bright rays fell first few and slantingly, then streamed in a flood of radiance, hast thou marked the sudden kindling into glorious life and beauty that spreads around? The pure pale pearls which strewed the earth, and hung on every velvet petal, are changed to gems of every hoe; the brilliant diamond, the rosy ruby, the bright emerald, the beryl's blaze and the topaz' golden light all are there. The old wood rings with gushing music, the streamlets dance in light, the breeze is fresher, and the flowers nod their jewelled heads. All is light and life and joy! Such is the dawn of love in, a young unwritten heart. Thus do its sleeping emotions kindle and blush into being and beauty. Oh! beautiful is nature, and love! But look a little longer. The sun's beams have grown flerce, as he climbs the azure vault; the earth is stripped of its gorgeous gems, the thirsty flowers sicken beneath that warm glance and droop, the silent birds have sought the deep shade of the still forest, and the streams flow in their heated channels:--- pass, in after years, the rainbow time and dewy freshness from the garden of the heart. The morning hour of life and nature quickly passes away and is succeeded by the fervid noontide of passion and the world's breath.

"Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike, And like the sun they shine on all slike. Yet graceful ease and aweetness void of pride Might hide her faults, if helles had faults to hide. If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

Summer's roses had long withered, yet still Frederick and Alphonso lingered; but this could not last, and one bright Autumnal morning found them on their return. Frederick had not been able to persuade Alicia to come to the city; she preferred her own sweet musings and pleasures to the gayety of the fashionable world. Alphonso had promised to come often to L., and their letters would serve to beguile the hours of separation. As they approached the city, all Frederick's animation vanished, for his treatment before he left rushed over his mind. "How will I be received," thought he. "Will Gertrade still be cold and sarcastic?" They arrived about noon, and the evening hour found him at the stately mansion of Gertrude Singleton. He was ushered into the drawing-room; the soft carpet gave back no answering sound to his footstep, and he stood unobserved within the door, like one in a trance, fearing to move, lest the vision before him should vanish.

Beside himself, that spacious room had but one occupant. A cheerful fire was blazing on the marble hearth. The heavy satin folds of the crimson curtains were closely drawn, and the soft light of a shaded lamp shed its meon-like radiance on a young and lovely girl, who was gracefully reclining on a lounge. Her beautiful silken hair fell around her face and neck in rich dark curls, rendering still purer the snowy whiteness of her broad brow. All unconfined it flowed, not even a comb, or jewelled arrow kept back the encroaching ringlets, from the glowing cheek on which the dark fringes of her soft eyelids rested. The stillness of her elight and graceful form indicated perfect repose, and Frederick gazed on this scene with a delight he would willingly have prolonged. But what must he do! 'Twas an awkward dilemma. Were he a favored lover, how soon might that beautiful slumber be broken, by a soft kiss pressed on the pearly brow, or coral lip, but alas! this was not to be thought of by the hapless adorer who gazed on her. Still something must be done. The servant had left the door slightly ajar ;- Frederick closed it, with less gentleness than generally characterized his movements. The fair dreamer opened her eyes, and started up, on seeing the figure of a gentleman.

"Were you personating the angel of sleep? I would the guardian of my slumbers might ever assume so fair a semblance, as that I have just beheld," said Frederick, advancing towards her. In the surprise of thus suddenly meeting him after so long an absence, Gertrude forget her assumed

coldness, for she really esteemed him, and her but never had she appeared so lovely as now, when bright eyes sparkled as she cordially extended her he gazed on that dewy eye and glowing cheek, and delicate hand to the delighted Frederick.

"A glad welcome to our gay city, Mr. Livingston; I began to fear you were so charmed with the poetry of the country, that all our enticements, and they are not a few, we think, would fail to win you back," said she, in her soft musical voice. How the kindness of those aweet tones thrilled Frederick's heart !.

"The happiness I now experience is far more than I anticipated; so I can regret nothing I have left, and your memory, at least, Miss Singleton, must reproach you with treachery, if you find cause to accuse me of insensibility to some of the attractions of M."

Gertrude blushed as she answered, "I do not accuse you of insensibility, far from it,-but, you know, you are so enamored of Nature, that I might well think the charms of her sister, Art, who chiefly reigns with us, had been forgotten, or uncared for, in her presence."

"I certainly prefet Nature to Art, even if she be sometimes rude; but I do not despair of finding her here with Art as a handmaid by her side."

"I rather think the handmaid would soon be mistress, and poor Nature weeping at the mockery she met."

"Alas! 'tis too true; but, could you stand, as I have lately done, on the shore of a lovely lake, with its gentle waves heaving beneath the moonbeams, like the pulses of an ardent heart beneath the glances of beloved eyes, and the silent, solemn spell of beautiful, glorious night around you, or on the lone mountain-top, with the world beneath you and the mysterious heavens above, whilst your thoughts soared far away to the watching stars, and your spirit roamed the Illimitable space, asking of the wonders of unknown worlds,-Oh! how tasteless and tame would the excitement of the festive hall and fashionable world appear! How would the veil, which is so carefully drawn over the heart, be cast aside, and all its pure, hely and true feelings be awakened and revealed by the magic power of Nature's talismans, beauty, peace and truth! Alone with Nature, the heart, and God, how would the tinsel and mockery of this life among men fall from our spirits, leaving us free and blest!"

As he dwelt, with eloquent words, on the bliss of nature, truth and purity, Gertrude listened to his low earnest tones, and marked the impassioned feeling which beamed over his beautiful countenance, and the soul which lighted his dark blue eyes, and her heart trembled with responsive emotion. Their eyes met, and as she cast here down. whilst a deep blush mantled face and brow, how felt the lover? He had seen her in the full blaze of beauty in festive halls, in her simple white dress midst her birds and flowers, in the beautiful quie- her superior to these fears, but such was the pretade of innocent repose a few momenta before; vailing tone of sentiment with those with whom

read in those the expression of a soul stirred by pure and ennobling feelings, which his words had awakened. 'Twas a moment fraught with bliss, as he sat silently regarding her. Hia chair was drawn close to her seat; the feelings of ardent affection, which had so long been pent up in his heart, were trembling on his line.

At this moment, the door opened, and Charles Marchmont entered. He was one of the clique, which had conspired against Frederick. At first, be did it only to gratify his mocking spirit, but utterly heartless, reckless and dissipated, he felt Frederick's conduct a rebuke, and readily joined in the persecution against him: but proud, jealous and sensitive, as he saw his power despised, his company shunned, and, above all, the pleasure Gertrude took in Frederick's society, hatred and jealousy began to exert their influence over his mind, and he left no means untried to render Frederick ridiculous and unworthy, especially in the eyes of Gertrade. Yet his guarded words and seeming courtesy gave Frederick no opportunity for resentment. A gilded serpent, which lurked among roses, was Charles Marchmont. Frederick's earnest manner, and Gertrude's embarrasement as he entered, caught his quick eye, and, as he made his graceful salutation, he said,

"I fear I am de trop, you are certainly much engaged with some very absorbing subject, --will you let me be a sharer !" and he seated himself by Gertrude. "Come, Mr. Livingston, proceed,-but first tell me what it is about, if you can, Miss Singleton."

" Mr. Livingston was describing some beautiful scenes be has lately witnessed."

"Ah! romancing! if thou art in that mood, fair ladye,' I must say adieu. I cannot wage such a war with our poetical friend; even your pitiless eyes would weep to see my total discomfiture. I left the sprightly Leston a moment since, I'll hie again to her gay circle," and he rose to go.

"Pray, be seated, Mr. Marchmont," said Gertrude, much disconcerted, for she was not free from that false shame, which so many experience when found expressing, or encouraging sentiments too refined and exalted to pass current with the mass. She knew the power of Charles' mockery, and his influence with their clique, and dreaded the expose he would make of her participation in the "poetical Frederick's romance." Besides, Marchmont was a lover, and she wished to preserve her power over him, so she yielded to a slavish fear and stooped to conciliate one she, in truth, despised. Her knowledge of Frederick's nobleness, and the utter heartlessness of the opinions his enemies advocated, should have rendered

she associated. Gertrude had not the meral courage to be sincerebut, moulding her manners and expressions to please all, and to secure that worship her charms called forth, she insensibly suffered heartlessness of demeanor and haughty self-reliance to usurp the place of that dignified and graceful sincerity, and that cordial trust which prove the chief attractions of the female character. Hearing only sneers at depth of feeling and elevation of thought, she had learned to curl that beauteous lip in seorn, and, in place of the gentle response of earnest, fervent feeling, was heard the mocking taunt and bitter

Alas! that the bitterness and callousness of the world-hardened heart should be assumed by youth, banishing the high dreams, the glowing hopes, and pure aspirations, which only stir the heart at that time, when the darker truths of life are shut out by the golden curtains of youth and hope! Withered be the hand, that places the mask of hypocrisy over the soul! Oh! could those unthinking ones, who teach their lips the sneer, and their tongues the taunt, who crush generous impulses and ennebling thoughts, feel then the bitterness of spirit that falls on the heartless or soul-wrung votary of the world; could they knew how, in after years, those dreams, hopes, aspirations and feelings, one by one, pass away, leaving the heart destitute, in a sluggish calm; could they see the flames, that mount so high in youth's morning, all quenched and dead, and but the bitter ashes of repeated disappointment scattered around, Oh! would they not cherish, as priceless, sincerity, kindness and freshness of feeling? 'Tis a mournful truth; as well may we restore the golden dust, brushed from the wings of the butterfly, as replace them, once crushed, or banished, in the heart.

The evening were on, but brought to Frederick no more such hours of bliss as the last.; Gertrude was again the cold sneerer at truth and feeling, and with a sickened heart Frederick bade them adjeu. He almost renounced Gertrude that night, deeming her the artful coquette he so often heard her named. But there was a nameless fascination about this beautiful girl. In their next interview. she was all gentleness and kindness, again the high-souled, feeling woman. Frederick forgot his anguish and resolutions, and was once more the devoted lover. Yet Gertrude was not a coquette designedly, though she culpably yielded to the transient emotions which her desire to please called to the opinions of those he cannot esteem, and The acknowledged belle of the circle in which she moved, winning all hearts by her fascinating manners, her beauty and accomplishments, she never thought of the wounds her levity inflicted on the sensitive spirits of those who best Frederick Livingston, but-I like others too, and loved her. When made aware of her transgres- if he chooses to make himself ridiculous, I am sion, how sweetly would she make amends, and all sure I cannot help it," was the pettish rejoinder. was forgiven and forgotten, till the frequent recur-

Excessively fond of admiration, | rence of these momentary unkindnesses at length compelled her friends to believe her, if not heartless, at least very unmindful of her duties to them, and her graceful petitions for pardon were ascribed to policy.

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort and command; And yet a spirit still, and bright With something of an angel light."

Though so uniformly quiet, even to sadness, and shrinking, Mary Middleton possessed a strength and elevation of character of which few were aware;but truthfulness was its chief charm. made acquainted with sorrow, she looked on the world with the eyes of a Christian, and saw nothing in its allurements to repay its votaries for the sacrifices of principles and peace they made.

Gifted with an excellent mind, which a fond father's care had highly cultivated, and endowed with some rare gifts, she passed quietly along, attaching to her all who came within her sphere.

In person, she was a perfect contrast to Gertrude—tall and dignified, with a profusion of golden curls shading a face sweet in its every feature and expression. Her complexion was the purest blonde, and the blush on her cheek was delicate as the "reflected hue of the rose," or the tinge on the carmine lip of the sea-shell. Such was the friend of the fashionable, brilliant, volatile Gertrude Singleton.

Frederick and Mary were also friends. There were many congenial traits between them, and to her he unfolded all his hopes and fears of Gertrude. Mary had often noticed her kindness to him in private, and her coldness in public when the eyes of any of the clique were on them; and more than once had she expostulated with Gertrude on the cruelty and hypoerisy of such conduct, and again and again did the heedless girl admit the fault and promise amendment.

One evening they sat together in Gertrude's room, and Mary had been striving to convince her how wrong she was; but to all arguments she answered-

"Well, Mary, he ought not to lay himself so open to satire; he is as artless as a school-girl, or yourself, or he would see how Charles Marchmont and Frank Harcourt, and the other young men amuse themselves at his expense."

"He knows it Gertrude, but is nobly indifferent deems you so too; therefore is your conduct inexplicable."

"Well, he must not expect me to follow, or encourage him in his flights and rhapsodies. I do like

"Is it then ridiculous to be sincere and pure?

will wilfully estrange a noble heart-and you can help casting on him that ridicule which alone he feels, and deeply. I mean that which proceeds from your own lips. You are generally the first to cast back the sneer,-he loves you Gertrude. and this should deter a kind heart from inflicting needless pain; if you cannot esteem and love him, discourage him at once, de not induce hopes which you destroy the next hour. "Tis cruelty, Gertrude, and, at least, my friend, be true to your own heart."

Gertrude was moved and troubled,—but, in a moment, she said, "Well, Mary, I promise to be so good hereafter, so now don't lecture me any more. Let us begin our toilette, 'tis past eight, and our guests will soon be here;" and she threw her graceful arms round Mary and imprinted a kiss on her delicate cheek.

There was a small party at Gertrude's that evening, and she kept her promise, even though the jealous eye of the mocking Marchmont watched her; but when her head pressed her pillow, the remembrance of Frederick's countenance, radiant with happiness when he bade her adieu, repaid her for her forbearance and kindness. But, alas! for Frederick, Mary was not always with Gertrude, and again and again did he suffer from the unkindness of her he loved with entire devotion.

"Oh! that there should be Things, which we love with such deep tenderness, But, through that love, to learn how much of wo Dwells in one hour like this!"

Twas the sunset hour of a calm bright day in the "month of flowers," and those sweet visitants of a season were filling with fragrance the mild breeze, which came through an open window of Frederick's home in L. On a couch beside it lay Alphonso Graham; Alicia sat by him, holding his emaciated hand, and gazing, with tearful eyes, on his burning cheek.

He was dying of consumption, brought on by his indefatigable exertions. When he at last gave up hope, he yielded to Frederick's earnest solicitations, and removed to L. with his mother. His friend thought the pure air and Alicia's soothing attentions and love would benefit him, but Alphonso knew he came to die.

But Alicia dreamed not of death; as the eool breeze lifted the dark curls from his fevered temples, and gave a momentary freshness to his languid countenance, she felt hope springing up in her heart. Alas! that kindling up of life was like the glorious hues spread on the clouds, Alphonso lay silently watching-soon, soon to pass silently away.

Such were his thoughts, as he gazed on them and the curling waters of the lake. How often had he skimmed its waves, with the dear one at that distant range of mountains, but these joys said-" Years ago there was an ardent boy, who

Oh! Gertrude, beware what you do; I fear you were all with the past. He must leave the earth, so filled with love and beauty, and lie down in the darkness and silence of the parrow grave. But Alphoneo was a christian, and, with the eye of faith, saw heaven's bright portale opening beyond.

> He turned from the beautiful scene, and, in a feeble voice, said, "Alicia, my own love, 'tis a month this evening to our bridal-how have I longed for its approach; with what blissful thoughts has its anticipation filled my heart! but I feel that long ere that wished for morning dawns, my spirit will be in the home of the blest-I trust you are prepared to resign me-had it pleased God to spare my life, I feel many years of happiness were in store for us, but, oh! may He enable us to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

> "Resign yen Alphenso! Oh, you will not, you must not die!" and she threw her arms round him and wept passionately.

> "It is a bitter struggle to leave you, my Aliciabut learn subjection to God's will. Alicia, let me not die without the hope of meeting you in a better world. Look up, Alioia-do you see that beautiful star? how calmly it shines over the clouds through which it has struggled! It is the type of a spirit that rises superior over the dark. clouds of life. Oh! you know not the strength of a heart that rests on God." He took from his pillow a small Bible.—" This is Alphonso's last gift to his Alicia, promise to read and follow its precepts, it will guide you to my home when I leave you."

> In an agony of tears the almost inaudible promise was given.

> Long did the dying lover strive to soothe, with the inspired promises, the breaking heart of her he In two days more, the cold earth was heaped over all that remained of the gifted and beloved Alphouse Graham. His desolate mother did not long survive her son. Many were the lessons of resignation she gave the mourning Alicia; but that proud heart needed other afflictions, ere it was humbled. Refusing all comfort, she gave herself up to the wildest grief, which was succeeded by an apathy from which nothing could arouse her. Frederick removed her from L., now so fraught with painful memories; but vain were all endeavors to restore to her the least cheerfulness, and with a heavy heart Frederick returned to M., hoping that time would bring a core, for that grief, which even his love and attentions could not alleviate.

> Shrouded in the deepest mourning, Alicia secluded herself from her most intimate friends, and dwelt alone with her sorrow.

> > - " I would bind my heart as soon. To the fickle wind or changing moon."

Gertrude Singleton and Charles Marchmont sat together in her drawing room. His usual light manhis side; how often watched the sun sink behind ner was earnest, and his voice soft and low, as he

cherished a dream of beauty and delight. Through the many changing acones and years of youth and manhood was the realization of that vision sought; many were the soft and bright eyes to which he turned, hoping to find it there, and many the gentle hearts he sought. Would you know the dream? Twas of a being gloriously beautiful, and she was kind and true to him, and their hearts were bound in one. You behold the youthful dreamer before You are the embodiment of the spirit of that dream. Oh! Gertrude, will you also be to me the kind and true in heart?" and he gazed earnestly into the beautiful face of the listener as he knelt before her.

"Rise, Mr. Marchmont; I am no divinity to bow the knee before, and least of all, to one who bears a heart that can so soon forget," was the cold reply.

Marchmont gazed on her with surprise-he had not expected so calm a repulse, but, in a moment, he sprang to his feet, and said-

- "A heart that can so soon forget! What mean you, Miss Singleton!"
- "That your enthusiastic rhapsody were better addressed to Emma Leston, whom you worshipped a few months since, or one of the many others who have heard your changeless vows."
 - "Ah! Gertrude"-
 - "Miss Singleton, if you please."
- "Well-Miss Singleton, could you read my heart, these taunts would all be hushed! 'Tis true I have bowed at many shrines, but you only have I loved."
- "If you have not loved them, you are still more heartless than ever I deemed you, and to the next new face, thus will you paint your love to me."
- "And is this the reward of all my love, my devotion to you, the end of all my fond hopes?"

" It is."

Gracefully, but with frigid coldness, Gertrude returned his parting salutation, and, with a hurried step and flushed cheek, Marchment reached his home. Throwing himself on a sofa in the drawingroom, the various feelings which agitated his breast chased each other in quick succession over his handsome face; surprise, indignation, and disappointment were pictured there, and dark suspicion was busy at his heart, and threw her gloom across his brow. A few moments after, his sister entered; he had heard her bid adieu to some gentleman at the door, and asked, ~.

- "Who was your escort, Annie?".
- "Mr. Livingston."
- "Livingston!-Pray when did he begin to bestow such favors on you !"
- "He met me in a scene of danger, half dead with fright. As I crossed P. street, two men began fighting, the crowd which gathered round hemmed me in, and I could not extricate myself. down, like tears, from the black and naked branches Mr. Livingston passed at the moment and offered above. Without, all was desolation and woe; but

me his escort to see me safely home. He must be a noble young man, Charles, in spite of all we hear of him."

- "Curses on him, curses on him," muttered her brother fiercely and left the bouse. Annie had, unconsciously, touched a jarring chord. "Yes, I see it all, he has told Gertrude Singleton of some of my foolish boasts of my conquests of Emma Leston and others-but, curse him, he shall not escape my vengeance, the soft hypocrite. A month ago she would have been mine-but"-
- "'But' what are you raving and racing about, at this rate, in the open street?" said the voice of. Frank Harcoust by his side.
- "Why-enough-I told you I should see Gertrude this morning, and, instead of a gracious acceptance, I have met a haughty refusal-and, to me, 'tis plainly the work of Frederick Livingston."
- "Has Miss Singleton, or any other, intimated this to you ?"
- "No, nor need they. Who else could, or would dare !--and he shall find he cannot cross my path with impunity."
- "Be not over hasty, Marchmont; I know he is an effeminate canter, but scarce think he'd venture so far as this."
- "What! do you advocate any-but see, yonder he comes." As the unconscious Frederick approached, Marchmont lifted his hat, and with a smile said, "Will Mr. Livingston deign a word with me?"

Frederick stopped.

- "I must return you my thanks, Mr. Livingston, for your kind and honorable mention of me to Miss Singleton."
- "I am not aware of meriting such thanks, Mr. Marchmont."
- " Doubtless, smooth villain," said Charles, lesing all self-control; but, did you not tell her how fickle and false Charles Marchmont was!"
- "You are insulting, Mr. Marchmont, and your words must be explained—but I will ask one question,-who was your informant?"
- "No one-but I know you, cunning hypocrite; you have sought to ingratiate yourself by misrepresenting my indiscretions."
- "I am not so intimate with Mr. Marchmont, as his words would lead one to believe; ignorance of most of his actions is my happiness-but you shall hear from me soon," and he passed on.

"Oh! deep is a wounded heart; and strong A voice that cries against mighty wrong; And full of death as a hot wind's blight, Doth the ire of crushed affection light."

A gloomy autumn day was drawing to its close: the rain fell heavily on the withered leaves which strewed the earth, and the large drops trickled within the dwelling, which stood antidst this mournful scene, the desolation was greater, the woe deeper, for their blighting breath was on that frail and quivering string, the human heart.

Alicis sat motionless, gazing on an open letter she held tightly in her hand; her rich dark hair fell in dishevelled masses around her. But the wild mournfulness of the tearless eyes; the agonized expression of the pallid face, told what a tempest of grief had preceded this death-like calm. Slowly the pale lips unclosed, as she said—"I thought, Alphoneo, when you died, I could feel no more—deeply did I then drink of sorrow's bitter cup—but 'tis over now, it stands empty by my side, I have drained it to the dregs, I shall never feel another pang.—Another task than idle grief awaits me now."

The letter which had called forth these words was as follows:

M., Nov. -rd -.

" My dear Alicia, my cherished sister :-

"Before these lines reach you, I shall be in eternity, and oh! how dreadful is the path by which I must enter. My old enemy, Charles Marchmont, insulted me, supposing I had slandered him to Gertrude. It is needless for me to tell you of my innocence. But one thing remained for me to do, in this land which holds that most horrible code of honor, a sacred thing. I, a duellist !-- it cannot be-but, yes, I have challenged him, and in one hour we meet; but God is my witness, there is no thought of murder in my soul, my heart goes not with my hand. I feel-I shall feel. I must leave you, my sister, and-Gertrude-Oh! Alicia this thought makes death more bitter. Oh! that I might look on thy dear face once more. My sister, my sister, how have we loved, and thus I die far from thee. May the God of our youth, to whom I commend my soul, watch over and preserve thee. Farewell,

Your fond brother,

FREDERICK."

Beneath was written in a delicate hand;

"I was your brother's friend, dear Alicia, and this letter was sent to me by him, with the request, that if he fell, I would convey the sad tidings to you. That pure and noble spirit has indeed taken its eternal flight, but let us not mourn as those without hope. He avows his innocence of purpose, and our Heavenly Father is a God of mercy. May He streagthen you to bear this fiery trial.

"One who loves you and feels for you in this

deep affliction."

"But thou, though a reckless mien be thine,
And thy cup be crowned with the foaming wine,
By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud—
By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,
I know thee! it is but the wakeful fear
Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here!"

It was winter, and a dazzling flood of moonlight Not so, not so, there were hearts that ever had his poured down on the rattling equipages and busy memory enshrined within them; hearts in that

groups that througed the entrance to Mrs. Gerald's brilliant massion in M. But the cold, bright beams were unbeeded by the gay individuals that crowded into the more genial warmth and brilliancy of those festive halls. Every thing told that cares and sorrows were to be awhile forgotten in the delirious excitement of pleasure.

A tall and noble lady stood leaning on a harp in one of those elegant rooms; the dark rich folds of her velvet dress contrasted finely with the marble whiteness of her beautiful neek and arms. Of the same pure has were cheek and brow, for, though over the former the "eloquent blood" wandered often, bright and free, 'twas usually pele as now. Her glossy eben hair was simply arranged, and surmounted by a tisra of diamonds. No clustering curls, nor festooned braids, concealed the classic proportions of her small head, or hid the lofty and spacious brow. Her eyes were large and intensely black, and the expression of an indomitable spirit lighted their depths. The beautiful mouth was perfect in repose, yet when smiles there leapt to birth, you were startled by its witchery. As she stood, almost motionless, she resembled some beautiful statue from the studio of Phidias or Praxiteles. but, when she spoke or smiled, this vision vanished, and a living Venus breathed and glowed before you.

She was the embodiment of perfect beauty, and so thought the admiring circle who gazed upon her.

"I wonder why Beatrice Merlin always wears those dark velvets—their richness is certainly most becoming—but I long to see her in the light drapery, so much loved by our southern maidens, and watch her majestic figure fleating through the mazes of the dance," said Gertrude Singleton to a gentleman, on whose arm she leaned.

"Beatrice Merlin dance?—why—would you put Juno in the garb and attitude of a sylph? Might we not ask why the brilliant Miss Singleton always chooses spotless white for her attire?"

The rich bloom faded slightly on Gertrude's cheek, as she gayly replied, "I think I display great skill in my dress. Now, are not these white buds finely contrasted with my jetty ringlets, and does not a white robe relieve the bright rose of my cheek!—but, in sooth, sir. you're presumptuous to criticise my taste, and I will not permit such liberties," and, with a well-feigned frown, she accepted the arm of another and walked away.

Since the death of Frederick, Gertrude had not appeared in her former gay attire, and much of her heartless manners had gradually disappeared. But these changes were attributed to the caprice of taste and love of novelty.

Frederick's name was seldom mentioned, in the gay circle of which he was the ornament. Was it that "he lay forgotten in his early shroud!"

Not so, not so, there were hearts that ever had his memory ensurined within them; hearts in that

tones and gentle mien; hearts that remembered him with anguish and remorse, and of these were Gertrude's and Marchmont's. Yet none but Mary knew how the former loved him and mourned over her cruel folly to him.

The rich tones of the harp, accompanied by a voice of surpassing power and sweetness, vibrated through those crowded rooms, stilling, as if by magic, the noisy laugh and jest. It was the skill and voice of the beautiful Beatrice that thus enchained them. The rapt expression of St. Cecilia was depicted on her face; the soul-lit eyes were raised, and she seemed borne away by the music, unconscious of all around, as she sang, with deepest feeling, Byron's beautiful song, "There's not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away," &c. There was a deep silence for some moments after the chords had ceased to thrill beneath that impassioned touch, and then, as she pushed away the harp and arose, encomiums were heard from every lip.

"Beautiful, glorious being!" said Charles Marchmont, in a low tone, as he stood gazing on her. A fair, blue-eyed girl leant confidingly on his arm, and, as he murmured these words, she looked up into his face. A change came over the brightness of her own, for her quick eye caught the deep admiration with which his glance rested on the beautiful minstrel. Helen complained of fatigue, and Charles, after procuring her a seat, sought the side of Beatrice. She was reclining on a divan, surrounded by a circle, whose gay spirits were kept up by her brilliant sallies. Her cheek glowed, and her eye and wit flashed brighter, as the piquent Charles Marchmont joined her. A moment more, and they were brandishing their polished weapons. Again and again, did he writhe beneath her cutting retorts, and shrink from the peals of laughter her sarcaem provoked against him; but, with renewed vigor, he returned to the contest, but to be vanquished, to the delight of those around, who had so often suffered, in like manner, from him,

Fascinated by the powerful charms of Beatrice, Charles forgot be had given his hand to another, for, with characteristic fickleness, he had forgetten the mortification of Gertrude's rejection, in a new love. He sought Helen no more that evening and, as she left the room, she saw him give his arm to Beatrice to lead her to her carriage.

Beatrice's society had now become necessary to his happiness; his spirit required the excitement her strange beauty and brilliancy furnished. by day, did he seek her, and each hour did she bind him stronger to her, by her almost magic spells;-yet he was often troubled in her presence. Her insight into character, her graphic descriptions of a heart ill at ease, the energy and elo- he raised his eyes to her face. It was pale, paler quence with which she painted the horrors of an than ever; the large eyes were dilated and fixed so avenging conscience startled him. As he looked wildly, so intensely upon him, that he involunta-

gay crowd, which were ever haunted by his low on her peculiar and searching eye, it seemed to rend open his heart; and he felt as if he stood with all his harrowing reflections and bitter thoughts revealed before her.

> Marchmont had his hours of agony and remorse. The pale corpse of the much wronged Frederick, wrapped in his winding-sheet, as he had last seen him, with the pallid hue of death on that cheek where the warm life-blood had revelled so freely but a few hours before—the cold, stiff form, once so full of grace and motion—the bloodless and silent lips, the sealed eyes, and Oh! the grim entrance of the death-dealing bullet, on the fair manly brow, over which the dark brown curls lay in heavy masses, all these came before him with fearful distinctness in the lone midnight hour; and with them ever, of late, came the haunting memory of Beatrice's wild strange eyes. With steady, unwavering penetration, and cold mockery, they glared upon him, till, in frenzy, he fled from solitude and sought boon companions, or wandered beneath the cold moonlight, or midst the tempest, till exhausted nature brought repose. But the light and joy of morning drave away these frightful phantasms, and he forgot, when Beatrice smiled, the horror of those eyes at the midnight hour. "It is because she semetimes speaks of the stings of conscience, so wildly and strangely, that these visions of her haunt me," said he. The image of the forsaken Helen often visited him with reproaches, and he feebly strove to return to her, but in vain. The morning hours were often spent in reading to Beatrice, and the evenings in walks and rides by her side: yet, that inexplicable expression of her eyes tortured him, and it was almost constant now, when they were so often alone.

Once he read to her the tragedy of Manfred. As he finished these verses of the incantation,

> "By thy cold heart and serpent smile, By thy unfathomed gulfa of guile, By that most seeming virtuous eye, By thy shut soul's hypocrisy; By the perfection of thine art, Which passed for human thine own heart; By thy delight in other's pain, And by thy brotherhood of Cain,-I call upon thee! and compel Thyself to be thy proper hell!

"And on thy head I pour the vial, Which doth devote thee to this trial; Nor to slumber, nor to die Shall be in thy destiny; Though thy death shall still seem near To thy wish, but as a fear; Lo! the spell now works around thee, And the clankless chain hath bound thee; O'er thy heart and brain together, Hath the word been passed-now wither !"

rily started. Her figure was bent slightly toward in humility and grief of soul, bowed before herhim, and on her parted lip there seemed no breath. The eyes only seemed to live and burn into his soul.

"Beatrice!" he said, in a low tone of alarm, "why do you look thus!"

She continued steadfastly to regard him for a moment, then a soft light returned to the eyes and the lips wreathed into a smile, as she said,

"There is something in the power of inevitable inexorable fate, that fascinates me strangelyspirit had passed into the words you read."

"And I was the miserable Manfred to you, I suppose," said he, with a forced laugh.

"Are there not moments when you feel even Manfred's woe!" she asked, in a low deep tone, and again the eyes grew wild. Marchmont's heart sank, but he strove to appear calm.

"Why that question; do I generally bear the impress of a woe-worn wretch?"

" Is not mockery the sign of the presence, rather than the absence of remorse and sorrow? Is there happiness in your restless eye, and in the unconscious sigh that flies your heart in your hours of wildest mirth! I know too well the bitterness of the soul to be easily deceived," said she earnestly.

" And how did Beatrice Merlin learn this power of reading hearts?"

"By the sweeping floods of woe, which have passed over my own, till I have learned to control its slightest throb. I have known sorrow, the bitterest of anguish, but-not remorse." paused and changed the conversation. Within the next hour, light words and unmeaning jests passed between them.

"Nature hath assigned Two sovereign remedies for human grief; Religion, surest, firmest, first, and best, Strength to the weak, and to the wounded balm, And strenuous action next."

Charles became more and more the slave of Beatrice; his studies were neglected, his companions slighted, and Helen, his betrothed bride, lay forgotten and dying. That sweet face had lost its happy light—those bright eyes were dimmed by floods of tears, and the rose had faded from that thin cheek-yet he who had wrought all this blight knew not of her doom. Many moons had shone coldly on the hapless Helen, since her lover stood by her side, yet she uttered no complaint, but lay sinking slowly into the grave. "Oh! the depths of woe that lie in a young blighted spirit!" And Beatrice—a change had passed over her spirit and radiant beauty! Was it from love! Ah! no, never could that cold, haughty heart writhe beneath the hopes and fears of love. It was the unsatisfying of the spirit she felt. Her wish was fulfilled, and now she sat in mournful bitterness, with an aimless she had shed for long months of anguish and woe.

suspense had wrought, to its utmost tension, every chord of his excitable spirit; he felt that on her decision of his fate hung happiness or misery. And this decision he had vainly sought; she would not let him breathe the love which was consuming him; again and again had she checked its outpourings on his lips, and he was on the rack of suspense.

Beatrice saw it all-she had turned coldly from other conquests she had not sought, but she exulted As her eye rested on in the tortures of Charles. his haggard, anxious countenance, once so lit with mirth and mockery, his heart wearing the many fetters of love so lightly, it dilated with joy, and the beautiful and firm lip quivered with delight. She no longer sought the hall of pleasure. In the seclusion of her own magnificent home she revelled in the throes of her victim, and never did a day pass without this fiendish gratification, for Charles was there whenever he could obtain admittance.

The shadows of twilight had clothed every object with its sombre hue, and Beatrice sat alone amidst its subdued light, in her spacious drawingroom. She was leaning her pale cheek on her hand which rested on the side of an open window overlooking a beautiful garden.

Was that pale, mournful face and dejected mien the same which, by its brilliancy and grace, had fascinated beholders in pleasure's glittering halls?

"And this is life," said she, bitterly, "that is clung to with such tenacity. What has it brought me, to whom it promised so much in my youth's early morn-sorrow, despair and uneasiness. Oh! that I might lie down in the quiet grave and be at rest."

A soft footfall attracted her attention, and looking round, she saw a young girl by her side. With the gentle sweetness of the face was mingled an expression of pity not wholly free from reproof, as, in a low and tremulous voice, she said,

"Alicia Livingston, one you have deeply wronged, I trust innocently, desires to see you."

With a wild start the lady gazed on the speaker.

"Who are you! and why do you address me by that name?"

"You have deceived many, but Mary Middleton could never forget or mistake the beautiful face of that sister, who was so dear to her lost friend, though it is so fearfully changed by evil passions, from the innocent loveliness which first fascinated my youthful gaze. Your brother, Frederick, had a miniature of you-look on it-it was sent, with that last letter, to me, whose task it was to inform you of that brother's death."

"And you are my lost Frederick's friend. Oh! there is yet love in my heart for you," and she clasped Mary in her arms and wept, the first tears future before her. She saw Charles Marchmont, After a few moments, she said, calmly, " It is well I saw you to-night—in a few days I shall leave this place forever—I have avenged my brother's death, and planted an arrow of keenest point in the quivering heart of his murderer. My task on earth is done, and I go to drag out the remainder of my weary life in a convent,—earth can never more bring me bliss, or wee."

"Say not so, Alicia; you must look on a scene this night, which, I trust, will change the guilt of your heart to peace—but we must linger no longer. Will you go with me?"

"Whither, and for what reason!"

"To a death-bed. I can tell you no more now; hasten, or we may be too late."

In a few moments they reached a cottage-like building, half hidden with clustering vines. Mary opened the latticed gate and they entered the house. The moon had risen, and poured a flood of light through an open window, rendering still paler the marble-like features of a young girl who lay on a bed beneath it.

"Where have you brought me, and why?" said Alicia.

The dying girl raised herself eagerly, as she heard the words, and said, "Oh! then you are innocent, come close to me, lady. I am the betrothed of Charles Marchmont, whose love you won from me, I thought designedly, and I hated you till the angel by your side taught me how blessed it was to forgive. - Oh! you cannot know what it is to be loved, and then to have all those sweet ties, which have bound your heart, torn rudely away, and you left in utter, utter desolation-You cannot know how I have loved and suffered-but it is nearly over now,-you are more worthy his love—but he loved me once—and you will not envy me this, now that his heart is wholly thine. Do not cast him from you. I could not die without telling you I forgave you-Had I known your innocence, the secret should have slept with me in the grave.-Tell Charles I forgive him, and pray him to meet me in heaven-Oh! promise me to lead him to a throne of grace." Her voice failed her, and she sank back: a moment after she murmured, "Mary farewell-I go to God and peace." The beautiful features were fixed in death, and the suffering spirit of the wronged Helen, sped to bliss.

"And I, too, am a murderer!" and with a shrink of horror and despair Alicia sank insensible by the pale corpse. Ah! that cup she had long ago thought emptied, had then a drop harder still to quaff. For weeks delirium racked that fine mind, and fever wasted that buoyant form. When at last she awoke to reason, Mary stood by her bed. The events of the last evening she remembered, rushed over her mind, and long did the miserable Alicia weep, but they were no longer the burning drops of passion, but the gentle silent tears of deep,

abiding sorrow. Mary strove to soothe her, but she continued to weep till exhausted nature sought repose in a long, tranquil slumber; she awoke calm, but the deep convulsive sobs which heaved her breast, told how absorbing was the grief of her soul.

Mary never left her, and in long hours of communion, she learned how much her friend had suffifered and sternly borne, and, in return, she taught the peace of religion to the subdued Alicia. When, after months, she again trod the fresh earth, and looked abroad on nature, it was with a chastened heart and resigned spirit. The summer had passed, and autumn's glorious hues were spread over the earth. The season harmonized with her softened feelings; and, with Mary for a guide, she learned to study, with profit, the last gift of her loved Alphenso. How long had it silently but vainly appealed to her!

"I felt," said she to Mary, "that God was unjust, and my affliction unmerited, and I refused to obey the dictates of my heart and dying love, which told me to seek consolation in this precious volume."

Her first care on recovery was to send for Marchmont; she told him all—her name and her motive for winning him, and well did she fulfil Helen's last request and strive to lead him to that source of consolation which she had found. Helen's death had aroused Charles to a sense of his guilty abandonment. The spell which had bound him was dissolved, and when Alicia delivered the last message of his affianced bride, he resolved to meet her in a better world. He became a minister, and in the far west labors diligently for the salvation of his devoted flock, and the wandering sheep of his pasture.

Alicia removed from M. and Mary saw her no more, but often was her pious heart gladdened by the numerous tidings she received of Alicia's acts of benevolence, from those she had blessed by her liberal donations and kind attentions. Wherever distress and sorrow was, there too was she a ministering angel. Mary Middleton became the wife of an emminent and pious man in another state, where her gentle influence still prevails over the harsh and discordant natures of life.

Gertrude became pious, and after several years married a gentleman of wealth and talents, and found in the joys of an elegant and refined home and family the happiness she was so well fitted to enjoy and bestow, but she never forgot the lesson taught her in youth, and inculcates sincerity and kindness with untiring zeal in her own home, and the circle of which she is still the beautiful and admired woman, but also the loved and valued friend.

L. V.....

"LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A POOR VICAR OF WILTSHIRE."

A FRAGMENT.

TRANSLATED BY S. A., FROM THE GERMAN.

On its first publication, an assurance was given that the events therein recorded were not fictitious, which may excite some regret that it is a fragment only; although it may probably contain the most important part of the poor Vicar's biography.

December 15th., 1764.—I received to-day, from Doctor S-, my patron, ten pounds sterling, being the amount of my half-year's salary. This scanty pittance is carned with toil, and under many disadvantages; nor did I receive it till after having waited, in the ante-chamber of his honor, the rector, one hour and a half, when he permitted me to enter his study. There, seated at a writing table, in a great arm-chair, he, with an air of majesty, returned my bow; and, with a sidewise inclination of the head, he raised from it a fine black silk house-cap, which was slowly replaced. He has truly an air of so much dignity, I can never approach him without awe. I believe, indeed, that were I standing before the king himself, it would not excite in me a greater degree of reverence. Although he saw that it was bad weather, and must have known that great weariness was produced by my having not only travelled, that morning, eleven miles, but had been kept standing, an hour and a half, in the antechamber, he did not invite me to take a seat; but, as I approached, he silently pointed to the money which lay, already counted out, before him. heart beat powerfully as I now determined to bring forward, the long-considered and well-studied entreaty for an increase of salary-alas! that I could not throw off my timidity. Notwithstanding the justice of my cause, with as much trepidation as if guilty of a crime, I twice essayed to introduce the subject,-memory, words, and voice at once deserted me, and large drops of perspiration stood on my brow. "What is your will?" he asked, in a tone of affability. "I am-all that is dear to mean establishment can scarcely be kept up with so small a salary."

"Small salary, sir, why what are you thinking of! I can get another Vicar any day for fifteen pounds sterling a year."

"For fifteen pounds! ah yes! If he is without family, that sum might be sufficient."

"Your family, Vicar, has not increased, I hope? you have now only two daughters?"

"Yes, your honor, but these increase in years. My Jenny, the eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve."

"So much the better," said he, "cannot the maidens work?"

I would have answered, but he would not allow A pound sterling is not quite equal to a Louis d'or, me to say a word: starting up, he walked towards dollars. His income therefore was less than \$120.

the window—where, drumming on the pane with his fingers, he said:

"I have not time to hear any further to-day, consider the matter well, and let me know your decision, whether with fifteen pounds a year, you are willing to retain the office you hold. If you are not, I wish you a better Vicarage for a new-year's gift."

Pulling forward his cap, he bowed, courteously, towards me with an air that implied our conference was at an end. I was as one thunder-struck. I took up the money, however, and bade him good morning.

He had never before received, or treated me with so much coldness. He must, without doubt, have heard some slanderous tales respecting me. I had set off early in the morning, fasting, from Erekelade in the hope he would (according to his usual custom) invite me to take my dinner with him: but in this expectation I was sadly disappointed, and was forced to content myself with a loaf of bread which I purchased at a baker's shop in the suburbs. I cannot describe the feelings of despondency that overpowered me, as I retraced my steps homeward. I wept like a boy. The large tears coursed each other down my cheeks, and moistened the bread with which I was appeasing my hunger. "Fy! fy! for shame on thy dejection," I inwardly exclaimed. "Is not God above all? Suppose the place had been quite lost to me. True, it is five pounds less than I have always received, and is the fourth part of the small yearly income allowed me, which, on an average, is scarcely ten pence a day; and from this small sum, three persons are to be fed and clothed. But what does it signify! Who clothes the lilies of the field! Who gives the young ravens their food! However, one thing is certain-we must make some change in the gay life we have hitherto led."

December 16th.—Yes, I believe Jenny is an angel. Her soul is as beautiful as her person. She almost puts her father to shame. She is much better and more pious than I am. Yesterday I had not the courage to reveal to the two maidens our impending misfortune. When I did so to-day, Jenny at first was serious, then suddenly cheering up, she said—

- "Are you disturbed, father !"
- "Should I not be ?" I answered.
- "No, thou should'st not."

"Dear child!" I exclaimed, "we can never be free from debt and cares. I know not how we shall be able to endure every thing. This falls too heavily on us! How can we live with only fifteen pounds, a sum barely sufficient for the means of life!"

In answer to this Jenny threw one arm coaxingly

* One may imagine what kind of gay life the poor Vicar and his daughters could lead, with twenty pounds a year. A pound sterling is not quite equal to a Louis d'or, or six dollars. His income therefore was less than \$120.

round my neck, and with the other pointing to ling. Heaven, exclaimed, "Trust there."

Polly threw herself upon my bosom, stroked my face and said, "I will relate something to thee. I dreamed last night it was new-year; and the king had arrived in Erekelade. Thou, father, wert greatly distinguished. The king dismounted from his horse before the door of our house, and entered therein. Then had we trouble enough with boiling and roasting. But the king brought his ewn viands, in gold and silver vessels. Drums and trumpets sounded without; and, with beat of drum and trumpet's clang, a bishop's golden cup was brought in on a satin cushion, and presented to thee as a newyear's-gift. It was a queer looking thing, something like the peaked hoods of the bishops; that we see represented in old picture books. Thou did'st receive it, however, with a very good grace. Then I laughed myself nearly out of breath. Jenny wakened me at that moment. I was quite provoked with her for so doing. This dream of the new-years-gift, has certainly some signification, and new-year is now only fourteen days off."

I said to Polly, "Dreams are as empty as froth." But she replied, "Dreams come from God."

I am not prone to such belief, yet I will have transcribed the dream in order to impress it on my memory. It may have been sent as a ray of comfort from Heaven to show there is some future good in store for us. A new-year's-gift would without doubt be acceptable to us all.

This whole day have I been settling accounts. I do not relish the occupation. Calculations of this kind confuse my head, and lay a weight on my heart.

December 17th.—Thank God my debts are now discharged.

The sums I paid in five different places amounted altogether to eleven pounds seven shillings sterling. I intended to have bought the suit of black I saw at Cutbay, the haberdasher's; but must now deny myself the indulgence, though I am much is need of the clothes. They were second hand, 'tis true but in good condition and the price moderate. But I must not think of them, for Jenny is in need of a warmer garment than the one in which she is now elad; it grieves me to see her so thinly clothed in this severe weather. She has been altering some of her dresses for Polly to wear, who, poor child! must be satisfied with these; and really Jenny has displayed great skill and industry in her management. I must also give up my share in the Gazette, which I have hitherto held with Westburn the weaver. I am sorry for this; it will be quite a deprivation, as here, in Erekelade, it is the only means we possess of knowing what is passing in the world. One article I observed in it, the other My compassion was excited for Polly; in truth, we day, was, that at Newmarket the Duke of Cumber- all require consolation. land had lately won from the Duke of Grafton by horse-racing, the sum of five thousand pounds ster- quickly gain the knowledge of passing events.

Now, if this statement is to be relied on, how singular, that such a state of things should exist, and that fortune should be thus unequal in her distributions! This sum, so foolishly and lavishly hazarded by these men, would, to some others, with the little they already possess, amount to a small fortune. Yet I must lose five pounds of my little salary, Fy! fy! for shame, old man, exclaimed I inwardly; what! murmuring again already? and for what pray, merely because you are to be deprived of an entertaining Gazette, all the important news of which can be obtained from other quarters? Shall I not be able to hear in the course of conversation with others, whether General Paoli, with his twenty thousand old soldiers, has succeeded in asserting the rights of freedom in Corsica, or whether the French have faithfully kept their promise of sending auxiliary troops to the Genoese?

December 18th.—Ah! how happy are we poor people in spite of fortune. For a trifling sum, Jenny has purchased a second hand garment from Barde (the woman who deals in such articles) and now there she sits, altering it, with Polly's assistance, for herself. Jenny understands trafficking, and making bargains better than I do: but then one gives to her the more willingly, because she asks with such angelic softness. Jenny is to appear in a new gown on new-year's-day. Polly has made a hundred amusing comments and prophecies with regard to it. I will venture to say, the Dey of Algiers did not rejoice more over the costly gifts of the Venetians; namely, the two diamond rings, two watches set with brilliants, not forgetting the gold pistoles and the twenty sequins which accompanied them. It is Jenny's advice, (and I perfectly agree with her,) that we shall so far study economy, as to purchase no meat till new-year.

The weaver Westburn is a generous and kindhearted man. I spoke to him yesterday, respecting my reduced salary and the probable chance that I might lose my place altogether, on which account, I should be obliged to give up my share of the Gazette. Upon which, he shook me by the hand, saying, "then I will take the paper alone, but you shall read it." One should never despond; there are more good men in the world than is generally believed, and more among the poor than among the

Evening of the same day. - Our baker is a very unfriendly man: he quarrelled with the good Polly to-day, because I could not pay him for his bread; it was, too, but a small ill-risen and burnt loaf. The people in the street stopped to listen. He declared he could let me have nothing more upon trust, so we shall purchase our bread elsewhere.

I cannot imagine how these town people, can so

Every man in the village is talking of the rector's adopt to earn a subsistence, my children and myself intention of putting another vicar in my place. Ah! that will be death to me. The butcher must also have obtained the intelligence, for he sent his wife to us with lamentation over the evil times, and to say that he found it impossible any longer to supply us with meat, unless he could receive immediate payment. His wife was truly very civil, and could not say enough of the high estimation in which she held us-and of her interest in our wel-She advised us to go to Colswood, and to purchase our small stock of meat from him, as he was a very wealthy man, and could well afford to wait for his money. I did not tell the good woman how we had trafficked with this usurer for a year, and when we expostulated with him, on his pound of meat being a penny dearer than any one's else, he only answered with oaths and curses, and said, when money due to him had remained a year unpaid, he must receive interest thereon. What will be the end of this, -should the Rector, Snarl, take another Vicar-and if at the end of the quarter I am not able to pay for my scanty means of subsistence, and no one will trust me? Then, indeed, shall I with my poor children be cast into the street.

Well, and will not God watch over us even then? December 19th., in the morning.-I awoke today very early, and lay reflecting on the uncertain state of my affairs. While revolving in my mind the best course for me to pursue, my thoughts turned to my rich cousin in Cambridge, Master Sitting, but the poor are not apt to be claimed as kindred: 'tis the rich, only, who are acknowledged. If new-year's-day should chance to bring me the Bishop's mitre, of Polly's dream, half England would claim affinity with me. I have written, and sent by to-day's post, the following letter to the Right Honorable Dr. Snarl.

"I write with an anxious heart. It is every where rumored that you certainly intend to put another Vicar in my place. I know not whether the report is correct, but this I know, that I have not in any way been instrumental with regard to its circulation, for I have repeated our conversation to no one.

"The office entrusted to me, I have conducted with zeal and fidelity; have purely and clearly taught the word of God. No complaints have been brought against me, nor does my own conscience condemn me. I did but entreat you to make an addition to my small salary, instead of which you proposed to diminish it, when it was scarcely sufficient, at the most, to procure the necessaries of life for me and my family. May your benevolent heart decide for me! I have served for sixteen years under your blessed predecessor, and under yourself a year and a half. I am now fifty years

depend on your favor for our maintenance. If you desert us, we must be reduced to the utmost want.

"My daughters, gradually increasing in years, must, necessarily, in spite of the most rigid economy, add to my expenditures. Still they make every exertion. My eldest daughter Jenny, as her mother's representative, conducts the household affairs. We have no servant; and my daughter is chamber-maid, cook, washerwoman, seamstress and shoemaker. I am also the carpenter, mason, housecleaner, wood-cleaver, gardener and the wood-carrier of my house.

"Through the mercy of God, we enjoy good health. We have no medicines to pay for. Erekelade is a healthy place.

"My daughters offered to give up other household work, and take in washing, embroidery and plain sewing; but seldom do they receive any employment. No one is rich here, and every one almost in the country does his or her own house-work.

"It was a bitter task for me with twenty pounds sterling a year, to support me and mine; and still more bitter will it be, if I should be forced to make the trial with only fifteen pounds. But I trust in God and your compassion, and pray your honor at least to relieve me from this deep anguish."

After I had written and dispatched this letter by Polly to the post-office, I threw myself upon my knees, and prayed for a happy issue to the affair.

When I arose, my mind felt wonderfully clear and peaceful. Ah! a word to God, is ever a word from God. How much lighter did I step out of my little chamber into which I had entered so heavy-hearted.

I found Jenny seated at the window with her work,-and looking as tranquil as an angel. Her whole countenance seemed irradiated with a holy light. The faint beams of the sun through the little window brightened the whole room. I felt a heavenly peace steal into my soul. I placed myself at my writing-desk to commence a sermon. and took for my text,-" The pleasures of poverty."

I shall preach it in the church without much alteration. But it is not every one who leaves the church improved, nor does each soul there derive equal comfort from my words. It is with the clergyman, as with the physician. He knows the power of his medicines, but they are only efficacious according to the nature of the disease, or the constitution of the patient.

Noon of the same day.—This morning, I received a billet sent me by a stranger from the inn where he had passed the night. He begged a moment's conversation with me, upon the most pressing bu-

I immediately went to him. He was a handof age, my hair is becoming gray. Without acquain- some young man, apparently about six and twenty tances, without patrons, without a prospect of any | years of age, noble countenance, and of high bearother office, and knowing not what means I can ing. He were an old shabby coat, and boots which

were yet soiled from the effects of the bad road he had travelled the day before. His round hat, though originally of as good material as my own, was now in a most wretched condition. The young man, however, appeared, notwithstanding his shabby clothes, to be of a good family. He wore, at least, a shirt of the finest and most delicate linen, which surely could not have been the gift of charity. He carried me into a small apartment, adjoining the sitting-room of the inn, made a thousand apologies for the trouble he had given me, and disclosed to me with the utmost humility of manner, that he was in a state of the bitterest embarrassment; knew no one in the place, where he had arrived the evening before, and thought he would seek a refuge with me, on account of my calling. He told me he was by profession an actor, but, as he did not now belong to any particular company, it was his intention to travel to Manchester. But he had spent his last copper, and had barely sufficient to defray his expenses at the inn, much less enough to carry him to Manchester. Therefore, in his despair, he turned to me. With twelve shillings would he be satisfied. If I would loan him the money, he would, as soon as he rejoined the theatre, return it to me duly and with gratitude. His name, he said, was John Fleetman.

It was not necessary for him to tell me he was a prey to care and anxiety. In every feature was depicted grief and unrest, more even than in the words he uttered. In my own countenance, he probably discerned similar feelings, for as he cast his eyes upon me, he said in some trepidation, "will you not assist me?"

I declared to him, now in my turn, my condition, and that the sum he required of me was no less than the fourth part of my present possessions; that I was still in a state of suspense, as to whether I was to be retained in the office I now held. With sudden coolness of manner, and as if he felt himself repulsed, he said, "you count your misfortune then a greater calamity than mine. Well I will ask nothing more of you; but tell me, is there no one in Erekelade, who, though not rich, is compassionate?"

I saw young Fleetman's perplexity, and felt a little embarrassment, at having revealed to him so openly the poor state of my finances; and I could not but blush, too, at the idea of appearing hard-hearted. I then ran over in my mind the names of the different individuals of my acquaintance in Erekelade, and I could not think of one, whom I thought it likely would render him any assistance. Perhaps I knew too little of their hearts, and judged them wrongfully. I then approached him nearer, and laying my hand on his shoulder said, "Mr. Fleetman, you grieve me; have yet a little patience. You know how poor I am, but if I possibly can, I will assist you. In an hour I will give you an anawer."

As I returned home, I could not help thinking how singular it was, that this stranger should at once have thrown himself upon my charity; he a comedian too, and I a clergyman. I could not but flatter myself there must be something in my nature, which instinctively attracts the unfortunate and needy towards me; and, though I have the least to bestow, am constantly receiving applications from those who are in difficulty. Even if I sit at a table among strangers, and any one amongst them chance to have there a hound, that hound immovably fixes his gaze on every mouthful I eat, and in the most confiding manner lays his head on my knee, rubbing his cold nose against my hand, as though he would ask to share my meal.

When I reached home, I related to my children my adventure; told them who the stranger was, and what he required of me. I wished to have Jenny's counsel with regard to my conduct in this affair, and told her so. "I know, dear father," said she, with an air of compassion, "what your own thoughts and feelings must be on this occasion; therefore, you can require no advice from me."

"And what, my child, are my thoughts and feelings?"

"They lead you to say," she replied, "I will do unto this poor comedian, as I would that God and Dr. Snarl would do unto me."

Though I cannot say it was exactly, yet was it, in a great measure, the subject of my mental solidouy. I therefore placed in Jenny's hands the twelve shillings for the young man, and requested her to take them to the inn, where he was waiting for my answer. I did not wish to carry the money myself, because I would not willingly subject myself to the painful humility of receiving thanks for so small a sum, and I felt, if I met with ingratitude, I might be excited. Besides, I wished to continue the sermon, which my summons to the inn had interrupted.

Evening of the same day.—This stranger must certainly be a good man, if I may judge of the account Jenny gave respecting him, when she returned from the inn—She had also much to relate concerning the landlady, who made so many complaints with regard to her lodger's empty purse, that Jenny could not resist telling her that I had sent him some money to defray his travelling expenses. In consequence of this information, Jenny was forced to listen to a long moralising discourse, on the thoughtlessness of such donations, which did but serve, she said, to encourage vagabonds, and particularly, when the giver has nothing for himself—and scarcely sufficient to clothe his own children.

Jenny had been home but a short time, and I was still at my sermon, when Mr. Fleetman made his appearance. He said he could not leave Erekelade without personally thanking his benefactor, who had extricated him from a most painful embar-

rassment. for dinner, which consisted of turnips and an ome-I invited the traveller to stay and dine with This invitation he gladly accepted, for, as he said, he had scarcely tasted his breakfast at the inn, and felt as if some little refreshment would be quite necessary before commencing his journey. Polly brought in some beer: this was an indulgence we had not allowed ourselves for a long time.

Mr. Fleetman appeared well-pleased with his The melanchely which before marked reception. his countenance had wholly passed away, yet there remained that shy, (and at times,) embarrassed manner, peculiar to some persons when unhappy. He seemed to think we were very happy, and in each other we truly are so. The order and neatness of our room, the clearness of the windows, the pure white of the curtains and table-cloth, the polish of the floor, and the bright varnish of our tables and chairs, might lead him to suppose, that my wordly condition was better than I had represented it to be; as, in the cottages of the poor, you are too apt to see an untidy and careless appearance and a neglect of those little minutiæ which contribute so much to domestic comfort; because they do not understand how to make the best of their frugal means. But I have, all my married life, been endeavoring to impress on the minds of my blessed wife and daughters, that order and neatness ought to be of the first consideration. Jenny is mistress here now, and treads closely in the footsteps of her mother, her keen eye detecting even the smallest blemish, - and fortunately she exerts a happy influence over the mind of her sister Polly.

Our guest soon became quite familiar and cordial with us all. But now he spoke less of his own The poor man must have some than of our fate. heavy grief at heart, (I will not believe it is on his conscience,) for I remarked that he often broke off suddenly in his discourse, and seemed wrapped within himself-He would then exert himself to throw off this temporary abstraction and would again appear bright and entertaining. God give him comfort! When the meal was concluded, and I found he was on the point of taking leave; knowing that comedians are apt to lead a reckless and dissipated sort of life, I thought I would give him a little good advice, which he might follow, if he pleased. He took it very kindly, and assured me solemnly and with a look of honest truth, that he should not forget his debt to me, but that as soon as he obtained his own money, he would faithfully return that which I had loaned him. He seemed anxious, however, and asked me several times, if, in my generosity to him, I had deprived myself of the power of providing for even my necessary household expenses.

His last words, as he reached the door, were,

Jenny was in the room laying the cloth and" (pointing to my daughters) "two of God's angels near you."

> December 20th .- This day passed away quietly, yet I cannot say very agreeably. Loster, the shopkeeper, sent me in his bill for the last year, the amount of which was much greater than we had expected, as we had kept a very regular account of the goods we had purchased of him. He must certainly have raised the price of every article; otherwise, we should have agreed in our calculations. This debt falls heavily on me, as, being in want of the money, he asks for immediate payment. went to Mr. Loster, knowing him to be a civil and equitable man, hoping, though the sum was but eighteen shillings, to be able to satisfy him with part payment for the present, and promising to give the rest at Easter. He was not to be moved, however, and only regretted that his necessities should compel him to seize on every means of support which it was his right lawfully to receive. Were it possible, he would gladly wait longer, but, within three days, he had to pay a bill of exchange that was due at that time. A merchant can carry all before him in money transactions.

> Had I not as much right to insist on my claim as he had? However, finding all my entreaties proved vain and useless, I sent him the whole amount of the debt-and now the sum total of what I have remaining on hand is reduced to eleven shillings. Heaven grant! that Fleetman may soon return the money I advanced him; otherwise, I know not how we shall be able further to support ourselves.

> "Oh! thou of little faith, and, if thou knowest not, does not God know !" Wherefore, then, should anguish fill thy heart! What crime hast thou committed? Poverty is assuredly no sin.

> December 24th.—I have discovered that one can be very happy with small means. We have a thousand joys in Jenny's new dress. She looks as beautiful as a bride in it, and intends wearing it, for the first time, to church on new-year's-day.

> She calculates with me every evening, how little our household expenses for each day amount to. We willingly go to bed at seven o'clock, in order to save lamp oil and coals; but we do not get more sleep from retiring thus early, for the maidens are chattering in bed until midnight, and are up and stirring again by day-light. We are fairly stocked with turnips and other vegetables, and Jenny thinks we shall be able to go on for six or eight weeks without running in debt. To do this will, indeed, require some management: and by that time I hope Mr. Fleetman will return the money he borrowed. If I appear at any time to have my doubts on the subject, Jenny is very zealous in his defence: she will not believe any ill respecting him.

This youth is often the subject of our conversation. The maidens, particularly, seem to find much "It is impossible, however, that evil can come to to say respecting him. His appearing amongst us, you in this world; you have heaven in your breast, has made a new era in the monotonous life we lead. He has furnished us with matter of speculation gre than it is; cabbage and turnips, with the addiand talk for half a year at least.

It is particularly amusing to see, how Jenny's anger is excited, whenever Polly, in a mischievous tone, exclaims, "But ah! he is an actor." Jenny then endeavors to bring to her mind, how the celebrated players in London are allowed to eat at the table of kings and princes; and she prophecies that Mr. Fleetman will become the best actor in the world: "for," said she, "he has great talent, fine manners, and well-culled language." "Yes, truly," said Polly roguishly, when they were talking of him to day, "his language is beautiful indeed! he called thee one of God's angels." "And thee too," said Jenny warmly. "Even so, but that was merely because we stood together; 'twas thee he looked at most."

Strange! that this bantering tone, this little chitchat between my children, should awaken cares within me! but when I consider that Jenny is now eighteen, and how fast Polly is advancing towards womanhood, I cannot but be filled with uneasiness regarding their future prospects. There is no chance of seeing them provided for; to be sure, Jenny has attractions; she is a well-educated, modest, handsome girl, but then our poverty is known throughout Erekelade: and, in these degenerate days, an angel without money is not valued as much as a devil with a sack full of guineas. Our retired life, too, is another obstacle; Jenny is not enough seen to be noticed, and there is but too much chance she will remain single. However, she immediately wins the favor of those who do cast their eyes on her mild and lovely countenance. When I sent her to Loster, the grocer's, to pay for some articles I had from him, he made her a present of a pound of almonds and raisins, and regretted very much that his necessities obliged him to receive the money from me, offering at the same time, that, until Easter, I should take whatever I wanted from him on credit. Had I been there instead of Jenny, I am sure such an offer would not have been made.

When death shall rob my poor children of their natural protector, ah! who will watch over and guard them! Who! Can I ask that question? Father in Heaven! forgive my rebellious doubts; wilt not Thou be near them? It may be Thy will that they may get into the service of some good, respectable family, where they will be kindly treated. So away with dismal forebodings; I will not anticipate evil.

December 26th.—The two last days have been very fatigueing ones. Christmas never passed so heavily with me as now it has! I preached two sermons in four different churches, five times in two days. The weather was very inclement and the roads in the village abominable. I feel old age and the parcel has altogether only cost seven gradually stealing upon me, and find I cannot move pence." Jenny handed me the package, with howwith my former activity and freshness. I think I illumined countenance, before I could lay aside my

tion of a glass of fresh water, are not very nourishing aliment.

I have dined these two days with farmer Hurst. The people in the country are much more hospitable than here in town, where for a half a year no one has thought of inviting me. Ah! could my daughters only have been allowed to sit at this table with me! what a superfluity! I could not help wishing they had one half of the repast even of one of the farmer's hounds, for their Christmas din-These thoughts gave me the courage to say, (when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat yet more,) I should like to carry my daughters some bits of the chicken, if they would allow me. The good-hearted couple immediately filled a little sack for me, and, as it was raining very hard, ordered their carriage, which conveyed me back to Erekelade.

Mere bodily wants are but a minor consideration, in comparison with the spiritual cravings of the soul; but while we are on this earth, it cannot be denied, that to have the body comfortably supported is a very agreeable thing. One thinks more clearly. and feels more full of genial warmth; it is the oil which is needed to feed the flame of the spirit.

My conversation with farmer Hurst was worthy of note. I am too weary to transcribe it now, but may de so in the morning.

December 27th.-What alternations of joy and sorrow there are in this ever-changing world! I went this morning to pay a visit to Alderman Fieldson, because it was yesterday reported to me as an undoubted fact, that Brook of Wotton, the wagoner, had lost his all at the game of basset, and, in consequence thereof, had committed suicide. Eleven or twelve years since, on account of some distant relationship between him and my sainted wife. I had gone security for him to the amount of £100 sterling for some purchase he had made. debt has never been cancelled. The man has of late years been very unfortunate, and given himself up wholly to drink.

The alderman quieted my fears considerably. He said he had heard these reports, but thought it very improbable Brook had killed himself; indeed, the intelligence had not been officially received; for which reason he doubted its truth.

I walked towards home, therefore, somewhat comforted, praying on the way that God would vet further extend me his grace.

When I arrived at my own door, I found my prayer in a measure answered, for joyful news awaited me. Polly sprang into the street quite breathless, and said., "A letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, accompanied with five pounds sterling; should be stronger, if our daily food were less mea- hat and stick. The children were half crazy with

were half dying with curiosity to know what Fleetin pleasure; and I must impress this maxim on the minds of the maidens. Now they read and re-read the superscription, and the package was passed, three times in a minute, from the hand of one to ing aloud. the other.

For my part, I am more surprised than pleased at what he has done. I loaned Fleetman but twelve shillings, and he has returned me five pounds ster-God be praised! he must have found a good ling. station!

To follow up my doctrine, I pushed back the knife and scissors the girls handed me for the purpose of opening the package, and said, " Now, children, you perceive it is much more difficult to bear with calmness and equanimity a great good than a great evil. I have often been struck with your flow of spirits in the midst of our privations, when we thought the next day we might be reduced even to starvation; but now, at the first smiling of fortune, you have lost all presence of mind, and depart from your usual decorum of manner. I believe I will punish you by not opening the parcel and letter till after dinner.

Jenny asserted, she did not rejoice so much over the receipt of the money, greatly as we stood in need of it, as over the honesty and remarkably grateful feelings evinced by Mr. Fleetman; she was anxious, too, to know how things were going on with him. However, I would not revoke my sentence; the little inquisitive ones must practice a lesson of patience.

Evening of the same day.-Joy has turned to mourning. The letter and money came not from Fleetman, as we imagined, but from Dr. Snarl. He informed me in answer to my letter, that, according to our compact, I might hold my office till Easter, and then our accounts would be closed forever. He announced to me, I might in the meantime look around for some other maintenance; and he had to that effect paid me in advance, in order that I might defray my travelling expenses, as it might be best to make inquiries in person in different places. He also said he wished that my successor, the Vicar, should manage the church affairs during my absence, unless I objected thereto.

I now find the tittle-tattle of the people here had more of truth in it than I imagined. I begin to believe the rest of the rumor, that the new Vicar receives this appointment, because he is a near relation of Dr. Snarl's. And for such a cause as this, must I be turned out of my office, and be cast on the wide world with my poor children!

Jenny and Polly became pale as death, when they heard the letter was from the rector, instead of Fleetman, and that the package, instead of con-

happiness; they are true daughters of Eve, and official duty. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hands tremman had written. But one must be moderate even bled violently, as I held the paper containing my formal discharge. At length, I withdrew to my little chamber, and closing the door behind me threw myself on my knees. I heard Polly weep-

> I arose from my prayer, refreshed and calm, and taking up the Bible, the first words on which my eyes fell were, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by my name; thou art mine."—Isaiah, Chap. 43, v. 1. Then all fear vanished from my breast; I rose up and said, "Yes, Lord, I am thine!"

> As I no longer heard Polly's voice, I supposed she had left the sitting room, and returned to it myself. She was still there, however, kneeling beside a chair, praying with folded hands. I started back on perceiving this, and retired again to my chamber, closing the door softly after me, that I might not disturb the dear child.

> In a short time, I heard Jenny enter the room. I thought I would then go to my daughters—they were both sitting at the window. I saw by Jenny's red and swollen eyes, that she had sought in solitude a relief for her overcharged heart. both looked timidly towards me. I believe they were fearful of discovering traces of despair in my countenance. When they saw I appeared serene and comforted, they smiled, and cheerfully accosted me. I took the letter and the money, with a careless air, and put them in my writing desk. said nothing more of the occurrence the whole day; nor did I touch upon it. They were both, I am sure, actuated by forbearing tenderness of feeling for me, and I wished not to betray my weakness to my children.

> December 28th.—When a storm has passed by, it is best not to dwell too much on the devastation it has spread in its progress. We all rested well last night, and this morning we can speak of Dr. Snarl's letter and my dismissal from office, as of an old story. We have been making various plans for the future. The most painful idea, suggested in these arrangements, is the necessity of a temporary separation between us. We can devise nothing more feasible, than that Jenny and Polly shall go to service in some genteel family, while I set out on my travels, in order to find a place and means of support for us all.

> Polly has recovered her former cheerfulness. She again brings forward her dream about the Bishop's mitre and amuses us with her remarks. She is really too superstitious, and dwells too much on this dream of hers. It is true I have at times thought of it, but not as if any faith were to be placed in it.

As soon as the new Vicar arrives in Ereketaining the treasure sent by a grateful spirit, was lade and enters upon his official duties, I will only the last bitter payment for my many years' give up the parish-book to him, and then go my

way, to seek a living. In the meanwhile, I will clothier, Withiel, in Trowbridge, to release me from write to day to Salisbury and Warminster. I have in those places a couple of old acquaintances, whom I will request to make inquiries among different families, and let me know if my daughters can find a place in any, as cooks, or seamstresses. Jenny is also a very good nurse for children, and understands their management. I do not wish to leave my daughters in Erekelade; the place is a poor one, and the people unfriendly, proud and repulsive in manner. One hears of nothing now but the new Some persons have expressed regret that I am forced to depart, but I know not whether these words are the "heart's messengers."

December 29th .- I have written to-day to the bishop of Salisbury, and described to him my own sad, helpless condition, and the forlorn situation of my children; at the same time I represented to him my faithful service in the vineyard for many years. He is a benevolent and pious man. guide him! surely, among the three hundred and four parishes in the county of Wiltshire, one little corner may be found for me. I desire nothing more than that.

December 30th.—The bishop's mitre of Polly's dream must soon make its appearance, or a jail must be my place of abode—ah! I see but too well such a destiny is unavoidable.

I feel weak and exhausted, and every effort to recover my self-possession now proves abortiveall my heroism has vanished, as this idea comes Even ardent prayer fails in its usual before me. This shock is too, too great! effect.

Yes, a prison is inevitably to be my destiny! When I can dwell on the subject with any degree of calmness, I will make known the fate which awaits me.

I may not-I cannot tell it to my beloved chil-The All-merciful have compassion on them. Perhaps death may snatch me from this humiliation. I feel my frame sinking—there is ague in my limbs, and I cannot write for trembling.

Some hours later. - Now I am more collected. I will cast myself before the throne of God and pray-but I have a strange sensation, I will lie on my bed awhile. * * * I believe I have slept, perhaps I have been in a swoon; three hours have passed away-I have felt my feet covered with my daughters' kisses. I am still weak in head, but fresh in heart. All objects seem to swim dreamily before me.

My mind has been in a state of vacuity, but some faint glimmering of consciousness is returning. Now I remember the news I heard this morning. Brook, the wagoner, has in truth committed suicide. Alderman Fieldson called and gave me the intelligence. He had received an official letter, stating be had left behind him debts to a large amount, besides the sum for which I had as a bondswoman, (for life, if requisite,) and with given my bond.

the obligation.

Mr. Fieldson had good reason to regret, as he said, on my account, this unexpected event! Great God! a hundred pounds sterling! from whence shall I draw it? Were I to offer all my possessions, they would not bring the value of a hundred shillings! I did not think Brook would end his life thus-he always passed for an honest, as well as a wealthy man. During the lingering illness of my wife, some acres of ground which she inherited, in Bradford, (and from which we had hoped to derive some benefit,) depreciated so much in value, that I was at last obliged to sell them far below the original cost.. I have not now even that dependance. I am indeed a beggar! Heaven grant I may at least be an unfettered one! but if Mr. Withiel is not a generous man, a prison must be my fate. I cannet dream of the payment of such a sum.

Evening of the same day .- Fye! fye! for shame, I blush at my own weakness. Despairing, swooning, and yet a firm believer in Providence! and a minister of God!

After considering for some time what would be the best plan for me to pursue in this affair, I concluded, at last, I would write a letter to Mr. Withiel, and state to him the utter impossibility there was for me to agree to his terms, by giving the bail he required, and entreated him not, on that account, to throw me into the debtor's jail. Having concluded and sealed this letter, I carried it to the post-office. If the man has any feelings of humanity, they will lead him to have compassion on me, and grant me a release, and, if he has not, why let him drive me whither he will.

When I returned from the office, I thought I would put my childrens' courage to the test. I wished, too, to prepare them for the worst. But ah! I found the maidens had greater fortitude than the man, and more christianity than the preacher.

I told them of Brook's death, of the bail I was required to give, and of the possible consequences that might arise from my inability to discharge this obligation. They both listened with great earnestness and attention. When I had concluded, Jenny threw herself weeping into my arms, and exclaimed softly, "Ah! my poor dear father! and will they be so cruel as to throw thee into prison, thou who hast committed no crime, and yet must be made to suffer thus? But no! it shall not be, I will go to Trowbridge, throw myself at the feet of Withiel, and will not rise from thence, till he pronounces thee free." "No," cried Polly, sobbing, "that would answer no good purpose. Judging from what I know of merchants, your tears and entreaties would be in vain: they would not move him, nor will they take one farthing from our father's debt-but I will go to the clothier and hire myself He advised me to apply to the no other wages than bread and water, until, by my

work, I shall have released my father from his it is a course I would recommend to all men. debt."

By thus occupying their minds in forming such plans, they, by degrees, became more tranquilized, though their sanguine hopes had been thus suddenly destroyed. After a pause, Jenny said, "Wherefore all these fruitless projects! let us wait for the answer from Mr. Withiel. If he should prove unrelenting, why be it so. God is with you in prison as elsewhere. Father, submit thou to confinement. Perhaps it may be better for thee there, than leading a life of want and misery here with us. Go, it is no disgrace to thee, as thou goest unstained by crime. We will both go to service, and our wages will enable us to supply your wants. Were there a necessity for it, I should not even be ashamed to ask alms, for there is something holy and beautiful in asking charity for a father. will visit thee from time to time. Come, let us dismiss all fear, and trust in divine goodness."

"Thou art right, Jenny," said her sister. "Those who trust in God can have no fears-I'll not indulge in them, but will be happy, as happy as I can be, separated from father and thee."

Such conversation served to elevate our hearts I feel now the truth of Fleetman's observation at his departure, that I had two of God's angels at my side.

Sylvester day.—The year is ended. I thank Heaven, it has been, with the exception of one storm, an excellent joyful year. What, though we often had barely sufficient to eat! yet we made it enough. What, though my pitiful salary subjected me to many cares; yet, these cares brought their joys too. I will allow, that my present possessions will scarcely supply our wants for half a year longer; yet how many there are, who are not as well off as I am even now, and who know not how they shall meet the exigencies of the coming day. It is not to be denied that I am, in my old age, deprived of office and maintenance, and it is possible my future years may be spent in a prison; but, as Jenny correctly observed, God will watch over me there as here.

A clear conscience will support us even on the rack; and, if stung with remorse by that monitor, a bed of roses would be filled with thorns.

He, who can practice self-denial, is equal to the richest in the land, and self-approval is better than worldly honors; therefore, am I happy. He, who can independently shape his own course, acting according to the laws of God, without regard to mere worldly opinion, is alone worthy of being honored. Such a course gives him a foretaste of Heaven. Since I have been schooled in adversity. I daily understand better the gospel of Christ. Nature is the best interpreter of the gospel.

The year closing this day, I have been led to these reflections. This diary, which I have been regu-

More self-knowledge is thus acquired than the most abstruce study could impart. The thoughts and sentiments thus daily transcribed give, as it were, a faithful picture of the inner man, and an examination, at the end of the year, will show how much consistency of character we possess. Man is scarcely the same from one hour to another. One can answer for himself with certainty only at the present moment. Few know what they were yesterday, still fewer what they will be to-morrow.

There is another advantage arising from such records; we acquire a firmer trust in the Providence of God. I have this year been confirmed in the truth of the position, that misfortunes seldom come alone, but when evils have arrived at their greatest height, then the bright hours revive again.

The first violent shock, occasioned by the bursting of the storm, has passed by, and, though things are in their very worst condition, yet I feel now as if I could enjoy any good that may come, or smile at the shafts which may be sent to disturb my peace. On the contrary, there have been times, when all looked bright around me. I have enjoyed with trembling, and dreaded lest a breath might dissolve the charm. One should not yield to this sensitive weakness, yet still I have bowed to its influence. I have also lived to feel that anticipated evils are harder to bear than when we realize them. Thunder clouds look blacker in the distance than when they approach us nearer.

It is best we should not permit our happiness to be too much affected by the outward world, and it is folly to dwell on coming ills, when perhaps what appears to threaten our peace, may operate to our advantage.

While I thus reason upon the evils with which I have to contend, I turn to the bright image of hope, and linger with her, though I have learned not to trust too far her beaming smiles. My path has been so seldom lighted by the sunshine of prosperity, that I do not often indulge myself in building airy castles, lest I should too soon see them overthrown. Hope is indeed an enchanting guide, but if we follow her footsteps too far, we shall find that, ignis fatous like, she will lead us on until we are lost among swamps and marshes.

1765. New-year's-day. Morning.-A singular occurrence has marked the opening of this year. I will here give an account of the whole progress of the affair.

At six o'clock in the morning, while I was lying in bed, reflecting on my to-day's sermon, I heard a knocking at the house door. Polly, who was already in the kitchen, sprang quickly into the house, opened the door, and looking out, saw, in the dim light of the morning, a man standing before her, with a large box in his arms. He handed it to Polly with these words; "Mr. -—, (Polly could'nt larly keeping, has I think been of service to me; understand the name, she said afterwards,) sends this to the Vicar, and begs he will be very careful my breast and said, "Be indeed a mother to it! with the contents."

With pleased surprise Polly received the box, and the man took his leave. Polly then knocked softly at my door, and, on my telling her to come in, she opened it, and smiling wished me good morning and a happy new-year, as she took her seat. " Seest thou, father dear, that thy Polly has prophetic dreams! here is the promised bishop's cap!" She then related how she had received what she supposed was a new-year's gift for me. I was provoked that she had not been more accurate in learning the name of my patron, or benefactor, if such he was.

While she went for a lamp, and to call up Jenny, I arose and dressed myself. I will not deny I was burning with curiosity. This seemed to be something of more consequence, than the new-year's gifts hitherto sent to the Vicar of Erekelade. 1 suspected my patron, the farmer, whose favor I seemed to have gained, had surprised me with a box full of chickens; and only wondered that one as thoughtful as he is, should arouse us at this unreasonably early hour, for the sake of his present.

When I went into the parlor, Polly and Jenny were standing before the table, looking at the box, which was carefully closed up, and directed to me. I lifted it and found it tolerably heavy. There were two round holes neatly cut in the lid.

With Jenny's help I opened the box very cautiously, because I had received orders to be careful of the contents. We raised a fine white handkerchief which was spread over the top, and there we beheld-no-our astonishment is not to be described! We all exclaimed, with one voice, "My God!"

There lay, sleeping, an infant, between six and eight weeks old, wrapped in the finest linen cloth, which was neatly bound with rose-colored ribbon; its head rested on a soft pillow of blue silk, and its little coverlet, as well as the cap on its little head, was bordered with the most costly Brahant lace.

We stood a moment in silent reflection. At last Polly burst out into a loud laugh, and cried, "what shall we do with it? This is no bishop's mitre!" Jenny softly touched the cheek of the sleeping child with the tips of her fingers and said, compassionately, "Thou poor little creature! hast thou no mother? or has thy mother disowned thee? Great Heaven! to think of abandoning so levely and helpless a being! only see, father, only see, Polly, with what quiet reliance it sleeps, as unconcerned at its misfortunes, as if it felt it was in the hands of God. Sleep on, thou peor forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps of too high rank to own thee, thou poor little creature, and thy appearance might east them from their elevated station. Sleep on, we will not forsake thee. They have sent thee to the right place. I will be a mother to thee!"

Take the step, child, fate has decreed to you. God has put our faith to the test—he knows our hearts. We must foster and cherish the little forsaken creature. What, though we know not, if to-merrow's wants can be supplied! But yet who knows, if this child's parents are living, what they may do for us?"

Therefore we decided, at once, to protect the child, and do the best we could for it. It slept soundly and sweetly. In the meanwhile we indulged ourselves in various conjectures, who the parents could be, who seemed so well acquainted with my name and place of abode. Polly regretted very much that she had not asked the bearer more questions. The little innocent stranger continued sweetly sleeping, my daughters watching over it, while I hastily glanced through my sermon for the day, the subject of which was the Power and Eternity of Providence. Polly full of glee played a thousand childish pranks, while Jenny, on the contrary, looked agitated and tearful. As for me, it appeared as if this singular event, occurring on new-year's-day, must have some hidden portent, and it may be superstitious—but I feel, as if the little child were to be my tutelary genius in a time of trouble and difficulty. I cannot express how much more freely I breathe, or what a blessed calm has stolen over my spirit.

Evening of the same day.—I came home very much exhausted by my day's holy work. Notwithstanding the extremely bad condition of the roads, I was obliged to perform my wanderings through the country, on foot. But the very fact of my being so weary redoubled my feelings of satisfaction; when I was once again seated in my quiet little parlor at home, which bore a much more cheerful aspect than it had done for some time past; my daughters looked happy, the table was ready laid for dinner, and a flask of wine stood on it, which they told me had been sent as a new-year'sgift by some unknown friendly hand. I took some of it and felt much renovated.

But of all the pleasures, which greeted my eyes, the sight of the child, awake and lying in Jenny's arms, was the greatest. Polly showed me the beautiful things which had been sent along with the foundling; there were a dozen fine little shirts, an elegant little cap and night-gown, &c. &c; and she said when the child awoke and they took it out of the box, they found lying at its feet, a package sealed and directed to me, which seemed to contain money.

Curious to learn somewhat of the origin of the little stranger, and thinking this might throw some light on it, I opened the package. It contained a roll with twenty guineas inclosed in it, and a letter, the purport of which was as follows-

"Fully relying on the piety and philanthropy While Jenny spoke, large tear drops fell from which are your distinguished characteristics. Reverher eyes. I took the plous, soft-hearted maiden to end Sir, the unfortunate parents of this beloved child consign him to your care. Abandon not, we beseech thee, the treasure now lost to our sight. When it will be no longer necessary to conceal our name and station, be assured we shall, in person, express our deep sense of the obligation you have conferred upon us. In the meantime, we shall from a distance keep a vigilant watch over the destiny of our tender offspring. The dear boy is named Alfred. The first quarterly allowance for his board is enclosed in this paper; every three months the same sum will be punctually paid to you. We only now beseech you to receive the child, and recommend it to the tenderness of your noble Jenny."

As I finished the letter, Polly, jumping for joy, said, "There now comes the bishop's cap. Good heavens! how rich we have suddenly become! who cares now for the loss of your pitiful salary, father! Yet, now I think of it, I am not so well pleased either—No, indeed, the letter makes no mention of the noble Polly!"

We read the letter, at least ten times over; scarcely daring to trust our eyes with one glance towards the heap of gold that lay on the table. What a new-year's present was this! In what a singular, incomprehensible manner, was I thus released from my weighty carea for the future! In the whole circle of my acquaintance, I can think of none who might perhaps find it necessary from their birth and station to conceal the existence of this child, or who would promise such high reward for a mere Christian and friendly act. Thought was busy, but it threw no hight on the matter. Yet, ignorant as I am, these high-born parents seem to be acquainted with every thing relating to me and mine.

The ways of Providence are wonderful.

January 2nd.—Fortune seems determined to. heap her treasures upon me. This morning I received from the post-office another package containing twelve pounds sterling, accompanied with a letter from Fleetman. All this is too much. Things must have gone well with him indeed, when he returns me pounds for shillings. I regret he has forgotten to tell me his present place of abode. that I might return my sincere thanks to him. Heaven grant I may not grow presumptuous on my sudden accession of riches! There was fresh subject of rejoicing, when I told my daughters I really had a letter from Fleetman: their actions on the occasion were a little incomprehensible to me: there is some understanding they have about Fleetman, which I am not privy to. Jenny blushed, and Polly, laughing, sprung towards her, placing her hands before the maiden's face. This childish action seemed to displease Jenny.

I then opened and read Fleetman's letter aloud; the young man is too much of an enthusiast, and speaks of me in more flattering terms than I deserve: Indeed, he overrates every thing; his praises of Jenny are even beyond the bounds of reason.

child consign him to your care. Abandon not, we I felt for the modesty of the poor maiden, as I resid beseech thee, the treasure now lost to our sight. his observations; I would not turn my eyes towards When it will be no longer necessary to conceal our name and station, be assured we shall, in person, ever, is worthy of note, as well as the one preceding express our deep sense of the obligation you have it, so I will transcribe that part of his letter:

"When I, noble being, took my leave of you, I felt as if I had a second time left the dwelling of my father, to enter upon life's wide waste. Never while I live, can I forget you; can I forget your kindness to me. I see you ever before me, in your rich poverty, your Christian humility, your patriarchal elevation of soul. And the charming, sprightly, kind Polly, and the --- but ah! what epithet can I find for your Jenny! what words can express that holy light beaming from her countenance, which glorifies each earthly object, when she appears.! I shall ever remember the moment when she handed me the money you sent by her; ever remember the words of comfort, which, like a ministering angel; she spoke. Do not be sorprised, when I say I yet retain those same twelve shillings. would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall, perhaps, ere long reveal all things to you in person. Never, since I first drew breath, have I been happier than I am now; yet still (strange contradiction) never more unhappy. Commend me to your charming daughters, if they yet hold me in remembrance.'

Judging from the closing lines of this letter, it appears he expects to return at some time to Erckelade. I am glad of that, for I wish to express my thanks, and know not where to write to him. Perhaps the young man, knowing that I loaned him one half of what I possessed, has given his all to me; such an idea is distressing to me. Though somewhat of a visionary, he certainly must have a righteous soul.

The little Alfred finds favor with us all. To day when Jenny, like a young mother, was carrying him in her arms, he smiled on Polly as if he knew her. The maidens are better skilled in the management of this little citizen of the world, than I had imagined they would be. We have purchased a little ornamented cradle, and an abundant supply of various articles of which it stood in need. The cradle stands near Jenny's bed. She watches like a guardian spirit day and night over her foster-son.

January 3rd.—To-day the Vicar Bleching and his young wife alighted at the inn in our neighborhood, and, as he sent to apprise me of his arrival, I went to him immediately. He is an agreeable and very polite man. He at ence informed me, he was elected as my successor in office, and he wished, unless I had some objection to urge against it, immediately to enter upon his duties; but, at the same time I could, if desirous of so doing, remain in the dwelling I now occupy until Easter, while he would engage a room in the house of Alderman Fieldson.

I replied, if agreeable to him, I would imme-

diately resign the business into his hands, and she is perfectly well. She has asked me for Fleetthereby be more at liberty to seek another office for myself. I only wished to deliver a farewell sermon to my congregation in the church, where I had so long given forth the word of God.

He, thereon, promised me he would come in the afternoon and examine the condition of the vicar-He came according to appointment, accompanied by his wife and the Alderman. The young woman appears somewhat haughty, and has the air of one who prides herself upon her high descent; it seemed as if nothing about the house suited her, and as to my daughters, they were not worthy of a glance. When she saw little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny and said, "Are you already married!" The good Jenny's face was suffused with a rosy blush, and shaking her little head in denial, she stammered forth some indistinct words. I came forward to relieve the poor girl's embarrassment. Mrs. Bleching heard my narrative with great curiosity, and when I had finished, drew up her mouth, and turned her back upon me. This conduct I thought very unbecoming, but said nothing. I then invited the guests to take a cup of tea, which they declined. The Vicar's wife made a sign for their departure, and he seemed to bow with unlimited obedience to her will.

We were right glad when the visit was over. January 6th.—Judging from his letter, Mr. Withiel is an excellent man. He condoles with me on account of my unfortunate contract, and comforts me by saying, I need give myself no uneasiness with regard to its fulfilment; he will be satisfied, should I not be able to pay the sum for ten years, or even not at all. He seems perfectly acquainted with my worldly condition, and expatiates fluently on the subject. He trusts to my honor, and I rejoice at the estimation in which he holds me; nor shall he have cause to repent it. will go to Trowbridge, and with Fleetman's £12 sterling, will pay off at least a part of my enormous debt.

Jenny, as she promised, has little Alfred sleeping near her. He is very quiet at night, awaking only at one regular time, when she gives him nourishment out of a little shell. I feel some apprehension, lest the maiden should suffer from being thus watchful. She is not as active as formerly, though more tranquilly happy, than when we were suffering from want. Sometimes, when she takes up her work, instead of actively employing her hands as she was wont to do, she sits silently, with them during the day. Still she positively assures me, weather!

man's letter, that she might peruse it again. I did not believe she had so large a share of vanity, as to be thus pleased with Fleetman's eulogies. She has not yet returned me the letter, but I see she keeps it in her work basket, the vain thing! however, perhaps it is for my sake.

January 8th.-My farewell sermon drew tears from most of my hearers. I never knew before, how much I am valued by my congregation. Kind words greet me from all sides, and gifts are showered upon me. My house has never before been so well stocked with provisions and rarities. In those days when famine was staring me in the face, had I possessed but one hundredth part of them, I should have esteemed myself a fortunate man. We have now so much more than we require in our simple mode of living, that I have shared the superfluity with some poor families in Erekelade: and Jenny, who also knew some that required assistance, has extended her bounty through various channels. It is a delight to her to see others enjoying the same benefits we do.

The words of my sermon proceeded from the innermost depths of my soul, and I was nearly blinded by tears while writing it. I felt it an eternal farewell to my vocation here, and to those scenes which had hitherto been my little world. I am dismissed from my vineyard like a useless servant, though I have not worked in it like a hireling, but have planted many noble scions, and rooted out some pernicious weeds. Yes, I am thrust from the field of my labors, where I have day and night watched and tended, taught, admonished, comforted and prayed. I have witnessed the last moments of many a frail being, and strengthened the departing spirit with the holy words of hope. I have sought out sinners, and left not the poor in their loneliness. I have endeavored to reclaim the lost one and bring him back to the way of life and truth. Alas! my destination must henceforth be far away. I must be torn from these scenes round which my soul is entwined by the tenderest bonds. Can it be wondered at, that my heart should bleed! But God's will be done!

If my successor had not already entered into his office, and Dr. Snarl would allow me to remain in the vicarage, gladly would I do so now, without receiving from him any emolument. I have been accustomed to poverty from childhood, and have never been without cares, since I stepped into man's estate; our desires are moderate, and the money listlessly folded in her lap, gazing on vacancy, as we receive for Alfred's board, not only affords sufif dreaming with her eyes open. Then, if one ficient means for present use, but will enable us to speaks to her, she starts, and seems trying to col- lay up something for coming years. If I could lest herself, and to understand the purport of the only continue to dwell among my congregation, words spoken. These are evidently the conse-and dispense the word of God, I would not even quences of broken rest, though she will not admit murmur as I have done, that my grey hairs must, a word of it, and does not seem inclined to sleep at times, be exposed to the vicissitudes of wind and

this leaf are not these of discontent. I do not now, and never yet have prayed for wealth and distinctions. But Lord! Lord! dismiss not thy vassal from thy service forever! Weak and powerless though he may be, permit him once more to labor in thy vineyard, and as thy agent, to gather souls to the Life Eternal!

January 13th.-My journey to Trowbridge has been fortunate even beyond my expectations. The night was far advanced, when I arrived with wearied feet in the pleasant old town, and I did not rouse from sleep till late the following morning. I then dressed myself with much care. Jenny had taken great pains in the selection of her father's wardrobe, so that I think, since my wedding day, I had not appeared so well apparelled. I left the inn and went to Mr. Withiel's, who lives in a large, handsome house.

His reception was, at first, somewhat formal; but as soon as I made known my name, he immediately carried me into his business-room, which was a fine commodious one. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and forbearance; related how I came to enter into such a contract as I had done, and what hard fate had hitherto been mine. I then laid my twelve pounds on the table.

Mr. Withiel appeared much moved, and was silent a few moments; then smiling, he extended his hand, and grasping mine, said, "I know you well, for I have made inquiries respecting you. You are an upright man. I cannot bring it over my heart, to rob one situated as you are, of your new-year's gift, but must beg you to retain your twelve pounds. It would please me much better could I make some addition to the sum, in return for your thus bearing me in memory."

He arose, and going into another room, brought out of it a written paper, which he held towards me, saying, "Do you recognise this bond and your own signature! I here resign my right to the sum therein mentioned in favor of you and your children." He then tore the paper in two, and put both parts into my hand.

All utterance was denied me. However, my moistened eyes expressed more fully than words could do, how much I felt. He plainly saw my inability, as I tried to pour forth the gratitude which was swelling at my heart. He said, "Be still! be still! not a syllable I pray you; no thanks are necessary. I would gladly have done the same by the unfortunate Brook, had he but dealt openly with me."

He begged me to give him an unreserved statement of my affairs, and when our conversation was at an end, carried me to introduce me to his wife and son; then finished his kind treatment, by send- quired, " Have you many performers with you, Mr. ing to the inn for my little bundle, insisting on it | Fleetman?" "Only one lady and one gentleman," I should remain the night at his house. I do not he answered, "but they are excellent players." know a more noble and generous man. He has Jenny appeared most unusually grave: she cast a

But be it so! I will submit! the tears which blot I could not have had more honors paid me. passed the night in a richly furnished chamber. The bed and carpet particularly were really so elegant, that it seemed to me they could not be intended for use.

> On the following day, Mr. Withiel ordered his handsome carriage to convey me back to Erekelade. I left him with a deeply penetrated heart. My children wept with me for joy, when I showed them the bond. "See," said I, "light as is this paper, it has been the heaviest burden of my life; but now, owing to the generosity of this man, it is null and void. Pray for the life and happiness of our preserver!"

> January 16th.—Yesterday was the most memorable day of my life. We were sitting together at noon in the parlor; I rocking little Alfred's cradle, Polly reading aloud, and Jenny sitting at the window sewing; when Jenny sprang suddenly from her chair, and, pale as death, sunk into it again. Much alarmed, we inquired what she had seen? She forced a smile and said, "He is coming!"

> Meantime, the door opened, and Fleetman, attired in handsome travelling apparel, stood before us. We greeted him very cordially, were delighted at his unexpected appearance, and particularly so, that his circumstances seemed so much better than when he first came among us. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not entirely recovered from her trepidation. He seemed struck with her paleness and inquired anxiously after her health. Polly accounted for Jenny's loss of color, by saying how startled she was by his sudden entrance; he then kissed Jenny's hand and apologized for having been the cause of such agitation. After that, he seemed at a loss for speech, and as for the poor maiden, the color mantled in her cheek till it looked like a young half blown rose.

> Wishing our excellent and well-beloved guest to share, as he had formerly done, a repast with us, I ordered some cold fowl and wine to be brought; he however declined, saying, he could not tarry long with us, as he had left some companions at the inn. Yet, on Jenny's adding her entreaties, he consented and seated himself to take some refresh-

When he spoke of belonging to a party, I concluded he meant a company of players, and asked him whether they intended to perform here in Erekelade, adding, I thought the place too poor to be of any benefit to them. He laughed, and said, "Well, we will give them a play gratis." Polly rejuiced at this, for she had long desired to see a play; and she gave the information to Jenny, who soon came in with the wine and fowl. Polly inbeen kind beyond measure. Had I been a prince, serious, steadfast look on Fleetman, and asked him, "You, do you also make your appearance!" She son, whom he had destined should be the husband of said this, in that peculiarly soft and yet penetrating his niece, while she, on the contrary, had secretly tone of voice, in which I had seldom heard her speak, except at such times, as when the question of our weal, or woe, was lying deeply at heart.

I saw how this peculiar intonation affected Fleetman; he trembled, as if standing before a tribunal of justice. He looked earnestly at her and appeared struggling with himself, ere he could answer: at length, advancing a few steps towards her, he said, "By my God and yours! you alone can de-

Jenny cast down her eyes—he went on speaking and she said something in reply. I knew not what these people were prating about. They still talked on, but Polly and I, though listening attentively, could not understand a word. We heard sound, indeed, but no sense. However, they seemed perfectly to understand each other, and what struck me most peculiarly, while Fleetman appeared much agitated by Jenny's replies, she seemed to retain perfect command over herself. Fleetman at length folded his bands as if in fervent prayer, and lifting even tearful eyes to heaven, said in a tone of deep despair, "Then I am indeed unhappy!"

Polly could contain herself no longer. With a droll expression she looked from one to the other, and cried at length, "I truly believe you two have begun the play already."

He seized Polly's hand with vehemence, exclaiming, "Ah! that your words were true."

To put an end to this confusion, I filled our glasses and proposed drinking the health of our benefactor. Fleetman said, as he passed the wine to Jenny, "Will you join in that toast from your heart?" She laid her hand on her breast, looked down, and drank.

Fleetman's spirits then seemed to revive. next went up to the cradle, looked at the child that lay therein, and after Polly had related the occurrence to him, he laughed and said to her, " You have not discovered then, that I sent you this new-year's present ?"

We all cried with incredulous surprise, "Who, you ?"

He then gave an explanation in nearly the following words:

"My name is not Fleetman, but I am the Baronet Cecil Fairford. My uncle having some old claims upon the estate of my father, the grounds of which were rather equivocal, instituted a lawsuit, which, after some years duration, terminated against him, and my sister and myself were reinstated in the property which had belonged to our deceased father. Previous to this, we had been living on the scanty means afforded us from a small estate which had belonged to our mother. My sis- Baronet re-appeared, accompanied by his brotherter during the time, too, had suffered much from the lin-law, Lord Sandom, and his young wife. This tyranny of her uncle, who was her guardian. One uncommonly beautiful young woman did not greet of his most confidential and powerful friends had a us, but went immediately towards the cradle where

engaged herself to the young Lord Sandom, whose father was yet living, and who was not in favor of Without being discovered by the uncle, the union. or the old Lord, the marriage was solemnized. When my sister had been about a quarter of a year with her guardian, upon the plea that sea-bathing was necessary to restore her to health, I took upon myself the responsibility of removing her from his house, and taking her under my own protection. After the birth of this little child, it became necessary to place it under the care of some trustworthy individual. I heard, accidentally, during the researches for such a one, of the poverty and philanthropy of the Vicar of Erekelade, and came hither to convince myself of the truth of such report. The manner in which you received me decided the business.

"I forgot to say, that my sister returned no more to the house of her uncle. It was now four months since I had gained the law suit, establishing me in the possessions to which I was legitimate heir. My uncle then, however, commenced a new suit against me on account of my removing my sister from his guardianship; but a few days since the old Lord Sandom died from apeplexy, and there being no longer cause for secrecy, my brother-inlaw openly declared his marriage. The law-suit is thereby at an end, and the cause removed for keeping longer secret the birth of the child. parents have arrived here with me to take the child now under their own charge, and I have come with the proposition, that you, with your family remove also from this place to one which I will tell you of. hoping you have no argument to urge against it.

"During the time these law-suits had been pending, He the office of Rector in the parish appertaining to the estate of our family remained unfilled. tithes of this benefice are over two hundred pounds sterling, and it devolves on me to bestow it where I will. You, reverend sir, have lost your place here. I shall be but too happy, if you will accept this office, and dwell in my neighborhood."

God alone knows how my spirit revived at these words; my eyes were dimmed with tears of joy. I stretched out my hand to the noble being, who was to me as a messenger from Heaven, and fell on his breast. Polly, with clamorous joy, also entwined her arms around him, while Jenny gratefully kissed the hand of the Baronet. With visible traces of emotion, he at last tore himself away and left us to ourselves.

With fond embraces, my enraptured children mingled their tears of conscious happiness with mine; but not many moments elapsed before the the little Alfred, and poured forth the feelings of mingled pain and pleasure, which must have filled her heart, in an unrestrained torrent of tears. Her husband raised her from her kneeling posture, and with much solicitude endeavored to calm her.

When she had somewhat recovered, she apologized to us for her conduct, and then, with the most touching expressions of gratitude, addressed herself first to me and then turned to Polly. The latter disclaimed all title to such acknowledgements, and pointing to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, said "My sister there has been the mother!"

Lady Sandom went towards Jenny, regarding her for some moments with silent admiration; then she looked back with a smile upon her brother, and locked the maiden tenderly in her arms. dear girl, in her humility, scarcely ventured to look up. "I am eternally your debtor indeed," said Lady Sandom. "I feel I can never repay you for the comfort you have shed on a mother's heart. Let me be a sister to you then, lovely Jenny. There need not, and should not be an account of debit and credit between sisters."

As they again embraced each other, the Baronet drew towards them. "There stands my brother," continued Lady Sandom; "as you are now my sister, you must give him a nearer place in your heart. May he not have it?"

Jenny blushed and said, "I feel he is my father's benefactor." The lady replied, "And will you not be the benefactress of my poor brother? Look kindly on him! Ah! if you but knew how very dear you are to him!"

The Baronet took Jenny's hand, which, in spite of her struggle to withdraw it, he pressed to his lips, saying, at the same time, "You do not wish to see me unhappy, Jenny? Without this hand I must be so." Jenny, much confused, then permitted him to retain it. The Baronet led my daughter up to me, and entreated me to bless him as my son.

"Jenny," said I, "do we not dream? Thy will is mine, my child! Can'st thou love him! the decision rests with thee."

She turned her eyes towards the Baronet, who, full of anxious suspense, stood before her, and, with a thrillingly expressive glance, took his hand between both hers, pressed it to her heart and then, looking up to Heaven, said, "God has decided for me."

I blessed my son and daughter;—they both embraced me—every eye was moistened—a solemn silence reigned around.

The stillness was suddenly broken by Polly's springing forward, and throwing her arms round She cried as she smiled through her

the child lay sleeping. She knelt by the side of new-year's gift! See'st thou! Bishop's caps on Bishop's caps!" Upon this, little Alfred awoke.

> It is in vain—I can write no more this day; my happy heart is too full-this joyful perturbation has unstrung me—I must lay down my pen.

LOVE SKETCHES.

No. VIII.

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE.

Thou knowest not what mournful tints, My homeward fancies trace, Nor how, with many bitter tears, I pine to see thy face.

How all my lightly spoken words Repentantly return-Ah! me, how many painful thoughts The absent one must learn!

More than a year had elapsed since Arthur Mordante's departure on his travels, and in a far country he was still a wanderer. He had looked on the wonders of many climes, and his soul had felt their marvels. He had pondered by the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," and paused, dreamingly, beside the castled Rhine. He had traversed the haunted land of Germany, and grown wise in its legendary lore; and now, beneath the soft beauty of Italian skies, the poet's spirit knelt down, enchanted, before the majestic relics of the world and people that have passed away. Amid the excitement of change, and the novelty of varying and congenial associations, Arthur's mind lost something of its sorrowful nature, though there were times when the sense of his loneliness was painful, when the wild yearning for sympathy recalled the bitterness of his heart's abiding disappointment; and there were moments, too, when the silent pining for the remembered faces of home, was almost too powerful to be resisted. Yet, he was comparatively happy; for, such longings leave no shadow where they fall, and serve but to bring to our thronging fancies the sweet serenity of tenderer thought. All around him was beautiful, and the subdued melancholy hovering over ruin, the solemn thoughtfulness, the past taught the present, sank not unheeded on the poet's soul. Now, full many an ideal of his boyhood, stood before him a reality. And he pored, with redoubled interest, over the pages traced by Italian genius, as his footsteps reverently lingered where the intellects of ages had mingled to brighten a rainbow-world of glory. And though far from those who loved him best, withal he was happy, even as she who now feebly chronicleth the poet's pilgrimage, looketh abroad over the fair features of a new land, and feeleth blest, yet thinketh pleasantly, but mourntears, "We have it now! there is more than one fully, of her own home beyond the far blue mountains of the household circle who tearfully miss

her accustomed presence, and prayerfully grieve her divided destiny. O! separation! shadowy and fear-haunted spirit! what hath the earth, more terrible than thou !

Arthur's tidings from Edith were fond and frequent, and he still received, at irregular intervals, the singular communications of his mysterious Italian friend. Her letters were always without date, and were, apparently, forwarded by some faithful private messenger; for, there was neither post mark nor other clue to the writer's location. They evinced constant and accurate knowledge of the young traveller's movements, and the same watchful interest in his welfare, that had characterised them from the first. There was a tone of romance in this unchanging gnardianship, which enhanced its value in Arthur's estimation, and he would often turn despondingly from Theresa's tranquil and timid kindness to the glowing and impetuous warmth of Nina's written Friendship.

"You are an enthusiast, Arthur," thus said one of her letters, "and I love to trace in your character that unrestrained impetuosity of thought and emotion which has long ago departed from my own. Your experience has been, as yet, too brief for you to comprehend this pleasant retrospection of one's self in the unfolding nature of another. is a gratification, dearly purchased, which comes only when the conflict of life has wrought its wrecks, and the heart, weary with the present, shrinks, dejectedly, from the sad consciousness of what it is, to ponder, dreamingly, on all it was and might have been. I think of your mental tendencies, and recall the many points of intellectual sympathy between us, and the vanished era of my youth returns, the glare and tinsel of society for a while are forgotten, and soft associations arise, I know not how, as they spring for the captive when wild flowers bring him a thought of home, as they silently dawn on the mourner at the sound of some 'olden melody.' My career has been one of extremes; it will be so to the close. I have felt the weight of penury, and past suddenly from its heavy yoke, to bask in the sunshine of adulation. I have since lived amid praise, homage and success, all that wealth and influence could bestow on one followed and flattered, and these are still at my command; but the spirit of delusion, which renders them precious, has perished. I am neither weary of existence, nor at war with the world, but I have grown indifferent, that last and saddest of all changes; for, it is irremediable. Life were a pleasant thing, could we retain amid its final years our early credulity, our early hopefulness, though it is well for our higher aspirations that these may not linger. We realize the beauty of our pure illusions, only when their silver chord is severed, and the sweet music it had spoken to our souls has ceased to and slowly the inmates quitted the chapel. Arthur sound. My friend! may it be long for you, before regarded them closely, hoping to obtain a glimpse you win such knowledge!"

It was the vesper hour. The glare of daylight was vanishing, and the ruby glow of sunset bathed the earth. Arthur was wandering idly and listlessly, when, attracted by the pealing of an organ, he entered a Catholic chapel where the evening services were being performed. The interior of the building was magnificent, and decorated with whatever the most perfect art could summon to aid the ceremonies of the most gorgeous of all religions. Through stained glass of richest hues streamed the glorious rays of departing sunshine, and threw upon the marble pavement a brightness of many colors that rested like rainbows on the earth. Around were scriptural paintings of many of the most impressive scenes recorded in sacred history, and amid the advancing twilight, the lifelike forms appeared wrapt in mystery, as if the shadow of the past was upon them. The eye could not be raised without meeting the vivid portrayal of events, which, though long familiar to the mind, now appealed eloquently through the sight, to the heart. The gathered clouds of centuries seemed rolled away; there stood, in maiden meekness, the restored beauty of the ruler's daughter: there was the visible repentance of the prodigal son speaking forcibly of the inward grief of one, who felt, from the depth of his soul, that he has sinned against heaven. And sadly looked down upon the kneeling worshippers, the fair, but sorrow-faded features of the Mary to whom much was forgiven; her countenance, eloquent with all the human heart can know of affliction, remorse, and the humiliating conviction of guilt, mingling with the God-given trust of the penitent. And there, too, the gentlest and loveliest of all, was the spiritual face of the Madonna, with eyes raised reverentially to the skies, as if gazing on the angel who had pronounced her "blessed." Not mine, is the faith, which, with such outward beauty, draperies its forms, but who may declare that, under proper limitation, such things are wholly in vain, and who, whatever be his sect, can dwell, without a thrill of religious emotion, on the brightly pictured holiness of the Virgin Mother ?

Arthur's was a simpler and a different belief, and he was only there as an accidental observer. He stood enraptured before one of the paintings, when again the organ pealed forth its solemn melody, and clearly, amid the harmony of many voices, one well-remembered, but long silent tone, vibrated on the listener's heart. Eagerly he turned towards the familiar and welcome sound, but the folds of a curtain fell between him and the musicians, and he sought in vain to discover the singer. For several minutes, that gush of entrancing sweetness swept above the kneeling audience, then suddenly the full tide of music ceased to flow, and silently of the minstrel, but he watched for her vainly, and strange and thrilling witchery of Nina's voice.

The months wended on, and Arthur remained stationary. His health became feebler; for, when separated from Edith, he carelessly forsook the prudence on which she always insisted. The trifling exposures, which a stronger constitution might have braved and borne with impunity, seriously affected him, and though not actually an invalid, he again became depressed and languid. But two months remained of the period allotted for his absence, and as the time for his return drew near, he grew restless and impatient. Even his irrepressible dissatisfaction at Theresa's reserve was merged in the pleasant thought of meeting her again, and now he counted the lingering days of separation, The belief and they appeared to glide too slowly. that Nina was sojourning in his vicinity had gradually faded, as his continued and diligent inquiries had gained him no knowledge of her movements. He frequently attended the chapel where he felt assured he had listened to her voice, but his search was fruitless, and he heard those tones no more.

At length the poet's habitual neglect of his health, met the punishment he might have anticipated; and alone, in a strange land, Arthur was seriously ill. Every comfort and attention in the power of wealth to procure, were abundantly around him, but oh! how often and mournfully the young wandered sighed for the tenderer care of love, and yearned for that patient devotion which had soothed his earlier hours of suffering and despondency! There is nothing that can atone to the sick one, for the quiet watchfulness of affection, for the fond pressure of a soft hand on the fevered brow, the low whisper of a kind voice, when pain racks the frame, and the gentle utterance of prayerful hope, when the very spirit falters and grows weary. Several days were spent in suffering and danger, and then the crisis of his disease was safely passed, and by degrees his mind awoke from the forgetfulness of delirium.

The subdued tone of a woman's voice was the first sound of which he was conscious, and a white hand drew aside the curtain. The appearance of the speaker was not familiar; her dress was black, and fashioned in the simple style of that worn by the sisters of charity.

"You are very kind, lady, to visit a stranger thus," said Arthur, as he looked gratefully up to the fair face bending over him; "I thought there was no one here, who felt any thing like interest in my situation."

"Then you have forgotten my promise, Arthur, or you would have expected my presence in your moments of trial," and as the invalid regarded her more intently, as if startled at her words, Nina smilingly placed her hand on his lips to impose silence, and then left him to the repose he needed. And thus had they met at last, the poet and his tender and passionate tie would never fill.

often in the pilgrim's visions that night floated the mysterious guardian, and well had her untiring care for the youthful and solitary pilgrim, proved the sincerity of her professed friendship. there not have been a glimmering of truth in Arthur's superstition! Was it altogether chance, his first meeting with the Italian, and the deep impression produced by her character? We know not: there are mysteries in the daily experience of our mental being, we may not fathom, and this was of them.

> Beneath the judicious attendance of his friend, Arthur's indisposition slowly disappeared, and he now required nothing but tranquillity to complete As he became decidedly better, his recovery. Nina withdrew her constant attention, and now only visited him once a day. She always brought with her fruit or flowers, or some book calculated to excite interest in a mind enfeebled by sickness, and the invalid learned to look on her presence as his greatest happiness, and impatiently to number the hours that elapsed between her regular visits. In truth, they made the sunshine of his lonely days, and the very falling of her footsteps, to him, was music. But the weeks glided on, and, at length, had arrived the last day of Arthur's sojourn in a Under Nina's active superintenforeign land. dance, every requisite preparation had been made for his departure, and Arthur reclined on a couch placed beside an open window, and gazed sadly over the beautiful land whose time-hallowed loveliness his eyes might behold no more. He was still languid from the lingering effects of his indisposition, and the lady insisted that he should endeavor to guard against the unavoidable fatigue of his homeward journey, by spending several days preceding it, in perfect quietness. Arthur obeyed all her injunctions implicitly; it was a pleasure to him to yield unhesitatingly to the slightest wish of one, who had watched over him so long and faithfully. She had promised to visit him this evening for the last time, and as he looked mournfully over the fair scene before him, Arthur listened anxiously for her familiar step. The sun had gone to his rest, the echo of the vesper bells had died away, and the round moon was growing momentarily brighter through the deepening twilight, when, with her accustomed noiseless movement, the sister of charity entered the room.

> It is ever a depressing conviction, that we are regarding for the last time, one who has been kind to us, and with Arthur, this feeling was present now, with painful and overpowering intensity. He naturally looked on Nina with peculiar interest; he knew that, in her disinterested solicitude, her romantic communion, her counseling and hightoned sympathy, she had been to him, what none could ever be again. He felt that hereafter the past would paint for him, what the future could not restore; that however blest his lot might be, there would remain a void in his life which his more

the unclouded moonlight shone brilliantly upon Arthur's couch, and her dark sad eyes were bent on the poet's face in that intensity of gaze, which endeavors to retrace in another, the likeness of one we have loved. Her plain, sombre dress had taken much from the once dazzling lustre of her beauty, but there rested a sorrowful softness on her features far more touching than their former sparkling loveliness.

"And thus, Nina, we must part at last!" said Arthur, abruptly.

"Yes, Arthur, thus and forever," was her reply, spoken mournfully, but firmly; "there is no prospect of our meeting again, and if there were, I should avoid the possibility. I have been enabled by circumstances to contribute to your comfort, it may be, to your happiness, and now my portion in your destiny is at an end. The remembrance of that early devotion, whose beauty you served to revive, has long been the only unbroken link between me and a willingly forsaken world. Henceforward, such ties are denied me; my existence is to be lonely, and my only employment, to soothe the suffering. This may appear to you a melancholy lot for one whose active life has been so different; but, nevertheless, it is fraught with blessings, and brings me a peace which more glowing and attractive pleasures have never bestowed. Its recompense, too, is in another world, and the faith soaring to heaven, is the only hope I have not proved to be an illusion."

"My friend!" said her listener, "must I leave you without knowing aught of the past to which you refer ! Forgive me, if I pain you, but I would willingly learn more of a companion whose kindness to a stranger, can neither be repaid nor forgotten." The tears sprang to Nina's eyes, and she shook her head mournfully .- " Arthur, it would avail nothing to tell you my history. It has been more marked by incident and contrast, than often falls to the share of my sex, and believe me, amid all its triumphs, it has experienced very much of trouble and regret. Now, I am happy, and when you return to your home, when those who have loved you through life, grow glad at your coming, and you realize, more completely than ever, the priceless blessings of affection and kindred, then let your thoughts come back to me kindly, as to one for whom such things are a vanished dream, whose hopes and ties shine the other side the grave!"

"Dear Nina! I cannot part with you thus! will you not go with me to my home? There are those who will love and welcome you for my sake, and we will endeavor to atone for your sufferings, to steal from your heart its solitude, from your future its darkness."

" Nay, you speak wildly. I thank you for your kindness, but the calmer spirits in your land could

They were both silent for many minutes, and | not comprehend the impetuous workings of mine. My reliance now, is on the faith I profess, and that, them. The Italian sat by the window opposite too, differs from yours. And now I must leave you; this parting but serves to sadden us both."

"Not yet, Nina!" exclaimed Arthur, passion-

ately, "you must not leave me yet!"

"It is better, it must be," she answered, calmly withdrawing the hand which Arthur attempted to grasp; "our future pathways lie widely severed, and we must tranquilly fulfil our separate destinies. Farewell, Arthur, may every blessing my prayers implore, be ever with you!" and gathering her drapery around her, the sister of charity went her

A cloud flitted over the sky, the moonlight faded from the poet's eyes, and as Arthur gazed around him, he felt as if life, like the night, had grown darker! JANE TAYLOR W-

Chilicothe, Ohio.

EARLY LAYS.

By the author of "Atalantis," "The Yemassec," &c.

LVIII.

SONG OF EXILE.

1.

The storm is gathering over us, Our early hope is gone, And the skies, that used to cover us With beauty, now have none; They're cold and sad, and trooping winds Speed wildly o'er their breast, Until, like us, the lone bird finds No single spot of rest.

But sky, and earth, and sea, and field, Are all the same to him, Whose heart is low with buried hopes, Whose eye with grief is dim;-They're nothing in their loveliness, Though bright to all that see, If, speaking through our consciousness, They say we are not free.

What care we though we lose the bow'rs, Where childhood laugh'd in glee: The tender vines, the tended flow'rs, Smooth lawn and shady tree: Our hearts had lost them long before, And though they charm'd our eye, Yet little could their gifts restore When hope and freedom fly.

The better home, when tyrants sway In dwellings of the brave, Is in the desert far away, Beyond th' Atlantic wave. The stormy winds that rule the deep Make better barriers there, Than wall of stone and castled steep. That guard the homes of fear.

What dangers may the freeman find In savage wilds to dread ?-They nerve his arm, they task his mind, And thus are vanquished. He seeks security in strife, And in the wilderness, Finds equal liberty and life, In constant watchfulness.

TO THE DARK AND BLOODY FEAST.

To the dark and bloody feast, Haste, ye forest vultures, baste, There is banquet-man and beast For your savage taste ;-Never on such costly wassail Did ye flesh your beaks before; Come, ye slaves of Hesse Cassel, To be sold no more.

Small your cost to George of England-Three and sixpence sterling down, For this three and sixpence sterling, Each must lose his crown ;-Freedom knows no price for valor,-Yours is valued by the groat; England pays in gold and silver. We in steel and shot,

Stoop, ye vultures, to the issue, It will be ere set of sun;-Mark whose valor bides the longest. Blood of price, or blood of none! Comes the Tartan of Glenorchy, Comes the sullen Saxon boor, Comes the light-heeled German Yager, Crowding to the shore.

Who shall meet them by the water, Down the mountain, in the vale; Meet them with the stroke of slaughter, "Till the right arm fail. Wherefore ask?-Yon pealing summons Finds its answer sharp and soon, Answer stern for Peers and Commons, Yager and Dragoon.

Lo! the soul that makes a nation, Which, from out the ranks of toil, Upward springs in time of peril-Soul to save the soil! Comes a high and mighty aspect From the shores of Powhatan, Lo! in him the nation's hero, Saint and perfect man!

Follows, rugged as his mountains. Daring man from Bennington; Blacksmith stout from Narragansett, Good where deeds are done; Comes the keen-eyed Santee rifle, Sleepless still, and swift as flame, Rowel-rashing, bullet winging, Man of deadly aim!

Stoop, ye vultures, to the issue, Stoop, and scour the bloody plain; Flesh your beaks where most the carnage Mountains up the slain ;-Whose the skull your talon rendeth !-Eye within your dripping beak ?-Speechless tongue, that loosely kolleth On divided cheek ?-

In the tartan of Glenorchy. Scarlet of the Saxon boor, Gray frock of the Hessian yager Strewn from hill to shore-Count the cost of hireling valor; Read the fate of foreign foe; Know, who strikes for home and freedom. Strikes the deadly blow.

FORGET NOT THE TROPHY.-HYMN.

Forget not the trophy we made her, The country so glorious and dear; In the blood of the ruthless invader, And the shackled he brought with him there; He came with the engines of power, And he uttered his fearful decree; But we rose in our wrath, and the hour, That saw us enslaved, saw us free,

We struck down the fool for his error,-In the might of our freedom we rose,-He shrunk from the combat in terror, For dread was the weight of our blows. Did he dream that so feeble a spirit, Though link'd with such sovereign desires, Could seize on the rights we inherit From a race of such true-hearted Sires?

Forget not the trophy we made her, The Freedom so loudly we boast. When we struck down the ruthless invader, And buried in death lay his host; When our banner of stars, proudly waving, Shone over the perilous plain; And our eagle, all destiny braving, Grew drunk in the blood of the slain.

LX1.

COLUMBIA IS A GALLANT BARQUE.-SONG.

Columbia is a gallant barque, And gallant seamen man her, Hers is a sail that cannot fly, And spotless is her banner; Where Heaven displays its cloudless blue, Where winds and waves can bear her, Her voice in thunder speaks on high, And distant nations fear her.

Her stars were rent from deepest night, When tyranny was riding, From pole to pole in awful might, With none his wrath abiding; Those stars, within her banner placed, Illumed each wondering nation; There freedom came, with eye of flame, And took her chainless station.

And, whilst the storm was roaring high, And mid the lightning's glaring. Those stars were seen to breast the sky, With hope the hopeless cheering; Oh, brightly still they gleam above, Where winds and waves can bear them, While freedom's fearless sons shall love, And freedom's foes shall fear them.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE, OF Select Miscellany of European Literature and Art, September, 1843.

This fine periodical was commenced, in the monthly form, in September, 1842, and is now changed to the semimonthly. Its contents are all drawn from transatlantic stores of Literature and Art, and the productions which the publisher is most desirous of diffusing here, are from the pens of such men as Brougham, Macaulay, Wilson, Lockart and others, the most renowned writers of the day. We have looked over the number before us, and must confess that with much pleasure derived from most of the articles, there has been mingled somewhat of disappointment at others, and especially the leading one, from the Foreign Quarterly; being a Review of sundry books of Travels, Memoirs, Orations and Essays, all referring to, and illustrating the character of the celebrated Don Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay. The review is written in a serio-comico-satirical style, letting the reader understand, if any thing can be clearly and distinctly understood from it, that it is a great condescension in a British Lord of the quill, to notice such an inferior personage as Don Francia, or such an obscure and barbarous country as Paraguay. A review like this, could not possibly fall from the pen of Macaulay, whose innate love of dignity and regard for every thing (the most minute) which can shed light upon the philosophy of man, would restrain him from treating lightly and frivolously a subject itself of most curious importance. Paraguay, especially whilst under the domination of Dr. Francia, is imperfectly known. Francia, himself, is only known through the prejudiced narrations of adventurers, who were compelled to smart under his policy. His policy, one item of which was a complete isolation from all other nations—to which the Chinese and a few others, have so zealously adhered,-would alone deserve philosophical enquiry. Why, after a life of abstinence and benevolence, he should have played the cruel and sanguinary despot, is a question which could be more easily answered, if we knew more of the facts upon which to found an opinion. History, however, both ancient and modern, abounds in similar examples. Nero was a young man of such tender sensibility, that he wept at killing a fly,-and Robespierre was of that exquisite mould at the beginning of his career, that the cry of a child almost threw him into convulsions. We need not wonder, then, at Dr. Francia. But he is now dead, and in a short time Paraguay will swarm with tourists and bookmakers, who will, no doubt, under the auspices of some fashionable publisher, in New-York or London, turn the eyes of the reading world to that neglected portion of the earth.

But let us not do injustice to Mr. Campbell's periodical. Many of the selections in the number before us are excellent, and among them we recommend, from the new monthly, the "Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon," by Mrs.

Abell, late Miss Eliza Balcombe. Those who have read O'Meary, will well remember the interesting Miss Baicombes at the Briars,-a lovely, and almost the only lovely English cottage of verdure and flowers on the desolate rock of St. Helena. They will also remember his account of the play of Blind-man's Buff, in which the Emperor so joyously participated with these self same damsels,-the Miss Balcombes,-or the Misses Balcombe, according to the more approved and grammatical art of designating sisters. One of them (Mrs. Abell,) has at last appeared before the public and given her recollections of the most delightful and magical period of woman's life-connected, too, with a three months social and unreserved intercourse with the world-renowned Napoleon. Her narrative bears all the impress of a genuine, natural and bonafide production, and strikes us as in strict accordance with every thing we know of that great colossus-who liked to have overstrid the earth.

There are other articles in the Magazine, highly attractive and interesting,-but we have no space for comment. The poetical selections are fine-very fine,-and as a proof of our favorable opinion, we transfer to our columns the piece on "Death," which unless reason and taste have left their places in our poor sensorium, we pronounce to be the offspring of genius. Let none be deterred from reading it by the solemnity of the theme.

DEATH.

"Fainter her slow step falls from day to day, Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow ! Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say :

'I am content to die-but oh, not now ! Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring

Make the warm air such luxury to breathe; Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing,

Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe. Spare me, great God ;-lift up my drooping brow :-I am content to die !-- but oh! not now!'

"The spring hath ripened into summer-time-The season's viewless boundary is past: The glorious sun has reached his burning prime; 'Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?

Let me not perish while o'er land and sea With silent steps the Lord of light moves on; Nor while the murmur of the mountain-bee

Greets my dull ear, with music in its tone. Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow-I am content to die !--but oh! not now!'

"Summer is gone; and Autumn's soberer hues Tint the ripe fruits and gild the waving corn; The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,

Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn. 'Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze

On the broad meadows and the quiet stream: To watch in silence while the evening rays

Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam : Cooler the breezes play around my brow-I am content to die !--but oh ! not now !'

"The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers far and near, Drift without echo to the whitening ground; Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear,

Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound; Yet still that prayer ascends: 'Oh! laughingly

My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd; Our home-fire blazes broad and bright and high. And the roof rings with voices light and loud; Spare me awhile-raise up my drooping brow! I am content to die !--but ob! not now!"" C. N.

The September No. is embellished by a beautiful engra-

Martin, representing the "Return of the Waters" of the before the pen of the Antiquary, the Historian, or the No-Red Sea, and the overthrow of the Egyptian Hosts in their pursuit of the children of Israel. It is admirably executed in Messotinto, and is worth more than double the price of the number.

638

A DISCOURSE ON THE QUALIFICATIONS AND DUTIES OF AN HISTORIAN. Delivered before the Georgia Historical Society, on the occasion of its Fourth Anniversary, on Monday, 13th February, 1843. By the Hon. Mitchell King. Savannah: Published by a resolution of the society.

The Messenger may be said to have, as well as take, an interest in whatever concerns the State of Georgia. Though it is published in Virginia, the portion of the South which sends her the most subscribers is the youngest of the Old Thirteen—the one which makes it feel most assured of the fitness of its title, the Southern Literary Messenger. And it can in no better way secure its right (though it claim no exclusive one) to this denomination, than by heralding forth to the sister States, who may be said to lend it now and then an ear, the literary deeds of the land of " Southern sun and gay Savannab."

The Georgia Historical Society, though but in the fifth year of its existence, has already taken a high stand among our literary associations. Several published volumes of its transactions, many of the essays and narratives in which are of the highest order of merit and all exceedingly respectable, are durable monuments of its zeal and success. Much of the latter is due, (as we cannot avoid mentioning) to the industry and energetic character of its corresponding secretary, J. K. Tefft, Esq., of Savannah-an industry and energy best illustrated by the fact, that he has, in a few years, succeeded in bringing together, we may almost say from the ends of the earth, the most extensive and valuable collection of autographs in this country. Indeed, as we have heard, to the existence of this collection the formation of the Historical Society is mainly due. The accumulation in Mr. Tefft's hands of so many valuable documents, relating to the History of Georgia and the United States generally, naturally suggested the formation of a society to use, preserve and augment the precious treasure. Many of these documents, but for Mr. Tefft's exertions, might have altogether perished: they are now preserved to the present generation and to posterity, and both owe a debt of gratitude to that gentleman and to the society of which he may be called the founder.

The Discourse itself, is an elegant composition. It has the savour of learning, without the ostentation of historic lore, and apt quotations from ancient and modern song show the poetic taste of the author, while they relieve and adorn the more serious prose. After touching on the means of preserving historical knowledge, and the usefulness of our modern institution of Historical Societies, the learned Judge goes into a succinct, but sufficiently full investigation of the qualifications and duties of an historian. Our limits do not allow of our giving any of these remarks in full, and they are difficult of condensation; we prefer, then, not to mar them by making meagre extracts. A neat and just compliment to the Society and its object, forms the peroration of the Discourse, from the perusal of which, we have arisen with much gratification and instruction.

With the example of her younger sister thus inciting and even shaming her, why is it that Virginia has no Historical Society? Few countries can boast a more brilliant past than the Old Dominion: in legends of the olden time, when every field had its tale of the Indian's wrong and the Indian's revenge, tradition still delights. Are we to let the eshoes of her whispers grow gradually fainter and fainter, tributing it to Mr. Dabney, should have never come to his

ving of Sartain's, from a painting of the celebrated John juntil they die away entirely in the distance of the future, velist has erected to them their "Monumentum sere perennius ?" R.

CENSUS OF 1840.

Having forwarded to the author of "Reflections on the Census of 1840," which appeared in the June No. of the Messenger, the Boston Daily Advertiser, containing certain editorial comments thereon,-we have received from him the following note, which, as it presents the pith of the Advertiser's objections, renders it unnecessary to insert those objections in detail .- [Editor.

"I am, as yet, too much indisposed to make a detailed reply to the observations of the Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser, on the article in the Southern Literary Messenger, on the Census of 1840. But very little, indeed, is necessary to be said on that subject. The fact that some mistakes may have been made in the returns of the insane and idiots, proves no more against the general result, than the errata on the pages of a work prove against its general object. Before the conclusions drawn from the returns of the Census are rejected, it will be necessary to show that all the officers of the Free States made an error of one kind, and all those of the Slave States an error of an opposite character. The number of insane and idiots in the Free States, vary from 1 in 14 to 1 in 297. In the Slave States, from 1 in 696 to 1 in 4,310. It would be marvellous, indeed, if the errors were uniformly of an opposite character in the respective portions of the country, under opposite institutions, running to excess in the one and deficient in the other-and that without the exception of a single State.

"The manner in which the Editor of the Advertiser undertakes to account for the errors he imputes, appears, to me, entirely gratuitous. 'Blanks,' he says, 'were furnish! ed to the several officers, ruled in columns set apart for the various classes of persons to be returned. In the multiplication of classes, prescribed by these forms, the general description of colored persons at the head of several of the columns, was often overlooked by the agents who took the Census, and many of the returns of the number of insane and idiots, as well as of blind persons, was placed, indiscriminately, under the head of either white or colored persons.' If such reasoning were admitted, it would annihilate the whole Census. That errors to some extent may have crept into all the returns is probable enough, as in every other Census. But if the whole is to be rejected on this account, every attempt to take a Census must be regarded as futile."

RHODODAPHNE.

To the Editor of the Sou. Lit. Messenger.

DEAR SIR,-There has been a question raised in the columns of the Messenger, concerning the authorship of the poem, "Rhododaphne." In the Evangelical and Literary Magazine, vol. 2nd, 1819, will be found a review of that poem, with a note in the following words:

"Mr. Richard Dabney, we understand, may claim the work, [Rhododaphne.] He is also the author of a small volume of poems, original and translated, Philadelphia, M. Carey, 1818."

The review appeared not long after the issue of the poem, and in the only literary periodical then published in Virginia. It was besides, a highly complimentary critique. To suppose that such a notice of the poem, expressly atknowledge, would seem exceedingly improbable. On the | ties, that through the agency of the "Schoolmaster," whose other hand, to suppose that it did come to his knowledge, and yet that he (if he was not the author) should have never made a public disclaimer of the authorship, is still more improbable. In the absence then of any such disclaimer, is not the inference irresistible that he was the author?

C. C.

Petersburg, Va., September, 1843.

[We took the liberty of placing the foregoing note in the hands of H., who first ascribed the authorship of Rhododaphne to Mr. Dabney, and have received from him, the following communication, which, we presume, settles the question without appeal.]- Editor.

MR. EDITOR,-Before you favored me with the sight of your correspondent, C. C.'s note, I had intended to communicate the information which I now do, as alike due to the memory of Mr. Dabney and to such of your readers as have felt any interest in the authorship of the poem referred to. Understanding that a sister of Mr. Dabney, with whom he resided a considerable time preceding his death, was still living in a neighboring county, I addressed her a letter of inquiry, and have been politely favored with an answer. It seems that during the painful and protracted illness which terminated his life, similar inquiries respecting the authorship of Rhododaphne had been addressed to him, which he was physically unable to answer in writing. On one occasion, however, the subject was adverted to by his sister, and he immediately remarked to her, " I am not the author of Rhododaphne. I charge you to make known that I disclaim all pretensions to it." If Miss D., herself, ever thought it necessary to make a public disclaimer, after her brother's demise, it was forgotten amidst the engrossing cares of family affliction.

One word in reference to the note of C. C. I think it very probable that Mr. Dabney was not a subscriber to the Evangelical and Literary Magazine, as its circulation was limited,-but if he ever saw the complimentary review referred to, I have no doubt it was at a time when disease, in its most inveterate form, had assailed the body, and when the very remedies resorted to for relief, had either incapacitated, or disengaged the mind from all interest in such subjects. From my recollection of the man, I believe he had no desire to wear literary honors which did not belong to him.

LIFE IN SWEDEN. The President's Daughters-Part I. Frederica Bremer, translated from the Swedish, by Mary Howitt.

THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS-Part II. Nina, by Frederica Bremer, translated from the Swedish, by Mary Howitt.

Both the above works have recently issued from the Press of those indefatigable publishers, Mesars. Harper and Brothers of New-York. The first, although not deficient in merit, will, perhaps, strike the reader as wanting the deep interest which distinguishes Miss Bremer's other productions, probably attributable to the circumstance of its being the opening only of a story, the full development of which will be found in "Nina."

The latter work, however, abounds with heauties of the highest order, and is every way worthy of the exalted reputation which the authoress has justly acquired. Fortunate, indeed, is she in having such a translator as Mary Howitt, whose original works have never failed to please and instruct, and whose thorough knowledge of the Swedish language, enables her to present Miss Bremer's productions in a garb so purely English, that it is often difficult to conceive that they are really translations. It is one among the remarkable events in this age of literary novel- cess.

wanderings seem to embrace the whole earth, we are becoming familiar with the every day life, with the homes and the hearths of a people, whose remoteness, and the apparent difficulties of whose language, have, heretofore, except to the learned, almost shrouded them in a profound mystery.

Miss Bremer deserves the gratitude of her country, as well as that of mankind, for greatly contributing to dispel this obscurity, and affording to us a series of pictures manifeatly true to nature, full of beauty, and, above all, teeming with the spirit of the purest piety.

THE AMERICAN POULTRY BOOK. Being a practical treatise on the management of Domestic Poultry. By Micajah R. Cock. New-York: Harper and Brothers-1843.

We took up this beautifully printed book, with some doubts whether it came within the range of our Editorial jurisdiction. After advancing several pages, however, we resolved at once to usurp the privilege of introducing it to our readers. In a strictly utilitarian sense, it will prove of infinitely greater value, if widely circulated, than all the works of fiction which are daily issuing from the press. To our plain country house-wives, who desire to become better acquainted with a most important branch of rural economy—the information contained in the book, if reduced to practice, would be highly useful. It treats not only of the natural history, and of the different races and breeds of our domestic fowls, but gives clear and minute directions as to the best mode of rearing them, so as to become a source of profit, as well as a most important and convenient article for home consumption. In the old countries and in many of the Northern and Eastern States, the Poulterer's vocation is an exclusive one,—as much so, as that of the horticulturist and florist. A book, therefore, which shall contain very precise instruction on that particular subject, collected from the most authentic and reliable sources. must be of no inconsiderable value. As stated by the author,-the Census of 1840, represents the value of the poultry in the United States, (omitting North-Carolina, Kentucky, Michigan, Florida and Wisconsin, from which the returns were incomplete,) at nearly ten millions of dollars. In the State of New-York alone, the value is set down at \$2,373,029-which Mr. Cock says, "is more than the value of all the swine in the same state, is nealy equal to half the value of its sheep, the entire value of its neat cattle, and is very nearly five times greater than the value of all its horses and mules." In Virginia, the value is estimated within a fraction at \$755,000—which we have no doubt could be doubled in five years, under proper management. The climate of the United States, and especially of the Southern portion, is particularly favorable to the nurture of the domestic fowl. That of England, on the contrary, on account of its moisture is very unfavorable-so much so, that in the year 1838, there were imported into that kingdom, from the continent, eggs to the value of more than a million of dollars. We heartily commend this book to public patronage.

THE ORION, OR MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Edited by W. C. Richards, Athens, Georgia.

The September number contains a lithographic representation of the Falls of Slicking, highly picturesque.-Some of the prose articles are vigorous and spirited, and there is one exquisite poetic gem, "He came too late," contributed by Mrs. Welby of Kentucky. The Editor enforces with sound argument and commendable seal, "the claims of Southern periodicals upon the South"-in all of which, we fully concur. We heartily wish the Orion sucTHE LOWELL OFFERING AND MAGAZINE: Written and Edited by Factory Operatives. Lowell, Massachusetts.

This Magazine has been favorably known for a considerable time, and the cause it was meant to serve, was well calculated to enlist public sympathy. We regret exceedingly to find, from the September number, that it is likely to expire for want of patronage. The Editress takes leave of the public in a remarkably well written paper.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND, from the Revolution in 1688, to the death of George the Second. By John Heneage Jesse. Author of Memoirs of the Court of England, during the reign of the Stuarts—3 volumes. Philadelphia, Lea and Blanchard.

Mr. Jesse is already favorably known to the reading public, by his Memoirs of the Court of England, during the reign of the Stuarts; a work abounding in much curious matter, very agreeably arranged. A hasty glance at the present work, for we have had no opportunity of examining it as minutely as we should desire, has satisfied us that the author's reputation is fully sustained. The period he has selected, embraces a most interesting portion of the history of England, and, indeed, of the world; is full of stirring events, and adorned with many characters, illustrious alike in arts and arms. We need only advert to the fact, that the memoirs of Queen Anne, and of the extraordinary men and women, who rendered her court so remarkable, are included in the work under consideration. We are indebted to the politeness of Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris, of this City, for a copy of Mr. Jesse's Memoirs, and regret that we are compelled, from want of time, to notice it so hastily.

A COURSE OF LESSONS IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, on the Robertsonian method, intended for the use of persons atudying the language without a teacher. By A. H. Monteith, Esq. First American, from the fourth Brussels, edition. New-York—Wilson & Co., Brother Jonathan Press.

We have read a good deal of this book with very considerable pleasure, and whilst we never did believe that the temple of learning was to be reached with rail-way speed, or by any process of machinery-yet we have always thought that the mode of acquiring knowledge constituted a science in itself, capable of great, we liked to have said illimitable, improvement. Every one knows that some methods of teaching are greatly superior to others, and many individuals are endowed with unusual tact in developing the germs of thought, and "teaching the young idea how to shoot." We remember Basil Hall in his "Schloss Hainsfield," complaining bitterly of the tedious methods by which he acquired the German in eighteen months, in Stiria, whilst, by the improved Parisian process he was then ignorant of, one fourth of the time would have sufficed. The student of law, at the present day, is prepared to smile at the "lucubrationes viginti annorum" of Lord Coke, inasmuch as the dark recesses of that profound science have long since been illuminated by the master-minds of subsequent ages. We have no doubt that our townsman, the principal of the Richmond Academy, could turn out a finished classical scholar in less than one half of the time required by the learned pedagogues of the last generation, with all the aid they could derive from Dr. Birch and the ferule.

We know not how the book before us will be estimated by professional linguists,—but the plan of the author is certainly ingenious and plausible. Discarding the usual synthetic method by which language is taught, he, at once,

selects a text and resolves it into its elements by the process of analysis. Even at the end of the first lesson, he meaks in the following confident language of the complete success of his method: "All these phrases the student will be able to render correctly into French, if he has paid attention to the construction of the text, and our observations upon it. This exercise will not only serve as an introduction to writing French, but will tend also to impress the structure and idiomatical peculiarities of the sentences it contains on his memory, and thus a basis will be formed, whereon the structure of the language will rest. The student will now have read, spoken and written a little French, and thus will have obtained a more extended notion of the language, than if he had been turning over the pages of a grammar, with a master, for a twelve month. Each successive lesson will strengthen and augment the knowledge of the language the learner may now be supposed to have attained."

One of the prominent objects of the author, is to combat the prevalent notion that the language cannot be successfully acquired, and especially its correct pronunciation, without the aid of a master. On the contrary, he maintains, that by earnest application, and solitary self-reliance, the student will more easily accomplish the task upon the method proposed.

One thing we may say with perfect confidence, the book can do no harm, and we may venture to recommend it as a very ingenious exercise to the student, and by no means unworthy the attention of the scholar.

WOMAN AN ENIGMA; OR, LIFE AND ITS REVEALINGS.

By the author of "Conquest and Self Conquest. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

A very pretty story of Love and Jealousy; serious misunderstanding, and final explanation and reconcilement. That woman is an enigma, is a truism with which the world has been long familiar, but so we apprehend is man. In that respect, therefore, the sexes are equal. The scene of the story is laid principally in France during the Revolution, and its tendency is decidedly moral. It inculcates with force, that most obvious but neglected maxim, that important conclusions should never be drawn from a hasty and superficial view of the surface of things. In the affairs of love especially, how often do "trifles light as air," lead to a train of sorrows overshadowing, perhaps, the whole of after life. The young of both sexes would be benefited by looking at this picture of "Life and its revealings."

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PRESS.—Passim.—We do not mean to review this many-headed machine. The English reviewers may attempt the criticism-but they are prejudiced judges. The Southern Review broached itbut it dealt in generals, and wanted point and specification. The time is coming, when the work will be undertaken by some competent critic-and then we shall see canons laid down for the proper management of the press, and different papers of celebrity brought to the bar, and tried by these rules. We do not mean to undertake that office at presentin fact, touch it when any man may, we fear he will but disturb a nest of hornets. We must say, at this time, and perhaps for twelve months to come, the political press will be like a constant chime of bells-and the chorus will be Clay, Van-Buren, Calhoun, Cass, Johnson; conventions, delegates, voting, nominations, &c. Better take our own nomination-"for the Presidency of this grand Republic, Useful Christian Knowledge, and its friend, and indispensable supporter, Education for the Vice Presidency." Long live, we say, the Republic of Latters !

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILLIAM & MARY COLLEGE.

The Lectures in this Institution, will commence on the 2nd Monday in October.

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by corresponding with any of the Professors. The classical certificate is required for the degree of A. M.

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T. R. DEW, Professor.

September, 1843.

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JAMES E. HEATH, Esq.
CHARLES F. OSBORNE, Esq.
Richmond, Va. September, 1843.

BENJAMIN B. MINOR, ATTORNEY AT LAW;

PRACTICES IN

RICHMOND, HENRICO, HANOVER & CAROLINE. COLLECTIONS for the North, or elsewhere, will be promptly made and the money remitted forthwith,

n Office removed to the Museum Building, over the office of the Richmond Whig. August, 1843.

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Having purchased many odd numbers and volumes VI. and VIII. of the Messenger, and not wishing to keep so many extra copies on hand, as they are constantly multiplying, they will be sold, on the following terms:

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PROSPECTUS

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

This is a monthly Magazine, devoted chiefly to LITERATURE, but occasionally finding room also for articles that fall within the scope of Science; and professing no disdain of tasteful selections, though

its matter has been, as it will continue to be, in the main, original.

Party Politics and controversial Theology, as far as possible, are jealously excluded. They are sometimes so blended with discussions in literature or in moral science, otherwise unobjectionable, as to gain admittance for the sake of the more valuable matter to which they adhere: but whenever that happens, they are *incidental*, only; not *primary*. They are dross, tolerated only because it cannot well be severed from the sterling ore wherewith it is incorporated.

REVIEWS, and CRITICAL NOTICES, occupy their due space in the work: and it is the Editor's aim that they should have a threefold tendency—to convey, in a condensed form, such valuable truths or interesting incidents as are embodied in the works reviewed,—to direct the reader's attention to books that deserve to be read,--and to warn him against wasting time and money upon that large number, which merit only to be burned. In this age of publications, that by their variety and multitude distract and overwhelm every undiscriminating student, IMPARTIAL ORITICISM, governed by the views just mentioned, is one of the most inestimable and indispensable of auxiliaries, to him who does wish to dis-

Essays, and Tales, having in view utility or amusement, or both—Historical Sketches—and REMINISCENCES of events too minute for History, yet elucidating it, and heightening its interest,—may be regarded as forming the staple of the work. And of indigenous Portry, enough is published. sometimes of no mean strain—to manifest and to cultivate the growing poetical taste and talents of our

The times appear, for several reasons, to demand such a work—and not one alone, but many. The of Literature is needed, to allay that fever, and soothe that irritation. Vice and folly are rioting abroad:-They should be driven by indignant rebuke, or lashed by ridicule, into their fitting haunts. Ignorance lords it over an immense proportion of our people: - Every spring should be set in metion, to arouse the enlightened, and to increase their number; so that the great enemy of popular government may no longer brood, like a portentous cloud, over the destinies of our country. And to accomplish all these ends, what more powerful agent can be employed, than a periodical, on the plan of the Messenger; if that plan be but carried out in practice?

The South peculiarly requires such an agent. In all the Union, south of Washington, there are but two Literary periodicals! Northward of that city, there are probably at least twenty-five or thirty! Is this contrast justified by the wealth, the leisure, the native talent, or the actual literary taste, of the Southern people, compared with those of the Northern? No: for in wealth, talents, and taste, we may justly claim at least an equality with our brethren; and a domestic institution exclusively our own, beyond all doubt affords us, if we choose, twice the leisure for reading and writing, which they enjoy.

It was from a deep sense of this local want, that the word Southern was engrafted on the name of this periodical: and not with any design to nourish local prejudices, or to advocate supposed local interests. Far from any such thought, it is the Editor's fervent wish, to see the North and South bound endearingly together forever, in the silken bands of mutual kindness and affection. Far from meditating hostility to the north, he has already drawn, and he hopes hereafter to draw, much of his choicest matter thence: and happy indeed will be deem himself, should his pages, by making each region know the other better, contribute in any essential degree to dispel forever the lowering clouds that so lately threatened the peace of both, and to brighten and strengthen the sacred ties of fraternal love.

The Southern Literary Messenger has now nearly completed its ninth volume, and ninth year. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to say. He believes, however, that it falls not further short of them, than human weakness usually makes Practice fall short

of Theory.

CONDITIONS OF SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

1. THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER is published | assumed by the proprietor. But every subscriber thus transin monthly numbers. Each number contains not less than 64 large super-royal pages, printed on good type, and in the best manner, and on paper of the most beautiful and expen-

zive quality.

2. The "MESSENGER" hereafter will be mailed on or about the first day of every month in the year. Twelve numbers make a volume, --- and the price of subscription is numbers make a volume,—and the price of subscription is \$5 per volume, payable in advance;—nor will the work be sent to any one, unless the order for it is accompanied with the CASH. ILT THE YEAR COMMENCES WITH THE JANUARY NUMBER. NO SUBSCRIPTION RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN THE YEAR, UNLESS THE INDIVIDUAL SUBSCRIBING CHOOSES TO PAY THE FULL PRICE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION FOR A LESS PERIOD.—II

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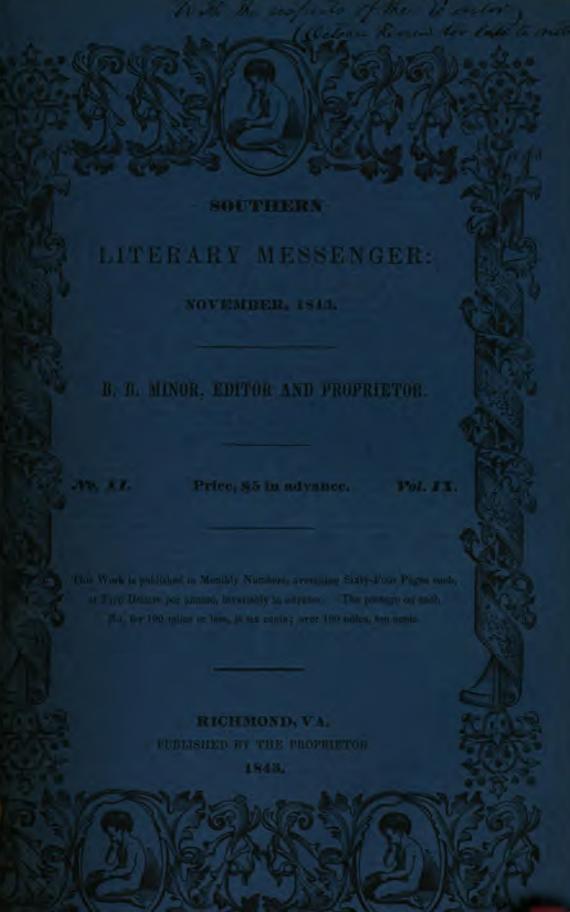
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before the first number of a volume has been published, it will be taken as a continuance for another year.

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6. The mutual obligations of the publisher and subscriber, for the year, are fully incurred as soon as the first number of the volume is issued: and after that time, no discontinuance of a subscription will be permitted. Nor will any subscription be discontinued while anything remains due thereon, unless at the ontion of the editor. mains due thereon, unless at the option of the editor. RICHMOND, VA.



CONTENTS.

NO. XL.-VOL. IX.-NOVEMBER, 1868.

Topics Annualises, Dr. O. C. of Pitterraps, Val., 1912	
The Court	
To Arts afrair, Addressed to Win A. Statemen	
The Ones of the Bard. By W. Chicago Simon,	
Dr. warming on Temperature Long. Co.HoM.	
Historial Alexanders and the second	

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM-BENJAMIN B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. IX.

RICHMOND, NOVEMBER, 1843.

NO. 11.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVES OF LUTHER & MELANCTHON.

BY T. C. REYNOLDS, L. L. D., HEIDELBERGENSIS.

"There are moments," says a great poet, "when we stand nearer to the spirit of our God, and can cast a more piercing glance into the dim mists of the future." There are also moments and places when and where we stand nearer to the spirits of the Dead, and can better appreciate their actions and character in the past. The soldier who traverses, the plains of Marengo or Austerlitz then, for the first time, can estimate the military genius of the Great Captain in its fullest extent, and manœuvres, which the pen of the historian, or the pencil of the draughtsman has not made clear. are explained and justified by the nature and situation of the battle-field. A walk over the plain of Marathon sheds new light on the page of Grecian history, and a stroll through the narrow streets of ancient Paris enables us to live, in fancy, amid the scenes of the French Revolution and be eye-witnesses of its horrors.

Thus is it with the scenes of Great Events: thus is it also with the places which Great Men loved, or have honored with their presence during their life-time. How many mysteries in a man's character does the sight of his person clear up! What insight into that character does not his simple signature give? The same may be said of his abode. Long after the period when a man, great in his generation, has been gathered to his fathers, his daily occupations, the habits of his every-day life are distinctly traceable in his dwelling and his chamber, his garden and his favorite walk. While cold and stately History shows us its here afar off, amid all the pomp and circumstances of his historic station, the gossiping memoir brings us into his immediate neighborhood, admits us into the private apartments, where we may see the Man as well as the Hero; and, while a closer intimacy diminishes our awe and wonder, it increases our affection and often our respect.

But 'tis not solely the clearer conception of past events to be obtained by an acquaintance with the scenes amid which they were acted, that constitutes the chief advantage and charm of visits to remarkable places. Not only the mind is stored with an additional knowledge, which leaveneth the whole lump of former reading, but the Heart is bettered, the Soul elevated and the feelings and sympathies purified and enlarged.

announce to him a miraculous confirmation of after it. The space I have allotted to this comthe truth of a favorite dogma of the Roman Church, munication will not permit me to enter much into

the Real Presence, is said to have replied: "go and behold the blood and body of our Lord, if you will, but I need not go, for I believe it already."

Few of us are gifted with such a faith, and the confidence of the most zealous Christian in the truth of the sacred books must be confirmed and strengthened, when he is led to the place where the Lord lay, or touches, with his own hand, the rock of Sinai. The fickle Parisian deems his vows of constancy more sacred when made o'er the spot where lie the faithful hearts of Abelard and Heloise, and the romance of pure and self-sacrificing love still lingers, like the dying harmony of distant music, near the spot where Christian of Brunswick, in the gardens which surround the princely castle of the Electors Palatine at Heidelberg, received on bended knee, from the lovely and unfortunate Elizabeth Stuart, the spotless glove, which, victorious in many a subsequent contest, fluttered from his helmet's crest, like a banner in the breeze, and swore "for God and her, like a true knight, to battle, and if God it will, like a true knight, to die."

Such places are not as other places. However charmless they may be of themselves, there is something in the very atmosphere which whispers to us, in a still small voice—this is Hallowed Ground! To a man of feeling and reflection there is a difference between the spot where lie the remains of the Great and the Good, and the final resting-places of ordinary mortals. Small circumstances acquire great importance when connected with extraordinary men, and often slender and scarcely visible is the thread which enables us to find our way in the labyrinth of a great man's motives and feelings. such, then, as do not think these minutiæ beneath their notice, I would address myself: to such as are curious to know of the small things as well as the great things which have occupied Great Men, it may not be uninteresting to wander in thought with me o'er the Mecca of Protestants, and linger, for a moment, around the graves of Luther and Melancthon.

To narrate the incidents of their lives is not here my task: to avoid expressing any opinion concerning their principles is my duty. But as men they belong to history, and whatever may be the opinions of individuals, or classes, concerning the authors of Protestantism, every one must view them as men of no ordinary stamp, and whether he consider them messengers of light, or teachers of heresy, must feel a natural curiosity to know St Louis IX of France, when a priest came to how such men lived in their day and were honored detail concerning the habits and minor characteristics of the great Reformers, and I shall confine myster a plain, unvarnished and succint account of a visit to their graves.

entice the traveller to enter its low gates, or thread its narrow streets. Over the ramparts which defied the might of Charles V., now floats the ensign of the House of Hohenzollern; and the bold and

'Twas in the month of June, in 1839, that I started on this pilgrimage. I had been passing a day or two at Potsdam, visiting the haunts of Frederic the Great and his friend Voltaire. I returned late in the afternoon from a visit to Sans Souci, the Prussian Versailles, through whose magnificent gardens I had been strolling the greater part of the day, and, after a hasty dinner, proceeded on my way, during the night, through the flat and sterile plains of Brandenburg. At break of day, I was in sight of the ancient town of Wittenberg,less gay and magnificent than the "City of Palaces" I had left, but possessing for the traveller and for the historian an interest which even the fame of Frederic and Voltaire cannot give the former. It was the capital of the extensive dominions over which the Electors of Saxony ruled in the 15th and 16th centuries: during that period of its glory, it ranked among the greatest and most important cities of Germany, and under the protecting care of those princes, Wittenberg enjoyed a degree of prosperity which, since the fall of that celebrated house, it has never been able to regain. These illustrious sovereigns are justly termed by Robertson the first princes of the Empire, for, in extent, their territories exceeded those of any other feudatory of the successors of Charlemagne. Vicegerents of the Imperial Crown in North Germany, during the interval, sometimes long, which elapsed from the death of an emperor to the election of his successor, they often had sway over half the Empire. The silver mines of Freidburg poured into their treasury quantities of that precious metal, which its scarcity in that age rendered of immense value. As Hereditary Arch-Marshall of the Holy Roman Empire, the head of the House of Saxony, was one of the seven Electors to the crown of the Cæsars, and the royal dignity, which the Golden Bull of Charles the IVth imparted to the electoral cap, placed him on a level with kings. But these great-souled princes were not content merely to accumulate riches or extend their dominions; they sought after treasures which are not of the earth, earthy. Their Court abounded in men of learning and piety, the arts flourished under their protection, and the University of Wittenberg rose up, to remain a lasting monument of their munificence and their love of science. Commerce poured its riches with no sparing hand into the laps of the citizens, and the beauty and chivalry of Saxony lent their aid to grace a capital already adorned by the genius and learning of Luther and Melancthon. But now, alas! how changed!

> " No tilts as once of old, No tournays, graced by chieftains of renown, Fair dames, grave citizens and warriors bold,"

its narrow streets. Over the ramparts which defied the might of Charles V., now floats the ensign of the House of Hohenzollern; and the bold and soaring eagle of Russia has alighted on the gates where stood the square cross of Saxony in simple dignity, the pious emblem of the faith of the House, and the boding omen of its subsequent fate. Those sceptered bandits, who took upon themselves, as if to canonize blasphemy, the name of the Holy Alliance, and dared at Vienna in 1814, with bullying braggartism, to trample on the rights of the smaller powers of Europe, tore from the Kingdom of Saxony nearly one half of its territory, which the Prussian bird had already grasped in his talons and marked out for his prey. Wittenberg has sunk into the insignificance of a provincial town, and is now but a dull and lifeless fortress: the garrison forms the main portion of its scanty population, (which does not reach five thousand), and even its situation on the Elbe, the great outlet for the produce of North Germany, has not been sufficient to raise it into any importance as a commercial or manufacturing city.

Wittenberg is situated on the right bank of the Elbe, about two hundred miles above Hamburg, in the midst of a fertile region,—the province of Saxony, particularly that portion bordering on the Elbe, being as noted for its rich soil as the neighboring Marquisate of Brandenburg is notorious for its sterile sands. The surrounding country is almost an unbroken plain, the land not becoming undulated until the upper part of the valley of the Elbe is approached. The city itself is in form square, surrounded by a rampart of considerable size and height and miles in extent: there is also at the foot of the rampart a very broad and deep moat, filled with water from the Elbe. The fortress, though not of the first class, is very strong, and stood a siege of several months, in the last general war in Europe: Magdeburg and Torgau, with it, may be considered the keys of the Northern Dominions of the King of Prussia. Within, it has little to please or attract; there is nothing imposing in its appearance. The mansions, splendid in their day, but mere hovels in this, where the haughty Barons and fierce Knights of that martial age planned the deeds of violence and blood, they knew but too well how to execute, are now the peaceful abodes of the tradesman and the artizan, and the only objects which draw the traveller to the spot are the memorials which are left behind of the authors of the Protestant Reformation.

Crossing the moat by a narrow bridge, we entered the town, through what is called a gate, but is nothing more than a low passage under the ramparts, not large enough to admit more than one vehicle at a time. 'Twas early in the morning, and the stillness and gloom which reigned in the empty streets, were just stealthily retreating before

approaching day. The hour, with its accompaniments, seemed a fit emblem of the period of ignorance and licence which preceded the Great revival of letters and religious feeling as well in the Roman Church as beyond its pale. But our speedy arrival at the Post-House left me no time for reverie: I took in haste a bowl of coffee-a refreshment which, by a wise regulation of the Prussian post-office, is ready at all hours, of the night as of the day, to revive the wearied traveller-and proceeded to make inquiries for those who would guide me to the places I wished to see. A servant of the house showing me the way, I soon reached the dwelling of the Schloss Knester, or Castle Sacristan. He was taking his morning coffee, but soon despatched it, came out to me, and merely bidding me good morning, led the way in silence to the Church. We had not very far to go, as it lay scarcely an hundred yards off, near the gate through which our diligence had entered the city.

I cannot resist the temptation to interrupt my narrative here, by devoting a few remarks to this old man. His appearance was quite striking and became his employment well. He was about the middle height, sallow and emaciated. He stooped considerably, his countenance bore a grave and solemn expression, amounting almost to severity, and the deep tones of a sepulchral voice, (when he, at length, broke silence at the doors of the Church,) seemed suited to the recital of the events it is his so frequent task to relate. His dress was plain and coarse but clean and neat, and his gait slow and solemn: he looked, indeed, like one who was accustomed to brood over misfortunes in which nobody sympathized with him. Three years after my visit to Wittenberg, I was passing in sight of its ramparts on my way from Berlin to Leipzig. A Prussian officer of my acquaintance, who had been stationed for some time at Wittenberg some years before, happened to be with me and our conmind, and made inquiries concerning him. The officer remembered him well and knew his history. He was a man of some education and talent, but that which constituted the most prominent trait in the old man's character was his admiration of, I may almost say, his passion for Luther. This sentiment is the more worthy of notice on account of its variety, for the educated Germans, even the Protestant, are too much disposed at the present day to undervalue the services and decry the character of the Great Reformer. But to this old man the memory of the immortal Doctor was an To talk about the Great Reformer was

the rays of the rising sun and giving way to the visit I asked him if most of the visitors of these tombs were not rather indifferent to the fame and character of the men whose dust lay under them: he reluctantly admitted that such was the case, and the unwonted air of satisfaction with which he related the visit of an American clergymyman, a year or two before, disclosed to me that such pleasures were with him rare. 'Twas truly to him a sensation akin to that which we feel when we unexpectedly hear the familiar tones of our own native tongue, amid a crowd speaking a language which we understand not. This language of soul to kindred soul, 'twas, I fear, but seldom the lot of the Sacristan to hear. He was alone in the world in every sense, and but a short period before, as the officer informed me, had breathed his last, and his body was deposited in the burying-ground of the church, within which are the remains of those to the praise and honor of whom his lifetime was devoted. Peace be to his ashes! and those who, as I, love to cherish the memory of the virtues of the lowly and the poor, rather than swell the crowd ever ready to chaunt the praises of the famous and the great, will join with me in this prayer and pardon my digression.

The Schloss Kirche, or castle church—so called because it was formerly attached to a Castle of the Electors and Dukes of Saxony, which has disappeared under the hand of time-has nothing remarkable in its external, or internal appearance. It is about 100 feet by 40, and is built in the Gothic style of the 14th century, with a round tower about 100 feet high at the Western extremity. We entered on the North side through a door in dimensions proportioned to the size of the building, but more remarkable for the massive character of its style than for any profusion of ornament, that perpetually recurring characteristic of Gothic doorways. Against this door Luther hung up his celebrated 95 theses, or arguments, in condemnation of the doctrine of indulgencies and other dogmas versation turned on the decayed city, which lay of the Roman Church. These theses he offered before us: soon I recalled the old Sacristan to my at the same time, according to the custom of his day, to defend against all comers-a practice still retained in the German Universities, in creating a Doctor in any of the four Faculties. 'Twas here he took this bold step and first offered that resistance to the authority of the Popes, which afterwards raised his name to such a height of renown, and was the first in a chain of events destined to change the face of Europe and rend Christendom in twain. Although, to use the characteristic remark of the Sacristan, from the length of time which has elapsed, a skeptical beholder may doubt if this be the very wood to which the theses were attached, yet one thing at least was certain: this his delight—to collect all the information he could was the place where the memorable deed was done about him was his chief avocation. A rich store and we now stood on the very spot, where, more of anecdotes no doubt lay concealed in his bosom, than three hundred years ago, the first step was to be disclosed only to congenial spirits. On my taken in the Protestant Reformation. How varied

must have been the sensations of the crowd which | tory attribute to him any great sensitiveness, or too gazed on that simple but imposing act! On this spot I glanced rapidly back through the vista of centuries to the period of which I speak, and conjured up with fancy's wand all the circumstances of this great event. The mail-clad noble longing, in his penury, for the rich possessions of the Church, the industrious citizen, looking with scorn and hate upon the idle and luxurious monk, the inquiring student, his countenance "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," the peasant, smarting under the yoke of his lord, and filled with an unconscious longing for some spirit-message from on high, which should furnish him with grounds for resisting his tyrants—all these were there. spark caught—the public mind was in a feverish state—and in a few short years this small flame had kindled into a conflagration which threatened the political edifice of the Empire with destruction. Here commenced that great religious revolution which, though small and peaceful in its beginning, was destined, in the course of the next century, to originate wars which desolated France and Germany, caused the destruction of their liberties and shook society in all Europe to its very centre.

Through this door, added the Sacristan as he proceeded to open it, the Herr Doctor, as he ceremoniously called the Great Reformer, has often entered this church to declaim against the doctrines of the Roman Church and through this his body passed to its final resting-place.

We entered the church. Within, 'tis simple and unadorned. Here, as at the door, the image-breaking mob had done its work, and nothing remains to attest its ancient character. The cross with the image of the expiring Saviour and the burning candles which, as in all the Southern churches in Germany, stand on the altar, are associated, 'tis true, in our minds with the imposing ceremonies of the Roman ritual—but here they are a part of the ancient ceremonial, retained, perhaps, more by accident than by design. An antique organ adorns the western end of the church, while the eastern end contains the altar.

On the south wall, immediately opposite to the door through which we entered, is a full-length portrait of Luther in his monk's dress, such as he is usually represented in engravings. It may be almost superfluous to enter here into a description of the Reformer's appearance, except so far as it may be useful in testing the accuracy of portraits. Luther, to be candid, has, in his portrait, a decidedly vulgar appearance*-nor, I believe does his-

* Lest I should be thought too harsh, and therefore incorrect, in my description of the Reformer's appearance, I will add here the opinion of that clever compiler of exaggerated mysticism, sound sentiments and bad English, Thomas Carlyle, on the same point (met since writing the above.) "Luther's face is to me expressive of him; in Kranach's world."

much regard to the conventional decencies and proprieties of life. As is well known, his coarse language shocked and terrified the courtly Erasmus; nor did the royal dignity of Henry VIII., prevent the enraged Reformer from heaping upon him abuse and vituperation, which nothing but the emergency could excuse. But, as I am free to admit, the emergency did excuse it. The opening of the sixteenth century was a period when nothing could be gained by mincing matters. The age and its religious and political wants demanded and received a champion who knew not fear,* who regarded not King nor Priest, and had the boldness and the sturdy strength to inflict on the flinching backs of usurping potentates and corrupted prelates the scourging they so richly deserved, and which a long impunity had rendered the more necessary for the good of church and state. A wall may be broken down with the blows of a pick-axe-but the battlements which tyranny has been for centuries employed in building up, around her strong holds, can only be beaten down by the ruthless thrusts of the battering-ram.

Luther's face is round and full-in fact, somewhat to coin a word, beefy in appearance. Quickness, vivacity and intelligence are visible in a countenance which has an air of coarse humor about it: but that which characterizes the face of Luther above that of any man, I have seen, is Power and Energy. In these qualities, the great Reformer exceeds even Napoleon, and they are expressed in all their fullness in his face.

This portrait is by Lucas Cranach, one of the best of the early German painters and an artist of no ordinary merit. All the likenesses of the Reformer, by this painter, are said to be very accurate; I have seen several and they all resemble each other-a good test of accuracy. In the Royal Museum, at Berlin, I saw a portrait of Luther, by this artist, representing him in the costume of a young cavalier-the disguise he used at the castle of the Wartburg, where he was concealed, after his appearance before the diet at Worms. It excites unwonted feelings in the beholder to see the Reformer in this strange attire, and yet his jolly round face seemed to become it, and I could not avoid thinking of one of his own sayings which we find so often in the mouths of the Germans;

best portraits, I find the true Luther. A rude plebeian face, with its huge crag-like brows and bones, the emblem of rugged energy; at first, almost a repulsive face, etc." On Heroes Lecture IV. This, from a warm eulogist of the Reformer, is a sufficient excuse for one who, as I do, claims to do him and his character justice. A Hercules-not an Apollo-cleansed the Augean stables. Not Balder but Thor it is, who showers down blows with his hammer on the Jätuns.

* Carlyle calls him "the bravest heart then living in the

"Who loves not woman, and wine, and song, Will be a fool all his life long."*

Above me hung the counterfeit of the living Reformer-below me was his grave. In the crossaisle of the church, immediately under his portrait, on the right hand as you face the altar, lies all that is left of Luther. He died in his native village, Eisleben, in the Harz Mountains, on the 18th of February, 1546, shortly before the rupture of John Frederick with Charles V.; and, at the command of the elector, his body was removed to Wittenberg and deposited in its present resting place. spot is covered with a wooden slab or door, which the sacristan unlocked and removed: underneath was another slab of bronze, on which were inscribed the name of Luther, and the date of his birth and death, in Latin. No pompous catalogue of his deeds and virtues defiles this simple memorial, and, as I gazed in silence on his unadorned sepulchre, I felt that no stately mausoleum or towering pyramid could have done as much honor to the memory of such a man as the small plain tablet which now covers his remains.

There is a fitness and a grandeur in simple tombs of Great Men which cannot be exaggerated. Great Men are usually simple themselves—simplicity becomes their sepulchres. When viewing a magnificent monument, we forget the dead in our admiration of the tomb. The luxury of musing o'er his virtues, as we linger around his dust, is marred by the wish to inspect the architectural ornaments of the gorgeous monument, and our thoughts, which should be devoted to the man and his immortal soul, are drawn off to the least important of all incidents which concern him-the manner in which his mortal remains are honored after his spirit has left Never have I been more forcibly struck with the truth of this, perhaps stale and threadbare observation, than when the same day saw me at the sarcophagus of Napoleon, and at the grave of La Fayette. The stately dome of the Hotel des Invalides, the banners of conquered armies which hung in the church, and the immense ranges of stately edifices obscured the gaudy ornaments with which hollow-hearted national vanity and royal hypocrisy have loaded the Emperor's corpse. The whole composed a tout ensemble, of which Napoleon and his tomb were but an insignificant part, and the architectural beauties of the building called off my thoughts from the genius and fate of the hero. How different the resting place of La Fayette! 1n a private burying ground, at the foot of a garden, near, but within the barrier of Paris, lies this Great and Good Man, under a slab of slate, rivalling in simplicity the tombs of the Reformers. Here, undisturbed, can the lover of Liberty muse o'er the virtues of the Hero of three Revolutions.

But I must return to my subject. Opposite Lu-

* Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib, und Gesang Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang. ther's portrait, on the North wall, is one of Melancthon of the same size, by Lucas Cranach, and immediately under it is his grave, in the cross-aisle, corresponding to Luther's on the other side. The inscription on the bronze plate, similar to that which covers the tomb of his friend and master, gives merely the date of his birth and of his death.

Melancthon's portrait corresponded completely to the ideal image I had formed of him. A love of Truth for Truth's sake, a peaceful, mild and gentle disposition were combined in him with great learning, a scholar-like taste and the courtesy of a gentleman. His is one of the purest and noblest characters in History. In Luther, his iron firmness awes us, his arrogance disgusts us, and his rudeness shocks our taste. The anathematizer of the Swiss and Suabian Protestants the historian must place in the same category with other spiritual despots, and the thunders of the Vatican are, to him, as excusable as those of Wittenberg. But the mild and good Melancthon excites in our minds far different associations. Benevolence beams from his eye, elegance of thought and purity of sentiment and feeling are depicted on his countenance, and few can gaze on his intellectual face without being charmed with its lofty and noble expression.

Proceeding up the aisle, we came to the graves of the two great supporters of the Reformation, Frederick the Wise, and his brother and successor, John the Steadfast, Electors of Saxony. They are buried immediately in front of the altar, and their tombs are covered with a black cloth—the reason for which, I neglected to enquire of the Sacristan, who continued his narrative with a speed difficult to interrupt. On the left hand, as we faced the altar, was a statue, in marble, of Frederic the Wise in his electoral costume, the sword of the Arch-Marshall of the Empire hanging at his side, the electoral cap upon his head, and the ducal mantle around his majestic form. On the other side is a similar statue of John the Steadfast, in the same state-costume. Both these princes have the quiet, prudent, conscientious and pious, but not very intelligent, features of the Ernestine Branch of the House of Saxonv. They are represented looking toward the altar, kneeling and with their hands clasped as in the act of prayer. On the wall, near his statue, in marble, there is also an effigy in bronze of each of these princes, standing in his ducal mantle, the electoral cap on his head and the Arch-Marshall's sword in his hand. On the side of each of these bronze statues is an inscription commemorative of the virtues and actions of the personages they respectively represent. 'Twas as if they needed this to keep mankind mindful of their deeds, while those of Luther and Melancthon, their simple tombs presume, are known to every

The altar and chancel have nothing to render them worthy of a particular description: in unison

with the rest of the church, they are simple and unadorned. In front of the altar is a beautiful baptismal font, of bronze, by Peter Vischer, of Nuremberg, and remarkable as an elegant monument of the exquisite skill and taste of that celebrated artist. In it, Luther and Melancthon are said often to have baptized children.

There are no graves in this church except the four I have mentioned, and 'tis thus emphatically the tomb of the authors of Protestantism. John Frederic, the Magnanimous, who endangered the cause by his vacillation and incapacity as much as he adorned it by his virtues, is not here and perhaps should not be. Four such precious tombs are probably not contained in any other building of Christendom, except, perhaps, the Abbey of Westminster.

Thus lie the remains of Luther and Melancthon.

THE ARTS IDEAL.

Addressed to WILLIAM C. SANDERS, of Alabama, upon his departure for Italy.

BY ALEXANDER B. MEEK.

I.

The Poet singeth for the Painter the Origin of the Arts.

THE Arts are sisters, we are told, A linked and starry throng, Who shed o'er earth the blended gold Of Painting, Sculpture, Song! When from his primal Eden driven Man turned in mute despair, The rays that lit the curving heaven. The songs that floated there, The forms that glimmered through the trees, With shining arms and curls, The wild harps swinging in the breeze, The streamlets paved with pearls, All these,-the treasures of his life. The joys of sinless love,-Had vanished from his path of strife, And flown to realms above: But still upon his darkened heart Their memory delayed, Like stars that, through the night, impart Beams of the glory fled. Like stars it shone, and bade him strive The glory to restore, And on the shadowed earth revive Her morning light once more. Bold heart !- by wizard genius taught, He caught the fire divine, And once again to earth were brought The Arts that speak and shine.

Then Song and graceful Sculpture came,

And Architecture bold, And Painting, with her lips of flame, Her beauteous robes unrolled. Fair sisters!-'round their paths they flung The mantles of the skies, And earth again was fair and young, And man content and wise!

The Poet discourseth upon the Unity and Influence of the Arts.

The Arts are sisters: yes, the same High spirit fills them all; At one pure source each lit her flame, And heard one common call. The graceful angel of our lives, The deity within, Who in high hearts her sweetness hives, And purifies from sin,-The soul's IDEAL,-it is her Sweet influence gives them birth, Each is her graceful minister To beautify the earth. She tuned the wildwood harp of Burns, And Raphael's pencil fired; She lingered o'er Canova's urns, And Memnon's stone inspired; Her torch shed glory 'round Lorraine, And sightless Milton led, Till brighter Edens blessed again The earth than that had fled. Along the Nile they bloomed and shone, The Violet-City* blessed, And brightened e'en Campania's zone With richer loveliness. On rugged souls the influence fell, And fierce and fiery hearts Grew soft beneath the holy spell,-The Baptism of the Arts!

III.

The Poet illustrateth his creed, by reference to the works of the Painter.

Such are the Arts,-young dreamer, such The linked and starry throng, Who've waked thy heart with prophet-touch, Whose spells to thee belong. Yes, though the youngest one alone,-Sweet glass of nature's face !-Hath won thy worship for her own, Yet all have given their grace. For on thy tablets, glowing sweet With beauty's morning light, Where grace and love and softness meet. And all seem breathing, bright, Oh! who can gaze nor feel that there Embodied music lives,

* Athens was so called by Plato, from her emblematic flower.

Sculptured to life the forms appear, And pictured verse deceives! Yes, Poet-Painter, though no words Ring through thy witchery, A deeper spell thine Art affords, In silent poetry! The pencil, chisel, harp, and pen Are different tongues alone; The same high truths they preach to men, One parent source they own: The same sweet eyes that shone each night On Byron's boyhood-dream, In Guido's worship glassed their light, And gave his pencil's theme; 'Round Chantrey's couch their beauty hung, And circled wild Mozart,-The same inspirers, ever young, The Auroras of the heart!

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The Poet inciteth the Painter to lofty effort, and pointeth to its rewards.

Then on, my friend, with faith and hope! A starry road you tread. Right onward, upward, -boldly cope The Dead who are not dead! Soon for the clime of song and art, The fountain-school of Fame, Your earnest spirit will depart, A pilgrim's draught to claim. Go proudly onward,—strive and try, Invoke the Masters' spell, The priests of art,—the prophets high 'Round Valambrosa's well. These on thy pencil will bestow Their colorings rich and strange, And warm thy fancy with the glow, That bids the canvass-change! Drink at the fount, and then return Home to thy land afar, And here reveal the Muses' urn Beneath the forest star: And though the Arts,—the flowery Arts,— As yet have scarce a home Within our borders, there are hearts Shall hail you when you come, And this young land of Freedom's Faith Again rejoice to see A son of hers bear back a wreath From sunny Italy. Then boldly on !- Keep aye in view The pictured cliffs of Fame, And thine, it may be to renew All but an Allston's name!

A Literary Club has been formed in New York, to use means to procure a Copyright law, of which Mr. Bryant is President, and Mr. Verplanck, Vice-President.

GLIMPSES INTO THE BIOGRAPHY

OF A NAMELESS TRAVELLER.

(Resumed from the August No. of "the Messenger," for 1837.)

After a long absence, the "Nameless Traveller" again makes his appearance. The last "glimpse" we had of him was when he fell so suddonly asleep on board the steamboat, on the "Father of rivers." He had just before tremblingly and donbtingly opened the red morocco case, which he had taken from the bosom of the suffering "Aramints;" and instead of being enchained with a view of her angelic face, or beholding that of a rival, he found "nothing but those accursed, contemptible jewels, which had already caused that deeply injured woman so much annoyance." On account of these same "contemptible jewels," as we suspect, he was soon after "murdered," and descended to the "tombs," from which he now emerges.—[Ed.

CHAPTER VII.

The nameless one emerges from "the tombs" and turns politician. The canvass of 1840, processions, barbecues, &c., &c.

What is the reason I have been so long silent! I was rapidly gaining renown, if not pelf. My chapters were looked for as anxiously as the Messenger itself, and notwithstanding the mass of good things usually dished up therein, I was missed, and many a clever fellow was disappointed because "satan," as one of the weeklies facetiously called me, "came not also among them."

Well; for the last three years, I have no particular excuse to offer; but, as to the period of my silence previously, there is excuse enough, God wot

Just after my last communication to the Messenger, I was murdered. Not merely "kilt," as my late, lamented grandfather, Irish, used to observe; but murdered, outright. It was a "foul, strange and unnatural" murder, too. [By the way, I have caught Shakspeare there: who ever heard of a natural murder!]

There's "something rotten" in other states besides "Denmark." I have devoted precious time to the study of the condition, political, moral and religious, of the states of this blessed union, and I have discovered "something rotten" in them. of all this in a separate chapter—a few words will suffice here. Is there no rottenness in our system of laws, borrowed from a barbarous age, which authorizes the ruthless seizure of a freeman, who may be the most ardent admirer of "the largest liberty," cuts him off in the flower of his usefulness and the prime of his life, which cramps his genius and his energies, forces him into the drudgery of an avocation unsuited to his tastes, " cabins, cribbs, confines" his spirit and diverts his whole course of life and all his powers into a degrading channel! I have been such a victim. Be patient, gentle reader! you shall know all in good time.

Now, my dear Mr. Editor, you may say it is

but had the most incredulous heard my voice a mine. week before I penned this chapter, [which I have but too long neglected to revise and prepare for the press and an anxious public,] they had, each and all, pronounced it "a voice from the tombs," beyond cavil or question.

I died not naturally. I was forced out of existence, though I "struggled as the strong man arousing from his sleep." I was exterminated by violence. I was "shuffled off this mortal coil" (without my slippers.) I was sent headlong, with "all my imperfections on my head" to "that bourne whence" very few travellers return, before their time is out; and I was buried (as we say, nautically) "all standing." I was interred without either honors or grave clothes, though I was supplied with the latter afterwards, striped ones, by mine honesty! and what a perverted taste was that!

Little wonder is it my feelings are bitter when I revert to my untimely end. They are the feelings of the ghost of the murdered. Don't be frightened, reader; but I am a ghost "any how you can fix it."

It must be useless to remind the reader of my scrupulous regard for truth. He remembers it of old; or, if he has not read the chapters of my autobiography heretofore published, led him at once get the volume of "the Messenger," for 1837, and then he will know of my truthfulness, or he has no discrimination. When any assertion of mine seems strange, I ever hasten to prove it by some means or other, and for that made aboge-viz: that I was forced out of life, against my will, by mere mortals, (and was therefore murdered, and am therefore now a ghost)—if I have not gospel for it, I have law; and in the time-honored adage, embracing those two subjects, law stands first, " be it remembered."

Now the law is as great a stickler for nice distinctions as the wool-comber of play-writing memory above referred to: he divided murder into natural and unnatural': the law divides death into natural and civil. My latter end was of the latter description; for, however uncivilly murdered, I was "civilly dead."

There is this difference in these two kinds of death. There may be other dissimilitudes, but I have particularly observed this-In the natural death, it is requisite to become penitent (unless you have faith in masses and money to pay for the saying thereof) previous to undergoing it; whereas the aim of the civil death seems to be to cause your penitentiary feelings to come afterwards. Each, however, is death, and to be forced into either is

asking too much of the credulous, even, among tor, should chance to hear of the whereabout of your readers, to endeavor to stuff them with the the Wandering Jew, do drop me a line-as I wish idea that this chapter is written from the grave: to consult him upon our situation—i. e. his and

> I detest confinement. I am naturally full to overflowing of "human love." I love the world and its sons and daughters. I love, too, the air of freedom. Ultra liberty has no more ardent devotee than I am. I love the sunshine, the smiling fields, the purling streams, the high mountains, the level highways. Confinement destroys our acquaintance with all these; it renders one morose; it kills his finer feelings; it strikes a death blow at his benevolence, interrupts "the even tenor of his way" and destroys the unities of his biography. In short, confinement-" solitary confinement" particularly,is a bore of the worst kind. It bored me, horribly. I had no resource but to bore some one else in turn; but alas, there was no work for the "unruly member"-there was nobody near me, no living thing, nothing, nothing, but the cold, icy wall of my vault. So I smuggled an augur and bored that,-there was no help for it.

> The "civilly dead" of olden times—I mean the monks-cultivated and preserved literature in their cellular retreats; but with me, in mine-

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to write, Particularly if one has no paper And pens and ink !- and then, if it be night, One also wants a candlestick and taper."

These beautiful lines from Beattie [corrected] precisely, except the "ifs." In the vault in which I was buried, there never was any "paper" and it was always "night."

Fragrantly blew the sweet breezes of freedom around my ghostship's nostrils, and eagerly, indeed, snuffed I them, as I emerged from my sepulchre into the beams of "the calm, cold moon." But I stopped not long to inhale the zephyrs of that lovely night. Weighty considerations-and, among the rest, the unfinished state of my memoirs—lay heavily upon my conscience; and, as though I would drown thought in the very rapidity of physical motion, I fled onward until near day-break; when, quite surprised at my spirit-like swiftness, I entered a village twenty miles distant from the place of my resurrection!

Entering the main street of this quiet place, I suddenly stepped into a dark arch-way on the dark side of the street. A noise, as of some one moving within a building on the opposite side, had arrested my attention. Slowly the door openeda light, from a lamp within, escaped through the aperture, and presently was dimmed by the figure of a man in the sans culotte style of dress. yawned, looked first up the street, then down, murder, and after either, you may chance to find yawned again and retreated whence he came. yourself a troubled spirit and discover that it is Directly he returned, with a pitcher in his hand, dangerous to be abroad after the cock crows. As and walked off down the street in quest of water. to the "fix" I am in at present, if you, Mr. Edi- I explained all this to my own satisfaction without

supernatural state in which I now was quickened my perception. That young man slept in the shop of his employer, doubtless as a security against fire and thieves. Nevertheless, as young men will do, he had been out on a frolic-had

"Fill'd high the bowl with Samian wine,"

(or, it might be, mere gin, as was the case with the lordly author of that same poetry,) gone back to his shop and his bed, but not to sleep. He had tossed about until the time of which I write, when the thirst occasioned by his late debauch, drove him to the pump for the coolest draught he could get. "Such things are," as Mrs. Inchbald has it, and this was unquestionably just "such a case."

Curious to see how much, and what sort of property, was entrusted to the care of so untrustworthy a lad, while the owner lay snugly in his warm bed, dreaming of no harm in the world, I stepped lightly across the street and into the shop. I found there a very valuable stock of dry-goods, containing among other things, a quantity of ready-made clothing, hats, caps, boots and all the et ceteras. This reminded me that a change in my own attire was highly advisable, as my grave-clothes never were of the cleanest or most respectable-looking, and from all I saw I had no doubt that the owner of the shop was a respectable man and concluded I would as soon give him my custom as any one else. Supposing it must be near cock-crowing, I wasted no time, therefore, and knowing my size by the numbers, I hastily selected a full suit, including a fashionable beaver, a pair of high heeled boots and a half dozen of "ready-made linens." This I did with such care as not to disturb the appearance of the various piles of those articles, as I would not for the world have caused the erring youth who had them in charge a scolding from his employer, for their disordered state. I then hastily retreated to my former station in the dark archway, fearing that, if I remained, the dissipated youth might be greatly frightened by my unearthly appearance, which might have produced serious consequences to him, in the then disordered condition of his brain-beside which, I was a raw recruit among the disembodied, and whether I was to "appear" to him or not, I did not know. He soon returned with his pitcher full of water, save so much as he had extracted by three several draughts which he took at intervals as he came along. As he entered the shop he looked cautiously around as though afraid of something-he scarcely knew what. Probably my superhuman proximity, "though unseen, was felt" in the raw chilly air of the coming morning. He whistled a waltz, [though to the time of Old Hundred,] I supposed, by way of assuring himself he was not afraid of any thing, shut the door

very severely taxing my ingenuity-probably the | than before; for I really was fearful some mischance might befall the valuable property thus left exposed by that careless youth. As to accosting him about the little transaction I had with the house, it was useless; for he really was not in a fit state to do business. So wishing the misguided young bacchanal pleasant dreams and improved morals, ghost-like, I fled on "with the velocity of thought."

> It is due to myself to add that, like other gentlemen who patronize tradesmen, as these people are called on the other side of the Atlantic, I intend to settle the account—and, if this meets the eye of the individual to whom I am indebted as aforesaid, he is hereby informed that I will pay his draft upon me, "according to the custom of merchants," whenever I am "in funds," unless I discover, beyond all question, that ghosts are exempt from such mere earthly matters.

> Coming to the side of a creek, or rivulet, in the midst of a dense forest, I took off my grave-clothes, and after a most delightful bath in the limpid element, I used the cast off suit for towels and fleshbrush, with which necessaries, I had neglected to provide myself. I then tied them in knots, filling the interior with stones, and threw them, in mere wantonness, (for I believe I am rather a "tricky spirit,") into the deepest part of the creek. My next movement was to assume the clothes I had lately purchased, and I protest that no change ever came over me which pleased me more. No person, who had only seen me in those abominable, striped grave-clothes, would have known me. So much was my appearance that of a mere mortal of gentle blood, that I actually forgot, for a long time afterwards, that I had been foully murdered and consequently could be nought but a ghost without any blood at all.

For the next two days, my food much resembled that of St. John, bating the locusts; for it did not happen to be "locust year," though I took a turn at the "wild honey," and made out the balance with nuts and berries. On the third day, I struck a public highway, one of my few delights in this sad world, and soon after, entered a town, in a state in which it is discouraging in the extreme to enter any town, even the most hospitable. I was tired, hungry and penniless. Nevertheless, I strolled into the best hotel and had no reason to complain. The house was full of people, a political gathering of my fellow-citizens being in full blast at the time, though the hour-nine o'clock in the morning-was an unusual one for the assemblage of such a meeting. If this was strange, stranger still to me was the next information I received; for the political meeting was soon to resolve itself into a political procession, an event entirely new to me, and a mode of "doing the thing up brown," and carefully locked it. At this moment I expe- which had been invented during my lifeless state rienced a feeling of relief and breathed more freely in the tombs. There was high excitement visible

all around me : every one seemed fully occupied; | circumstance put me, at once, far ahead in my yet a good many bestowed side glances upon me and several treated me to a full stare. After a time, one good-humored looking fellow said to me,

"Well, stranger, this is good news we have by the morning's mail, eh!"

"Very," returned I; for though I knew no more of the news of the earth than the other dead chaps I had left entombed behind me, I perceived that I should soon discover all that was necessary for any purpose I might have, from the sheer desire of my new acquaintance to be agreeable and talkative.

"Old Tip runs like a skeer'd dog, don't he?" he asked in another moment.

"That he does," said I; but I was a little staggered. Who "Old Tip" was, and what on earth the man meant was more than I could fathom.

"Do you think he'll git Virginny?" asked my friend.

This was perfect Greek to me. Whether "Old Tip" was man or beast, and if the former, who "Virginny" was-whether a runaway slave, mare or cow, was entirely beyond my knowledge. therefore cautiously replied, "Perhaps he may;" which, however, was enough for my companion, who immediately rejoined

"Well-I've bet a cool hundred on it, any how. What will you lay now he don't succeed on the gineral election? I reckon I'll risk something on that."

Aha! I had a clue now, though an imperfect one, to the whole matter. Yet, what, in the name of wonder, this "Old Tip" had to do with the "gineral election" was still beyond my conjectures. Fortunately, at that moment, a negro servant entered the room, and as though willing to amuse myself with him, I turned, smilingly, and with a sort of condescending and patronizing air, to him and asked,

"Well, Cuffee, do you know who Old Tip is?" "Oh yes, massa-him Gen'el Har'son, sure."

"Good! do you know, now, why they call him Old Tip ?"

"Em say him gwine a tip ober Massa Vanburem, massa, and be president hesef-eyue!

"Well done fur the nigger!" ejaculated my betting friend-"here's a dime for you, snowball."

I was progressing slowly in earthly knowledge in this way, when in came a surly-looking human, carrying a banner on which was painted a barrel, labelled "Hard Cider," and, underneath it, the words "Hurrah for Tip and Ty!" Here was new cause of bewilderment, with a vengeance. A momentary retrospect of our national history, together with the hint I had received from the negro, gave me an idea of the derivation of "Tip;" but who the d-l was " Ty?" That was now the question. In order to avoid farther questioning until I should

"pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." The editor, in his "announcement of candidates," at the very head and front of his paper, gave their names in full in large capitals, and reading on, I discovered that those individuals had been nominated by a certain "Harrisburg Convention." Of course this was news to me, though probably old to all around me-but I had been with the dead, and "dead men tell no tales," particularly those in "solitary" tombs. I was yet in the dark as to which of the great political parties that divided the country at the time of my murder, the said Harrisburg Convention owed its being; and mechanically casting my eye at the name of the paper, I was still more confounded than ever; for it was called the "Democratic Whig!" Farther perusal of this anomalous sheet revealed to me that "Tip and Ty" were gaining one State after another with an unprecedented rapidity, which induced the belief that the two parties had united! I was however agreeably undeceived upon reading on; for I really have a preference for the life and bustle caused by popular disagreements.

My eye soon fell upon an awful lampoon upon my fellow citizen, Mr. Van-Buren, and to this followed a fiery attack upon Mr. Amos Kendall, whom I left, when I departed this life, presiding, with great gusto, over the post-office department, but who, it now appeared, edited a paper which, for its name, seemed to be "of the earth, earthy," and yet not of it! for it formed an addition to the original plan of the creation; being an "Extra Globe!" "Bless me!" I exclaimed involuntarily, "what a man loses by being dead a year or two! Alas!" I continued mentally, "the mutability of all things human! Alas, alas, for the instability of all popular predilections! How unceremoniously have my distinguished fellow-citizens, Clay, Webster and White been laid upon the shelf, while other whigs, whose names that great party scarcely knew two years since, are thus crowned lords of the ascendant!" N'importe, as my grandfather, French, used to say, it was so and could'nt be altered. not stem the current. I could not hush the tremendous vox populi now, whatever I might have done had my life been spared; and all that lay before me was to go with "the masses" in accordance with a long cherished and fast abiding principle with me; of which, "more anon."

I now, at all events, understood the state of affairs around me, as they say out west, "tolerable well:" but I was perplexed on another subject, a "collateral issue," as my fellow-citizens of the bar have it. I had always "acted with" the party of which Messrs. Van Buren and Kendall were leaders; though, in fact, I have some slight recollection of opposing a measure or two originating with know more, I turned from my too familiar new ac- the latter gentleman, when he was post-masterquaintance and took up a newspaper, and this very general. It was in relation to the mail taking some

of his new routes: and I have an indistinct conviction of having, by violent personal exertion, caused a temporary suspension of those obnoxious regulations; but I bore Mr. K. no malice on that account. Yet Jeremy Bentham's notion of going in for "the greatest good of the greatest number" is a first principle with me, and to carry it out, instead of railing at the counter notions of the majority who never can see into the views of their best friends, but always will go upon the principle of "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost," I go with them; because, though history has never furnished any proof of the fact, yet it stands to reason, that the "greatest number" must know best what is likely to produce the "greatest good." But at the time of which I write, with such lights as I had before me, it was exceedingly difficult to determine where the greatest number were, which was, of course, confoundedly perplexing to a man of my peculiar principles.

Well, the upshot of the matter was, I resolved to let circumstances govern me, notwithstanding they are little to be depended upon, and in that instance they made a Harrisonian of me in about a quarter of an hour. Circumstances are generally physical, rather than mental, whatever may be their effects, and as the moving cause of my conversion to the Harrison faith was an empty stomach, so I might become anti-Harrison upon a full one; there was no telling.

An aid to the "marshal of the day" now came in, and calling the attention of the audience, read in a loud voice, the "order of the day." The "procession" was to form at 10 o'clock, and the "order of the procession" was then promulgated. First, there was to be "the marshal, on horseback"then "the Tippecanoe clubs" from here, there and all over; then the "distinguished strangers," &c., &c., and, as usual, the rear was to be brought up by "citizens, generally." This body was to march to some place, "where seats would be provided for the ladies," and was "to be addressed by Messrs." A. B. C. D. and the rest of the alphabet, and after the exercises of the day, to partake of "a free barbecue, upon the ground;" then,—but I had heard enough, and heard no more. Heavens! how my very bowels yearned towards the whigs! a barbecue! and a free one! My fate was sealed, my doom (for a time) fixed! I had not eaten bread or meat in forty-eight hours and-I went over! Some of "the party with which I had acted" would have said I was bribed. It would have been injustice to me. I was hungry and fellowed an instinct of my nature. But how was I to get into the procession and thus get a share of the barbecue? I could not go among the "citizens generally;" it was too ignoble a station, besides which, it was but a small town I was in, and of course all "the citizens" knew each other. Good! it flashed upon me like chain lightning! the "distinguished strangers!"

There, I had a right to be unknown; it pleased my eccentric nature; it fired every drop of aristocratic blood in my veins.

I immediately went to the bar, registered myself "Col. John Smith-state of New-York," and awaited, with no little inward impatience, though with an outward seeming of indifference, the formation of the procession. When it did form, I fell into the ranks of the "distinguished strangers" as naturally as could be. GENIUS is infallible in recognizing its kind! As I stepped into that bright galaxy, "a lone, particular star," I gently raised my new hat and allowed the cool breeze to fan my flowing locks from my expansive forehead. It was enough: the other distingués knew I was one of their number as by intuition, and many and gracious were the nods I received. I felt that this was nothing more than my due. Though the world know it not, true greatness is never mistaken in itself, and with a stately air, I replaced my beaver, deigning no word to any individual, save one. He was a member of Congress I had seen in the house. Calling him familiarly by name, he shook hands, almost as familiarly, and tendered me his arm with an air of great condescension, which I took in the same way. We great men are often apparently friendly, when we inwardly feel the disgust for each other, common to rivals in anything else; so artificial and heartless is society in the upper circles.

"Upon my soul," said he, "I cannot recall your name."

"Smith," said I, haughtily—"we were introduced by Jones."

"Ah, true," he replied with a vacant look. But it was not true, though to inquire farther would, of course, not do for a man who had, in a long public career, come in contact with forty Messieurs Smith and Jones whom he had, in fact, forgotten, but whom it would never do for him or his popularity to appear to have forgotten.

[To be continued in next number.]

THE GRAVE OF THE BARD.

By the Author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," "Richard Hurdis," &c.

I.

Low sleeps the Bard; no stone above his rest, Far in the unbroken forests of the West; No Pilgrim seeks the spot with generous care, With flow'rs the grassy hillock to repair.

IĮ.

But far in happiest homes; fond hearts are stirr'd, With sweetest woes, whene'er his song is heard; While memories that embalm the name they keep, Even while they murmur his, in homage weep.

Well they remember, with rebuking sense, How great his toil, how small his recompense, How lone he lived, unhonor'd 'till he died, A people's scorn in life, in death their pride!

W. G. S.

To the Editor of the Sou. Lit. Messenger.

Dear Sir,—Upon perusal you will at once perceive that the enclosed lines have been suggested by Lord Byron's beautiful stanzas, entitled "On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year," and that the Poet's metre has likewise been adopted. Trusting this may not render me obnoxious to the charge of being a Copyist, although there is no one, who might not be proud of such a model, I send you my humble effort for publication.

Yours respectfully,

THE AUTHOR.

ON COMPLETING MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

"The worm, the canker and the grief Are mine alone."—Byron.

I.

No, Byron! not alone were thine
"The worm, the canker and the grief;"
Hope's blighted harvest too, is mine—
Its shatter'd sheaf.

H.

Not thine alone the searching fire, Nor thine alone the gnawing care— The bosom's fierce, consuming pyre 'Tis mine to share.

III.

Thy Genius was a blazing star
That sparkled thro' the storm of Life,
Nor paled amidst Hate's ruthless war,
Nor dimm'd in Strife.

IV.

In that indeed, thou wert alone;—
Detraction battled there in vain,
Its shafts fell hurtless one by one
As drops of rain.

37

Alas! an unskill'd swimmer, I,
On Time's broad waters helpless cast,
Whose billows sweep all reckless by
To swell the Past.

Vſ.

No struggling Greece exists for me—
No Land that nerves my arm to save—
No country shricking to be free,
Affords a Grave.

VII.

Ah, no! "unhonored and unknown,"
"Tis mine to breathe beneath a shroud:—
Byron! tis I who am alone

Amidst the crowd.

VIII.

No verdure decks my bosom's gloom;
A blast hath swept each springing hope;
No joys for me now bud and bloom,
But wither'd droop.

IX.

Fate! grant it but to me to twine

A wreath like that the Bard hath weav'd,—
To fan one apark on memory's shrine
To tell I liv'd;

X.

H. M.

Task me to climb the cliff of Fame,
'Whate'er the risk—however high,
And let me there inscribe my name—
"Twere sweet to die.

Richmond, 1843.

GRAVE-YARDS

AND THE CONGRESSIONAL BURIAL GROUND IN WASE-INGTON.

BY G. WATTERSTON.

There are moments when the mind sinks into a state of gloom and melancholy-when the excitements and charms of society lose their power and become dull and vapid, and we feel that we are but cyphers in the beautiful world which surrounds us. It is at such moments, that a solitary stroll amid the repositories of the dead becomes a source of melancholy pleasure, and we look upon the allurements of the world with indifference, and regard its fascinations with apathy. When we cast a glance over the mouldering dead beneath us, the reflection that "to this savor we must also come at last" strikes us with appalling energy, and we feel the truth and force of Solomon's exclamation, "all, all is vanity." Who can sit upon the grave of a beloved parent, on whose bosom he was nurtured and in whose arms he has been so often borne and carressed, and not feel, while the delicious associations of infancy rush upon his mind, that he, too, is hastening to that "undiscovered country," must sleep the long sleep of death, become a "kneaded clod," and quit all he once loved and all that once gave him delight, to repose, perhaps, amid the very mouldering heaps over which his eye now pensively wanders. But who can gaze upon the tomb of the sweet child of his affections-or of her whose very being was entwined in the cords of his heart, whose voice was music to his ear and whose embrace was rapture to his heart, and not feel that the world, beautiful as it is and "all that it inherits" are but a fitful and sickly dream, the poor "fabric of a vision."

"Life's little stage is a small eminence, Inch high the grave alove, that home of man, Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around; We read their monuments; we sigh; and while We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplored, Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot."

The occupant of the palace and the inmate of the cottage; the prince and the beggar, the elevated and the obscure sink alike into "cold obstruction," and the deep and eternal silence of the grave.

"We are shadows," says Pindar, "and the dreams of shadows are all that our fancies imagine." The decree has gone forth that dusty death, after life's fitful fever is past, must be the lot of man. All his greatness and glory and power are but the ignes fatui of living corruption—meteors that blaze for a moment and then disappear forever in the long night of death. The grave is his last resting place, where terminate the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears—the cares and pleasures of his mortal existence. "O eloquent, just and mightie death," says Sir Walter Raleigh, "thou hast drawn together

all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruel- ashes of the sinner, or the saint, that lays under it, ties and ambition of man, and covered it all over one consolation still remains; for though

"An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave, Legions of angels can't confine me there."

But after all, according to Sir Thomas Brown, "man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, and not omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature." There are few who do not wish to leave behind them a name, the memory of something they have done while in life that may save them from oblivion. It is, however, but a poor and frigid ambition. The great mass of mankind must be as though they never had been, and will be found in the register of God and not in the records of man. "Divinity is the dream and folly of expectation." Few of those who once filled the world with the fame of their deeds are now remembered by the present race of man. Look at the memorials of the dead in the burial-ground in which we are now musing, where repose in eternal silence the remains of those who once figured on the stage of human life and made admiring senates hang with wonder and rapture on the eloquence which flowed from their lips. How many of these are now remembered? The eye coldly glances over the brief mementos on their tombs, and turns away with indifference to rest on some equally forgotten name.

More sola fatetur Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.

We drop a tear over the graves of those we once loved; it is a melancholy tribute to buried affection; but the rest of the world look upon them as upon a mouldering heap of earth. We, too, soon pass away and mingle our ashes with the forgotten dead-and even our marble tombs are consumed by the corroding tooth of Time, that edax rerum, the insatiable devourer of all created things. "We are fallen," says the eloquent Jeremy Taylor, "from our privilege, and are returned to the condition of beasts and buildings and common things; and we are temples defiled unto the ground, and they die by sacrilege; and great empires die by their own plenty and ease, full humors and factious subjects, and huge buildings fall by their own weight, and the violence of many winters, eating and consuming the cement which is the marrow of their bones; and Princes die, like the meanest of their servants, and every thing finds a grave and a tomb, and the very tomb itself dies by the bigness of its pompousness and luxury,

> - " Phario nutantia pondera saxo Quæ cinere vanus dat ruitura labor." " Nor time destroys the mouldering corps alone, But e'en the Mausoleum's Parian stone,"

and is now forgotten in his bed of darkness." with these two narrow words—Hic jacet." Yet Knowing, as we do, that such must be the end of all earthly things, how vain and empty must appear all the fame and glory and wealth of this world! Instead of seeking the "bauble reputation" and the honors which genius or knowledge or gallantry can bestow, it is true wisdom to seek only, in this scene of probationary trial, to be prepared for that inevitable event which awaits all living things.

> - Alas! for all We so much doat on, and wherein we trust, Are melting shadows, flowers that fade and fall. Landscapes on water, records traced in dust.

There is, perhaps, too much neglect shown in the grave-yards of our country. We are too apt to forget those who have left the busy scenes of life, or too much occupied with the cares of the world, to think of the last resting-places of the dead. It was not thus among the Greeks and nations of antiquity, nor is it thus among some of the modern nations of Europe. The Greeks, the creatures of genius and sensibility, ornamented their cemeteries with tombs, trees and flowers, and visited them frequently, with feelings of the deepest veneration and respect. Though placed on the highways and unenclosed, they were held sacred, and no one presumed or dared to violate the sanctuaries of the dead. To bury within the walls of cities was strictly prohibited by the Greek and Roman laws, and the Emperor, Constantine, was the first who introduced the custom of interring in temples, churches, &c. Being the founder of the church where he was buried, he thought himself entitled to this privilege, and his example was soon followed by the bishops, and afterwards by all who had enriched the church. Its effects, however, were found to be so deleterious to the health of the living that the custom was finally abolished. The Greeks and Romans would not even allow too many bodies to be deposited in one grave or tomb. from a respect for the dead as well as regard for the health of the living. The former honored their dead by public festivals, called Nemesia, during which, they repaired in crowds to the burial place of their deceased relatives and friends, to lament their loss, and dwell in sad remembrance on their virtues and kindness. The females tore out their long hair, an ornament to which they were particularly attached—and cast it upon the graves of their parents and relatives, strewed over them garlands of the lily, jessamine, rose and myrtle, and perfumed the tombs and grave-stones with sweet ointments-

> Why do we precious ointments shower, Noble wines why do we pour, Beauteous flowers why do we spread, Upon the monuments of the dead?—Anacreon.

The ancient Greeks ornamented their burialand becomes as friable and uncombined dust as the grounds with cypress and elm, and the modern

[November,

Greeks and Armenians pursue the same custom: |24 feet-and in Fonteregall church-yard, in Scot-And these elms, after a long succession of ages, have formed, in their cemeteries, the most delightful groves, through which it is a source of melancholy pleasure to rove.

In Europe, from the remotest antiquity and among the oriental nations of the present age, the elm has been selected to ornament the repositories of the dead, as the most appropriate symbol of sorrow. It is preferred because it bears no fruit and affords a fine shade—and should, with the cypress, be introduced into burial-grounds, in those parts of our country where they will flourish. The cypress,

Fidele ami des morts, protecteur de leur cendre,

has in every age, and almost in every country, been cultivated as the symbol of mourning. classical reader will recollect that Cyparissus, the favorite of Apollo, was transformed into this tree, from the sorrow he indulged, in consequence of having accidentally killed a cherished stag of the god.

> "Apollo sad looked on and sighing cried, Then be forever what thy prayer implied, Bemoan'd by me, in others grief excite, And still preside at every fun'ral rite."

The Turks, who plant this tree in their graveyards, believe that the nature of its growth indicates the condition of the souls of their departed friends. The arbor vitæ is another funereal tree, and gives, by its sombre appearance, a pleasing effect to grave-yard scenery. But in England, the most common and gloomy ornament of cemeteries is the sacred yew, so often sung by poets-

Beneath those rugged elms, the yew trees' shade, Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap. Gray.

This tree was originally planted in grave-yards, because it is an evergreen and a symbol of immortality. Its dark foliage, long duration and outspreading branches render it a fit companion for the mouldering dead and give solemnity to grave-yard scenes-

Cheerless, unsocial plant that loves to dwell 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms, &c.

Ainsworth has given a happy description of this tree.

A noxious tree is the church-yard yew, As if from the dead its sap it drew; Dark are its branches and dismal to see, Like plumes at death's latest solemnity. Spectral and jagged and black as wings Which some spirit of ill o'er a sepulchre flings: Oh! a terrible tree is the church-yard yew, Like it there is nothing so ghastly to view.

The English yew attains to a great elevation.

land, there is one which measured 56 feet in circumference. The people of that country held it sacred and were accustomed to carry its branches, in solemn procession, to the graves of their departed friends, and deposit them under their bodies. Camden relates a singular story of a yew tree in a village called Horton, in Yorkshire, to which a priest had suspended the head of a young woman, which he had barbarously cut off in consequence of not being able to move her to compliance. lage afterwards became so great a resort for strangers, that buildings had to be yearly erected for their accommodation, and thus originated the great manufacturing town of Halifax, or Holy Hair, fax being used on the other side of Trint to signify hair. The gloomy aspect and peculiar properties of this tree seemed to fit it for the repositories of the dead. It is said that plants will die in its shade, and if any one sleeps under its branches his head becomes affected and he feels violently ill. It was with a branch of the yew that Tell formed his bow, with which he dispatched the tyrant of his country, and in Switzerland the peasants still retain a great veneration for it, and call it "William's bow." "The yew tree," says an English writer, "seems to address us thus: Fly sorrow! it cankers the heart as I exhaust the earth that affords me nourishment. Sorrow is as dangerous to man as my shadow is to the traveller." As this tree, however, does not grow in this country, it can, of course, never become a grave-yard ornament. But the silver fir might be a substitute, and is, moreover, a beautiful tree, with deep green leaves, silvery beneath. The finest burial ground ornament, however, and at the same time, the most beautiful emblem of affection and tenderness is the rose-

> - "the sweetest flower, That ever drank the amber shower."

This shrub was early used for this purpose by the Greeks and Romans, who frequently made it their dying request that roses should be yearly planted and strewed upon their graves.

Et tenera poneret ossa rosa.

They believed that it had the power to preserve the dead. Anacreon thus sings its praise-

> "The rose distills a healing balm, The beating pulse of pain to calm; Preserves the cold inurned clay, And mocks the vestige of decay : And when, at length, in pale decline, Its florid beauties fade and pine, Sweet, as in youth, its balmy breath Diffuses odor e'en in death !"

The Turks sculpture a rose on the tombs of all married ladies, and in Poland the coffins of children are covered with these beautiful flowers, hap-In the church-yard of Aberysturth, there are, says pily denominated by the poets the daughters of Phillips, eleven yew trees, the largest of which is heaven, the ornament of the earth and the glory

of spring. la Chaise, they have reserved the fine old custom of planting flowers on the graves of their departed friends, a custom which, as it tends to strip death and the grave of some of their gloom and terror, should be adopted by every nation. How pleasing must it be to see the hand of filial affection, or parental love, thus employed in decorating and beautifying the spot, where the ashes of a tender mother, or a beloved child, repose. It is a spectacle that must charm the feelings of the most callous and excite the admiration of the most thoughtless. In this particular Pere la Chaise furnishes an example worthy of imitation. "It is impossible," says Phillips, speaking of this celebrated cemetery, "to visit this vast sanctuary of the dead, where the rose and the cypress encircle each tomb, or the arbor vitæ and eglantine shade the marble obelisk, without feeling a solemn, yet sweet and soothing emotion steal over the senses as we wander over the variegated scene of hill and dale, columns and temples interspersed with luxuriant flowering shrubs and fragrant herbs that seem to defy the most profane hand to pluck them. We ascended," he continues, "the height, where our attention was attracted with the most odorous white flowers, such as the orange blossoms, jessamine, myrtle and white rose. At each corner stood white porcelain vases, filled with similar flowers, all of pure white; the whole was covered with a fence of wire work, and the monument was without a name and had only this simple and pathetic inscription:

'Fille cherie-avec toi mes beaux jours sont passés.'

We were told that the afflicted parent still continued to indulge in the sad duty of replenishing the grave with fresh flowers at the earliest opening of the gates of this melancholy garden of graves."* Such should ever be the attention paid by the living to the last resting places of the dead. Decorated by the hand of affection and taste, the grave-yard would become the resort of those who love to indulge in solemn and salutary meditation, and tend to strip the grave of some of its horrors. It has been beautifully said by one, speaking of the Mount Auburn cemetery-" The weeping willow, waving its graceful drapery over the monumental marble, and the sombre foliage of the cypress should shade; the undying daisy should mingle its bright and glowing tints with the native laurels of our forest. It is there I would desire to see the taste of the florist manifested in the collection and arrangement of beautiful and fragrant flowers that, in their budding and bloom and decay, they should be the silent and expressive teachers of morality and remind us that, although, like the flowers of autumn, the race of man is fading from off the earth, yet, like them, his root will not perish in the ground; but will rise again in a renewed existence to shed

In the romantic burial ground of *Pere*, the sweet influence of a useful life in gardens of hey have reserved the fine old custom unfading beauty."*

The following description of the Congressional burial-ground is taken from a work written by the writer of this article, and published in 1842. I can add but little to it. This cemetery is under the direction of the vestry of Christ Church in Washington and was formerly called "The Washington Parish Burial-Ground." It was first projected in the year 1807 by a few of the respectable inhabitants of the eastern part of the city of various denominations, who selected the site of the cemetery and put the price of the lots so low that the most humble were enabled to provide graves for themselves and their families. After the amount expended, in the purchase of the land and the improvements which had been made, was reimbursed, the cemetery was placed, as above stated, under the direction of the vestry of Christ Church, which was an incorporated body. This cemetery is situated about a mile and a half east of the capitol and embraces an area of about ten acres, surrounded by a substantial brick wall, with two handsome gateways leading into the cemetery, through which run several fine avenues and smaller walks, ornamented with trees and shrubs that are now beginning to give it a gardenesque appearance. The site of this burial-ground has been most judiciously chosen. It commands a fine view of the surrounding country and the Anacostea river which flows at a short distance below it, and which, in a calm summer evening, when the water is still and placid, reflects from its glassy bosom the beautiful landscape on the opposite side of the river. A spacious and tastefully constructed general receivingvault stands on the western avenue. It was erected by the order of Congress for the reception of the dead, for whom graves may not have been prepared, or whose bodies are subsequently to be removed to some other place of interment. vault is surrounded by a neat iron railing: the front is of free stone, the door of iron-the arch, forming the roof of the vault, is covered with green sward, with grass of luxuriant growth, and the area within the iron railing ornamented with shrubbery. Bodies are allowed to be kept in the vault for two months, after which they must be removed for interment. This course is frequently adopted by families and strangers who have no vaults, to prevent those outrages which are sometimes committed in other cities, upon the dead, by resurrectionists. The body of Gen. Harrison reposed in this vault for some time before it was conveyed to its final resting-place on the banks of the Ohio. In one instance, however, the body of a distinguished citizen was suffered to remain for upwards of ten months, in expectation that a tomb, or monument, which his friends had promised to erect, would be prepared for its reception. This was the

whose memory his friends and the members of the bar had agreed to erect a monument, provided his family would consent to permit him to be buried in this cemetery. But this pledge, as in the case of Washington and Marshall, has never been redeemed, and the remains of the illustrious WIRT were finally thrown into an obscure grave to moulder with the forgotten dead around him.

In the south-west angle of this cemetery, the eye rests upon a broken marble shaft, which indicates the spot where the remains of the brave Brown repose. It is simple, but expressive-

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

What thrilling events does not this mute memorial of the dead recall! How exultingly did the mind once dwell upon the heroic actions of Brown, and glory in the gallantry and patriotic devotion of the American army. But these, too, are fast passing away from the memory of their countrymen, and the succeeding generation will know them only from the page of history. Yet still,

"The good, the learn'd, the generous and the just, Leave something of their glory in their dust."

In the north-east corner of this burial-ground, stand two neat marble monuments erected to the memory of men who once filled a large space in the public mind, George Clinton and Elbridge GERRY, who died in this city while in the discharge of their official duties as Vice Presidents of the United States. These are at present the principal monuments in this cemetery. Almost in a line with these and also on the western side, ranging from north to south, are the tombs of such members of Congress as have died at the seat of government, and been buried at the public expense. They are built of free or sand stone painted white; each has four panels, on one of which are engraved in black letters, the name, age, time of death, &c. of the deceased, and is topped with a small pyramid. A brick wall is formed at the bottom of the grave, in which a rich mahogany coffin, decorated with plated escutcheons and containing the body of the deceased member, is deposited, and over which a brick arch is thrown and the whole surmounted by the very plain and rather tasteless tomb of which I have spoken. Some more beautiful design might be substituted without adding much to the expense and the material should be marble instead of the very ordinary sandstone of which they are now constructed. As a burial-ground, great architectural might be united to fine horticultural taste and thus form a retreat to which the stranger, as well as the citizen, would feel a melancholy pleasure in repairing to tranquillize the agitations of feeling and passion, while meditating in solitude amid the silent repositories of the dead.

body of the eloquent author of the British Spy, to Congress has assembled in this city, there have not been more than forty interments of its members. Two of those were buried in a rural churchyard a few miles from Washington, having died in the infancy of the city, when no public burialground existed. The remains of these were transferred, a few years ago, by order of Congress, to this cemetery and interred among those who had been previously buried here. After this lapse of time, but little could be found of what once constituted the bodies of men who had, perhaps, while in being, been gifted with physical beauty, and who had been animated with all the hopes and joys and pleasures of life. All had mouldered away, except a few bones which were collected together and deposited among those who had subsequently sunk into the long sleep of death, and been honored with a public funeral and all the "sable mockery of wo." But here repose the statesman, the orator and the warrior, the distinguished and the obscure.

> " And all that beauty, all that worth e'er gave" alike crumble into and mingle with the common elements from which they sprang. Among those who "lie in cold obstruction" in this burial-ground are two, who, wearied with the world, or in a fit of frenzy, sought the repose of the grave. They are honored with the same memorial as those who had the courage to live out their term of life on earth, and their dust commingles with that of the mighty dead around them. De mortuis nil nisi bonum is not always a correct maxim. The vices as well as the virtues of the dead should be recorded as examples to be shunned, or imitated, by the living. "Censure," says the author of the life of Dr. Young, "is not heard beneath the tomb any more than praise. De mortuis nil nisi verum-De vivis nil nisi bonum, would approach, perhaps, much nearer to good sense."

> While strolling through this cemetery, one cannot but exclaim-

"How populous, how vital is the grave! This is creation's melancholy vault; The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom, The land of apparition's empty shades; All, all on earth is shadow."

*Among the Egyptians there was a singular tribunal, called the Tribunal of the Dead. It consisted of forty-two judges, and held its sessions usually upon the banks of a lake. Accusation was free to all, but whoever sought to tarnish the life, or injure the character of a virtuous man, was severely punished. If the decision of the court was favorable, a boat received the coffin to conduct it to the eternal dwelling of silence. The houses were filled with mummies, and it sometimes happened that the dead were not judged till long after death. The tribunal was placed on the boundaries of life to grant the rites of sepulture to virtue and refuse it to vice-a tribunal before which kings themselves made their appearance, who could not avert the awful decision even by the corruption of despotism, which paralyzes every virtue but obedience. The hope of a future reward and the fear of a future punishment might be aided in their operation by the certainty of the honor, or disgrace, In the course of forty-three years, during which which awaited the dead even in this world.

But a few years have clapsed since this spot was oovered with a primeval forest, the haunt of the savage, the lurking place of the wild beast; and now how populous with the dead I the last abiding place of those who once fascinated and led the mind captive by their eloquence—who charmed the eye with the splendor of their beauty, or excited admiration by their bravery and patriotism. Here rests, too, the body of the Indian warrior, whose last wish was, that the big guns might be fired over him to waft his spirit in triumph to the region where wander the souls of his fathers. Pushmataha's wish was gratified and a tomb has been erected over his body to indicate that he was the friend of the white man. Would that it could be said, that the white man has always been the friend of the Indian. This brave son of the forest died as he had lived—the lofty and fearless warrior and, like Outaliassi, he

> "Would not stain with grief The death song of an Indian chief."

The rude child of Nature and the polished occupant of the drawing room—the Demosthenes of the Senate and the humble laborer of the field the old and decrepit, and the young and beautiful, repose together in the bosom of their common mother. What a leveller is death! But

"Were death denied, to live would not be life, Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die."

Those who have the superintendence and management of this interesting burial-ground have done much, aided by appropriations by Congress, to beautify and improve it. A convenient brick lodge, or edifice, has been erected near the western wall for the accommodation of the sexton. Avenues and walks have been laid out, gravelled and ornamented with appropriate trees and flowering shrubs. The tree of heaven, the Babylonian willow, the elm, linden, silver poplar, cedar, fir, &c. are beginning to afford shade and give beauty to this cemetery. The arbor vitæ, rose, calicanthus, myrtle, &c. are also planted and nourished by the hand of affection and tenderness. Several neat and substantial private vaults and mausoleums have been erected within a few years, at considerable cost and exhibiting no little taste; and though this cemetery may not be compared at present to Pere la Chaise, or Mount Auburn, there is no other burial-ground in this country superior to it in beauty of site, the neatness, cleanliness and arrangement of the grounds, or the number, and, in a few cases, the beauty of its monuments and tombs.

Washington.

The principles of great men illuminate the whole universe above and below. The principles of the superior man commence with the duties of common men and women, but in their highest extent they illuminate the universe—Confucius.

THE BLAND PAPERS.

Being a selection from the M. S. S. of COLONEL THEODO-BICK BLAND, Jr., of Prince George County, Va.; to which are prefixed an introduction, and a memoir of Colonel Bland. Clarorum virorum facta moresque posterie tradere. Tacitus. Edited by CHARLES CAMPBELL. Petersburg, Edmund and Julian C. Ruffin, 1940 and 43.

This is a Virginia book, in its matter, its Editor and its publication, and on this account it might be supposed that we would commend it. It does not follow that we should necessarily praise a Virginia book; but we confess that our desire to witness any exhibition of literary spirit and enterprise amongst us would tend greatly to blunt our "critical acumen;" whilst some may have neglected and others abused it for no better reason than that it is such.

The first volume of these "Papers" was offered to the Public in 1840; but, not being aided by inflated puffs, nor preceded by any descriptions of the illumination about to visit the Literary world, it did not receive the attention which it most justly merited. At that time, we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the persevering Editor, and sympathizing with his tastes and hopes, soon felt an interest in the success of his work. The publication of the second volume depended somewhat upon the reception with which the first met; but the second, which we had the honor of then reading in M. S., was far more interesting and would greatly tend to introduce the first to the reading community. At length, the diligence and perseverance of Mr. Campbell have overcome every obstacle and the whole work, two volumes in one, is now offered to the Public, in a plain, unpretending form and at a very reduced price.

Sometime since, a harsh and not very liberal critique upon "the Bland Papers" appeared in the Boston Post. The Editor very summarily despatched it, by asking who Colonel Bland was, pronouncing him too little known to fame for his writings to be interesting to the public, declaring the work dull reading, perhaps without testing its quality, and ridiculing one short sentence, nay, one word, in the introduction. Whether a work of less historical, or literary merit, issued from the Northern press, with its usual appliances, would not have received a very different notice from that Editor must be left to conjecture. Certainly we hear much of the reminiscences of the "olden time," of Bunkerhill and Lexington, which are no less interesting to us; and the praises of many secondary characters in the glorious struggle for Independence are proclaimed in no measured terms, by our Northern neighbors. If there be any interest in the lives and writings, as we believe there certainly is, of any of the actors in the past scenes of our country's history, besides the first and foremost, then must Colonel Bland's claims be acknowledged. By the testimony of Washington himself, zeal for his country, from boyhood to death.

With too many, these are the days of the intense in every thing. Tragedy must be very tragic; comedy very comic; humor must wear the broadest of grins; and when the distortions of nature and the dimensions of mouth and face prove too small, a Cruikshank, or some almanack engraver, makes up the deficiency. Tales must be very thrilling; Biography very graphic, its subject very magnificent,-and Great men must be exceedingly grand to attract attention. Picture books, too, must be very pictured, even to the hundred, or two, illustrations a volume; or three engravings the number and a print of the fashions besides.

A steam-glance is all that too many give to any thing, and hence every expedient is resorted to of catching it, by "brilliant attraction," "unprecedented novelty," or something of the kind. the useful and agreeable, and even the pure and improving, are often overlooked in the eagerness to see something astounding and rare. There are many, however, who act more wisely and evince a better taste. Indeed, the present state of things The sober and reflecting class can not endure. will increase. The seekers after the intense will decrease; and a better taste will lead to a purer supply of intellectual food.

Of those who figure upon the stage of life, very few can occupy the first positions; and to bestow praise or attention upon these alone would rob ambition of its stimulus, aspiration of its wings, hope of its pleasures, and effort of its reward. And how can the characters of the "foremost" be properly unfolded without introducing many subordinate actors, to give connection and even interest to them? How would it do to perform only the parts of Hamlet and Othello and omit the other persons of the Drama! Yet there is a limit to the introduction of secondary characters to the Public, which must depend upon their position and influence and the incidents of their lives. We must, therefore, inquire who Colonel Bland was, what actions give an interest to his life and what merit his "papers" pos-**203**5.

He was the son of a Virginia gentleman, Theodorick Bland, Sr.-was nearly connected, (by the marriage of his grandfather Robert Bolling to Jane Rolfe,) with the celebrated Pochahontas and was the uncle of John Randolph of Roanoke, the distinguished Orator. At an early age he was sent to England to be educated and spent ten years there in pursuing his academical studies at the place where Goldsmith's vicar lived, and his medical at Edinburgh. Whilst abroad he had a friend and afford a home for his family, after his death. one of whose letters, it seems that Virginia hams

he was no inefficient actor; and these "Papers" | my wife's thanks, for your kind present of hams prove his purity of purpose, his noble and devoted and peach brandy; both were very good." Master Bland seems to have been very studious: we are presented with a poetical translation of one of Virgil's eclogues; and notes, theses and other productions, upon medicine and other subjects, in Latin and English, were found amongst his papers.-He makes his devotion to study an excuse in a letter to his father, for not writing oftener. Whilst at Edinburgh, he enjoyed a privilege, which the philanthropy of modern days would by no means allow. He wrote to his father to send him a "negro boy, about 13 or 14 years old," who "will be very convenient in shaving, dressing and making fires, besides several other things which I can have him taught." Accordingly, "Tom" was sent over (with a parcel of hominy and directions for cooking it,) and Mr. John Bland, a quaker merchant of London thus writes concerning him, "I shall be glad to hear Tom gets well down. He is a fine boy; but I fear will elope from thee; and indeed I cannot but wish he had stayed in Virginia, where he might most probably have made a good servant." A London quaker now "might most probably" persuade Tom to elope.

At Wakefield, Arthur Lee was his fellow student; and at Edinburgh there were five others from Virginia, viz., Drs. Field, Lee, Blair, Gilmer and Bankhead, whom we had the pleasure of knowing when we were a boy. These medical students drew up a petition, which is in the hand writing of Dr. Bland, to the House of Burgesses, to enact Laws not to permit any but those regularly licensed to practise medicine in the Colony. To this day, there is no such wholesome statute, whilst Attornies at Law are subjected, or are required to be, to a strict examination, either by judges, or college Professors, though their ignorance may be less injurious and is more likely to be exposed. ardor of these young gentlemen, in endeavoring to improve the science of medicine in the Colony, is highly commendable, and seems still to actuate many members of that honorable and useful profession, in this State and this City, who has her flourishing medical College and her medical Society.

In 1764 or 5, Dr. Bland returned to Virginia and entered upon the practice of medicine, which he pursued assiduously for seven years. During this period, he married Martha Dangerfield of the Northern Neck of Va., a daughter of one of the most respectable and influential families in the State. His constitution was not robust and the fatigues of the profession were so great, that in 1771, he thought of retiring, and purchasing a farm, which would patron in Mr. Charles Goore of Liverpool, from his parents so warmly opposed the scheme, that the confidence between them was somewhat interrupted, were celebrated as far back as 1758. He writes for awhile. When his country demanded his services, to Theodorick Bland, Sr., "you have mine and his longings for repose were all forgotten; and "he, who in 1771 was fondly meditating a life of peaceful seclusion, and sighing for some sequestered,
Abyssinnian happy valley, (that common phantasm
of youthful imagination,) was destined in a few
years, to take an active part in the revolution that
ensued, and to be, from the commencement of the
war to the close of his life, either in the military
or civil department, almost continually occupied in
the public service." When the first blood flowed
in the contest at Lexington, Dr. Bland, more patriotic than Mr. Cooper, who is very much averse
to its being called the "Battle of Lexington," celebrated it in a poem, as the Editor justly remarks,
"rather distinguished for its patriotic than its poetical merit."

Next, we find Dr. Bland amongst the twenty-four gentlemen, who removed the arms from the palace of Lord Dunmore at Williamsburg, whose names, with a list of the arms and of those who guarded the carts, are in his own hand writing. Lord Dunmore seems to have excited his strongest indignation, and was rather roughly handled by him in two phillipics over the name of Cassius, from one of which we make the following extracts:

"MY LORD.

"I think it is now high time to take a retrospect of your conduct, and show you the miry and filthy paths through which you have plunged, while the sun has been shedding his benign influence on this continent, and performing his annual circuit. About this time last year your lordship returned from your Indian expedition, with your brows encircled with unmerited laurels; for, however ready and willing this gratefull and loyal country was to crown you with her applause, she has too well learnt since your lordship's motives for undertaking that expedition, and your lordship's ainister practices with those you were pleased to denominate a barbarous and savage enemy; and too well does she know what secret compunctions your lordship felt at the noble exertions of that brave handfull of men whose prowess, contrary to your expectations, and unexpected by your lordship's valor, in one day * put a period to what your lordship hoped might prove a long, bloody, and expensive Indian war. Can we doubt your lordship's humanity, when we reflect that, while the laurel was yet green on your noble brow, we saw the arts practised with the Indian hostages, to incense them against the inhabitants of this colony, which your lordship then governed, as your proud master's representative; when we remember that you artfully delayed to ratify, and wantonly broke, a treaty entered into with that people, as far as your lordship's cunning reach'd. that they might still have a color for renewing hostilities with us, or our neighboring colonies?

"You cannot forget, my lord, with what a secret pleasure you issued your vice-royal edict to sow dissensions between this colony and Pennsylvania, and, in your viceroyal person, proclaimed war against that province, after haughtily rejecting terms of accommodation offer'd by that province, and this, by-the-by, is a small specimen of y'r favorite kinsman's ruling maxim, 'divide et impera.'

"Your lordship's next exploit, as if you scorn'd the idea of an unfinished character, show'd you at once the publick betrayer of a people, by robbing them of the means of

* Battle of Point Pleasant.

their defence, and the dark and mean assassin; shall I add further, that your lordship was so lost to every sense of honor, that you openly prostituted that sacred word to cover your black purpose, and sullied that jewel of the British peerage to give currency to a lye. My lord, I deal not in slander; I appeal to your own words, in your answer given to the address of the corporation of Williamsburg, when they waited on you concerning the powder your lordship stole. I must now beg leave to remind your lordship of your conduct, with respect to a poor unhappy set of beings, whose lot draws compassion from every good man: I mean the negroes. We cannot forget with what avidity your lordship soon after your arrival here purchased a considerable number of these unfortunate people, nor have they forgot with what rigidity your lordship treated those which fell into your hands, until your lordship first entertained the happy thought of making them subservient to your lust of power and passion; 'twas then your excellency began to relax your rigid discipline, and instead of making those apartments their prisons, (which your lordship also recommended to numbers of the inhabitauts of W'msburgh,) that your lordship entertain'd them with convivial banquets, and held your lewd and nightly orgies within the walls of your palace, and soon after, that your lordship declared your firm intention of emancipating them, and of arming them against their masters.

"But, my lord, beware lest the pit you have dug for others, you fall not into yourself. If I do not err in my conjecture, your lordship's ruling maxim is, that all things are lawful in a state of war. Savage maxim, indeed! but it is also an approved one, and has been for many ages, that "fas est ab hoste doceri." With this hint, my lord, I shall take my leave of you at present; but as there are some things in your character, to which I am no stranger, that are yet untouched, shall visit you again, and, in the interim, would advise you to 'beware the ides of March.'

Cassius.

"P. S. I cannot conclude without congratulating your lordship on our late success of the ministerial arms in Canada, and of the successful expedition of your emissaries, Conolly, &c."—(Vol. I. p. 42.)

Soon, he wishes to enter the army, but some of his friends, not thinking him so well qualified for military life, persuaded him to remain in the civil service of his country. He persists and is made a captain of the first troop of Virginia cavalry. The six Virginia companies are incorporated and, with him at their head as Lieutenant Colonel, join the army in 1777. This same year, he was in the Senate of Virginia, and an active member of a literary association, whose exercises probably developed and invigorated the minds of some of "Virginia's Patriots, whose names reflect such lustre on her history."

He was present at the battle of Brandywine, probably in Pulaski's division,—and his conduct on this occasion, in conveying information to Washington, which was probably not correct, called forth the following from General Lee. "Colonel Bland was noble, sensible, honorable and amiable; but never intended for the department of Literary Intelligence." Upon this, the Editor remarks, "It may be sufficient to observe, that in this department, he was employed by General Washington, whose confidence Colonel Bland had the happiness to enjoy,

without abatement or interruption, during his whole life." When Washington placed him in command of the English troops at Charlottesville, he complimented him in very high terms, which we know in Washington was no unmeaning, or undeserved Lord Dunmore, and a few other productions. Copraise.

When Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga, articles of Convention were entered into, and hence the captives were called "Convention troops." These were for some time stationed at Cambridge; but were at length removed to Charlottesville. Washington ordered Colonel Bland to conduct them thither and gave him full instructions as to his route, which was long, difficult and toilsome; and afterwards placed him in command of those troops. Previous to this, he had applied for leave to retire from the army, which the Commander-in-chief, ever watchful over the interests of the army, declined giving at that time, but granted in November, 1779. But he did not retire from the Public service, for he was almost immediately elected by the assembly of Virginia a member of Congress.

Whilst in Philadelphia in attendance upon Congress, his house was resorted to by the most distinguished men of the day. The marquis of Chastellux in his travels says,

"'I was invited to drink tea at Colonel Bland's, that is to say, to attend a sort of assembly, pretty much like the conversazzioni of Italy; for tea here is the aubstitute for the rinfrezca. Mr. Howley, governor of Georgia, Mr. Izard, Mr. Arthur Lee, (the two last lately arrived from Europe,) M. de la Fayette, M. de Noailles, M. de Damas, &c., were of the party.'"—(Menoir, p. xxx.)

Col. Bland continued in Congress until 1783, when he was appointed Lieutenant of the County of Prince George. He was in the Convention of Virginia called for the purpose of ratifying the Federal Constitution, against which he voted; but was elected the first representative of his District under the new Constitution, and died in New York, where Congress was then sitting, Jane 1st, 1790. The Editor thus concludes his memoir,

"In person Colonel Bland was tall (in his latter days corpulent) and of a noble countenance. His manners were marked by ease, dignity and well-bred repose. In character he was virtuous and enlightened, of unexampled purity of manners and integrity of conduct, estimable for his private worth and respectable for his public services. His career was distinguished rather by the usefulness of plain, practical qualifications, than by any extraordinary exhibitions of genius. Animated from his childhood by a profound love of country, with him patriotism was not an impulse, but a principle. In style, he is fluent and correct, and if sometimes too florid or diffuse, he is at others wanting neither in energy of thought, nor in elegance of diction. Moderation and good temper pervade his correspondence, and it is no where sullied by profanity or indelicacy. May the following pages reflect new honor upon him and his illustrious contemporaries !- (Memoir, p. xxxi.)

It is natural to suppose that the papers of such a man, in the elevated positions, which he success-

*Travels in North America in the years 1780, '81, '82, ployed to line a poor negro's egg basket.'"

by the Marquis de Chastellux."

(Intro

ively filled, and in such times would possess much interest. They consist, such as are published, of correspondence with the most distinguished men of the revolutionary period, two phillipios against Lord Dunmore, and a few other productions. Colonel Bland seems to have been very careful in the preservation of his papers and had them put up in eighty-four bundles, systematically arranged; but his successors and representatives placed no such value upon them, and they were so totally neglected as to be in great danger of being forever lost, in their transmission from the burnt residence to a decayed outhouse, thence to a mouldering cellar, thence to a barn and lastly (a part of them) to the open fields. Some years ago, a letter from General Washington to Colonel Bland appeared in a New York paper, accompanied by the following statement—

""Many years after the death of Colonel Bland, (to whom the foregoing letter is addressed,) his residence near the mouth of the Appomattox was destroyed by fire; after which the proprietor abandoned the plantation, and suffered it to go to ruin.

"'The mansion, it is said, contained thirty apartments, in one of which, as the story goes, a large party were assembled at dinner with the master of the house (a bachelor,) when a servant entered and informed him that the house was on fire!

"'He received this information with great coolness and composure; ordered that the fire should be extinguished and requested his guests not to disturb themselves—'that the servants would attend to it!' For a short time the wine continued to circulate, and it appears the fire did too, for with less ceremony than their bost, it soon drove the party out of doors. In the confusion, things were thrown about in all directions; books and papers of all kinds were thrust into boxes and barrels, or into any thing that presented itself, and carried off to a neighboring barn. And many books, family letters and other papers, valuable as forming a history of the period of their date, were thrown into a cellar of the building, and there remained until most of them were destroyed by the weather.

"The person who owned the place at the time of the fire has been dead many years; and the accidental discovery, very recently, that some of those papers, which had been carried to the barn, were still there, and in a state of preservation, was made in the following manner: a gentleman, who had purchased the adjoining land and lately taken up his abode there, was called upon one morning last year, by a poor negro, and requested to purchase a basket of eggs. The basket, he perceived, was lined with paper having the appearance of old manuscripts, which, upon a closer inspection, proved to be letters from General Washington, and other distinguished men, addressed to Colonel Bland, and written during the revolution. On inquiry he found these letters came from the old barn.

"'The foregoing is a copy of one which was picked up last autumn in a field near the barn. The original is in a state of perfect preservation, and had probably been blown from some part of the ruin the very morning it was presented to its present possessor. Henceforth let no author feel himself aggrieved, should he find some of his choicest pages adorning the interior of a trunk, since we see that the manuscript letters of General Washington and his comperers, to the proudest man in all Virginia, have been employed to line a poor negro's egg basket."

(Introduction, p. ix.)

This was the second conflagration which they had escaped—for Colonel Bland's own residence at Farmingdell was consumed. This last fire was at Cawson's.

John Randolph of Roanoke himself endeavored to procure these "papers" from their possessor, (a nephew of Mrs. Bland's second husband,) and was not a little nettled at his failure. Mr. Campbell, whose antiquarian taste and literary zeal are already known to the readers of the Messenger, at length heard of their existence and resolved to examine them. This he was enabled to do, after a lapse of several years, and the result appears in the work before us.

The letters are to and from very distinguished personages, embracing many of the French and Polish officers who assisted us in the Revolution and possess very different degrees of interest. deed, many of them could only be of value to a lover of autographs, and lose it all in print. Some of them would throw light upon historical investigation, though most of the incidents related are to be found in many other sources; but as specimens of the familiar style and modes of thought and feeling of their authors, as characteristic of the gentlemen and patriots of the days of yore, they are entertaining and instructive. Those from The FA-THER OF HIS COUNTRY evince his careful attention to the smallest matters when connected with the faithful discharge of his duty, his foresight in preventing the soldiers from leaving the army, when their term of enlistment had expired, and yet his generosity and integrity in adopting no indirect means of retaining them: they preserve the beautiful consistency of his spotless character. Whatever relates to Washington, however discovered, only exalts his virtues. Whether it is preserved in the archives of nations, or is found to line "a negro's egg basket," it alike proves him to have been virtue's best. We quote his letter advocating the claims of those who had contributed to establish their Country's Independence.

Newburgh, N. Y., 4th April, 1783,

"DEAR SIR,

"On Sunday last, the Baron de Steuben handed me your obliging favor of the 22d of March. Permit me to offer you my unfeigned thanks, for the clear and candid opinions which you have given of European politics. Your reasoning upon the conduct of the different powers at war, would have appeared conclusive, had not the happy event which has since been announced to us, and on which I most sincerely congratulate you, proved how well they were founded. Peace has given rest to speculative opinions, respecting the time and terms of it. The first has come as soon as we could well have expected it, with the disadvantages under which we labored; and the latter is abundantly satisfactory. It is now the bounden duty of every one to make the blessings thereof as diffusive as possible. Nothing would so effectually bring this to pass, as the removal of those local prejudices which intrude, and embarrass that great line of policy, which alone can make us a free, happy and powerful people. Unless our union can be fixed upon such a basis, as to accomplish these, certain I

am we have toiled, bled, and spent our treasure, to very little purpose. We have now a national character to establish; and it is of the utmost importance to stamp favorable impressions upon it; let justice then be one of its characteristics, and gratitude another. Public creditors of every denomination will be comprehended in the first; the army in a particular manner will have a claim to the latter. To say that no distinction can be made between the claims of public creditors is to declare that there is no difference in circumstances, or that the services of all men are equally alike.

"This army is of near eight years' standing, six of which they have spent in the field, without any other shelter from the inelemency of the seasons than tents, or such houses as they could build for themselves without expense to the public. They have encountered hunger, cold, and nakedness. They have fought many battles and bled freely. They have lived without pay; and in consequence of it, officers, as well as men, have subsisted upon their rations. They have often, very often, been reduced to the necessity of eating salt pork or beef, not for a day, or a week only, but months together, without vegetables, or money to buy them; or a cloth to wipe on. Many of them, to do better, and to dress as officers, have contracted heavy debts, or spent their patrimonies; the first see the doors of jails open to receive them; whilst those of the latter are shut against them. Is there no discrimination, then, no further exertion to be made in favor of men under these peculiar circumstances, in the moment of their military dissolution? Or if no worse cometh of it, are they to be turned adrift soured and discontented, complaining of the ingratitude of their country, and, under the influence of these passions, to become fit subjects for unfavorable impressions and unhappy dissensions? For, permit me to add, though every man in the army feels his distress, it is not every one that will reason to the cause of it.

"I would not, from the observations here made, be understood to mean, that congress should (because I know they cannot, nor does the army expect it,) pay the full arrearages due to them, till continental or state funds are established for the purpose. They would, from what I can learn, go home contented, nay, thankful, to receive what I have mentioned in a more public letter of this date, and in the manner there expressed; and surely this may be effected with proper exertions; or what possibility was there of keeping the army together, if the war had continued, when the victualling, clothing, and other expenses of it were to have been added?

"Another thing, sir, (as I mean to be frank and free in my communications, on this subject.) I will not conceal from you. It is the invidious dissimilarity in the payments to men in civil and military life. The first receive every thing; the other get nothing but bare subsistence. They ask what this is owing to? And reasons have been assigned, which, say they, amount to this, that men in civil life have stronger passions, and better pretensions to indulge them, or less virtue and regard to their country than we. Otherwise, as we are all contending for the same prize, and equally interested in the attainment of it, why do we not bear the burthen equally?

"These, and other comparisons, which are unnecessary to enumerate, give a keener edge to their feelings, and contribute not a little to sour their tempers.

"As it is the first wish of my soul to see the war happily and speedily terminated, and those who are now in arms return to citizenship, with good dispositions, I think it a duty which I owe to candor and to friendship, to point you to such things as my opportunities have given me reason to believe will have a tendency to harmony, and bring them to pass.

"I shall only add that, with much esteem and regard, I am, dear sir, your most obedient and humble servant, &c.
"The HONDRAPLE TREODORICE BLAND."

(Vol. II. p. 101.)

To this Colonel Bland returned a worthy and manly reply, which we can scarcely forbear to quote.

Colonel Bland's style is inferior to that of some of his correspondents. His letters to his "Dear Patsy" are very affectionate and contain some amusing passages. In a long letter, February, 1777, he writes—

"Could you hehold the distress that ravaging war has occasioned, in this once delightful spot, this garden of the world, you would say 'twere wise to keep it from our doors at all events. What is the sacrifice of a few years to the good of the human species? what heart can behold the outrages committed here, and sit with inactive silence, and look on with obdurate apathy? Fear not, my Patsy-yes, 'you will again feel your husband's lips flowing with love and affectionate warmth.' Heaven never means to separate two who love so well, so soon: and if it does, with what transport shall we meet in heaven? And does poor Dido sympathize with her dear mistress? Take care of her for her master's sake; but let not any accident that may befall her, add one atom to my dear's distress. Are you not an artful slut ?-I too could, nay, almost had, made a blot. Did you not know the eloquence of that black spot in your letter? Why was the ink lighter colored than the writing? Was it not diluted with a precious drop from my dearest Patsy's eyes. I thought it was, and kissed it: henceforth I shall think a blot the most elegant writing. Not one letter. Yes, my dear, I have stolen from the silent night two hours about a week ago, and sent my heart to you in a sheet of paper. Have you not received it? I left it at head-quarters, and will inquire after it to-morrowno, I cannot. To-morrow I shall go to Brunswick, if nothing happens to prevent it, by order of the general, with a flag of truce. It will be, I believe, a pleasant expedition. Perhaps I may meet some of my old acquaintances."

Judge Henry St. George Tucker, who married John Randolph's mother, the sister of Colonel Bland, is one of the most sprightly and entertaining writers. Colonel Banister gives most information of the current events of the war; but Arthur Lee is perhaps the most polished in style. Whilst in England, he published some articles in favor of America, under the title of Junius Americanus and was complimented by Junius himself. He complains in one of his letters, from Paris, of some unfairness shown him by his associate negotiators; but his complaints were probably unjust.

The correspondence with General Phillips is respectful and courteous; but there are one or two warm letters, about the desertion of the Convention troops and the violation of their parole on the part of some of the British officers. Colonel Bland's kindness and attention to the captive officers and soldiers were not without their reward. General Phillips, in his destructive expedition to Petersburg, plundering and burning, ordered the property of Colonel Bland's father to be left untouched.

Among the writers are governors Henry, Harrison and Jefferson, Edmund Randolph, R. H. Lee, General Weedon, the Chevaliers Du Buyssen and De La

Luzerne, John Jay, and many other distinguished Americans and foreigners. We have noted several places, in the work, for the illustration of its contents, but have not space to insert them. We hope what we have said will be enough to give an idea of their character and that the work will fall into the hands of many who deem the familiar letters of our Revolutionary patriots not devoid of interest.

Hark! there is the drum and there come the glad soldiery. This day, with the fullness of joy and of freedom, they celebrate the victory, which our fathers won at memorable Yorktown. Yesterday, their rejoicing commenced; but it was incomplete because their brothers in arms, expected from Washington, did not participate in it. The steamer that bore them over those waters, which first resounded with the shouts of victory, on the 19th Oct., 1781, seemed unwilling to leave the hallowed region, and detained them within hearing of the cannon of Yorktown. But the rejoicing of our victorious sires did not cease in one brief day and their sons may well prolong the strain which was sent forth yesterday. Last evening, as the sound of the cannon went booming up the river, echoing along its shores, it recalled the disgraceful and destructive expedition of Phillips and Arnoldbut at the same time it seemed to proclaim, in impressive tones, "the next invader shall share the fate of the first." We rejoice in the coincidence of this day and its memories with the task in which we are engaged. As we are recalling the deeds of our patriotic dead, and humbly endeavoring to pay a small tribute to their names, up spring a thousand recollections, thrilling the heart; and the anniversary of that crowning day, in which they exulted sixty two years ago, beams brightly upon us, in the enjoyment of greater blessings than their hearts dared anticipate. It becomes their sons and successors to impress upon their minds the records of their deeds, the evidences of their disinterested devotion to their country and to emulate their virtues.

THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY A LADY OF RICHMOND.

What makes the hue of the Autumn Leaves?
Well, tame thy bird-like glee
And chain thy bounding footstep, child,
And listen awhile to the legend wild,
Which I will tell to thee.

The Indians say that long, long since,
Ere our sires had brought their band,
Their forefathers came o'er the western sea,
And they found a nation stern, wise and free,
And they slew them—and took their land.

And oft as that season returns again,
So their simple faith believes,—
When the moon comes, that lighteth the hunter's chase,
Then the bright red blood of that murdered race
Springs up in the autumn leaves.

But a poet hath written a gentler creed:
List, love, and you shall know;
For his sketches are "peacillings" bright and bold,
Like the Fairy tales of the times of old,
Which I read so long ago.

He says that the rainbows of myriad hues
Are laced in the tree-tops high;
That the sunsets have come in the summer's track
And poured their full splendor of radiance back,
In a robe of gorgeous dye;

That the burning gems, which lie hid beneath, In their dark and earth-bound shrine, Have melted and mounted from root to crest, Till the forest in princely style is drest With the riches of the mine.

But the sweetest reason of all, I think,
Is this—which a lesson breathes—
That the charm which lendeth the woods their flush,
Is the frost-kies, spreading a crimson blush
O'er the modest Autumn Leaves.

PETITIONS FOR PARDON.

To the Editor of the Sou. Lit. Messenger.

Sir:—I send you the enclosed for insertion in your interesting miscellany, if you think them worthy of a place there.

They are petitions for clemency to the Governor of Virginia. One by a mistress on behalf of her Slave condemned to death for Theft: the other by a wife, for the pardon of her Husband—confined in the Penitentiary.

They seem to me very striking specimens of Natural Eloquence—of that genuine and touching pathos which comes "out of the abundance of the heart," and is so much more affecting and effectual than the most studied, elaborate and faultless declamation.

These two letters are in admirable contrast in point of style and polish.

The first is an outpouring of ardent feeling and earnest imprecation; and, although unstudied and inartificial—yet the offspring of a highly educated, graceful and cultivated mind—and consequently no less elegant and dignified, than impressive and elequent.

The other is not less impressive and eloquent, and even more affecting in its awkard and graceless simplicity. The writer is wholly illiterate and scarcely able to express herself intelligibly. This is evident from the letter which is copied (omitting names and places) verbatim, literatim, spellatim and, I was going to say, punctuatim—but she never stops until she is done. Yet, I doubt if even in the celebrated pleading of Jeannie Deans, for the life of her erring sister Effie, there is to be found more touching simplicity, affecting pathos and real eloquence, than in the petition of this poor woman for the pardon of her husband, who, though guilty, "had been won good Husband to her." There is no chord of

sympathy in the heart of the tribunal which was appealed to, that was not touched by this simple-minded and illiterate wife, more successfully than could have been done by the skilful and studied effort of "all the lawyers in the state."

Her petition (as well as the other) was granted. I am informed that the Governor directed, that when the criminal came to get the money allowed to discharged, or pardoned convicts, the letter of his wife should be read to him, with the hope it might confirm the reformation it was believed had been effected by his confinement in the Penitentiary. As he heard it, he was very much affected—trembled—was violently agitated—and when it was read through, he sat down convulsively, and for some time sobbed like a child.

Yours, &c.,

J.

--- Feb 8th, 1839.

It is with feelings of deep distress that I address your excellency, earnestly praying you to avert the awful doom awarded by the Law, to the poor boy Arthur, lately convicted of felony, in the borough of ——. He is just 14 years of age, and this is his first offence. By his own ample confession, (which was the means of his condemnation) it plainly appears that he was misled by the example of an older and a bolder villian, whose practised artifice enabled him to escape from Justice.

The mother of this illfated boy has served me with no common fidelity, from her childhood. As the nurse of my children she has had the fullest confidence reposed in her; Her uprightness and assiduity in discharging the important duties of this station have meritted my entire approbation. This is the first instance of misconduct which has occurr'd among a family of servants remarkable for their devotion to the interests of myself and children. Two of the men in the prime of life were drown'd in attempting to save some of our property, and they all risked their lives in rescuing furniture from the fire which consum'd our dwelling-During fifteen years of widowhood, the services of these faithful creatures have mitigated the evils of my lot, and aided me in maintaining my fatherless children. In short, few persons have, like myself, found friends among the slaves of their household.

I do fhost earnestly entreat you, Sir, to exercise y'r. blessed privilege of softening the rigour of the Law, in behalf of this poor boy. Save his LIFE, that he may have time for repentance and amendment; spare me the anguish of seeing so dreadful a doom inflicted on one who has been an inmate of my own home, and has grown up from infancy to boyhood beneath my charge. I shudder with horror when I think of the severity of a law, of whose existence I was ignorant, until its awful penalty was denounced on one of my own household. Oh! may the mercy I solicit be accorded, and may you find it consistent with your ideas of right, to grant my earnest prayer.

A time must come to us all, when the recollection that we have mitigated human misery, and dealt meroifully with our erring fellow beings, will be our sweetest earthly consolation. In that hour, the remembrance that we have lean'd to the side of mercy, even when the claims of justice were most importunate, can never bring bitterness to the soul,

May the being who rules all hearts incline your excellency to grant my petition—

l rest my hopes on you, & remain y'r humble petitioner

P. S. I ask only the life of this unhappy boy-His poor

mother is content that he should be sent where she can never see him again. Any doom will be frought with mercy that spares him for repentance. I am ignorant of the requisitions of the Law in cases where life is spared after condemnation—I only know that you can spare that life.

---- June the 21 1839.

I take my pen in hand to in form you that I am in troble and grate distress a boute my husband he has ben gone from me fifteen month this time last year-he was condemned to the penatenchara he had his triel in --- coart you must think it give me grate troble to hear that sad newse the jury men held a contest for nearly two days tha all pityed me and drawde a potishion for him to be clared and tha give me monny to carry me to richmon tha give me ten dollars to pay my lawyars passage to richmon with me to see you and when lawyar ---- and myself wente to your house you ware not at home and we give that potishion to your cleark that was in your place he sade he did not like to do any thing of that kind with oute you war thare I wente every day to see if you had come with a aching harte for a weake with a young infent in my arms six monts old thar was no person at that place that I new tha all pittyed me and sade tha thot if you ware at home that you would re preve my husband I cold not stay any longer for I was uneasy aboute my two little childran that I left at home won of them six years old and the other fore years old and thar wos no person to take care of them but the hand of the lorde laste year I had good health and this year I have become afflected won half of my time I cante hand myself water to drink I am not able to hier any person to wate on me I am mity poor and have three small childearn tha are offen begging for somthing to eate and I have but little for them corn are won dollar for bushel tha are offen wishing thar father wold come home to get brade for them to cate I have nether father ner mother ner sister ner brother to du any thing for me in this life all that I eate I have to by and all the fier wood I burn I have to by my tonge is not able to tell what my childearn and myself suffered for fier last winter to seet by its hard that me and my childearn shold suffer for what my husband has don my nabours has ben good to me a duing for me and giving me I have rote to you to see if you will take pitty on me and repreve my husband I left him in prison nearly this time last year and got home the 7 day of july lowyar ---- told me to have a potishon drawed and he wold carry it to you and my freands had won drode and sent it to lowyar ---- I heard that you have not got it is rich he is not a thinking aboute me that are poor I have not got monny to send to ---- to du any thing for me if I had monny I wold have ben to see you befor this time I wold wente on my nees to you to repreve my husband you can du more with won words speaking than all the lowyars in the state if I had all the monny in this county my health wold not admit me to go to see you now my husband was condemnd tow years I think if he dos not come before the two years is oute I shall never see him in this world any more and then my little childearn will be in the hands of the lorde you must think it gives me grate troble to be parted from my husband please to repreve him to come home to me as he has ben won year in prison if we will not parden won of our fellow creachears how can we expecte our lorde to parden us if you cant have mercy on my husband please to have mercy on me and my childran if your wife was in the situation that I am I wold du any thinge for her that I cold if it was in my power this time last year I was with your clerks tha can tell you something aboute the troble that I was in I am in as much troble still I am riteing this letter with a aching heart and with a trimbling hand all the people in richmon shode clever to me the lady that I borded with mrs ---- give me my borde won weak please sir do somthing for me it wold be more joy for me to see my husband come home then to receve won thousand pounds of gold for he

has ben won good husband to me I live in maryland ——
county a grate ways from my husband I have not hearn from
him but twice since this time last year please to repreve him
and if you wont please to answer my letter and derect it
to —— maryland —— my husband is name william —— I
do not no your given name but I rite it to the governor that
lives in richmon.

THE DEATH SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

"One of the admired nightingales, we spoke a few days ago of having been invited to hear, sang itself to death one or two mornings since. The two were in separate cages, suspended, one in the porch, the other in an adjacent room. They appeared to be engaged in a trial of their musical powers, and were exerting all their strength, rustling their wings, ruffling their feathers, jumping about their cages, varying and swelling their songs until the whole air seemed filled with the sweet volumes they uttered. This they continued for some time, when one of them fainted away and died. His little heart seemed to have awelled with the spirit of song until it bursted, and his soul passed away."

Richmond Compiler.

BY HENRY R. HIRST.

Forth on that last glad strain—
Thy swelling soul burst forth and fled away,

While on the earth reposed

Thy breathless clay.

"Twas sweet—full sweet to die Amid the music of thine own glad heart; To burst the chords of life.

And thus depart.

But where, sweet one, oh! where
Hath flown thy gentle soul? Unto that heaven,
Where rose thy joyous hymns

At close of even?

Or in some kindred form

Doth it repose, till twilight's quiet hour
Shall call it forth again

With sweeter power?

Or through the scenes so loved

Dost thou now wander on etherial wing,

And 'mid the moonlit groves

Flit sorrowing?—

When in the dim midnight,

My steps have wandered 'neath the arching trees, Oft have I heard sweet sounds

Float on the breeze.

And then, enwrapt, I thought
Them lays of disembodied souls of those
Whose sylvan songs to God

All pure uprose!

Perchance when ever again

I seek the woods, upon my wondering ear May fall thy spirit-song,

In cadence clear.

Thine was a hapless end;
For, like to fire, thy love of song consumed
Thine own pure heart, and thou

Did'st die self-doomed!

Thine was the death of those
Who seek for earthly fame, and wildly crave
Men's worship here, to find

A nameless grave.

Better to look on high,

With hopes and thoughts to One, almighty given,
And immortality

Is thine in Heaven!

Philadelphia.

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.

It is a source of regret to the true lover of his country, to witness the efforts which the spirit of faction is in many places making, to overturn and destroy the fairest institutions of our land. It matters not in what wisdom founded, or at what sacrifice of blood and treasure established, and though destruction and ruin may follow in its train, change, CHANGE marks the policy of the day.

These observations have been suggested by the repeated efforts which have been made of late, in various quarters, to abolish that pride and ornament of our country, the United States Military Academy at West Point.

It is the purpose of this communication to examine the grounds of this opposition; but, before doing this, we will present a short history of the institution, with the view to exhibit the reasons for its establishment, and the necessity of its continuance. No one, at all acquainted with the history of our revolutionary struggle, can have failed to observe the embarrassment to which our army was continually subjected, from the want of a competent supply of officers skilled in the science of war. Neither the love of liberty, nor the thirst for glory, could supply the deficiency. The bravest troops that ever faced the cannon's mouth. would be powerless in a protracted struggle without a knowledge of the various secondary defences. which the skill and tact of an engineer can so happily profit by. Hence arose the necessity of employing foreign engineers during the whole of the revolutionary war; the importance of whose services is most evident from the fact, that General Washington was compelled to overlook the arrogance, and, in some cases, insolence of many of these characters, to prevent any injury to the public service by their withdrawal. This deficiency continued, in a great degree, during the last war, although the Military Academy, imperfect as its organization then was, had qualified for their distinguished usefulness in that contest, McRee and Tatten, and Wood and Gibson, the two last of whom were killed at the memorable sortie at Fort Erie. It was to provide for such contingencies that the Military Academy was originally established, and we think it will appear that it has fully answered the high purposes for which it was designed:-and although in 1810 it was necessary to employ a foreigner to superintend our coast survey, the necessity has long since ceased to exist, and numbers of our officers are to be found as capable as Mr. Hassler of conducting this important work.

The first suggestion for the establishment of the Military Academy was made by Colonel Pickering in 1783, in a letter to General Washington, respecting the peace establishment which was then under consideration by congress. He says, "If Mil. Aff. p. 7, 8.

any thing like a Military Academy in America be practicable at this time, it must be grounded on the permanent military establishment for our frontier posts and arsenals, and the wants of the states, separately, of officers to command the defences on the sea coasts. On this principle it might be expedient to establish a Military School or Academy at West Point."

Upon the organization of the federal government, the subject was brought before congress, in an elaborate report, by the secretary of war, General Knox. We make the following extracts: "All discussions, on the subject of a powerful militia, will result in one or the other of the following principles: 1. Either efficient institutions must be established for the military education of youth, and the knowledge acquired therein be diffused through the country by rotation: or 2, the militia must be formed of substitutes, after the manner of Great Britain. If the United States possess the vigor of mind to establish the first institution, it may reasonably be expected to produce the most unequivocal advantages. A glorious national spirit will be introduced, with its extensive train of political consequences. The youth will imbibe a love of their country; reverence and obedience to its laws; courage and elevation of mind; openness and liberality of character, accompanied by a just spirit of honor." And he subsequently lays down, as one of a series of general principles, the following: that knowledge of the military art "cannot be attained, in the present state of society, but by establishing adequate institutions for the military education of youth."†

The act of cengress of May, 1792, made, however, no provision for military instruction; and, in his annual message of December, 1793, President Washington suggested the inquiry, whether the act could not be improved, and then asks whether a material feature in its improvement "ought not to be, to afford an opportunity for the study of those branches of the military art, which can scarcely ever be attained by practice alone."

Congress responded to this recommendation, in 1794, by providing "for a corps of artillerists and engineers, to consist of four battalions, to each of which eight cadets were to be attached;" and it was made the duty of the secretary of war to provide the necessary books, instruments and apparatus for the use of said Corps.

Although this act contemplated military instruction, by providing for the appointment of cadets and a supply of books, no provision was made for instructors. This defect in the law was forcibly presented by the President in his message of Dec. 7, 1796. "The institution of a Military Academy is also recommended by cogent reasons. However pacific the general policy of a nation may be, Sparke' Washington, viii. 407. † Am: State papers,

* Sparks' Washington, viii. 407. † Am: State papers, Mil. Aff. p, 7, 8. ‡ Sparks zii, 39. it ought never to be without an adequate stock of | duced the subject of military instruction in a memilitary knowledge for emergencies. The first would impair the energy of its character; and both would hazard its safety, or expose it to greater evils, when war could not be avoided. Besides, that war might not depend upon its own choice. In proportion as the observance of pacific maxims might exempt a nation from the necessity of practicing the rules of the military art, ought to be its care in preserving and transmitting, by proper establishments, the knowledge of that art. Whatever argument may be drawn from particular examples, superficially viewed, a thorough examination of the subject will evince that the art of war is both comprehensive and complicated; that it demands much previous study; and that the possession of it, in its most improved and perfect state, is always of great moment to the security of a nation. This, therefore, ought to be the serious care of every government; and for this purpose, an academy, where a regular course of instruction is given, is an obvious expedient, which different nations have successfully employed." Here is the opinion of one whose ability to judge, and whose honesty of purpose in recommending, cannot be questioned; and it presents, in the most convincing manner, the necessity for such an institution as that at West Point. But lest it may be said that this recommendation proceeded from the peculiar views which were held by the political party to which Washington was attached; or that such an institution naturally flowed from the military taste of the President, we shall show, as we proceed, that these sentiments were by no means peculiar to this distinguished man, but that they have been echoed and re-echoed by every President to the present day.

Nothing was done by congress in carrying out the views above expressed, until April 1798, when an additional regiment of artillerists and engineers was authorized, the number of cadets being increased to fixty six. This act, however, made no provision for instruction, in consequence of which the secretary of war, Mr. McHenry, in June 1798, addressed a letter to the chairman of the Committee of Defence, in which he submitted the question, "whether provision ought not to be made for the employment of three or four teachers of the enumerated sciences, to be attached generally to the two corps of engineers and artillerists, and obligated to give instructions and lessons, at such times and places, and under such regulations, as the President may direct."† An act was accordingly passed the 16th July, 1798, by which the President was authorized to appoint four teachers, but as the few cadets who were appointed were dispersed with their respective regiments, no benefit was derived from the passage of the act.

In January, 1800, Mr. McHenry again intro-† Mil. Aff., i., 129. * Sparks xii, 71.

moir, which was submitted and strongly recommended to congress by President Adams. In this paper a proposition was introduced for the establishment of a Military Academy, to consist of four schools, to be called "The Fundamental School," "The School of Engineers and Artillerists," "The School of Cavalry and Infantry," and "The School of the Navy," which schools, in a supplementary report, he considers "an essential means, in conjunction with a small military establishment, to prepare for, and perpetuate to the United States, at a very moderate expense, a body of scientific officers and engineers, adequate to any future exigency, qualified to discipline for the field, in the shortest time, the most extended armies, and to give the most decisive and useful effects to their operations."*

A bill on the plan of the secretary was introduced into the house of representatives, March 19, 1800, and an act " fixing the military establishment of the United States," was finally passed, January 11, 1802, in which provision was made for establishing the Military Academy. This act separated the corps of artillerists and engineers, and assigned forty cadets to the former and ten to the latter. The engineer corps, consisting of seven officers, besides the ten cadets, was to be established at West Point, and was to constitute a Military Academy, subject, "at all times, to do duty in such places, and on such service as the President shall direct." The following year, an act was passed authorizing the President to appoint one teacher of the French language and one of drawing. thus imperfectly organized, the Military Academy was conducted until March 18, 1808, when the following special message was transmitted to congress by President Jefferson. "The scale on which the Military Academy at West Point was originally established, is become too limited to furnish the number of well-instructed subjects, in the different branches of artillery and engineering, which the public service calls for. The want of such characters is already sensibly felt, and will be increased with the enlargement of our plans of military preparation. The chief engineer, having been instructed to consider the subject, and to propose an augmentation which might render the establishment commensurate with the present circumstances of our country, has made the report which I now transmit for the consideration of congress."

The plan of the chief engineer, Col. Williams, contemplated the creation of an academical staff, consisting of the chief engineer as superintendant ex-officio; a professor of natural and experimental philosophy; a professor of mathematics; a professor of engineering with a drawing teacher, French teacher and German teacher under him; which were to be permanently attached to the

† Mil. Affairs, i., 228. * Milit. Affairs, i., 142.

academy. and chemistry, and fencing-masters were to be employed temporarily, to whom per diem allowances were to be granted, and quarters when engaged at the academy.*

The act of congress of April 12th, 1808, provided for the appointment of 156 additional cadets, but they were not attached to the Military Academy and no provision was made for their instruction. Indeed no good result followed it, as only fifty-two cadets were appointed from its passage to 1812.

The annual message of President Madison, in 1810, contained a recommendation for the revision of the preceding laws, "with a view to a more enlarged cultivation and diffusion of the advantages of such institutions, by providing professorships for all the necessary branches of military instruction, and by the establishment of an additional Military Academy, at the seat of government, or elsewhere. The means by which wars, as well for defence as offence, are now carried on, render these schools, of the more scientific operations, an indispensable part of every adequate system."

This recommendation of President Madison was repeated, with equal force, the following year, and accordingly, on the 29th April, 1812, the act was passed which formed the basis of the present Military Academy. In addition to the teachers already authorized, it provided for one professor of natural philosophy; one professor of mathematics; and one professor of engineering; with an assistant professor from the officers of the army, or cadets, to each department. The number of cadets was limited to 250, who might be attached to the Military Academy as students, at the discretion of the President of the United States. The act further specified the age and qualifications of candidates for appointment as cadets, their period of service and compensation; and provided, "that when any cadet shall receive a regular degree from the academical staff, after going through all the classes, he shall be considered among the candidates for commission in any corps, according to the duties he may be judged competent to perform."

We have thus traced the history of the Military Academy from its first inception in 1783 to the passage of the act of 1812, by which its organization was nearly perfected. We have shown with what force and earnestness the necessity for the establishment of such an institution was urged by Presidents Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison; and that it was regarded by them as absolutely indispensable to the efficiency of our military defences. It will be our object now, to prove that the Military Academy has fully answered the high purposes for which it was established, and that now, more than at any other time, it deserves the highest approbation and support of our government and people. And for this purpose we shall * Mil. Affairs, i., 229.

In addition, professors of architecture refer to the messages of our various Presidents, and to the reports of the secretaries of war and other public officers, which have been, from time to time, laid before congress.

The act of March 3rd, 1815, reducing the army to 10,000 men, made no reduction in the Military Academy; but, on the contrary, President Madison, in his message of Dec. 5, 1815, says, I "recommend, also, an enlargement of the Military Academy, already established, and the establishment of others in other sections of the country;" in conformity to which recommendation, bills were introduced into the house of representatives in 1815 and 1817, for creating additional Military Academies; but they were not definitely acted on. In a communication from the secretary of war, Mr. Calhoun, in 1819, an additional Military Academy is strongly recommended, in which he says, "The establishment of Military Academies is the cheapest and safest mode of producing and perpetuating this knowledge (of military defence.) The cadets, who cannot be provided for in the army, will return to private life; but in the event of war, their knowledge will not be lost to the country."*

These communications show, that the Military Academy must have been favorably regarded by those in authority at this time.

The act of 1821, reducing the army to 6,000, did not affect the Military Academy, although an effort was made in the next year to abolish it. The motion was negatived by a majority of eighty-nine. These proceedings drew from President Monroe the following opinion in his annual message in 1822: "Good order is preserved in it (the Military Academy,) and the youth are well instructed in every science connected with the great object of the institution. They are also well trained and disciplined in the practical parts of the profession.

"The Military Academy forms the basis, in regard to science, on which the military establishment rests. It furnishes annually, after due examination, and on the report of the Academic Staff, many well-informed youths, to fill the vacancies which occur in the several corps of the army; while others, who retire to private life, carry with them such attainments as, under the right reserved to the several states to appoint the officers and to train the militia, will enable them, by affording a wider field for selection, to promote the great object of the power vested in congress of providing for the organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia."

The annual message of President Jackson, in 1835, makes the following reference to the Academy: "The present system of military education has been in operation sufficiently long to test its usefulness, and it has given to the army a valuable body of officers. It is not alone in the improve-

* Mil. Affairs, i., 834.

these officers are employed. They are also exwar department.

"These diversified functions embrace very heavy expenditures of public money, and require fidelity, science and business habits in their execution; and a system which shall secure these qualifications is demanded by the public interest. That this object has been, in a great measure, obtained by the Military Academy, is shown by the state of the service, and by the prompt accountability which has generally followed the necessary advances."

The Report of the Board of Visiters, appointed by President Van Buren, to inspect the Academy in 1838 closes as follows: "No one, how inveterate soever his prejudices may have been, can approach the institution without a lively admiration of the fitness of the location, and will hardly be expected to leave it without a conviction of its * * Entertaining these views, the utility. Board of Visiters cannot hesitate to recommend the Military Academy at West Point, as an institution well worthy the fostering patronage of government. They see nothing in its continuance, that conflicts with the republican character which all our public institutions should possess. Admission to it is open to every condition of fortune and of birth; no favoritism is known to have been practised in giving admission into it; and the greatest impartiality is apparent in the administration of its justice, as well as the award of its privileges."

"The present condition of the Military Academy," says secretary Poinsett, in 1839, "is very satisfactory. The importance of the institution, to the future character of the army, is fully understood by the department, and its interest will be watched over with vigilance and care."

We deem it unnecessary to extend these quota-Enough have been presented to show, that but one feeling has pervaded our government since our revolutionary struggle, in relation to the urgency of our need for such an institution as the one at West Point; while the testimony is equally strong in favor of the mode, in which it has been conducted, and of the benefits which have resulted from it.

It may not be unprofitable in this place, to review the principal objections which have been urged against the Academy. We enter upon this portion of our subject with great caution, and with a sincere desire to do justice to all concerned. As an alumnus of this great institution, we feel too proud of its fame, and are too solicitious for its continued prosperty to do aught intentionally to injure either. We would not, however, blind ourselves to its defects; but, conceiving that they do not belong to the institution itself, so much as to the mode in

ment, discipline and operation of the troops that | which it is conducted, we would endeavor to remove them. We believe that the Academy has tensively engaged in the administration and fiscal been injured in this respect by the ultra-zeal of its concerns of the various matters confided to the friends. It has, it is true, been most grossly slandered, and it shall be our object to expose the false charges that have been laid against it. But there are points in its government and discipline which need correction, and we hope our position may be understood, and our views appreciated, whilst we shall endeavor to present such suggestions as we believe calculated to advance its interests.

> The first objection which we shall notice is, that the graduates of the Military Academy are entitled to precedence in appointments into the army. And why not? Would any man hesitate to prefer the practised skill of the physician to the inexperience of the quack; or would it be the dictate of prudence to commit the cause, in which thousands of dollars are involved, to the direction of a tyro at the bar? The strength of nature might overcome the quackery in the first case, and the good sense of the jury the want of professional skill in the second; but if the testimony of those, who have led armies to battle and to victory, be worth any thing, it will assure us that the science of war will not authorize so hazardous an experiment. What was the experience of Washington on this subject ! "Whatever argument," says that great and good man, " may be drawn from particular examples, superficially viewed, a thorough examination of the subject will evince that the art of war is both comprehensive and complicated; that it demands muck previous study; and that the possession of it in its most improved and perfect state is always of great moment to the security of a nation."*

> It is argued, that the expense of the Military Academy is exorbitant. Compared with similar institutions in Europe, the expense of West Point is trifling. The cost for the maintenance and education of a cadet is about \$400 a year, a sum which will favorably compare with the amount required in the higher institutions of this country.

It is said, the Academy has failed to answer the ends of its institution. The copious extracts which we have made from the reports of the secretary of war and Board of Visiters sufficiently answer this objection. But it is said, the proportion of those who leave the service is so great that the army cannot be supplied with the material necessary for its discipline. If there be any force in this objection, it has been met by the law of congress of 1838, which requires the graduates to serve four years in the army after graduation, and this period may be extended at the pleasure of congress. But are the services of the graduates lost, when they leave the army? By no means. They carry with them into civil life their professional skill; they aid in giving efficiency to the militia; they are engaged in conducting seminaries of learning, con-

* Sparks zii, 1.

structing works of internal improvement, and, in | not shut our eyes against the fact, that the largest a word, advancing all those interests for which their education so peculiarly fits them. And when the emergency shall call them out, they will be found in the front ranks of our army, shouldering the musket, if not wielding the sword in defence of the rights and liberty of the country. To strengthen these views, we would again refer to the able report of Mr. Calhoun when secretary of war, presented to the house of representatives in January, 1819. While urging the propriety of establishing an additional Military Academy he says, "The cadets who cannot be provided for in the army, will return to private life; but in the event of war, their knowledge will not be lost to the country. The government may then avail itself of their military science, and though they may not be practically acquainted with all the details of the duty in the army, they will acquire it in a much shorter time than those who have not had the advantage of a military education. No truth is better supported by history, than that other circumstances being nearly equal, victory will be on the side of those who have the best instructed officers."*

Nor could the Military Academy be advantageously replaced by a number of military schools, established throughout the country and supported either by the general or state government. sides the increased expense which would result from such a substitution, such institutions would lack those peculiar advantages which would seem to result from a single national military school. The military organization and control of the army, should be, as is most wisely provided by the constitution, in the hands of the general government. Uniformity in discipline and greater energy in action are thus secured. A single national school tends to harmonize the different portions of the country, and make those from the north and south, the east and west, look upon each other with better feelings, and as possessing a common interest. No one who has ever entered the Military Academy can have failed to notice this happy result. And while the spirit of faction would attempt to alienate the affections of the people from the government, and array the prejudices of one section of the country against the other, it is no unimportant object secured which shall blend the feelings and interests of the whole community together, and break down those sectional jealousies which do so unhappily exist.

But the objection which is most relied upon, and which is urged with the most effect against the Military Academy is, that appointments into the Academy are conferred upon political favorites. We know that the friends of the institution have denied this charge, and the reports of the Boards of Visiters have, at various times, examined and pronounced it unjust. But with all this, we can-*Mil. Affairs, vol. i., page 834.

number of appointments have been conferred, as government patronage usually is, upon political favorites. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not side with those who would make this a reason for abolishing the Academy. But we would acknowledge that this evil does exist, and we would endeavor to remove it. The objection is not met by the new arrangement, which gives the right of nomination to the members of congress. They, of all men, are generally most influenced by the principle which is here objected to, and the practice now is found to be very nearly as it was before. In the large majority of cases, it is not personal merit, but political position which secures admission into the Military Academy. It was so in our day, and candor compels us to say, it is so now. But this evil can be removed, and the friends of the Academy should be active in doing it. The process is a simple one. The present law entitles each state to as many cadets as it has members in the lower house of congress. Let the secretary of war immediately after each January examination, notify the governor of the states of the number of vacancies existing in each state, and let the appointment be left with the state legislatures. We would suggest that, if the teachers and officers of the primary schools were required to report to the governors of their respective states a limited number of the most apt scholars, the appointments might be most advantageously made from these candidates by lottery. As appointments are now made, at least two thirds of each class admitted are unable to graduate. The proportion would not be so great by the plan recommended.

We will not stop to answer the idle objection which is sometimes presented, that justice is not awarded to all the cadets by the officers of the Academy. This is generally the subterfuge of nnworthy characters, who would attempt thereby to cover their own deficiences and misconduct. Such excuses are too well understood now to be any source of injury to the institution. rather speak in its favor, by indicating a wholesome discipline. But we pass to another and more serious question, which we would examine with more care, as we deem it one which, in a great degree, involves the present character and future usefulness of the Academy. We allude to the moral and religious character of its government. We de not intend to argue the question, whether the discipline at West Point is the best safe-guard against the indiscretions and vices of youth. No unprejudiced mind can doubt that the machinery of the Military Academy is perfect in this respect, and that the peculiarity of its military government gives it advantages which no other institution can command. But more than this is needed. A decided moral and religious influence must be added to this, or the institution will be nothing more than

corruption within. It is the settled conviction of the people of this country, that moral and religious culture must go hand in hand with the intellectual. The heart, as well as the head, must be trained; and the institution cannot long enjoy the public favor which acts upon a contrary principle. has the West Point Academy stood in this respect? It has its chaplain, and the cadets are required to attend Divine worship on the Sabbath. But has the influence of the institution been in favor of religion! We cannot forget, nor would we do injustice to the blessed example and laborious efforts of Bishop McIlvaine,* nor would we omit to notice the happy influence of Dr. Empie and Mr. Picton. But is it not a fact, that Bishop McIlvaine was opposed by the government of the institution, and the argument urged that West Point was intended for a "military not a theological school?" Is it not a fact, that from 1828 to 1838 neither chaplain nor professors exercised an influence in favor of religion! We are happy to learn, that a most decided change for the better is apparent in these respects under the ministry of the present chaplain. But religious instruction should form a part of the regular exercises at the Academy. The Bible and the evidences of Christianity should be systematically taught. Its excellent scientific library should be graced by the presence of the works of Scott, Baxter, Doddridge, Alleine and the like, that the cadets may have free access to books of a devotional character. The soldier, more than any other individual, needs the consolations of religion. His profession requires him to expose his life in times of danger, and its forfeit is often the consequence. Happy will it be for the Academy and for those who, from time to time, partake of its privileges, when the standard of the cross shall wave over every head, and when those who are preparing thunders for the uncertain contests of this world, shall be enrolled under the banner of Him, who has promised to all of his followers, victory, in advance.

A single further observation, and we are done. We have often thought that the influence of the Academy might be greatly extended, and the opposition of its enemies, in a great degree, silenced, by combining a class of pay with free cadets. There are many parents who would prefer the military education which West Point affords, and who are able and willing to pay for it. The Academy could then extend its privileges to all classes of our citizens, by affording a gratuitous education to the worthy son of the poor man, while the rich could enjoy all of its advantages by defraying the actual expenses of their sons. The condition of the gratuitous education should be, that the cadet

*It is a gratifying fact, that from 10 to 12 cadets of those whose hearts were affected, under the teaching and preaching of Bishop Mellvaine, have antered the sacred office.

a whited sepulchre, fair indeed without, but full of should be obligated to serve for a term of years after graduation, while it might be left optional with the pay cadet to enter the army or not. If the Military Academy at West Point be not too old to profit by the experience of its little nursling in our own state, the Virginia Military Institute, a principle which has been most successfully adopted in it, might, with equal benefit, be carried out by the general government. With all of its defects, as American citizens we should be proud that we have such an institution as that at West Point, and low indeed must be the patriotism of that individual who, in view of all the good it has done, and all it is still destined to do, cannot give it his F. H. S. hearty God-spred.

THE DYING FLOWER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FR. REUCKERT.

Hope you yet may live to see
The kindly spring return once more;
Hope remains to every tree
Which the autumn blast swept o'er.
Hope sleeps in the silent strength
Of their buds the winter through,
Spring will stir their sap at length
And their green leaves spread anew.

"Ah! I am not like the trees,
Which a thousand summers stand;
Which, when the dream of winter flees,
In spring's poetry expand.
I'm the flower, weak and low,
Opened by the kiss of May;
Once enshrouded in the snow
I am traceless, gone for aye."

Be the flower weak and low, Cheer thyself and bear thy doom; Kindly nature doth bestow Future seed on all that bloom. Let the storm of winter then, Strew thy vital dust around, Hundred fold thou wilt again Rise in beauty from the ground.

"Others, which resemble me, May bloom again when I am lost; Ever green will Nature be, But each plant must fall to dust. Let them be what I have been, I myself shall be no more; Now alone I can be seen, Never after, ne'er before.

"When that sun, which flames through me, Shall one day wake them to light, Can this soothe my misery, Which condemns me then to night? See, he fondly would beguile E'en the future bud to birth; Still from high, why doth thy smile Fall on me with scornful mirth?

"Trusting to these smiles so bright, I spread my bosom to thy ray, Gazing on that fatal light, Till it stole my life away.

M.

Lest thy pity should disgrace What of life remains in me, Shrunk within myself, my face Will I turn, and hide from thee.

"But you melt the rigid ire
Of my anger into tears,
Take my life and let me rise,
Glorious God, up to thy spheres!
Yes, you even sun away
Sorrow from my fading brow,
For all I ever got from thee,
Dying will I thank thee now.

"All the breezes of the skies,
Which have fanned my summer life,
All the sports of butterflies,
Hovering round in wooing strife;
Eyes my beauty would revive,
Hearts my fragrance charmed to glee,
Hues and odors all my life—
Ay, for all be praise to thee!

"As an ornament, tho' low,
Was it given me to shine,
Like a star on Heaven's brow,
In this beauteous world of thine.
One breath I have yet to breathe,
Let that breath be not a sigh,—
One look on this earth beneath,
And my last look on thy sky.

"World's heart of eternal light, Let me perish in thy blaze, Be thy szure-tent still bright, Though to dust my robe decays. Spring, oh spring, I bless thy light, Morning breeze, I bless thy breath, Griefless sink I now to-night, Hopeless e'er to rise from death."

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

BY WM. MAXWELL WOOD, M. D., U. S. NAVY.

Too frequently is the remark made by those who are disgusted by the turbulence of party contests, and the energies of republican emotions, that a changed form of government, productive of quiet and repose, would be desirable; and the attractive splendors of the external circumstances of aristocratic governments, the pomp, elegance and pride of life, the sublimity of cultivation and refinement there seen, too often draw sighs for the equally diffused plainness of our own country. But we think a contemplation of the under acting influences, in both cases, would reconcile our pride, philanthrophy and patriotism, not only to the existence of the institutions of our country, but to regard their ultimate extension and promulgation as one of the most stupendous moral designs of Providence.

That influence which, next to and confederate racy has never receded; every political convulwith Christianity, has done most for the dignity of sion, no matter what the result, has tended to the human nature, and contributed most to the happihealthful advancement of democratic principles.

ness of the human family, is the spirit of democ-

racy. It is an influence springing from the nature of man, and both blind and vain is any contest between the narrow, selfish and exclusive institutions established for the benefit of a favored few, and that steadily advancing principle which is a law of God, and which has for its ultimate object, the benefit of the whole human race. History has done much to conceal the influence of this spirit. in effecting the improvements in man's condition which have marked advancing ages; for, in recording the deeds of prominent individuals, it has, too often, forgotten to point out how far those individuals were the creatures of the times in which they lived, and how far their characters were moulded and controlled by that of the masses whose movements they appeared to direct or lead. Such individuals are but the points upon which the prevailing spirit of the age concentrates itself, and are the levers through which the moving power Even the glorious character of our own Washington, the most perfect model of individual greatness which history presents, was the creation of a spirit of liberty, which had been diffusing and extending itself among the people, from the time when the refugees from political and ecclesiastical tyranny first sought an asylum in the wilds of our continent.

What have individuals, who have been sustained by all the institutions of despotism, and had control of its forces, done for the people! How have they directed these influences otherwise than against the interests of the people, save when, from weakness or danger threatening themselves, they have been compelled to pay a tribute to popular privilege, for the aid and support asked of the mass. The first acknowledgment of popular rights, the charters and immunities granted to ancient cities. were concessions to the popular power concentrated in those cities. Monarchs and aristocracies have made brilliant contributions to national glory, but not in contests to establish principles beneficial to the people at large, so much as from selfish motives, to sustain their own personal interests which they have regarded as those of their nation. -

The spirit of democracy, which lurked, a hidden spark, among the people in their darkest days, has won every human right from despotism, in despite of the powers of despotism, and contrary to the habits, thoughts and education of the people themselves. Who, then, shall calculate its influence, when it no longer lurks a hidden spark, but from almost an entire continent, in open blaze, sheds its light upon the world, and even where it is forbidden to manifest itself, burns with scarce controllable force beneath the institutions which seek to suppress and extinguish it? The spirit of democracy has never receded; every political convulsion, no matter what the result, has tended to the healthful advancement of democratic principles. Even the splendid drama of Napoleon's history

has been subordinate to this end. the mind of Europe the paralyzing influence of legitimacy, and showed that the people could erect from themselves a throne, mocking, by its power and splendor, that of regal descent, and the changes which have followed the empire have been marked by an increasing perception and acknowledgment of popular rights.

The enemies of democracy point to its turbulent outbreaks, as evidence of its unhappy influences upon domestic existence, and stigmatize democracy as mobocracy. We are far, very far, from advocating or defending any violations of law and order, and we deny that such violations are the consequence of democracy; but, before condemning any organization for its imperfections, it will be well to examine if greater imperfections do not manifest themselves in opposing organizations.

The outbreak of a mob, not being a systematic violation of human rights and justice, to which observation has become accustomed, strikes the attention prominently and forcibly, while outrages upon right and justice, beyond all comparison far more extensive, may be committed under the sanction of a legalized despotism, without attracting general remark, and with this great difference; the injuries of a mob are, in time and place, limited and local, those of a despotism wide as its domain, and ever acting, night and day. What injury to life and property can be committed by any mob, to be measured by those horrible outrages which rob a whole people of their sustenance, and drive them to vice, jails, and alms houses, that a favored few may riot in splendid pageantry, and laugh in luxury at surrounding misery? Again, the legal outrages of despotism are, in most cases, the deliberate result of studied vice and selfishness; the irregular outrages of a mob are the spontaneous rush of many minds to one point, and that point a principle of virtue. No matter what the violation of law and order, no matter how degraded the agents, the purpose of a mob is ever to vindicate what it believes to be some violation of law, right, or virtue: the motive is good, is proof of the purity and dignity of the democratic spirit, though the mode of its exhibition is bad, and is to be deplored. Better, however, that this spirit in its exuberance should occasionally storm the law under virtuous impulses, than that an uniform quiet should be produced by a systematic violation of virtue, human rights and human happiness. The recent narrow-minded and bigoted insult offered the U.S. Minister at the university of Oxford, by those who ought to have been under the control of cultivated minds, religious principles, and national courtesy, finds no parallel in the history of republican mobs, and shows that a spirit of mobocracy may actuate the most refined aristocracy, and is not, therefore, the exclusive reproach of a democracy.

It swept from necessarily uneducated condition of the mass is adverse to their capability for self government. Such persons have looked but superficially to the influences of the spirit of democracy. Those who live under its institutions, even though without the acquirements of letters, are not uneducated. From their earliest youth they are thrown into unrestrained rivalry and collision with each other, which brings into play all their resources and developes their faculties, under the stimulus that success, in any pursuit, depends more upon individual merit, than upon adventitious circumstances. Each one feels that he has a personal interest and control in the policy of his country; its principles are discussed before him and by him; they are submitted to his judgment and decision. Hence the citizens of a republic, however illiterate, coarse and unrefined, are educated; have their faculties under continual cultivation, for the practical purposes of life. Increasing time will proportionally mark the effects of this education, as our national character is yet forming under the influence of our institutions.

The spirit of democracy has, likewise, a favorable and humanizing effect upon the manners of those within its influence. The manners of a democratic people may not be marked by the conventional forms and ceremonies, which characterize a courtly or aristocratic society, but there are principles at work which give a general diffusion to a courtesy springing from the heart, although it may be sometimes ungracefully manifested. In a country where people are divided, by political institutions, into ranks and castes, peculiarity of manner will attach to those divisions; and those who pride themselves upon belonging to the higher orders will naturally seek to mock their position by a reserve or even rudeness toward those unknown to them, or known to be beneath them. On the other hand, those of inferior rank, when with admitted superiors, will display an humiliating subserviency, for which they will endeavor to compensate themselves, when their true position is unknown, by vulgar imitations of the arrogance of their superiors, and hence, in the promiscuous intercourse of society, manner will be marked by the polished assumption and arrogance of pride, or its coarse and vulgar imitations. But in a country of political equality, the highest social rank is that of gentleman, and this being defined by no station or pursuit, all feel that they have a claim to it, and will, to a greater or less degree, according to circumstances, cultivate corresponding manners, making affability and courtesy general, as has been testified to by foreign writers upon our country.

The literature of our country will take its tone and character from the spirit of democracy, and will again have a reflected and stimulating influence upon that spirit. The influence of hereditary The enemies of democracy also contend that the usages and authority,—of superior and exclusive to make the precepts of individuals and the dicta of schools superior to the principles of truth; and it is only by such influence that these usages, authority and exclusive classes can maintain their position, and hence it is inculcated as a greater merit to adhere to long established and prescribed views, than to be guilty of the heresy of showing forth their weakness or error. The continuance of despotic governments and governmental religions depends upon the suppression of the freedom of thought and investigation. The influence of democracy, on the contrary, is to send forth all minds boldly in search of those truths and facts which contribute most to the general good and happiness. So untrammelled are men's minds, that many strange and novel ideas, theories and plans may be presented, as is seen in the sphere of mechanical invention, but none will become permanent but such as stand the test of the general welfare.

In connection with this part of our subject, we will notice another charge often brought against the practicability of democratic governments; the want of permanency and stability in their measures. We think, that from the very nature of democracy; its being a law of God, established among men; and the same in all ages; having at all times the same ultimate object in view; and that object the universal good of the human race, that its measures are those alone which will be permanent and stable. True, measures and policy must be experimental and varying until those which are in exact accordance with the principle of democracy are discovered, and none can exist but those which have this accordance. Measures, which are now the settled and permanent policy of our country, have had to struggle into existence through the discord of opposing influences; and measures, which are now subjects of doubt, contest and opposition, will eventually be acknowledged as the true fruit of democratic principles and claim a general reception. The spirit of democracy is ever onward, it cannot recede, and none can see its limits or its end. The influences, at which we have glanced, are constantly acting and re-acting upon each other, imparting new impulses, and giving and receiving new strength. Every elevation and every dignity, won for the mass, gives it a claim to higher elevation and higher dignity. Already is conceded to the people a respect and a position which, in former days, would not have been conceded to many of the influential and exclusive classes. As the advance of democracy tends to the general welfare of man, and as this welfare is founded in virtue alone, no human power can rise superior to it, and it must finally lead to the establishment of laws and usages consistent only the travels and leave the rest unread, although with the principles of virtue.

The spirit of democracy has a fitting temple in of the new and the old world.

classes, is to give weight to dogmas and doctrines; the architecture of our country; and while contemplating our mountain ranges, vast rivers with their teeming vallies; our ocean lakes, broad and fertile prairies, or listening to the thunders of Niagara's flood, may every member of the republic be urged to make our country's noble architecture the type of its future moral and political destiny.

THE ICELAND LETTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Frau Stoben possessed the handsomest estate in the whole country. She was fond of retirement, but for a whole month, had her castle now been the rendezvous of the gay world. A high festival was being held therein, and Frau Stoben appeared in the joyous tumult to grow young again. But it was neither the feast, the garlands, nor the dance, that refreshed her heart and spirit; these were always within her reach, for, as we have already hinted, she was the richest person in the whole place.

She was more than rich, she was a tender and a happy mother. Her son, Theodore, had just come home from his travels; for three long years had he been absent, and she had begun to fear that his love of roaming would prevent his ever returning to her again; for no other desire appeared to possess him but that of visiting strange and distant lands. She therefore exhausted her invention for means to inspire him with love for his ancestral abode, and left nothing untried which she thought would bind him to his home.

But the noisy festivities, the glittering assembly attracted him not; he was enchained by that gentle and devoted mother-heart, for such a heart he had never found in any zone, among dark men or white, olive, or copper colored.

"Oh, mother! dear mother, I am so happy here," cried he, as he ardently kissed the precious hand which caressed him; "who could wish for more than a love so pure, so sincere, so ardent? Never will I leave you again."

This was repeated many times, yet did his mother doubt, and thought to herself, "ah! this is but the charm of novelty; when that wears off he will again wish to roam;" and all her observations, only served to confirm her suspicions. How could she otherwise account for his fixed and earnest attention, when the conversation turned upon foreign lands! How otherwise explain the fact, that from the whole library of Herr Habbakuk, (the pastor of the neighboring village,) he would select comprising the most moral and entertaining works

Therese, (her daughter and wife of the Landrath Kulm,) had also been with her some weeks. Her husband and herself had come the distance of fifteen miles to partake in the general hilarity; and both endeavored to quiet the apprehensions of the over his lips, or mine." anxious parent.

" Let Theodore marry," said the Landrath, " and then he will certainly remain with you; nothing fetters one more effectually to home and fatherland, than a happy marriage."

"If," remarked Therese, "he has not fallen in love with some fair Laplander, he will not fail to settle here."

"But think, my child," said Frau Stoben, "he has for the last month seen all the maidens in our vicinity, far and near, and they all pass before him like so many paper dolls. He is meanwhile very melancholy, and if you would have him converse at all, you must talk to him of Norway, or some far distant region."

"Melancholy is he?" asked Therese, "do you know whether the Lapland girls are pretty or not?"

"Certainly," answered her husband, "remarkably so for people who love to drink train oil."

Frau Stoben pondered over these suspicious words of her son-in-law, and sought in vain for a clue to unravel this entangled skein.

"What sort of people are they who are fond of drinking train oil?" asked she. "You must take me for an ignorant old woman, thus to mock me, my son."

"They are Laplanders, mother," replied the Landrath, as he laughingly threw back his head. "Are there none but Laplanders who are fond

of that delightful beverage?" inquired Therese.

The Landrath again laughed: but the Frau Stoben retired to her chamber sadly disquieted, and summoned to her presence the faithful Amos, who had been the trusty servant and travelling companion of her son.

"Amos," said she, as she laid her hand familiarly on his shoulder, "thou knowest thy master well;thou knowest him better than I do; thou hast seen him daily for several years, while he has been absent from me."

- "Seen and conversed!" answered Amos.
- "Thou wast with him in Lapland?"
- "Yes, by Heaven! and a sorry life it was; I sometimes thought we had reached the lower regions."
 - "And what thought thy master?"
- "He could scarcely be moved from the place; he would creep into their buts, in comparison to which, our hog-styes are lordly castles, and at other times guided the sleigh, in which I frequently lay like a log and half frozen besides."
- "And tell me, are the Lapland maidens hand-
 - "I cannot praise their beauty much."

- "Does your master love train-oil ?"
- "How do you mean madame?"
- "Does he drink it !"
- "Eh! Heaven forbid! not a drop ever went
 - "Are you in earnest ?"
- "If you would prove it, madame, place the oil flask before him."
- "But when he turned his foot-steps home, did you observe no discontent, no disquiet in him! Was he entirely satisfied? As he neared his fatherland did not his heart sometimes wander to the strange countries he had left !"
- "You have guessed rightly, Madame Stoben; he was very often sorrowful, and, at such times, nothing appeared to give him pleasure. He regretted, too, not having visited Iceland, or Greenland, but Iceland seemed to run most in his head. There was a certain lady there who had somehow warmed his heart."
 - "Who was it!"
 - "I only know her name was Ottilia."
- "Was she handsome! Does he still sigh for Iceland ?"
- "Only yesterday, madam,- worthy sir, observed I, 'is not everything about us here, much better than in Iceland? if the lords of that Island would crown me emperor, I would make them a low bow-and run away.' Upon this my master grumbled very discontentedly and said, 'I shall, during my whole life, regret being so near and not visiting it."
 - "Thou shouldst not remind him of Iceland."
- "Eh! if Ottilia does not remind him of it, I, for my part, shall be particularly careful not to do so."
 - " Is she married or single ?"
- "I cannot tell you; but he occasionally receives letters from her, and she must, sometimes, write very sorrowfully to him. I cannot read, but I know her writing, envelope and seal, for upon the last there is an altar, with a flame, such as you see in the Bible, where Abraham is offering up Isaac; and when my master receives one of these letters, his whole countenance glows with joy, and the bright tears come into his eyes; had I learned to read or write I should certainly obtain letters from Iceland."
 - "Does my son still receive letters from there !"
- "Aye! Blessed Heaven! certainly. One came only last Sunday, and he was so happy the whole day, you would have supposed the shoemaker had put wings to the soles of his shoes; he seemed scarcely to tread the earth. Ah, my dear lady, Iceland must be a noble place, at least to judge from the letters. Could I but read, I would receive such or none at all; and one can get them here so cheap too; in Kaarlstrong I had to pay as many guilders, as I have to give kreutzers here. The post is much better arranged in this place, than in Norway, or Lapland.

Frau Stoben dismissed the chattering Amos, but | her soul was deeply troubled. She had heard only too much: the letters from Iceland destroyed her peace.

Therese first drew from her mother the secret of the Iceland correspondent, then determined to solve the mystery; and intent on this purpose, one morning entered her brothers apartment, and as Theodore sprang to meet her, she threw her arms around his neck, while she said, in a caressing tone, "you will remain with us, will you not! are you not free to do so? Does any magnet draw you hence ?"

Theodore colored, but Therese still held him fast in her arms, and fixed her eyes searchingly upon his face, till he looked down and smiled; "Thou hast answered," continued she.

- "How! I understand you not!"
- "Then I am cleverer than you. Thou lovest; I know it."
 - "You are mocking me Therese,"
- "No, indeed! but why bringest thou not thy lady love with thee ?"
 - "Who!"
- "The fair letter-writer in-where is the place? Iceland, I think; confide in me, Théodore, I am a woman; I too have loved, but have not certainly, from that cause, been forced to travel in Lapland."

Theodore gazed upon his sister with astonishment, but she went on. "Now, dear Theodore," discard this mystery, our mother, all of us wish to see you happy. Thou lovest-well-make the maiden thy wife; only give up this unhappy desire of going to Iceland. Our mother would die of grief, and I should not survive her loss. dore thou wast ever a good son, a good brother, wilt thou be so no longer ! tell me, thou art in love; is it not so !"

- "I know not."
- "That is indeed amusing, our young man knows not whether he loves or not! I can tell better-if I were to present you a letter, sealed with a flaming altar, would you not at least blush ?"

He did so as she spoke, and she kissed his glowing cheek and laughed.

- "Ah, Therese! it is nothing after all, but folly."
- " What is !"
- "This love affair of which thou speakest."
- "Oh you lords of creation, of what follies are you not guilty, when once we poor women bewitch you."
- "You will not laugh at me, Therese, if I tell you."
 - " No! I will pity you."
- "Then you shall know all; but you will laugh; I myself feel that the whole affair is preposterous, romantic, foolish."

- foolish, is no longer love. "But on with your story; was not my own wooing like a fairy tale."
- "I will tell thee all, and thou shalt advise me; perhaps thou knowest the maiden."
 - "Then she cannot belong to Iceland."
 - "No, Therese, to the city of Grauenburg."
 - "Where is that ! not certainly in Norway."
- "Thirty hours ride from here,-fifteen from the metropolis."
 - "And where have you met her!"
 - " No where."
- "No where! So then, you are not acquainted with her?"
 - "Yes, perfectly—she is an angel!"
- "Now I comprehend you; I hope she has not wings; and I presume she still inhabits this earthly vale of woe."
- "She resides in Grauenburg. It is her heart, her mind, that has fascinated me, for she is neither fair nor wealthy."
- "Not fair! Oh that is nothing; you say you have never met, and if thy Donna is merely an ideal being, it remains with your fancy to make her fair or otherwise."
 - "She is pale and marked with the small pox."
- "In Heaven's name! how do you know! you have never seen her."
- "Never; but this is her likeness," and Theodore drew from his bosom an ivory minature.

Therese looked at it a long time; her brother had truly spoken.

- "There are a variety of tastes," said she at last, "and some of them are, indeed, surprising, dear brother; thy saint is certainly no beauty, but there is a look of amiability, which is rather attractive; and that, no doubt, is what you love in this picture."
- "No! no! I do not love any thing in this picture; but sit down on this sofa; it is yet early, and we can converse without interruption. You will be secret."
 - "As a fish."

Therese seated herself, and Theodore began.

- "When our father died, now nearly four years since, thou knowest that, for the consolation of my mother, as well as ourselves, I composed a monody to his memory, and the music thereto. They were printed, and six months subsequently, I received a letter which came from a lady, signing herself Ottilia Wangen; but you must hear the letter, that you may not falsely judge the maiden, and, saying this, Theodore drew from his desk the following epistle."
- " Sir: It is, perhaps, most unbecoming in me thus to address you; but pardon a maiden who, in the overflow of her gratitude, forgets, for once, what is due to propriety. You have saved my life; I have lost my adored father! I loved him too well; "You are too reasonable for a lover; a love I became ill, my mind became deranged, and the that has nothing in it preposterous, romantic, or physicians feared that my distraction would remain

My soul dwelt in dreams, and I wan-jed. dered through a chaotic world, seeking the clear morning light, which I never could reach. Much The realities that surrounded me I did I suffer. knew not, and the forms which I thought encompassed me, glided about like spirits, and fettered and hindered me from reaching the holy light, the light of a better world. Once, in my deep sorrow, I heard music; I will only tell you it was the requiem you composed; Ah! you, too, have lost a father; you too have suffered like myself. music, which I believed came from heaven, entirely subdued me, I dissolved in tears, and as they fell, the deep anguish of my frozen heart, thawed beneath their genial influence, the winter world of my dream vanished, all became bright, and the morning red beamed nearer to me; the wandering spirit shapes transformed themselves into my weeping relatives; fever ensued, but, through the usual remedies, I was easily cured.

"But you, sir! you have saved me; your filial offering to the dead, recalled my soul from the dark midnight of mute, overwhelming, despairing madness. Often since then, have I relapsed into deep sorrow, but even in my grief, I am happy. I live in your music, smid your reflections; perhaps it is only a new mania. Be it so, my father deserved it all; ah! that my ashes were laid with his. These are the first lines I have written for one year; I made a vow, and now I have fulfilled it. I thankonly forgive me.

OTTILIA WANGEN."

"This is not so bad," said Therese smiling, "we women might possibly weep over such a letter as this, but you, with your stern souls, are more philosophical."

"One courtesy brought on another; could I be silent to the address of so loving, so sensitive a creature? I answered her letter, I mourned with her, I consoled her and myself. This drew a short answer from her; I wrote again, and we became engaged in so many questions and answers, that there appeared no end to our correspondence. Unconsciously we won each others love, each new letter was a new step to confidence; our spirits' harmonized, and formed an union which differed wholly from all the common connections of life. For us was no worldliness, no selfishness, no passion. If the dwellers in heaven loved, and told their love; their feelings and affections could not be purer than were our own. It is true, this spiritual communion, this pure love of soul, differs wholly from that which the world calls friendship, love, intimacy; it is something unknown, differ-loved Ottilia, still I part not from thee. How part ent,-perhaps, as thou sayest, romantic; be it so, from that from which I cannot be separated! if a name neither elevates nor degrades it; each feels thirty or a thousand hours, if a brook, or an ocean it in his own way, and calls it after his own sensa- separate our persons, our souls still remain unitaken from me all inclination for, all susceptibility feelings, we lose something, but not all; we are at

I have known many maidens, but none who, for an instant, could make me forget my charming invisible. What did I find among them all! Beings more bone and flesh than spirit; beings, the love of whom but fires the fancy and consumes the heart even when the torch of Hymen is but newly lighted. Beings who, after the first novelty of love has passed, dream only of coquetry, and think of the equipage and fortune of man, more than of his heart."

"And who are not one jot better, or worse, than man," interrupted the Landrathine; "I must merely, in passing, remark to you, Theodore, that you are very rude, and remind you that you must not forget, while seated by your sister, that she is a woman; but I will allow you to proceed."

"I said but the truth."

"And I too, dear brother; thou lovest the image thy fancy has created, and no spirit; thou ravest, and in so doing, form no exception to the legion of lovers, who, year after year, and under every silver moon, rave of a new object. Believe me, Theodore, then art no angel, as little is thy sainted Ottilia one; mankind has been the same from all eternity,-following the same round which powerful nature compels them. What you imagine, have many others also fancied, and each believed himself a remarkable being, who alone made the grand exception to all others of his kind. We are all wrong, only each one errs with regard to the other; but you understand not what I preach, Mr. Philosopher, and to do so, you must become a married man."

"And you, in your turn, do not comprehend me. Think what you will, I know Ottilia; you shall read her letters, and then you will change your opinion. Do you think I should love Ottilia less, if she were married? Do you think my affection for her would be diminished, if I this day stood before the altar with another ?"

"I mean that you are both enthusiasts, and enthusiasm is a fire that must consume itself; rain but refreshes, the wind but increases its flames. And neither of you has ever felt any wish to see the other?"

"I, you know, travelled to the north of Europe, but we remained correspondents, and were always sincerest friends. Here is the copy of my letter, wherein I informed her of my departure, but it is too long; I will read only the most important part, that you may become, in some measure, acquainted with the spirit of our friendship.

-" But though I take a long and distant journey, Oh! Therese, this unknown Ottilia has ted. Distance can but delay the exchange of our to the charms of those with whom I am acquaint- least certain that our spirits are together, and let

lifeless lines-of a letter can convey it, whisper to he always sent her mine which were invariably each other, 'I love thee now and forever!' Yes, Otillia, thou incomparable maiden, I love thee! Ah! permit me when I address thee, to use the simple familiar 'thou;' I am mistaken indeed if I have not raised the veil, which concealed the whole soul of Ottilia. I love only thee, think only of thee; the farther I remove, the more strongly am I bound to thee; -yes, Ottilia, be whom thou mayest, remain only what thou appearest to be. A prophetic spirit whispers me, that we shall meet, that I shall see thee, that we shall see each other; Oh, beloved Ottilia! I tremble for that moment, I almost wish that it may never arrive. Ottilia, we are human, we are now happy in each other, but woe! if, when we meet, we should not please; if we have involuntarily created an image in our thoughts, and find in each other something which our imaginations had not taught us to expect, shall we not then be the destroyers of our own happiness?

"We love each other, we are united as brother and sister, the secret of our sympathy is known to us, our hearts are exhibited, without veil or concealment; think then, Ottillia, of our personal meeting for the first time-how then? We have never seen each other before, and we suddenly become strangers; I should not venture to approach the unknown form, which contains the fair soul which I love, and which loves me; the familiar 'thou' which we use with the pen, would die unuttered on our lips, and we should find meeting hand to hand, far different from meeting soul to soul.

"Ottilia, were we personally to see each other, it would be with us, as with two lovers, whose spirits meet in another world, under another form; we should see each other and still be strangers; I should ask if thine were the mouth from which spake the spirit I had loved? and would you recognize in me the being I had before appeared to you?

"Certainly our destiny, Ottilia, is a singular one; we, full of tenderness and truth, shun, with terror, the moment which all others anticipate with intense eagerness. We are spirits brought into contact, and who tremble for the body, that contains them; farewell Ottilia, if I dwell on this theme I shall grow melancholy."

Theodore ceased, and Therese laughed as she said, "your spiritual love is a very charming piece of nonsense; but how did the spirit, Ottilia, bear thy absence; did it not become a little vexed !"

"I shall have to read you the whole of our voluminous correspondence; but now sister, our time is too short; I will say but one word, and then I will go hence to Grauenburg; I will see Ottilia, she does not know that I have returned, nor do I intend that she shall, but she shall see without knowing me, for I will assume a false name. Her itself to yours. letters, though directed to Copenhagen, went always where you abide ! Write to me distant or near, I first to L., where dwells my friend Müller, who shall know then that you do not forget me, know

us now, in the most solemn manner in which the forwarded them to me, wherever I might be, and dated from the same place."

> "I perceive that your innocent spirits appear pretty well versed in manœuvering, but sir, you have not advanced quite so far as you suppose. You have called on me as adviser in your spiritual adventure, and I have therefore an inclination to be heard, and thou shalt take no step without my knowledge and approval. Thou art in my power; thou hast given me the address of thy unknown one; I have a messenger, and can write."

"Wilt thou betray me?"

"Thou hast met, Theodore, the fate of all great personages. Thou must either be advised, or betrayed; in the former case I will stand faithfully by you, but proceed cautiously, in order to go securely. The happiness of thy life hangs upon what thou wouldst do precipitately. Thou lovest no maiden, only the created image of thy phantasy. Thy lordly highness knows not woman; our hearts must have something to engage them, it is absolutely necessary; thine ethereal Ottilia is a very different person in her home, from what she is in her letters, which are easily written, and as easily defaced. This heavenly spirit, which has inspired you with such divine enthusiasm, eats and drinks like every other human being, aye, and thinks too of marriage, her mirror and the altar."

"In Heaven's name! Therese, I beseech you, you will drive me away."

"But believest thou truly, that the good Ottilia is composed entirely of air and light ! My heavens! why should not a maiden think of marriage? it is so natural: but we will not quarrel, I am out of all reason curious to hear, how Ottilia received the news of your departure, let me at least hear what she says on that point."

Theodore obediently opened his port-folio, but with a gloomy countenance, and read as follows:

"You depart on your journey, and expect to be absent for two or three years; my beloved friend, how much will our correspondence be increased. I do not permit myself to question your proceedings, but if I dared—I would not have it thus—my heart is used to deprivations, Ah, dear friend, would I were severed from all-would I were with my father! I am a poor creature, yet still possess too much; I would loosen all my worldly ties, I have no longer the wish to win love, for I have not the courage to lose it. Go, and be happy,-you will be so: ah! my friend, you were an angel who delivered me from darkness; you have finished your good works, your letters abound in consolation and instruction; you remain the same to me, that you appeared even in my terrible madness; my harrassed spirit, with a sisterly tenderness, inclines What difference can it make

and there is nothing that lives, that could cause me to become indifferent towards you. If we do or do not see each other in this world, it will be all the same at last: will it be a misfortune, should we die far apart, without ever having met? It will only be the history of two souls, which met in the vast universe, loved, made known their existence to each other, though separated, loved faithfully, without even beholding the form in which each one was enshrined. It is better so; you are now all to me, you would only become less, in attempting to become more. If ever you marry show my letters to your wife, they will not make her jealous. Go-and be happy-I remain ever thine,we never can be annihilated. Lost to thee here, I shall brighten elsewhere, and ever, Theodore, for thee. I weep-wherefore am I thus miserable? I have one only pleasure, ever to think on thee-of this no one can deprive me, and when I no longer dwell in thought on thee, then I am no longer myself, Ottilia."

"And is this thread spun any finer !" asked Therese.

" Most assuredly; we wrote frequently to each other, we felt that we were necessary one to the other; after many entreaties, she sent me her picture-I dared not send mine in return, for she positively declared she would not behold my likeness, no, not even my shadow.

"Meanwhile she made no secret of her daily increasing interest in me; as time passed on, she became more cheerful, the remembrance of her father was less distressing, but she now began to tremble at the idea of my return home. 'I beseech you, Theodore,' said she, in one of her last letters, 'do not endeavor to see me, you would cruelly, and with your own hand, destroy our elysium: we can only be happy, while we remain as we are.""

"Truly," said Therese, laughing, "such a romance, is really worth the trouble of carrying it through; I do not understand this lady, but I doubt if a personal acquaintance would increase your happiness. Both deceive themselves, and each other; your ideas and expectations are entirely too exaggerated; we cannot conceal from ourselves. that, with all our spirituality, we are still creatures of flesh and bone. I'll wager that your fancy, (notwithstanding you have her miniature) presents to you a lovely maiden, beaming in roseate light; now, if thou really meetest in thine Ottilia only a sickly, sallow, nervous woman, who thinks of her writing desk, instead of her domestic duties, wouldst thou not bless thyself and turn away? I am not malicious, I only love thee too well, not to prepare thee, somewhat, for the disappointment, which must inevitably attend this whim of yours, and indeed, Theodore, I do not think that you, yourself, can anticipate much good therefrom. changed, the society was various and agreeable,

that, even in your hour of death, you will love me, | quaintance. Maidens will he maidens, and in certain cases, have a most wonderful curiosity; meanwhile, I hold you to your word; in a fortnight, I return with my husband to the Residence, you shall accompany us, and in order to prevent any ill-timed discovery, you shall take another name; we can easily hear from Grauenburg, and take our measures accordingly; are you satisfied?"

" I am."

"Truly mamma," said Therese to Frau Stoben, "there remains but one course, we must find Theodore a wife."

"That is true, my child," answered the tender mother, "but remember the Iceland letter."

"Certainly, and for the very reason, that this correspondence will render him unhappy, must we, as quickly as possible, procure for him a diversion of iJeas. We shall not fail to do this in the Residence, where we will keep him, for two months at least, and I think we shall banish not only his present infatuation, but his thirst for travelling likewise!"

"Oh my child! couldst thou but accomplish this!"

As soon as Frau Stoben had signified her willingness that Theodore should depart for the Residence, Therese hastened to her husband, and without the least scruple initiated him into Theodore's mystery. The Landrath scarcely knew what to think of this adventure of his brother-in-law, whose judgment and intellect he had hitherto held in high estimation, but had nothing to oppose to the plan of sending Theodore incognito to Grauenburg, in the hope of effecting his cure.

A fortnight quickly elapsed, and Amos was ordered to pack. "Oh, my master!" cried he, "I hope not for Iceland, letters are much cheaper here, the air is milder, I should not this time return alive."

"I shall not go so far," answered Theodore, "I accompany my brother-in-law; but one thing you must promise me on your soul, Amos; you must, in future, tell no one how far we have travelled, or where to; you are to let no one know who I really am, but must give out that I am a distant relation of the Landrath Kulm: you are to call me Ludwig Hohenheim, and you are to remember this, till I withdraw my command."

Amos saw everything in order for his master, the party were seated in the carriage, and in a short time, our friends, with the exception of Frau Stoben, found themselves in the Residence, where the Landrath Kulm had an elegant establishment.

Nearly three weeks had gone by, and still Theodore, or rather Ludwig, had never thought of going farther. There were so many visits to make and receive, balls and banquets were continually ex-She beseeches thee, not to seek her personal ac- and at the same time so well chosen, that a tone of 1843.]

friendship and confidence, such as we meet with in a family circle, pervaded the whole, so that not only the balls, and the banquets, but the people themselves, were delightful. The pleasure of this social life, had one great advantage for Theodore, it never wearied, it only refreshed him, and he had not anticipated so much from his visit. He was always present at his sister's parties; soon, one of their most important members. Intelligent, well-informed and amiable, he quickly became a general favorite and felt himself happy—and yet—

"What is the matter now, simpleton?" asked his sister when they were alone, for she never addressed him thus in public, "what troubles thee? what is wanting to thy dissatisfied heart? Do we no longer please you; or is it only thy discontented

self?"

"It is only my discontented self."

"My husband has news from his correspondent in Grauenburg."

"What writes he?"

"Thou canst get the letter and see; Ottilia, the spirit, has travelled to Leipzig, and it is not known when she will return; there is mention too of a Saxon officer, to whom she is said to be engaged; I advise you, therefore, as soon as you hear of her return, to go to Grauenburg."

"She cannot be engaged."

"I have not read the letter, my husband mentioned it to me, but he patient," and Therese left the room; she returned, however, after awhile, with the letter in her hand, and found her brother sitting in his chair, in a most melancholy mood, his head sunk upon his breast.

"Good news," cried she. In less than a week Ottilia will be here, she comes to visit some distant relations, and will pass through on her way back to Grauenburg."

Ludwig Hohenheim (for so we shall now call Theodore) took the letter, but laid it unread upon the table.

"This does not please you then, you really plague me with your caprices, brother."

"Ah, sister! do not be thus tormenting; I feel truly that I am a fool. Leave me, I pray, I will seek Ottilia, will see her, but I pray thee speak to me no more of her; can she after such oaths of eternal fidelity—

"Enthusiast! shall she for thy sake enter a cloister!"

"I cannot believe her unfaithful, she loved me, she cannot forsake me—and if she could—by Heaven! I would never trust woman again."

"Not even me, brother! for I am a woman in every sense of the word."

"You torment me."

"And the fair young widow, Von Saar, would you not trust her? You blosh, Oh, Ludwig—Ludwig, look to thyself before thou blamest another."

"What are you dreaming of, sister?"

"I do not dream: I would willingly."

"I tell you, sister, you are mistaken."

"Then there is her cousin, Fridoline Bernet,—were I a man, I should be puzzled which to choose. Fridoline dances like an angel, and, moreover, to the best of my belief, dances with no one more willingly than yourself."

"You are perfectly intolerable."

"So were you yesterday evening; was it polite not to address one word to me? and to go off with Fridoline to the theatre after having made an engagement with myself?"

" But"-

"But, indeed! she was thinking of you, and you were dreaming of her, and meanwhile I was entirely forgotten; indeed, sir, you deserve some punishment, but I will forgive you, if you should fall into the same error to day at the Frau Von Saar's."

"I go not thither."

"Ha! that would be beautiful! She counts upon thee and expects thee to tea this afternoon in her garden; we come later, but beware! she is charming, and all the spirituality of thy invisible Ottilia will assist thee little." And so saying Therese left the room.

Ludwig Hohenheim was an altered man, and his sister knew it; at one time, he desired only to remain where he was, and then again, in his rest. less impatience, wished himself back in retirement with his mother. In his heart he bestowed on Ottilia the bitterest reproaches, yet he did not find her fickleness altogether displeasing. He became lost in a labyrinth of hitherto unknown thoughts; since he had become acquainted with Ottilia, her name alone had filled his heart; for three long years had he believed sacredly in her truth-ah! this belief had made him happy in Finland and in Lapland, and now here, in his home, in his beloved motherland, even on the very way to see, to surprise her, to cast himself on her true and noble heart, now !-and there suddenly arose, in his bosom, a wish-a thought, that would not be controlled. He sought to banish it; he read Ottilia's tender letters, but the dimmed star of this sacred being was in its decline, and no endeavors could arrest its course. Another planet reigned and brightened in its place. Ludwig threw himself on an Ottoman and hid his It seemed as if Ottilia's spirit stood before him, he heard it murmur her plaintive wish, "Oh! that I could break the ties that bind me to this world!" After some time, he recollected the letter of the Landrath's correspondent in Grauenburg and hastily seized it : near the conclusion came the few lines relative to Ottilia.

"I have the honor to inform you, that I myself am not particularly acquainted with the lady, she belongs to the literary set,—you understand me; but she is highly born, and is at present in Leipzig,

Saxon service. In a few weeks, she will pay a visit to some relations who live in the Residence. I will endeavor shortly to give you some further information."

"Not a syllable here of betrothal! of falsehood! that was Therese's own invention; she loves me yet! she is still true to me!" sighed Ludwig, and walked slowly up and down the room. "And what does this pitiful creature mean by saying she 'belongs to the literary set?' Is a woman then condemned to be only a species of upper servant? Who shall bound the intellectual powers of this oppressed sex? Man's sole vocation on earth is not in leathern apron or robe, with pen or plough to earn his daily bread, and as little is it woman's only behest to be when maidens, playthings, when wives, to serve but as nurses. Woman's spirit looks to God and eternity as well as man's; wherefore should they not rise, if their wings will bear them. It is a miserable thing, this degradation of Heaven's fairest work; this amiable Ottilia, a poor orphan flower, placed beneath the thistle's leaves, blooms among weeds, unseen and unknown, and ah! like them to be trampled and destroyed!"

While Ludwig thus resented the unfortunate phrase of the Grauenburg correspondent, a young lad entered the apartment and presented him with a packet. "The artist has sent these pictures to the Frau Landrathine," said he, bowing, and immediately withdrew.

The parcel contained several miniatures, first that of the Frau Von Saar, exactly like her, sweet and seducing as herself; then that of Therese, his sister—and then—then—Ludwig started, gazed more closely, blushed, trembled, his eyes filled with tears, and staggering to the ottoman, he sank with his burning forehead against the pillow, the unlucky picture pressed to his glowing lips. The kiss he gave to the cold glass, might surely be forgiven, for he scarcely knew what he did, while his heart beat as tuniultuously as if he were committing a sin. Ottilia, thy friend wavers! At this instant Therese returned; Ludwig knew it not, heard her not, while so still did he lay there, that she believed he slept. She placed her hand upon his shoulder, he started, she had taken the other two pictures from the table, and, amazed at his bewildered appearance, inquired, "what is the

- " I am not well," he stammered.
- "And in such good company too! have you examined these likenesses?"
 - " No."
- "But the third, where is that of Fridoline Bernet ! has the painter forgotten to bring it !
- "No," and with averted eyes, Ludwig drew forth the picture from under his hand and gave it

where she has a relation, who is an officer in the drathine, "it is Fridoline herself! and between ourselves thy sainted Ottilia, with her golden hair shining like a glory round her head, cannot compare with this lovely sinner with her chesnut curls."

> Ludwig started up, but his sister seized him-" stop, I did not mean to be so wicked, can you not take a jest? give me a kiss this instant." He kissed her. "Now choose," said she, and held behind her the pictures of the Frau Von Saar and Fridoline; "one of these I will give thee." Ludwig shook his head and smiled, "no," said he, and suddenly quitted the room.

> It was a warm evening in June, the sun was near its setting, and when Ludwig entered the summer house of the Frau Von Saar he found the company already assembled. During tea, the conversation turned upon the goods and ills of life. Ludwig added his comments thereto, but he felt in no humor for exertion or argument, he knew not why-but we are better informed. Among the fair forms assembled there, one was missing, Fridoline Bernet was away-no one had noticed her absence, and an old gentleman was the first to speak of her.

- "Where is she !" then inquired some one else.
- "She went into the garden with the Herr Von Shau," replied Frau Von Saar.
- "A very charming young man," observed a lady who sat at the card table.
- "He has profited very much by his travels," again remarked the old gentleman. "Let him tell you of the dangers he encountered in Paris during the reign of Robespierre. He beheld the fall of Charlotte Corday, and you cannot hear him relate that, without feelings of the deepest interest and sorrow."
- "How speaks he of the Corday !" asked a lovely
- "With perfect ecstasy," was the reply, "and truly her heroism deserves admiration. Resolved to rid her country of a monster, she gloried in her Roman death. I am aware of all the reproaches and censures to which the deed of that noble maiden has given rise, but her name must eventually be revered and hallowed by mankind."

The old gentleman involuntarily grew warm in his enthusiasm, and his earnestness communicated itself to the whole company, producing quite a fierce argument, at the head of which stood Frau Von Saar. Ludwig alone remained neuter: he stood in the circle, with gloomy brow and folded arms. and heard nothing of the disputants. thought he, "she went with Herr Von Shau, and he is so very agreeable is he? and yet she knew that I was to be here, and she herself requested me to come early, and make no other engagement, and now she has gone with him-and yet only yesterday during the dance how she trembled and "It is she to the very life!" exclaimed the Lan- cast down her eyes, stood silently before me for an

instant, and then hastily rejoined her companions. Anon,—when the laughing and talking grew loud and general, did I not see her approach the place where I stood? good Heaven! and this was only coquetry! ah, Innocence! what form, what look must thou now assume, when coquetry takes thy shape only to betray! No—no—Fridoline is no coquette; where is the harm of going into the garden, with any one?" and as he finished this soliloquy, he turned his back on the company and stood at the open door.

"She does not appear to tire of him very soon, truly I will not interrupt so tender a tete-a-tete, I might intrude at a most inconvenient moment," and thinking thus, Herr Ludwig entered the garden and followed a path, leading among flowers and fruit trees. "Why should I be thus interested? what matters to me her eager look-out for a husband? no, mademoiselle, love whom you will, it makes little odds to me," and he drew towards an opening in the hedge, and looked earnestly through, both to right and left, no doubt after the flowers. He was standing near a luxuriant rosebush, and broke off a beautiful rose, whose half opened bosom glowed with the richest carmine. "How lovely!" he exclaimed; "I will carry this to the Frau Von Saar, and will find a time when mademoiselle Bernet is observing me to present it; she shall at least know she is not quite so near my heart as she believes herself to be."

Our hero now proceeded through a kind of wilderness, laid out after the English fashion, and followed a small path that led through the bushes to a high and rocky precipice and there sat alone Fridoline Bernet.

Who would not have pardoned that charming culprit, as she there reclined against a rock, shaded by the drooping ivy, and the flexile boughs of the alder, covered with its snow-white blossoms? any one but Ludwig, the unmerciful! ah! and perhaps at that instant she was thinking of him, who was without pity. There were no traces of Herr Von Shau. Ludwig determined to act as if he had not seen her, and turn into another walk; he did so and found himself standing suddenly and tremblingly before her.

Fridoline was really frightened at his unexpected appearance, and Ludwig only followed his true feelings, when he stammered his apology for having alarmed her.

- "It is so delightful here," she replied, "that I had entirely forgotten myself."
- "And I am distressed to have brought you back from a fairer world."
- "A fairer world? yes"—she paused, "I was thinking on a friend."
- "The happy one has cause to be angry with joy."
 me."

- "No! we should not, in thoughts of the distant, forget those who are near."
- "Permit me to hope, I am among those who are thought of as near."
 - "So long as you would wish it to be so."
- "Can you doubt that wish? Oh that I might prove it to you."
- "You are very singular; why give proof where there is no mistrust?"
- "No mistrust!—you will then believe that I plucked this rose solely for you!"
- "I believe you willingly, and receive the proof."
 Ludwig held out the flower to her, it trembled
 in his grasp, and as Fridoline timidly smiling looked her friend in the eyes and held out her hand to
 receive it, I know not whose fault it was, but the
 bud broke from the thorny stem, and fell to the
 ground between them."

Fridoline uttered an exclamation, and Ludwig stooped to pick up the fallen flower."

- "An unlucky omen," said the maiden with a smile.
- "Not for thee," said Ludwig, "take thou the rose, I will myself retain the thorn."
- "Friends should sooner share them," replied Fridoline.
- "Thus will we do it then, for when the thorn wounds me, will you not consent to heal the wound?"

Fridoline was silent, but she placed her arm in his, and both went towards the rosebush, which grew in the garden walk. The way was short, and yet they were long in accomplishing it, for they often paused, and at last their glances met in one long look. The aspen and the weeping birch, moved by the evening breeze, waved gently over them-not a word was uttered, but Ludwig's eyes said softly, " I am already wounded by the thorns, wilt thou be my physician?" and Fridoline's replied, "traitor, you gave me not only the rose, the thorns are also mine." They moved slowly on, a gentle gliding motion impelled them forward, so slowly, it was almost imperceptible. The aspen and the birch still whispered sweetly above them, and they still lingered beneath their shadows; they looked at each other, and then cast down their eyes, their souls communed; for them was no heaven, no earth, nothing near, nothing distant, there was no present, no future. Arm in arm they glided through the walks. So glide the happy spirits beneath the elysian palms.

When they reached the rosebush, they paused again, and Ludwig longed to say "Here, love, I plucked the rose for thee; here I myself first felt the thorn," while Fridoline thought, "Ah! how few the flowers, how numerous the thorns, and when the leaves fall to the mother-earth, the thorns only remain, and they endure ever, and survive all iov."

Her beautiful head drooped sorrowfully, and

a sigh trembled on her lip. Ludwig plucked a fresh rose, and agitated, as if committing high treason, took her hand, but a slight pressure from those delicate fingers, reassured him, and bowing down, he kissed them with rapture. The roses around appeared to him to glow with richer bloom; he no longer felt the thorns—above him burned the evening heaven, and the branches of the trees, the shrubs and flowers, bathed in a roseate light, reflected back its glories, and appeared to hallow the hour of happiness bestowed upon two mortal beings. They moved slowly on to join the guests, how gladly would they have remained in solitude!

"Fridoline," whispered Ludwig, softly. She answered not, but her arm leaned more heavily on his, and her name, pronounced thus for the first time, by his lips, sent the warm blood, with a new gush to the heart. The sweet sound, "Fridoline," was still ringing in her ears, when they reached the door of the summer house, and heard suddenly a loud voice behind them. "Herr Hohenheim, Herr Hohenheim, a letter from Iceland—a letter from Iceland." Ludwig started, as Amos came, breathless, through the garden, holding up the aforesaid epistle. "Fool," said his master, as he hastened to meet him, "why raise such a tumult?" "But see, sir, it comes direct from Iceland, only see!"

Hohenheim recognized Ottilia's writing and seal, but the letter could not have come at a more unfortunate moment; he grew pale and red, and hastily retired, leaving Fridoline somewhat astonished at his abrupt retreat. "From Iceland!" repeated she, turning to the honest Amos, who was gazing after his master, whose change of countenance he had observed. "Yes, Ma'amselle, from Iceland."

"Has your master any acquaintance there? You surely do not mean from Iceland?"

- "Yes, madam, I do certainly mean from Iceland."
- "Has your master ever been there!"
- "Never in his life, madam, but you must not talk to him of such a thing, for he has the most intense desire to go there."
- "I can scarcely believe that, it is a little too distant."
- "Hem! it is a mere walk for us, madam, we have been much farther."
 - "Who do you mean by we !"
 - "Myself-only myself, madam."
 - "And your master of course ?"
 - " No madam—by no means."
- "How came your master to have a correspondent in Iceland if he has never been there?"
- "Hem—yes—this is the reason, my master is—is—my master is a very learned gentleman, and in Iceland,—there are high schools and learned men also, and they write to my master; I know all about Rome and Venice on the Adriatic sea." And Amos, who was much puzzled by the questions

Ludwig plucked of the young lady, made a low bow, and hastened committing high away in pursuit of Hohenheim. He found him at the farthest extremity of the garden, and was or-him, and bowing dered to await his commands at the garden gate.

Amos departed, and Ludwig threw himself on a broken bench; he read over Ottilia's letter, at least three times, but we only extract a few sentences from many which made our friend tremble with emotion.

"Theodore! Theodore! I long for your return: forgive me-I am not what I formerly was, a dream this morning has changed me entirely. I feel as if I were intoxicated, despise me not, I love you unspeakably. To me thou hast ever appeared excellent and good, far better than myself,-what more can I say-but that I love thee! Thou hast appeared to me in a dream, I met thee on the shores of thy northern ocean, among the dark rocks, thou hast described to me so often in thy letters. The heavens blazed with the bluish red of the northern lights, and the stars gleamed but dimly in the fiery horizon. I trembled with a secret fear, I longed for some living being; Theodore, I have seen thee, thy arms were around me. Ah, mock me not! I am a dreamer, I was so even in my childhood, and was but too bappy in my world of fancies and imaginations, more so than in the real one; in that I found peace, and youth and love, in this I met only perishing beauty, and perishing art. Return-I will see thee. Shall I die without having known the man who is so inexpressibly dear to me! who saved my life. I will love thee as a sieter, be thou my brother. I shudder, for I feel that my hopes are doomed to wither, my wishes to bloom, but bear no fruit. Alone, amidst earth's millions, I seek for a happier planet; no, Theodore, I ought never to meet thee; oh! that my guardian angel had extinguished my torch of life, even while I dreamed of thee."

Ludwig was beside himself; he wept, he kissed the letter, "no, Ottilia," cried he, "no, thou celestial innocence! I will never forsake thee, I will see thee, I will never forsake thee," and he hastened to the garden gate, where Amos awaited him.

"Amos, pack my port-manteau, and bespeak port horses—to-morrow, at four o'clock, we travel forth."

"To-morrow! at four o'clock!" cried Amos, putting on a very long face.

"That is delightful!" said the Landrathine, who just then entered the garden accompanied by her husband, and who had overheard her brother's directions. "No, Herr Hohenheim, you go not so quickly," and with these words she seized his arm and drew him into the summer-house.

- "Thou hearest, Amos!" called out Ludwig.
- "Thou hearest not, Amos, upon my responsibility," said the laughing Therese.
- "I must go, indeed I must," said Ludwig, "I will go to Leipzig."

"Only think," said Therese, as she drew him towards the circle of guests, "only think, Herr Hohenheim will leave us in the morning, and has ordered post horses for Leipzig."

The whole company rose unanimously and surrounded poor Ludwig—beseeching him with prayers and entreaties to remain. Fridoline alone stood quietly at a distance, and ventured not among the petitioners. They spared no caresses, no threats, each and all had so much to say to him, that there appeared to be a contest among them, who could use the most flattery, the most eloquence.

- "That Iceland letter is to blame for this," said the Frau Von Saar with a most mischievous smile, "who knows from what beloved hand it comes?"
- "A letter from Iceland!" said the amazed Therese, "how so? when? where?"
- "Amos announced it," answered the young widow.

This produced a new storm, but Ludwig remained unmoved, and adhered to his resolution of departing in the morning. There was now a general call for the Iceland letter, and their mischievous mirth had risen to a great height, when the announcement of supper induced them to postpone the cause till after that important meal.

Each gentleman selected a lady and led her across the garden to the house. Ludwig, however, remained leaning against the window, till remarking that Fridoline was left without an escort he allently offered her his arm.

They had proceeded but a few steps, ere Fridoline, disengaging herself from him, took out her handkerchief, and pressed it to her eyes; Ludwig bent over her, "You weep," said he with an uncertain voice. She answered not. He attempted to take her hand, but she withdrew it, and said, "I pray you leave me, Herr Hohenheim."

- "Are you angry with me dearest?"
- " No."
- "Do you also wish me to give up my journey to-morrow?"
 - "No, by all means go to-morrow-to-night."
 - "And is it then a matter of indifference to you?"
- "No, yet go, indeed you must, it will be pleasant to me, very pleasant."
- "Well, since it is so agreeable to you, I will go; Oh! Fridoline, would I had never known you. I am most unfortunate, you know not how I am situated; I am very, very unhappy. The thorns indeed are mine; I must depart, my destiny calls me, I am deceived through my own folly, an extraordinary caprice of fate has destroyed me; I make thee but one prayer Fridoline, only one, do not think me false, continue in my absence to cherish at least a feeling of kindness for me."

Still no answer.

"Look on me," continued he, in a supplicating voice: then after another pause, "are you indeed so displeased with me?"

Fridoline let her hands fall from before her face. At this instant, the full moon bursting through the scattering clouds, shed her mild glance through the twilight of the trees, shrubs and flowers, and over the fair form of Fridoline, as she stood like a gentle angel before him, her eyes fixed on him, their glances full of love and grief, "Go and forever," said she, after awhile, "go and be happy."

- " No, Fridoline! that I can never be."
- "And I"—she could say no more.
- "I remain, I go not," cried Hohenheim, as with tears in his eyes he pressed Fridoline suddenly to his heart. She looked in his face, beheld his tears, "dear Hohenheim, I pray you go, you must, you shall, I pray you go, or if you will not"—
 - "Speak on Fridoline."
 - "Then must I myself depart."
- "And wherefore! can you not endure my presence! will you not look on me! how have I angered you thus!"
- "You have not angered me, Hohenheim, never, but this must not be: remain till Sunday evening, it will only be three days longer; then I also go: ask me not why, mention it not to the guests—will you promise me?"
 - "I will."
 - "And you stay till Sunday evening ?"
 - "Certainly."

She gave him her hand, he pressed it to his heart, and they rejoined the company.

[To be continued.]

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

O'er a bright blooming isle in the far Indian seas, Soars aloft a gay bird, in the face of the breeze— Soars aloft, while the air with his glad voice outrings, As the wind rushing by smooths his gossamer wings.

Away through yon ether thy pathway doth lie, High upward, and onward, brave bird of the sky! He who guideth the tempest, aid to thee doth impart, Giveth force to thy pinion, and strength to thy heart.

Where the strong-plumed eagle soars up and away,
'Mong the bright clouds of morning, thy mates are at play;
Then mount thee in gladness! swell thy clear notes on high—
Ah! why hast thou wandered thus down from the sky?

Thy gay wing is drooping, thy plume wears a stain,
Thou hast stooped thee to earth—thou may'st ne'er rise

How like is the spirit that soars to be free,

In its flight—in its full, oh, thou bird! unto thee.

New-York.

SHE IS THE LAST.

She is the last of all that God
Hath given to our hearth,
Two brothers sleep beneath the sod,
They perished at their birth;
Ah! fondly did we hope that she
Woold live through her sweet infancy.

She is the last, and there she lies,
Beneath the locust tree.
We've laid to rest with streaming eyes
The last of all the three:
We've heaped the clay above her breast,
And left her sleeping with the rest.

She is the last,—we give her up,
With silent lips, to Heaven:
Submissively, we take the cup,
'Tis bitter, but 'tis given:
Enduring still, with faithful trust,
We yield our last hope to the dust.

TOGA CIVILIS TO AN "OFFICIAL MILITARY SEAMAN."
ON THE BULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

August 28th, 1843.

To the Editor of the Sou. Lit. Messenger.

Dear Sir:—I have just read "a reply to Toga Civilia," contained in the "Messawaza," for August, which I hasten to remark upon, although I presume any communication now made must reach you too late to appear in the number for September.

The writer of the "reply" misrepresents my views on the subject under consideration, not in a single particular, but in every respect and generally; and presuming he loves truth better than success in a bad cause, I will endeavor to point out what I believe to be the errors into which he has fallen. Notwithstanding the gentleman shows some irritation of feeling, and occasionally soothes it by a flippant and personal allusion to my vanity, badspirit, rudeness to captains, querulousness, &c., and although he complains of my verbal criticisms, and finds it a fault that I quoted Johnson's Dictionary, (and I quoted accurately too!) I will let it all pass. If he had overturned a single position or important assertion, made by me, I really believe he would have done the cause of the Surgeons in the Navy more injury, and himself more credit, than by gratifying himself in personal attacks upon myself, or Dr. W. P. C. Barton. Thus far, in spite of its effort, the exercise of his wit has proved to be a harmless amusement; I shall offer no objection to his indulging in a pleasure so innocent as this seems to be.

I am proud of the notice an "Official Military Seaman," has taken of my tiny effort; and, if perfectly agreeable to you, Mr. Editor, I shall be most happy to discuss the differences of opinion existing between us. If he prove me to be in error, I will cheerfully acknowledge it, and profit by his instruction; but let us avoid personal epithets and citations from witty authors in foreign tongues, for we may not be equally expert in the use of such weapons; a rifleman, with choice of distance, ought not to match himself against a small-swerds-man.

In his "reply," the gentleman has not offered a single tenable objection to any position I have assumed. He has not "come to his feet" in a cool and candid spirit; but he has permitted prejudice or ignorance to warp his views and lead him to utter sephistry for argument. His attacks upon the set much loved medical chief I care not for: that person will meet his deserts one of these days, (if he has them not at this moment,) but the injury he has done will not be soon repaired. The medical corps of the Navy, however, is not and should not be made responsible for his acts: in justice, we ought to look to the power that appointed and sustained him.

There is evidently an attempt made by the author of the "reply," to convey the idea that Dr. Barton is the originator of the discontent existing in the medical corps; that there is not the smallest cause for complaint in any respect by the medical corps, and in support of this view we are told, (page 457) but untruly told, "it is the delightful privilege, and even blessing, of the Surgeon of a shipof-war, that he moves in a path of duty, where no one has either the desire or the capacity to interfere, and that he is thus exempted from a participation in the personal conflicts, jealousies and anneyances, that beset the subject of an ever present and active military rule," implying that the Surgeon is not "the subject of an ever present and active military rule:" it is also charged that the medical corps, (part of it, at least?) by the prompting of this same unfortunate chief, is striving to attain entire independence of all military rule and subordinationthat it is selfish and striving to advance itself at the expense of all other grades, and finally, that it is hostile to the whole service without motive.

In support of these serious charges, the gentleman has not alleged a single fact or circumstance in proof, and has totally failed to show that his statements, that is, opinions, are even plausible.

The truth presents a different picture. many members of the medical corps have performed duty, both ashore and afloat, without meeting many obstacles from commanders of vessels. and have deservedly gained the approbation of all with whom they were associated. No one, perhaps, manifested any desire to interfere in the path of their duty; and we have heard "Official Military Seamen" take credit to themselves on this point, in language something like this-" Whenever the Surgeon reported to me that any thing was necessary for the sick, it was instantly granted and got, if money would procure it-if he said it was necessary to send a man to a hospital, he had it his own way." This is emphatically true, and how lowly sunk must humane feeling be if it were untrue: humanity to his patients is advanced to prove that the Surgeon himself has no reasonable wish ungratified! It may be remarked here, that if there be one trait of character more strongly marked than another, among "Official Military Seamen" affeat, it is their disposition to comfort and succor the sick. Surgeons, who have cruised much, know how unexceptionable the custom is to furnish delicacies to the sick from the officers' stores. If a balance were struck between credits of this kind, and the unholy charges contained in the infamous "liquor circular," the Navy Department would be deeply in debt.

To return to the point—the kindness of officers. in aiding the Surgeon to procure appliances for the relief of their suffering shipmates, certainly has little bearing upon the question of the Surgeon's personal rights and privileges—it would not be arged, that, because the public store-rooms of the ship contain all the tools the exercise of his trade requires, the carpenter himself is enviably situated!

Military subordination, on duty, was not, and is not offensive; nor has much complaint been made on the score of physical privations. Medical officers, in the Navy, are placed in a position to see men, not unfrequently inferior to themselves in every mental accomplishment, pass them, by becoming lieutenants, by becoming commanders, by becoming captains—time advances all their associates, but leaves them fixed. They are denied assimilated rank, " a distinction purely nominal;" and for the want of it they are obliged to submit in silence to all the ontward demonstrations of social inferiority, in a community where the apartment slept in, the place occupied at table, the precedence, (or in their case sequence,) in leaving and entering a ship, the place of promenade on deck, and even the fashion and decoration of his clothes, are definitely determined by the grade or rank of every man on beard. This community is chiefly made up of men who are drilled from youth upwards to these aristocratic distinctions; they are taught to read a man's worth, officially, by the buttons and ballion on his coat, and to respect him accordingly. This is truly the very foundatoin of discipline. But the medical officers are admitted to this aristocracy, at an average age of, perhaps, four and twenty; they have been cast in the faith of democracy, and have stiffened in the mould-they cannot bend and are not readily taught to feel socially inferior to their new companions, who treat them as inferior members of the aristocracy, because their buttonshieroglyphics of the military profession-do not indicate any rank whatever. To be without rank in the midst of an aristocracy is worse than being without money any where; it is the misfortune of medical officers to feel themselves worthy of a nearer appreach to social equality with their fellow servants of the people. But medical officers have no rank. Every privilege depends upon the courteey of their associates; and if the Surgeon be fortunate in his shipmates, he may have no cause to complain, but if not, he will break the bread of Believing in his own prophecy, he was too modest to wish bitterness till the end of the cruise. He holds to exemplify its truth in his own person.

nothing as a right; while all in the vessel, whether above or below him, have rights which can be always sustained on the ground of law or usage.

The frequent occurrence of instances, showing the want of rank in a naval or military community, created a dislike to the sea-service and a discontent in the minds of most Medical officers, which was not lessened by comparing their own with the situation of their professional brothers, either in other services or in our ewn army. On the necessity of an established rank, and of the justice of claiming to be placed on an equal footing with Medical officers of the army in this respect, the corps became gradually unanimous in opinion. The want of a head, a representative of the corps, had long been felt; and a majority of the corps believed, that the interests of the country would be advanced by the creation of the office of "Surgeen General of the Navy," and years past, Congress had been asked to create it, and many believed this must be the first step towards improving the position of Surgeons in the Navy. This project, however, was most wantonly, furiously and insanely opposed by the very man, who was (carefully !) " selected" " from among sixty Surgeons of the Navy," to fill the office the moment it was instituted, although he declares in an address " To the House of Representatives," (Feb. 28, 1843,) that it is an office "he neither sought, wished for," nor approved*-and his sentiments remain unchanged.

The corps was disappointed: the Navy has been disgusted by the mental antics of this chief who has neither the sympathy nor approbation of his corps. Even in creating the Bureau of medicine and surgery, a stamp of inferiority was set upon the whole corps, if not upon the whole medical profession; its chief was assigned a salary of a

*The reasons why he did not wish the office, are, perhaps, contained in the following extract, from " a polemical remonstrance against the project of creating the new office of Surgeon General in the Navy of the United States," addressed to the naval committees of both houses in Congress, "by William P. C. Barton, M. D., a senior Surgeon in the United States Navy," &c. &c.

"Should this dynamic office be created, with all its speciously projected utilities, it and its incumbent will soar like the balloonist, by inflation and the levity of the air within, to a great height. On its first rising, the community would gaze at it in wonderment-commend the boldness of the aeronaut who could venture to ascend in so fragile and unsubstantial a machine. He will soar still higher and higher, until he shall become dimly seen in reduced dimensions, and will finally be lost sight of, obscured from visioninstruments, advantages, life-preserving apparatus and all in clouds of disappointment. The gazers would disperse and he be not heard of again, until we should learn, by the public prints, that he had precipitately descended, after many and precarious attempts to direct his baloon on a straight course in his aerial voyage, at a place of landing, far distant from its rise, or perhaps that he shall have met with injuries, or loss of property or life, in the venturesome feat."

the coordinate bureaux of the Navy Department. To call attention to this invidious distinction, a memorial was addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, aigned by all the Medical officers who were at home; and how strongly the corps felt this distinction is shown by the simple fact, that the majority of the signers of that paper were personally hostile to the very man who was to be earliest benefitted by the success of their petition.

Now, when the voice of the corps just begins to make itself heard, and its cries are responded to by the sympathy of the whole profession; when it asks for what cannot be reasonably denied—to be placed on a level with the army Medical Corps,after it has won applause in all quarters, and receives it liberally from the hand of its warm opponent, (the author of the "reply,") its members are denounced as "disorganisers," as selfish, and are falsely charged with seeking their own advancement at the expense of the whole Navy. We are told to be content; and to make us so, we are praised, flattered, threatened, and appealed to in all ways. But I tell the gentleman it is vain : we must have a hearing; and after we have been patiently heard, we will abide the decision-not of the Navy alone-but of the nation.

Does the gentleman think that medical service in the Navy is so very popular, in the profession, that it will be always in demand! How many resignations are now taking place? Is the gentleman aware that of the five to whom commissions of Assistant Surgeon have been recently sent, three only have accepted! Unless there is reform, the Medical Corps cannot be kept filled by properly qualified men; and the result will be the destruction of the system of examinations, there will be no standard of qualification, and it requires very little discernment to foresee who will be the sufferers, or who will become to sea-officers " the companions of their minds and the guardians of their health."

Of the importance of a highly qualified corps of Medical officers for the Navy there can be no doubt; nor is there much difficulty in devising the means of obtaining and of keeping such a corps. Offer as easy a position as proper discipline will permit and an adequate pay to tempt poor men of talent from the beaten professional course, and the matter is accomplished, provided always that the Boards of Examination carefully discharge their duties to the government.

But let us examine more closely some of the positions and assumptions of an "Official Military Seaman."

The "reply" states that the paper of Toga Ci-

thousand dollars a year less than the salaries of vice—a hostility without reason or provocation; and which, it may be remarked here, is not likely of itself to advance the views or interests of those who take it as a principle of action." (Page 452 of Messenger.)

This is error, and some may be disposed to characterize it by a stronger term. I do not believe that any members of the Medical Corps entertain hostile feelings, recent or old, against "the sea-officers of the service," in the sense here implied, and I have some doubt whether the writer himself seriously entertains such a notion. But, the Surgeons of the Navy have long felt, there is some undisclosed reason, perhaps of a personal nature, why their claims to consideration, on several occasions, when Regulations have been proposed, have been unceremoniously and disrespectfully cast aside. This very "paper" is a fair specimen of the sneering tone of the replies heretofore made to their petitions for amendment. The Surgeons ask for nothing that is calculated to injure any one grade in the Navy, or in any respect lessen discipline; but they cannot be persuaded that it is necessary for the interests of the Navy generally, or any grade or grades, that they alone of all classes in the Navy should remain without rank or personal rights and privileges, and continue to receive every thing as a personal favor from the Captain or first Lieutenant of a ship; a Medical officer was once told by a captain, in reply to a petition he preferred at sea, to have a place assigned him to sleep, (stating that midshipmen occupied the staterooms, usually occupied by officers of his grade, and that he was obliged to sleep on deck or in the beds of officers while they were on watch,) that he had all the law allowed him-"show me, sir, any Regulation which entitles you to a room, and you shall have it-if you do not like your situation you may write to the Secretary of the Navy, but don't trouble me any further on the subject." Yet, your correspondent tells his readers that "no one has either the desire or the capacity to interfere" with the Medical officer "in a path of duty." Tell your correspondent that it happened once: a Fleet Surgeon, a man much loved and universally respected, on account of his official as well as his private qualities, was directed by the commander-in-chief to visit a vessel of the squadron on special duty. He reported the Commodore's order and requested the first Lieutenant (now a commander) to give him a boat to enable him to obey it. The "Official Military Seaman," replied, after a moment's hesitation, " I have just ordered a boat for the wardroom steward, and you can take a seat with him." The Surgeon declined the honor, not that he obvilis "places in open view the new and alarming jected to sitting in a boat with the ward-room hostility which some members of the Medical Corps steward, but there was something annoying in beof the Navy, under the guidance of its present ing associated in "a path of duty" with a serrepresentative, the head of the Medical Bureau, vant. The seaman rejoined, "Then sir, I shall give have imbibed towards the sea-officers of the ser-'you no other boat." At this moment, the Commodore appeared on deck, and the Surgeon stated in the formation of these Regulations, or he speaks that Mr. —— refused to give him a boat, unless he would share it with the steward. "Give the Doctor a boat, sir." It may be well to state, there was no personal unkindness existing between these gentlemen; on the contrary, they had been friends.

I must add for your information, Mr. Editor, that "the first" would not have said the same thing. either to a Commander or a Lieutenant, or associated any "Official Military Seaman,"-I am glad the gentleman likes this appelative-" in a path of duty," with a ward-room steward; and I humbly believe that the Fleet Surgeon would have been spared, on that occasion, had there been an assimilated or correlative rank established for Medical officers. It is such instances that has driven Medieal officers to seek for the establishment of laws and Regulations to protect them from the annoyance of the petty exercise of petty tyranny; and when they see an attempt made, either wilfully or through ignorance, to fasten upon them the "abuses of the service," can you be surprised if they resist, even at the cost of being charged with " a hostility, without reason or provocation" " towards the sea-officers of the service." Instances of a similar character can be cited, almost without number; yet your correspondent assures you, "any complaint of former ill-treatment comes with a bad grace from Medical officers," (page 458.) Why! Because, says "an Official Military Seaman," "They were the first to have their pay increased, and the double examination, regulated by their own will, gives security and permanency to the honor and intelligence of the corps." Does the gentleman really think, because they were the first to obtain from the representatives of the people, a very small addition to an almost contemptibly small pay, they should bear ill-treatment in silence, whether present or past-or does he think they should submit to injustice, because they pointed out and secured the way of making the Medical Corps honorable and intelligent, by causing Medical officers to be twice examined before receiving the commission of Surgeon, and consequently securing for the "Official Military Seamen" and others in the Navy, when sick and hurt, efficient professional assistance-not only that, but protecting them from the fatality, ever following in the track of ignorant (misnamed) physicians. Because they have done this, they are called upon to submit, nay, not only so, but to submit quietly to injustice from the very men who are most benefitted by their successful efforts to elevate the standing and increase the intelligence of medical men in the Navy!

The second paragraph of the "reply," gives us some very significant information in regard to the the debate on the proposition for a mixed commisformation of these said Rules and Regulations; sion, and the other one, as far as report goes, negand of course this information is to be relied on, for | lected the subject altogether. It may not be altothe reason, that an "Official Military Seaman" gether out of place to ask here, what has become

under instruction of some one who was there.

"This Board was informally called together, by the honorable Secretary of the Navy, for the purpose of revising the Rules, &c.," previously prepared by himself and the Attorney General of the United States. "In the progress of their revision, the Board found it more convenient, with the consent of the Department (Qu! Secretary,) to adopt a new, (the present) form."

Again, says the "reply," " when the Board concluded to enter upon its duties, it was immediately observed and regretted, that no Surgeon was present-(why !) but, upon inquiry, it was ascertained that the chief of the Medical Bureau was preparing a system of Rules for the government of his own corps. The Board would have preferred the personal cooperation of an intelligent, sea-going Surgeon."

The "Reply" further states that the Secretary of the Navy approved of the labors of the Board and recommended its work to the protection of Congress, and urges this as a reason why every body should be content with the Rules and Regulations thus prepared; and the Secretary thought they must be good because the Board approved of its own work !-- at least so he says in his report-but the reply says, "the members of the Board were desirous, that the code drawn up by them should be suspended for another year, in order that the accumulation and comparison of professional opinions might improve what they had done in a short time, and under the pressure of other duties."

In his report to the speaker of the House of Representatives, the Secretary does not mention the Attorney General as having participated in drawing up the Rules and Regulations, but he says, distinctly, that " the code now presented is the result of their labors, (the Board) conjointly with my own"-but the reply says, "the Board found it more convenient to adopt a new form."

The reply tells us there was no Surgeon on the Board, and it was regretted; but the Secretary declares "the different grades of the service were engaged in this duty," adding, "the fact that the Rules and Regulations, as now presented, are approved by all of them, affords a strong presumption that they are right."

Besides the contradiction of the parties quoted, it is worth remarking the manner of obedience accorded by the high functionaries of the land to the joint resolution of Congress, dated 24th May, 1842. One of them, delegated his share of the work to four others, in opposition to the implied will of Congress on this subject, as expressed in speaks as if he himself were present and took part of the answer to a resolution of Congress, (session

statement of the total amount of sea and shore duty performed by every officer in the Navy!

We have been assured that the Secretary had not read the code prepared by the Board, when his report went to Congress, and that he afterwards expressed his disappointment in it—and we were led firmly to believe that all the lead pencil writing in Dr. Barton's code was done by the Board. Since the statements, both written and verbal, touching the action of this board and others on the Regulations are so contradictory, I am willing to suspend my judgment until satisfied of the correctness of my information.

It is a republican doctrine that the public acts of public men are open to public discussion, for approval or condemnation. Official position ought not to sanctify either the errors or crimes of men, unless we admit the practical truth of the assertion, "A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn." The bare fact of a man being either sailor, saint or Secretary, should not protect him from ridicule or rebuke, if, unfortunately, his conduct merit either. What! shall a Secretary deliberately tell Congress what he ought to know was incorrect, and no man be permitted, even in self-defence, to point out the error !

The members of that Board, we are told, console themselves with the reflection that they left the Medical Corps precisely where they found itnever was a Board more easily consoled—its sin is of omission. "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done," they may truly repeat in concert; and "it may enlighten some of your readers to learn" that the only grades in service, contented with the proposed Regulations, are those of Captain and Purser-" the sword and purse"-and there are a good many of both these who are not entirely satisfied.

We confess "it would be impossible for the authors of those complaints (Surgeons) to show that the grade to which they belong, has suffered in any one respect, however trifling, or lost any portion of their rights, privileges, dignity or independence, which the permanent usages of the service have sanctioned:" we confess this, because the usages of the service have never permitted Medical officers to hold rank, rights, privileges or independence, and in many instances their personal, individual dignity alone has screened them from many annovances-we confess it in humiliation that the position of Medical officers in the Navy, as far as rank, rights, privileges or independence are concerned, cannot be worse. They are now at the mercy and discretion of men whose leading trait is not perwho, like the author of the "reply," are too chivalpower entrusted in their hands, yet the author of ing, that the young Navy has done a great deal to

1841-2,) calling upon the Navy Department for a the "reply" will not deny there have been, and may again be exceptions.

Your correspondent tells us the Board was "aware of the morbid sensibility which, unhappily, at present affects a part of the Medical Corps." I think that it is only a very small part of the corps that is free from this condition, which he somewhat sneeringly denominates "morbid sensibility," and it is not likely to be cured by the treatment received at the hands of an "Official Military Seaman." respectfully suggest, if he would imitate Sganarelle, (the clown in the French play he refers to, who was forced to prescribe in spite of his own honest protest,) and make himself acquainted with the cause and remove it, he would be more likely to succeed than by laughing or sneering at the disease, or the patients. If we should take the "reply" as an embodiment of the sentiments and opinions of the "sea-officers" on the worth and claims of the Medical Corps, we might retort the sneer about morbid sensibility.

When speaking of rank, (page 453) the author misrepresents us through an error of conception. He says, "Hence arises another objection, that the Surgeon gains nothing for the time he serves as assistant or passed-assistant Surgeon. is no evident reason why he should." Did the gentleman seek for one? No! but he offers a reason why he should not, and here it is-" The Lieutenant is not permitted to count the years he passes in the grades of Midshipman and Passed Midshipman. The condition of the Assistant Surgeon is one of apprenticeship, or, to use a more delicate word to sensitive ears, a novitiate, in which the peculiar practice and uses on board ships are learned-and the intellectual and moral qualifications of the novice are tested. The requirements of the second examination prove this view to be correct!" Indeed! The premises are untrue, and the conclusions drawn from them are necessarily false. When a gentleman accepts a commission as an Assistant Surgeon in the Navy, he is neither an apprentice, nor a novitiate in the profession,—he has already. passed through that condition; he carries with him the credentials of a master; and comparatively, in a professional point of view, he is as far, if not farther advanced, the day he passes his examination, than when the Lieutenant receives his commission. The Assistant Surgeon enters the Navy a full grown, educated gentleman, ready to exercise a profession; but the embryo Lieutenant comes to our notice a boy of from fourteen to sixteen, untaught, frequently ignorant of the primary elements of education, and we have heard of youngsters who were enabled to write to their pahaps forbearance; and, though we have a personal rents only through the kindness and superior scholarknowledge of many "Official Military Seamen," ship of their messmates—and even those who have been most carefully taught, are professionally in rous, too generous, too gentlemanly to abuse the total ignorance; -- and it may be remarked, in pass-

advance itself in "polite letters," though not enough | to obviate the necessity for a naval school. Between the newly appointed Midshipman and Assistant Surgeon, in point of age and profession, there is as much difference as between the newly appointed Midshipman and the young Lieutenant, who may be regarded as a graduate in his profession. The principles and practice of surgery and medicine are not so much modified by being exercised within the confines of a ship or Navy yard, as to require five years apprenticeship to become familiar with the effects of such influences. Nor is the second examination, (which occurs five years after the first,) designed to test." the intellectual and moral qualifications of the novice." The author of the "reply" knows perfectly well there are surgeons now in the Navy who never were Assistants; and there is one still living who was in a brilliant "action" three months after the date of his commission. Why does the gentleman tell us gravely that Assistant Surgeons are professional apprentices to learn the peculiar practice and uses on board ships? He must surely feel that he does himself injustice, to resort to such invention for arguments; his cause ought to be worthy of better defence than this. After arguing, that because Midshipmen and Assistant Surgeons are alike apprentices, there is no evident reason why Surgeons should derive any advantage from the time passed as Assistant Surgeons, when they are ranked correlatively with Pursers, Chaplains, &c., he very seriously adds, "But it is the peculiar privilege of the chaplain, purser, &c., that they are considered, at the moment of admission, qualified to perform all their duties. They assume, at once, the position which they permanently retain-and it would be difficult to show any cause why these civil officers of respectable standing, being distinctly separated from the Surgeons in their duties, should be placed under them in nominal rank."-Indeed! Let us try this difficulty; if the gentleman was not so skittish when strong language is used, perhaps the difficulty might be readily evercome. However, some reason is better than no reason.

Among military men seniority is conceded to be entitled to precedence; we say Army and Navy, because the Army is oldest. On this ground, seniority, precedence would be given to the oldest commission.

Assistant Surgeons, under the name of Surgeons' mates, were commissioned officers long before the creation of the Navy Department. They were commissioned "by and with the advice and consent of the senate," as early as March, 1794; (see Act to provide a naval armament) and the Navy Department itself was not instituted until April,

* Thomas Harris.—See Reliquiæ Baldwinianæ: Selections from the correspondence of the late William Baldwin. M. D., Surgeon in the U. S. Navy—By William Darlington, M. D., 1843.

1798. It remains for the author of the "reply" to tell us when, as he asserts, "Assistant Surgeons were once warrant officers under the title of 'Surgeons' mates:" we question whether this commission is not as old as the present Navy.

Surgeons and Chaplains always were commissioned in our Navy; but Pursers, as stated on another occasion, were warrant officers until the Act of March 30, 1812, (an Act concerning the naval establishment,) which provided for them a commission.

On the ground of seniority of commission, Chaplains, as well as Surgeons and Assistant Surgeons, are entitled to precedence of Pursers; but as their duties are distinct, there seems to be no necessity for connecting them "in a state of relative subordination."

As we deny the *peculiar* privilege of Chaplain and Purser, and do not consider them better qualified *professionally* than Assistant Surgeons at the moment of admission, we think we have reason to claim *precedence* for Surgeons over Pursers without regard to the respectability of their standing.

The gentleman speaks of the "liberal and courteous spirit" of the Board; it found the Medical Corps without any right or privilege of any kind, and in the spirit of liberality, it took nothing away. But let us see the gentleman's code of ethics; it is embraced in the following words, (page 454)-"What law and custom have settled and approved is no longer the fit subject of jealousy and offence." If this be the sentiment of a republican of 1843, it was not approved July 4, 1776, as may be seen in the "Declaration of Independence." We have been foolish enough to suppose, that the spirit of our institutions, of the age in which we live, sanctions no law or custom which is in opposition to rational freedom or improvement. Where would such a creed have put the gentleman at the Boston tea-party, or the battle of Bunker Hill? This contention for the perpetuation of "custom" and law is purely aristocratic, and becomes the noble member of an aristocratic government, or aristocratic institution; but it is not in accordance with the interests of the people. has been contended for by tyrants of all kinds, whether soldier, saint, sailor or demagogue, in all ages; it was the existence of this false notion, which gave glory to the reformation, and lighted our revolutionary fathers to success; and it was this false notion, this effort to maintain "what law and custom have settled," that cost Spain her colonies, the Popes millions of subjects, and brought many a king to the scaffold. It is a stubborn adherence to this dogma of monarchists that leads to lynch law; it opposes improvement of every kind and stands in the way of ameliorating the condition of the people. It is not American doctrine: we contend, that while we respect whatever laws

to point out their errors, declaim against them, and The source of all law is petition for their repeal. the will of the people; and the power that makes the law can also repeal it—and thanks to our forefathers, that power can always be approached by petition.

I would not notice this fallacy, if it did not usher in "novelty" as an objection to assigning rank to Medical officers-" this new and unheard of claim," as the gentleman is pleased to denominate it.

The gentleman refuses rank to Medical officers (because he thinks and says it is novel;) because it would not improve medical practice ashore or afloat, and as it is "a distinction purely nominal" at best, it would only entitle the bearer to precedence on some occasions of ceremony! If these were the honest sentiments of the Board, what prevented its "liberal and courteous spirit," previously boasted, from granting this "distinction purely nominal"-this empty shadow of powerwhy should sensible, liberal, courteous, chivalrous, generous gentlemen refuse so very a trifle (in their own estimation) to those who sought it eagerly. The whole corps is asking for this "purely nominal" distinction—and this corps, so much praised for its skill and intelligence, is told that "rank is a public trust," and to give even its semblance, in a purely nominal shape, could have no other possible effect than to gratify the personal vanity of the members of the Medical corps. If this be true, and this is the weakness and the vanity of these intelligent gentlemen, why not gratify it! It will cost nothing. It will not injure any body; and why not gratify the vanity of one class in the Navy as well as another—or will the vanity, the morbid sensibility of the sea-officers be wounded, or feelings of jealousy be excited by granting "rank" to a corps so universally esteemed and beloved as the Medical corps of the Navy? Does the gentleman believe that this highly respected corps, made up of men in whom "the sea-officer recognizes, through his long wanderings, the instructive companions of his mind, and the watchful guardians of his health"-does the gentleman candidly believe this corps would be united to a man on this subject of rank, if it were the mere bauble, he would lead your readers to believe! He tells us that all ought to be satisfied with the proposed Regulations, because a judge, a civil jurist, approved them—a man who tells us he is ignorant of the technicalities of the service and therefore relied upon a few friends. And does it go for nothing that upwards of a hundred educated men, some of whom have served ten and even fifteen years in cruising ships, in war and in peace, whose heads have whitened has so easily answered he has not answered at all. in the naval service, tell you they cannot approve details and technicalities of the service; and ordi- man contend that "Official Military Seamen" only

and customs exist in our land, we have a right nary minds would presume the joint opinion of this body on the subject would be equal at least to the opinion of a single individual, who, though in a high place, honestly tells us he "did not venture to rely upon his own views in regard to" the Regulations because they "related to matters so purely technical."

Mr. Editor, your correspondent insists, that the idea of rank for Medical officers is entirely new and unheard of. Tell him, for me, there is not a Medical officer in our own Army without a defined rank; and further, that Medical officers of a post are subject to the orders, are subordinate only to the commander of the post-and are not subject, as on board ship, to the command of a half dozen superiors.—Tell him further, the correlative rank of Medical officers in the French Navy rises as high as that of Vice-Admiral-that the Medical officers of the British Navy have recently been put on a footing with the Army. In short, the anamolous condition of the Medical officers in the American Navy is exceptionable, by comparison with other services which are analogous, without any reference to the intrinsic merits or propriety of this novel claim for rank. The gentleman is seemingly behind the age in knowledge of his subject. Does he believe, in truth, that this argument of novelty would make as strongly against the question of the rank of Admiral in our Navy, which will be certainly new when created, as he supposes it does against correlative rank for Medical officers?

The Medical corps will go as far as any corps in the Navy, or even as far as the gentleman himself, to advance the interests of the service generally; but it is not admitted that the Surgeons seek any thing for themselves which is not also to contribute to the general good; nor do they ask any thing that has not already been tested by experience. The Surgeons will be content to be placed, as respects the sea-officers, on the same footing as the Surgeons of the Army, as respects officers of the line. But their "morbid sensibility" will not be cured by any thing less-not even by the advice of the gentleman who vainly arrogates to himself the privilege of saying to Medical officers "thus far, and no farther."

"With regard to hospitals," says the reply "the mistaken claim of a Surgeon to the sole and exclusive control over them is easily answered, by saying that public hospitals are military establishments, component parts of military commands; and their inmates are the subjects of military authority. They must, therefore, have a military organization and discipline." The gentleman ought to have been a little more explicit, for what he thinks he

Let us admit, that naval hospitals are military any thing so improper as these said Regulations! establishments, does it follow, therefore, a Surgeon The Medical corps has some knowledge of the is incompetent to control one; or does the gentle-

are officers in the Navy, the only persons to be entrusted with rank, and the only persons to exercise command !- Is the gentleman aware that the Army hospitals of all kinds are under the exclusive control of Medical officers !-- and may I ask him how much the Lieutenant's superintendence of the Norfolk hospital contributes to its order and admirable discipline? And what would be its condition, if the Surgeon were to trust the order and discipline of the establishment to the Lieutenant? How long an apprenticeship is required to make a young Lieutenant in the Navy competent to discipline and control a large hospital, and its old Surgeon included! This question is answered by saying it is a "military establishment," and therefore the Lieutenant must, of course, understand the whole subject without special study; but a fully educated physician, according to the reply, must serve five years apprenticeship before he can safely practice his profession affoat; and although he may have managed a mad-house before he was an assistant Surgeon, he will never be trusted to control a naval hospital without the supervision of some Lieutenant or other sea-officer! Are the Surgeons in the Navy to be eternally held in a state of minority, to be supervised by men who, (it would be ungenerous to expect it,) know not as much as themselves about any part of their duty, whether relative to the discipline of a hospital or a sick-bay. discretion, relative to the admission of men into a hospital, or discharging them from it, and the affair of their comfort, may be as well lodged with the Surgeon as a sea-officer: the Surgeon ought to know what a sick man requires better than a seaofficer.

The author of the "reply," after characterising the idea of placing hospitals under the control of Surgeons, as a "palpable absurdity," (which he fails to touch) he says—it must be admitted, that this new claim, which wars with the paramount custom of our own and of other naval services, is a most unfriendly attack upon the rights and privileges of sea-officers, and particularly of such as have merited, by their services, the gratitude of their country."

Here is liberality and courtesy. The coutrol of hospitals, which most persons would consider as more germane to the capacity of Medical men, is claimed as the right and privilege of sea-officers, particularly after they are maimed or worn out in service. Can the gentleman call to mind any instance where a hospital was commanded by an old sea-officer, who received a pension of \$300 a year, for a mere scratch, and at the same time \$4,500 a year in pay, besides house room, lights, furniture and fuel, and this five thousand a year—the gratitude of his country—was obtained by a man who had not served at sea five years out of forty-five, and who, during the existence of war, never saw a man-of-war of the enemy, or of his own country? If the same hospital had been under the con-

trol of a Surgeon it would have cost the government about three thousand dollars a year less; but this is not a question of dollars and cents, though we may get to that after a time. If the control of hespitals be claimed as the eleemosynary right of sea-officers exclusively, what does the gentleman leave for Medical officers who merit the gratitude of their country—or are they incapable of meriting any thing from their country by faithful services!

Although a system has been devised, and since the 23rd of April, 1800, in operation, providing "pensions and half pay, should the same be hereafter granted" to officers and seamen "who may merit, by their bravery, or long and faithful services, the gratitude of their country," the "Official Military Seaman" claims for himself and those of his class, when meritorious, the control and governorship of hospitals as a part of their rights and privileges. Besides the manifestation of the country's gratitude in the form of pension, (half pay is an obsolete term), we find a claim set up for the creation and continuation of sinecures in the naval service, that the country may have them to give as grateful demonstrations to worn out sea-officers.

Did the Dales, and Decaturs, and Hulls, and Bainbridges of the service ever look forward to the command of hospitals, that, when the frailties and imbecility of age should fall upon them, the subjects of their power should be only such as were prostrate by disease, and thus, without risk, the "ruling passion" (said to be strong in death) might be gratified to the last? Let us contrast the naval hero, his "brows bound with victorious wreaths" with the same individual, now shifted

"Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish tremble, pipes
And whistles in his sound,"

but still elinging to command, still a cormorant of power, marshalling and ordering and controlling a troop of worn, wan, wasted sailors, who were like himself once young and athletic—but now the commander and the commanded, equally consuming under nature's law and time's noiseless tread, are fading away in the illusion, that their power and strength, and rank and subordination are in the end as they were in the beginning, and therefore they preserve the "mimic show" of what was once reality. Who does not pity such a hero commanding such a crew; all approaching near to, or actually in the state—

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

had not served at sea five years out of forty-five, and who, during the existence of war, never saw a man-of-war of the enemy, or of his own country! If the same hospital had been under the con-

and not mercenary seamen. They are too lofty such common interest and motive of action, as the in their moral tone, under any circumstances, to public service—but that they stand to each other, accept increase of emolument in proportion to the in the relation of mutual personal hostility," (page decrease of their ability to render service. What species of patriot is he who, after age and sickness have rendered him unfit for duty, would draw from the treasury of a generous people, besides pension for past services, full pay and perquisites, under the bald pretence of watching the Surgeon of a naval hospital, ministering to the wants of sick and wounded sailors! I do not think there is such an one in service; further, there is not more than two, even if there be one, who would claim the right and privilege of having even the opportunity of occupying such a position. If there be such an one the people ought to know his name.

It is the opinion of the corps that naval hospitals are the legitimate commands for Surgeons; and they should superintend their "government and police, and be held responsible for the manner in which the subordinate officers perform their respective duties." The proposed Rules and Regulations (for the medical department of the Navy, Art. 48) direct that "He will receive no patient into the hospital without the written request of the Surgeon of a Navy-vard or vessel, or order of the commanding officer of the station, or Navy Department."

The above extracts from the proposed Rules and Regulations show that an "Official Military Seaman" misconceives the wishes of the corps on the subject; and they also answer, I trust satisfacwere placed under the control of a Surgeon "The commandant (of a station), then, must consult his inferior, the Surgeon, if the commander of a foreign man-of-war asks for a temporary convenience for his sick." As the other remarks of an "Official Military Seaman" on this subject are founded in error of conception, we let them pass. Although the gentleman seems to feel a horror at the idea of a commandant being forced to "consult his inferior, the Surgeon," as to the propriety of admitting foreign sick, no matter whether from contagious disease (small pox, for example) into the hospital of a station, at the risk of all in the institution, he uses an opposite argument to secure the control of Surgeons' requisitions to Captains:-he says the "idea" (of making Surgeons alone responsible for their requisitions)-"this idea seems to suppose, that the commander has no right to apply to the Surgeon for information to guide his judgment-that it would be inadmissible for them to interchange opinions upon the state of the funds

The Rules and Regulations proposed by the Board of Surgeons, it is said, were never even looked at by the Secretary of the Navy; but now constitute a part of the lumber of the Bereau of Medicine and Surgery of the cut both ways. Navy Department.

The heroes of the American Navy are patriots and the necessities of the ship,—that they have no 455.) Why does the gentleman entertain such opposite notions? I trust his opinions are not made up on these subjects. Would he force a commander to "consult his inferior, the Surgeon," as to "the state of the funds and the necessities of the ship," on the ground that both have the interest of their country as the motive of action, and, at the same time, be indignant with the Captain if he should consult his inferior, the Surgeon, when "the commander of a foreign man-of-war asks for a temporary convenience for his sick!" because in the latter case he "seems to suppose the commander has no right to apply to the Surgeon for information to guide his judgment," especially should the question of contagion and the extent of accommodation in the hospital arise, as "they have no such common interest and motive of action as the public service ?"

This attempt of an "Official Military Seaman," through misconception and misrepresentation, to prevent Surgeons from controling naval hospitals, " must be admitted," warring as it does against the custom of our own army and other military services, "is a most unfriendly attack upon the rights and privileges of" Medical officers of the Navy, "and particularly of such as have merited, by their services, the gratitude of their country." presume the gentleman will not deny the possibility of a Surgeon meriting the gratitude of his torily, the assumed difficulty, that if a hospital country, even though he would cut him off from its fruition.

> He has the thanks of the corps for the very handsome manner in which he speaks of it. He says, "Upon the professional ability of the naval Surgeons as a class, any praise that can be offered here is of disproportionate value. The statistics of our public ships, which, during their protracted absences upon the great ocean, encounter every variety of climate, and are visited by every form of disease, bear the highest testimony to their knowledge and unwearied assiduity."

> Whether the gentleman will obtain the praise of his fellow officers, for the manner and ability he has taken up the subject, is very doubtful, for we are almost sure, that the number in the service who think and feel as he does is very small. haps he misrepresents the "Official Military Seamen" of the Navy as much as the admired Sganarelle does a true physician; it must be remembered, however, that this picture of Le medecin malgré lui is a mere burlesque, designed to rebuke unfounded pretension, and bears a considerable latitude of application; -it is a fine piece of humor, and the gentleman may discover it can be made to

It is gratifying to find that my suggestion of sub-

mitting the Rules and Regulations again to a mixed | footing with the Medical corps of the Army; and commission has been echoed, though imperfectly, in the reply :-- it calls for the same officers who honorable means. formed the informal Board, with the addition of a Surgeon, but bitterly opposes the idea of any Surgeon being assigned to this duty who has either written or spoken on the subject. But why not? Has not every member of that Board, as well as its defender, (perhaps himself a member?) committed himself to "angry discussion," at least since it has been found their work was not universally approved? Have the members of that Board been quiet and silent as regards the claims of the the Medical corps—have not these claims been the subject of much talk among these very gentlemen? And why should the act of discussion disqualify a Surgeon but not a Purser or sea-officer? Excuse the coarse vulgarity of the expression, but I must insist upon, "what is sauce for goose is sauce for gander." Therefore, as "the case of the Medical corps was one of hardship"—and is still—to be misrepresented, "by a person practically ignorant of their wants and duties," (in which ignorance there is a striking similarity between the author of the "reply" and the chief of the Bureau)-" and if a recommendation from an humble and nameless source would avail any thing, it might be respectfully suggested," that the plan proposed by Toga Civilis, (page 377, vol. 1x, June, 1843, "Southern Literary Messenger") be carried out. But let the Board consist of men who have served in their respective grades at least five years at sea-(as there is no commander on the list who has served so long as that, I would say for that grade, at least three years)-let Mr. Upshur's suggestion be tried, of making this Board consist of two from each grade of comission officers. If every one of these members had served, within fifteen years past, five years at sea in the grade he represents, the Board would probably include a fair representation of the experience and knowledge of the whole ser-Tice.

If such a commission be formed,—an act of Congress is not necessary for it-as suggested, and the members of it come to their duty in a spirit of candor and willingness to benefit the country by improving the Rules of the Navy, I will venture to say, every grade in the service will be satisfied with the result of its labors: and it will be found that, although there may be at first wide differences of opinion, warmly expressed, there is no grade in the Navy that entertains hostile feelings towards other grades; all will yield up something; selfishness will sacrifice itself for the common good and harmony of all.

In conclusion, I repeat, the Medical corps of the Navy seeks for nothing that will thwart discipline or is not designed for the general good of the service. It entertains no feelings of hostility to any branch of the service: it asks to be placed on a

to attain its object it will openly resort to every

That this honorable body has many more able and accomplished advocates of its views than I am, there is but little doubt; but the cause seemed to me so reasonable, so just, requiring only a moderate degree of ability to plead, that I have been tempted to venture my small skill, and if I have totally failed in my object, I can console myself in the reflection that I have labored honestly in the hope of increasing the standing and professional skill of the Medical officers of the Navy, without a wish to injure any class in the service. In the interest I take in the general welfare of the Navy, and the advancement of our country towards excellence in all things, I yield to no man.

TOGA CIVILIB.

VIRGINIA ANTIQUITIES.

Turkey Island.—This is a beautiful old place on James River, known as the original seat of the Randolphs of Virginia. Having heard that there were some old tomb-stones of that family there, and a monument, I had the curiosity some time ago, to visit it for the purpose of seeing them. The monument seems to have been erected partly as a cenotaph and partly to commemorate an extraordinary fresh that occurred in 1771. It stands on elevated ground, about a mile back from the river, and is now surrounded by woods grown up since its erection. The top of the monument has been broken off by the fall of a tree. It is of obelisk form,-present height about 18 feet,-base, six feet square. It is built of brick, faced with Portland stone, which, of course, was imported from England.

The Inscriptions on it, are as follows:

The Foundation of this Pillar was laid in the calamitous year 1771. When all the great Rivers of this Country Were swept by Inundations Never before experienced:

[South Side.]

Which changed the face of Nature And left traces of their Violence That will remain For Ages.

[For the details of this extraordinary fresh, see Virginia Gazette, for May 30th, 1771-also the Scots (Edinburgh) Magazine, for July, of the same year.]

> [North Side.] Oh Earth to him indulgent be Who * * bestowed on thee

with awful shade
 bubbling rills each silent glade
 wear a thoughtful gloom.

* * * a bloom

[Western Side.] In the year 1772

This monument was raised
To the memory of the first Richard
and Jane Randolph of Curles
by their third son
To whose parental affection

To whose parental affection Industry & Œconomy He was indebted

For their tenderness in infancy And good education in youth and ample fortune at mature age.

[East Side.]

This monument is erected in memory of Elizabeth Randolph late wife of William Randolph of the county of Henrico, Gent: & second Daughter of Peter Beverley of the county of Gloucester Esq by Elizabeth his wife who was Daughter of Robert Peyton of an Antient Family in Norfolk, Gent:

She was born the 1st day of Jan: 1691 Was married 22d day of June 1709 And died the 26th day of Decem: 1723 Much lamented by her Husband & all that knew her.

In the grave-yard at Turkey Island:

The Honle. William Randolph Esq.

Here lieth the Honourable William Randolph
Esq eldest Son of Col. William Randolph
of this place and of Mary his Wife who was
of the Antient & Eminent family of Northampton—
—there having been introduced early into Business
and passed through many of the inferior offices
of Government with great Reputation & eminent capacity,

He was at last By his Majesty's happy choice & the universal approbation of his Country advanced to the Council. His experience in men & business the native gravity & dignity of his person & behaviour his attachment to the interests of his country knowledge of the laws in general & of the laws & constitution of this Colony in particular his integrity above all calumny or suspicion the acuteness of his parts & the extensiveness of his genius together with that solidity of sense & judgment which was ever predominant in all he said or did-rendered him not only equal but an ornament to the high office he bore & have made him universally lamented as a most able and impartial judge & as an upright & useful magistrate. In all other respects neither was he less conspicuous for a certain Majestic plainness of sense & honour which carried him through all parts of private life with an equal dignity & reputation & deservedly obtained

him the character of a just good man

in all the several dutys & relations of life. Natus Novr 1681. Mortuus Octob 19. 1742.

Anno Ætatis 61.

Col. John Randolph, in the grave-yard at Turkey Island:

Sacred to the Memory
of Col. John Randolph,
of Dunginess in Goochland County
Adjutant General of this Colony
He was the third son of William Randolph
and Mary his wife.

and Mary times whe.

The distinguishing qualities of the Gentleman he possessed in an eminent degree: To justice probity & honour so firmly attached that no view of secular interest or worldly advantage, no discouraging frowns of fortune could alter his steady purpose of heart. By an easy compliance and obliging deportment he knew no enemy but gained many friends thus in his life meriting an universal esteem. He died as universally lamented Novr 1742 aged 57. Gentle Reader go & do likewise.

Col. Wm. Randolph, at Turkey Island:
Colo. Wm. Randolph of Warwickshire but
late of Virginia Gent. died April 11th, 1711.

[Coat of Arms.]

Mrs. Mary Randolph his only wife died *

She was daughter of Mr. Hen: Isham
by Katherine his wife; he was of Northamptonshire;
but late of Virginia Gent:

Epitaph of the Honorable Mann Page, Esq., who lies buried at Rosewell, in the county of Gloucester.

Here lye the remains of the Hon'ble Mann Page Esq one of his majestie's councel of the collony of Virginia who departed this life the 4th day of January 1730 in the 40th year of his age. He was the only son of the Hon'ble Matthew

Page Esq who was likewise a member of his majesties councel. His first wife was Judith daughter of Ralph Wormeley Esq Secretary of Virginia by whom he had two sons & a daughter. He afterwards married Judith daughter of the Hon'ble Robert Carter Esq President of Virginia with whom he lived in the most tender reciprocal affection for 12 years leaving by her 5 sons & a daughter. His public trust he faithfully discharged with candour & discretion & truth. Nor was he less eminent in his private behaviour.

He was a tender husband and indulgent father, a gentle master & faithful friend being to all courteous, beneficent kind & affable. This monument was piously erected to his memory by his mournfully surviving Lady.

At Rosewell.

Here lyeth interred the body of Mary Page wife of the Hon'ble Matthew Page Eaq one of her Majesty's Councel of this Collony of Virginia and daughter of John and Mary Man of this Collony who departed this life ye 24th day of March in ye year of our Lord 1707 in ye thirty sixth year of her age.

At Rosewell.

Here lyeth interred ye body of ye Honourable
Colonell Matthew Page Eaq one of his
Maj'ies most Honourable councel of the
parish of Abington in the county of Glocester
in the Collony of Virginia son of the Honourable
Colonell John & Alice Page of the parish
of Burton & ye county of Yorke in the aforesaid
Collony who departed this life the 9th
day of January Anno Dom 1703 in the
45th year of his age.

Matoax.-Matoax is situated on the North side of the Appomattox river, above the falls and about a mile from the town of Petersburg. Matoax, (or Matoaca) it is said, was the private appellation of Pochahontas, this last having been merely titular. It is well known that Powhatan was the title of the great chief, and that his individual name was Wahunsonacock. John Randolph, Sr., of Roanoke, father of John of Roanoke, the orator, resided some time at Matoax and died there in 1775. His widow, (whose maiden name was Frances Bland,) married secondly St. George Tucker, whereby Matoax fell into his possession, and he came to live there during the revolutionary war. January 5th, 1781, upon the approach of the British towards Petersburg, Mr. Tucker was compelled, suddenly, to remove his lady from Matoax, she having been but five days mother to Henry St. George Tucker. John Randolph, it has been said, alluded to this in Congress, upon occasion of replying to Mr. Tucker then likewise a member, thus, "The first time, sir, I can recollect having the pleasure of meeting with that gentleman, we were trying to get out of the way of the British."

John Randolph (the orator) was, as I believe, not born at Matoax, but certainly passed his boyhood there. It is said that, in after years, when involved in the turmoil of politics, he was heard to recur with fond regret, to his early days spent at Matoax, and in particular to his angling amusements there.

To the East of the site of Matoax house, on a rising ground, under a clump of oaks, are to be seen the tombstones of the parents of John Randolph, the orator, from which the following inscriptions have been copied:

Johannes Randolph. Arm.
Ob. xxviii Octo.
MDCCLXXV

Et xxxiv
Non ossibus urna, nec mens
Virtutibus absit.

[Translated.]

John Randolph Esq died 28th October 1775 aged 34. Let not a tomb be wanting to his ashes, nor memory to his virtues. J. H. S.
Francescæ Tucker Blandæ
Conjugis
Sti Georgii Tucker
Quis desiderio sit modus?
Obiit xviii Januarii,
MDCCLXXXVIII.
Æt xxxvi.

[Translated.]

Jesus Saviour of mankind.

When shall we cease to mourn for Frances Bland Tucker wife of St. George Tucker? She died 18th January 1788, aged 36.

The tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon.

Above the railings of the vault, and upon a cornice of white marble, are the following lines in golden letters:—

"WITHIN THIS ENCLOSURE REST, the remains of GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Upon the lid of the marble sarcophagus is sculptured the coat of arms of the United States of America, with the brief, but sufficient, epitaph:

" WASHINGTON."

To the right of Washington's remains, repose those of his Lady, in a similar sarcophagus, bearing the following inscription:

"MARTHA, CONSORT OF WASHINGTON."

From the burying-ground on Pembroke farm, near Hampton:

Here lyes ye body of John Nevill Esq Vice-Admiral of His Majesty's fleet and commander in chiefe of ye squadron cruising in ye West Indies, who died on board ye Cambridge, ye 17 day of August, 1697, in the ninth yeare of the reign of King William ye third, aged 57 years.

This Stone was given by his Excellency
Francis Nicholson Esq Lieutenant &
Governor General of Virginia in Memory of Peter
Heyman esq Grandson to Sir Peter Heyman of
Summerfield in ye county of Kent—he was
collector of the customes in ye lower district of
James River and went voluntarily on loard the
king's Ship Shoreham, in Pursuit of a pyrate
who greatly infested this coast—after he had
behaved himself 7 hours with undaunted
courage, was killed with a small shot, ye 29
day of April 1700. In the engagement he stood next
the Governor upon the Quarter deck and was here
honorably interred by his order.

The two stones from which the above were transcribed, are of black marble, lying flat on the ground near each other, being six feet long, and three feet wide, and each surmounted with a coat of arms.

Of the capture of the pirate referred to, Beverley, in his history of Virginia, gives a circumstantial account. the wall of the old church at Williamsburg.

Near this marble lyes ye Hon'ble Daniel Parke of ye county of Essex, Esq, who was one of his ma'ties counsellors and sometime Secretary of the Colony of Virginia. He dyed ye 6th of March Anno 1679. His other felicities were crowned by his happy marriage with Rebbecka the daughter of George Evelyn of the county of Surry, Esq. He died the 2d of January Anno 1672 at long Ditton, in ye county of Surry and left behind him a most hopefull progeny.

Epitaph copied from the old church at Williams. burg.

MDCCLII.

Inscribed to the memory of Doctor William Cocke, an English physician, born of reputable parents MDCLXXII at Sudbury in Suffolk & educated at Queen's College Cambridge. He was learned & polite, of undisputed skill in his profession, of unbounded generosity in his practice, which multitudes yet alive can testify. He was many years of the Council & Secretary of State for this Colony in the reign of Queen Anne & King George. He died suddenly sitting a judge upon the bench of the General Court in the Capitol. His Hon friend Alex'r Spotswood Esq the Gov'r with the principal gentlemen of the country attended his funeral & weeping saw the corps interred at the West side of the alter in this Church.

The Virginia Coat of Arms.—There were three designs for a Coat of Arms of Virginia proposed, one by Dr. Franklin, another by M. De Cimetiere of Philadelphia, the third by George Wythe. This last was adopted. The figures were taken from Spence's Polymetis. The Coat is as follows:

Virtue, the genius of the Commonwealth, dressed like an Amazon, resting on a spear with one hand, and holding a sword with the other, and treading on Tyranny, represented by a man prostrate, a crown fallen from his head, a broken chain in his left hand and a scourge in his right. In the exergon, the word Virginia over the head of Virtue, and underneath " Sic semper tyrannis." On the reverse, a group Libertas with her wand and Pileus in the middle; on one side, Ceres with the Cornucopia in one hand, and an ear of wheat in the other; on the other side, eternitas with the Globe and Phoenix. In the exergon, " Deus nobis hoc otia fecit."

In October 1779, an act was passed by the Virginia Assembly, authorising the foregoing to be engraved, only changing the motto on the reverse to Perseverando.

Inscription taken from the yard of the Old Church at Williamsburg. Epitaph of Thomas Ludwell,

Under this marble lieth the body of Thomas Ludwell Esq. Secretary of Virginia, who was born at Bruton, in the county of Somerset, in the kingdom of England and departed this life in the year 1698: and near this place lye the bodies of Richard Kemp Esq, his Predecessor in ye Secretary's office,

Epitaph, copied from a marble slab, inserted in and Sir Thomas Lunsford Kt, in memory of whom this marble is placed by order of Philip Ludwell Esq [Son] of the said Thomas Ludwell, Esq, in the year 1727.

Petersburg, Va., 1843.

LAKE GEORGE.

It was about an half hour after sunset, one of the finest days in August, that I alighted at the "Lake House," from the Saratoga stage covered with dust and disappointment. We had left the springs soon after breakfast and made twenty-seven miles of the sandiest road I ever remember encountering. The way-bill had promised a more expeditious ride, and we had wished to see Lake George burnished with the shifting splendors of the sun's golden decline. But so it was. Stage agents are sanguine, the Swiftsure was a misnomer, and we probably arrived with better appetites for supper in consequence.

My first glimpse of the Lake was from the top of the coach (I always ride with the driver,) on a gentle eminence some three quarters of a mile from Caldwell. What had before been to me but an exquisite engraving in the scenery of America was now a beautiful reality, stretching away, engirdled by mountains, as far as the eye can reach in the fading hues of twilight. I had little time, however, for observation. Rattle went the stage with the rapidity it assumes in entering a village; and in ten minutes more, the waiters at the hotel were making with the clothes-brush as many sixpences as usual.

The traveller, in New-York, is struck with the never-ending variety of its levely landscapes, at one time presenting the blue, bold majesty of the Catskills, at another, the undulating region of the Genesee. On its western border he is overpowered with the indescribable sublimity of stupendous Niagara, while to the north, the St. Lawrence is winding through his "Thousand Islands." The glassy loveliness of the Hudson, contrasted with the wildness of its banks and highlands, has elicited from some tourists a warmer admiration than the castellated Rhine. Everywhere throughout the broad dominions of the Empire State, we feel the force of Bishop Berkeley's couplet, that

> - art by Nature seems outdone, And fancied beauties by the true."

The sun was just dissipating the mist which hung above the tree-tops, as if detained by their branches, when I arose and looked out of the window the morning after my arrival. The prospect was enchanting. Below, the lake lay like a sheen of silver, the dark mountains mirrored on its surface. The village seemed reposing in the stillness of primeval solitude, a chosen spot where man might

retire from the turmoil of cities and the agitation a continued discharge of artillery. of conflicting interests to meditate in silence. But noise leaped I was interrupted in my reflections by the breakfast bell. So I went down and ate heartily of trout taken two hours previous from the blue depths of their native element.

At 8, A. M., we embarked on a little steamer of graceful proportions to ascend the lake: we, that is, a party consisting of four Southern gentlemen en route for Canada, an eminent clergyman of New-York City, a family from New-England and a Northern youth just from the recitations of the Lecture-Room,

> " Ten precious souls and all agog To dash through thick and thin.

On the whole, it was perhaps the most sociable set that was ever thrown together by accident.

The scenery, on the Lake, becomes more and more bold as you ascend. The views change as with the rapidity of phantasmagoria. Wildness and serenity seemed blended together in sweet When the French settled in the neighborhood, they gave this Lake the name of Sacrament, from the singular purity of its waters, which they used for the purposes of the chapel and made "holy" by the Catholic Ritual. The idea is scarcely less poetic than the Indian fancy that, like the pool of Bethesda, Lake Horicon extended a healing and sanative influence over those who bathed in it. Surely if the fountain of rejuvenescence be ever discovered, its stream cannot be more pellucid. The pebbly bottom could be seen frequently from the deck of the steamboat as we glided along, and the fish were sporting in conscious security around To the intrinsic beauty of this placed expanse was added all the grandeur which mountains ever infuse into a picture. Towering several hundred feet above the gleam of the water, they serve to remind us forcibly of our own insignificance, and inspire

> - a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky and in the mind of man;"

which leads us from the music of the ripple and the sublimity of the lofty crag to the contemplation of Him who made them all.

What struck me particularly, on Lake George, was its tideless tranquillity. Its 365 Islands are covered with verdure to the brink, a sufficient indication that it maintains invariably the same level and is never ruffled by waves. The water-lily expands her snowy petals on the bosom of the lake and seems to spread out a fairy carpet. It is said, that when wintry winds are howling around the adjacent hills, the Lake is still as ever, and so continues until locked up by the fetters of frost.

Near the northern extremity is the remarkable echo. A swivel was fired and the effect was like

"From peak to peak the rattling crags among," when suddenly it died away and some seconds intervened, followed by an explosion, apparently at a great distance, and as loud as at first.

One would suppose that by the margin of Lake George, the turbulent passions of men would be softened and subdued; that he must be callous, indeed, who feels not "an impulse from a vernal wood," and who could diagrace humanity by his offences in view of such exquisite scenery.

But no rock breaks upon the eye, that is not intimately connected with some legend of battle, or story of crime. Here were fought engagements of the most sanguinary character. The butchery of Montcalm was enacted near the sweetest cove of the Lake and the shrieks of the slaughtered maiden, Jane McRea, for mercy rang through the woods which surround it. Deeds, which are without a parallel in history for atrocity, were here of frequent occurrence in the old French war.

A book is kept on the steamboat for the contributions of travellers, which contains much that is poetical, and more that is ridiculous. . Our collegiate friend was deeply engaged in its perusal, and pointed out a jeu d'esprit, at which he was much diverted. Some wag, as an instance of the bathos, had written, "Tourist gaze with me into this emerald Lake and say-can you see anything green." The reply of some other wit was "Yourself reflected there." We added our quota to the hulky volume for the amusement of those who should come after us.

The sail, occupying three hours over a distance of thirty-six miles, was one that I shall not easily forget. May the utilitarian spirit of improvement (!) erect no factories to mar the banks of Horicon, but in America let

> Each lake and rill. Renowned in song and story, In unimagined beauty shine, Nor lose one ray of glory."

"HOW CHEERING THE THOUGHT!"

The first two of the following stanzas are by Cunningham and have been set to appropriate music, by Professor Webb of New-York. The last four stanzas have been added by a Southern gentleman, under the inspiration of an accomplished young lady, who thought the song too abrupt in its termination.— $\lceil Ed$.

" How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss, Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this; Will leave the bright joys of the mansions above, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

"They come; on the wings of the morning, they come, Impatient to bear some poor wanderer home; Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode, And lay him to rest in the arms of his God."

They come, when that pilgrim has rested from woe, To gild the dark sky of the mourner below; They smile on the weeper—and brightly appears A rain-bow of hope through the prism of tears.

Their pinions, now fanning the fever of Care, Are winnowing fragrance from gardens of air: Now, brushing from Gladness each hasty alloy, Bright sparkles they shed on the dew-drops of joy.

Prayer mounts on their wings in its heavenward flight, And blessings flash back on their pinions of light; Each moment distils on some soul, as they rove, Heart-nectar from Heaven's alembic of Love.

Oh! blessings upon them, wherever they fly,
To flower the earth, or set stars in the sky;
Heaven plume us, when parted from time and its cares,
For rapturous flights and glad missions like theirs!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO THE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF PERI-ODICALS.

For the sake of diffusing the current news, political and commercial, a liberal Government has deemed it right to allow the Editors of Newspapers to receive all their papers free of postage. This favor, however, is so closely restricted to political, commercial and general news, that even newspaper Editors are compelled to pay postage on all periodicals that they receive. It can not be believed, that the Government, if appealed to, would continue to make this unworthy distinction between Literature and the returns of elections and the price of produce. If it be to the interest of the public that the conductors of the newspress should enjoy this privilege; may it not be said, even much more is it due to the public to grant the same facility and immunity to those who diffuse Literary intelligence and sound knowledge amongst the people. It is indispensable that every periodical publisher should receive periodicals and papers, from all parts of the country. The newspapers are his necessary coadjutors in his work and must be taken to carry out his plans, Thus a heavy tax is constantly laid upon him, diminishing his reward and often injuriously, to himself and his patrons, restricting the range of his general intelligence. The next Congress would not fail to remove this tax, and to this end, an united movement on the part of periodical publishers is here respectfally proposed to be made.

PLUS AND MINUS.

Be not afraid, most gentle readers, of a prosing disquisition upon Algebraic signs. Such a bugbear can not be farther from your wishes than it is from our intention. The plus and minus of the Mathematician are but the pro and con of the Logician, the for and against of every judicious man, the ups and downs of human life.

We have high authority for the wisdom of building no tower without first counting the cost. This must hold good whether the tower be of porcelain, substantial brick, or unsubstantial paper; whether spiritual or material. Which plainly meaneth, whether you build a church steeple, or publish a magazine, "count the cost."

But here the French adage comes with its proffered consolation, "c'est premier pas qui coute." But what is "the first step"? "Ah! there's the rub." Has it not been taken already? We have succeeded to a "tower" reared by others. Shall it tumble about our ears? All ye builders and props

forbid! Our delicate senses couldn't possibly stand the shock. Then come with your tools and timber, your Grecian art and "Roman cement," and let us rather improve, adorn and extend it up into the regions of fame. From its summit, what a commanding view will then be had of the rich and varied fields of Literature, laid off with purest taste, smiling in perennial beauty and fragrant as the Southern isles! Their flowers it will not only be yours to look upon and admire; but you can dip your vases into the "pure wells of English undefiled" and sprinkle them with the dews of fresh thought, until they assume new and more beauteous forms and shed richer fragrance upon the bouy-ant sir.

In our late excursion to the North, we were delighted at finding that the Messenger had quite a towering reputation there; and some of the Literati and excellent judges said it was about the best periodical in the Country. "It is true," they said, "it has not the run of some others, and doesn't go for pleasing with pictures, but its matter is solid, its aims are high, and its literature is pure." This was the style that some of the most sensible ones used, from Washington to Boston. This didn't redound to our credit, for we did not wish to appropriate what was due to our worthy predecessor. So with a good word to his memory, we very modestly declared that we thought it the best in the Union, from Georgia, where it has its base, to Maine, where its summit rises up among the new settlers on the Arostook.

We had, too, some agreeable chat with those enterprising Editors, in Philadelphia, who sell so many pictures every month. "What are the prospects of your work? Won't your Southern people sustain such a magazine? I'm sure they ought." How could we differ from such just opinions? Those were our sentiments exactly. But "what are your prospects," has been sounded in our cars by every friend, who has cared to inquire about our enterprise. This put us to calculating, and, shuddering one day at the thought of recurring to the dreaded "Calculi," we cast a startled glance at divers mathematical books reposing in hitherto undisturbed dust upon the shelf. Our eye fell upon the "Differential" and we were horror struck at the vision of the "ghosts of departed quantities." What a difference, thought we, will "departed quantities" speedily make in the subscription list! But close by the side of the Differential was its companion and the restorer to life of its departed shades, which soon called Hope back to her abiding place. It seemed to assure us, that if we would only perform the functions of an industrious and active Editor. we would receive an expansion far beyond Taylor's or Maclauren's conception. From that time was formed the determined resolution to "go the Integral." You must not wonder at our being so Scientific, in these matters, for we always had a passion for the mixed mathematics only, for the sufficient reason that we had no tact at separating its quantities which often disturbed our temper. We had, however, an important problem to solve. Before us stood in bold phalanx many items pretty well known, and some others rather strongly anticipated, whilst opposite to them were drawn up unknown ones, whose name was " Legion."

Well, this grand problem was to be solved and we tried it, for some time, in vain; when suddenly a smile of joy lit up our lengthened phiz, and a loud sippxa (Eureka) proclaimed a brilliant thought. Plus and Minus will settle the difficulty; the question shall be stated and propounded "to all whom it may concern."

On the side of minus must be placed all the known and anticipated things, which constitute deductions and drawbacks; in other words the visible obstacles in the field of our prospects. On the other side must be arrayed what is positively unknown, though strongly desired and hoped for. To begin, then, with the negatives, the most pregnant is the large indebtedness to printers, binders, paper dealers, land-

Editor's Table.

by the courtesy,") and other classes of worthy citizens, which is necessarily incurred; to say nothing of the debt to one's self, which is by no means inconsiderable when he labors diligently and finds himself.

The supposed indifference and supineness of Southerners to enterprises like that in which we are engaged is another negative. We have no disposition to libel you, and therefore will not subscribe to any such notion. Your blood is too warm and your pride too justly great for this to be true. Those in the North, who would very willingly afford you a substitute, all say that the South ought to have a magazine of its own. It is not possible that they can see your interest and honor more plainly than you do. We do not dread that supineness, which when it wishes to indulge itself will take the Messenger in its hand, to sweeten its elegant case.

One of the things we anticipated was the withdrawal of many subscribers. To be sure some have discontinued; but not near so many as we feared, or even expected, which proves that the attachment of its patrons to the Messenger is decidedly stronger than we had imagined; and that it has a firm hold upon many hearts. Another minus is the absence of engravings. There is a great rush at present made after pictures. The absence of them is a minimum with us; but they are a maximum with others. Some of our most enterprising publishers have many capital writers and the influence of some great names-yet they are running the engraver's tools into the ground.

We are fond of pictures and like to see the beautiful art of engraving encouraged. But we go for improving your minds, not the skill of the engraver. Still the ill-natured may say "the grapes are sour." Such grapes are beyond our reach, we admit, and yet some kinds, at certain seasons, are very sweet, and we would like, now and then, to add them to the feast we endeavor to prepare. But to be plucking them in every stage, ripe, green and shrivelled. and offering them as a taste of the fine arts, is not to our taste.

Another minus is the sharp competition between the numerous periodicals, of every grade of price and of every possible plan, from weeklies to quarterlies, original and selected, with and without illustrations. Hence, the circulation of the Messenger in the North, even to a limited ex tent, is most flattering. Its merits alone can force its way among the multitude of attractive publications to be met on every hand. The class of its readers there, too, is a source of pride. We found it in the hands of the most intelligent, in the reading rooms of flourishing Library Associations, in Athenæums and University Libraries. We found it at Cambridge and, before this, Brown University has probably added it to its catalogue of foreign and domestic periodicals. The glory of the North is her public and private Institutions for the promotion of knowledge. In some of her cities all classes have the opportunity of attending courses of lectures, such as few of our Colleges afford.

Now, let us turn to the positive side and ascertain how the balance is likely to result. To meet the indebtedness spoken of, the subscription list must be amply sufficient, or our tower will be like that of Siloam; and the subscriptions must come in according to the "terms," in order for financial matters not to embarass the intellectual labors of the Editor. The whole plus side of the question, then, is resolved into an inquiry concerning future patronage.

"E pluribus unum," i. e. one of the pluses, is the "cloud capped" reputation of the work. Can this be sustained? Give it a trial and judge for yourselves.

lords, (who despise the common Law privilege of "tenant to the Gulf; they alone could give splendor enough to please the most fastidious. But theirs is not all the light that will be shed upon our pages. Some of the Northern galaxy will lend their lustre. But the most celebrated Northern writers are professional authors, and must be remunerated, and those who wish to see their productions in the Messenger must supply the quid pro quo. The Messenger, so long as we have the control of it, shall be a distinctive, but not exclusive, Southern periodical. As such, the North can be expected the more readily to receive it; whilst the South will uphold it, as identified with herself. To our own loved region we look principally for support; from her we desire to receive it. We heard that a gentleman of Philadelphia expressed a fear that we we were not a true Southerner. His feara are groundless, as we will demonstrate. We have only been out of the Old Dominion enough to know how to prize her and her sisters. We invite that gentleman and all others to assist us in giving our northern friends some hearty whacks, whenever they deserve it, and in repelling the onsets made upon us from whatsoever quarter. We wish, however, our contests to be literary and conducted with fairnes, and all the mildness consistent with true boldness. In these views we look for a considerable offset to the aforesaid negatives.

Next, as to the discontinuances: they have been already nearly, if not quite neutralized by new comers. A friend meets us and says, "send me the Messenger." Now, we reason, that as the friends, with whom we have met, take this sensible view of the matter, why will not those at a distance? They are only waiting for the commencement of a new year. Then, in will come their names with those of the new recruits enlisted by their zeal.

Upon an extensive acquaintance with young men, who have enjoyed the advantages of Education, expectations have been founded. Entering into our new pursuit with an ardor derived from the same sources as theirs, incited once by the same instructors and now by the same inducements, we felt authorized to calculate upon their aid and influence. Will they not give them? Flattering evidences of their willingness have been received from some and many others may have been preparing a response to our first appeal. Let it come in speedily, and may it be worthy of themselves and the cause of Letters.

Our next dependence is upon the press, which has such vast influence in our free country. Its conductors have already been exceedingly generous and have given us even more than we deserve. They will doubtless continue their cooperation and will ever receive our thanks. The young politician, too, who is ambitious of oratorical fame, can mount the stump and, with his Literary documents in his hand, harangue the people upon the merits of the candidates we have nominated, for the Presidency and Vicepresidency of the REPUBLIC OF LETTERS. There is a virtue in this nomination that no other possesses. It will suspend the heated contests between the friends of the different candidates, allay the asperitics and bickerings of party and barmonise with the feelings and principles of all.

And now, what are our prospects? Not so bright as they lately appeared in a dream to a friend; but there is before us a fair field of laudable exertion, in endeavoring to call forth the powers of the genius of the South, and to improve her literature. To this honorable task we cheerfully devote ourselves; and, forgetting its difficulty, shall strive for its accomplishment. These exertions can not but be appreciated, and whilst success and usefulness will be their chosen reward, a generous public will not suffer them to want that which is necessary to perpetuate them. Why The ablest of Southern writers are manfully enlisting in should not the Messenger have ten thousand patrons, as her behalf. The stars of the Sunny clime shine benig- easily as one. Ten thousand, just such persons as those who nantly and brightly on her path. We can confidently pro- now encourage the work, would be but a small portion of the mise contributions from the best writers from the Potomac communities in which it circulates and it addresses to them the same appeals, and affords the same inducements. It | flow, seek only to purify and elevate the hearts from which that number. From this time forth, we have a standing reply to all who enquire about "the prospects of the Messenger," that she has ten thousand subscribers, more or less; which we hope to change to plus ten thousand.

It has been laid down as a rule never to write, " Minerva invita;" but an Editor has often to heed the printer's demand, in spite of all the unwillingness of the Goddess. The month is closing and with it the next month's number; and as the year is also near its close, we have made this statement and appeal to our patrons. It may, at first, seem premature; but we have always to keep beforehand; and the distance of many places to which our message goes requires a long time for any intercommunication. It is highly important to know early in December how many numbers to issue for January. It is our purpose to make the issue correspond very nearly with the subscription. We hope, therefore, that new subscribers, of whom we expect a great number. will send in their orders immediately, that a new set of books may be prepared in time. Next month some of these matters may be repeated. In the mean time, they are commended to the attention of the public and the friends of intellectual improvement.

Notices of New Works.

WYANDOTTE, OR THE HUTTED KNOLL, by James Fennimore Cooper, 2, vols. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia, 1843. Smith, Drinker & Morris, Richmond.

It was our intention to notice this novel, a month ago, when we might have spoken of its existence. Now, it only remains to record its death; for we suppose that, by this time, it is as dead as was Captain Willoughly after the fatal knife of the treacherous Wyandotté had passed into his heart. Few books, indeed, can enjoy long life as matters in literature stand at present, and to allow a month to "Mr. Cooper's last," would be highly to exalt it in Literary biography; but it deserves quickly to perish, and we come now only to inscribe an epitaph on its tomb, that we may not appear wanting in due reverence to its memory. The novellist possesses great influence, which he can wield for good, or evil, according to the disposition of his heart and the principles by which he is guided. When imbued with the sentiments of a pure morality and an elevating philosophy, he seizes upon our love of the imaginative and instils useful lessons into our minds. He can almost wield the wand of the enchantress and make us do his hidding implicitly, yielding our hearts and minds to every impulse, which he chooses to call forth. If he be a true patriot and desirous of giving to his country a name and a glory, at home and abroad, he may thrill the heart of every reader with the story of her exploits and fill all his aspirations, by pointing him to her glory and her destiny. Have we not seen a Scott writing his "bonnie land" into greater and more enduring fame than the deeds of a Wallace, or a Bruce could have won, filling every glen and mountain with interest, and drawing strangers from afar to the scenes consecrated by his genius? And surely America is a land worthy of these efforts of genius: the more lofty the Inspiration the better would it become the theme. What, then, shall be said of one, who forgets the themes, which gained him his first celebrity, and turns to clip the wings of National pride, lest it should perchance soar a little too high. Away with the author of any kind, who, in any way, would intimate to us, that we are too proud of our Country and that we are materially mistaken in our high estimate of her grandeur and natural beauty and magnificence. Swell the tide of national exultation; and without impeding its

can and ought to have a constant circulation of at least it gushes. If the morals of our people could only be brought to accord with the beautiful and sublime natural advantages of our Country, we would forever remain, as we now are, the happiest nation in the world:--and, if those who aim at Literary fame, would direct their efforts to raising us to the height of our exuitation, they would do themselves more credit and the people more good, than by all the pretended truth-loving elippings of our "pseudo-patriotism."

Judging this common production, then, by the test to which we have alluded, it has not a sufficient "odour of nationality" to give it any savor to our taste. Mr. Cooper thinks, among other things, that "there is a wide spread error on the subject of American Scenery!" Except, we suppose, the magnificent view of the "hutted knoll," and the surrounding country. He is much afraid that nobody but himself will know that the Indians were ever cheated out of their land, that there were pseudo-patriots, such as Joel Strides, and interested persons in the revolution, and is very much averse to having any such thing in our history as the "Battle" of Lexington, preferring to dignify it with the more truthful and therefore more patriotic title of "Skirmish." The tale is trite, the style careless and miserable and the whole preëminently trashy. What little interest there is in it is terribly delayed. Mand, who will do tolerably well, does very little towards redeeming it. It seems to be a sort of hasty pudding, the ingredients tumbled in and the whole miserably done up.

It is announced that Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have the same author in press again, and it is much to be hoped that they will squeeze something better out of him next time. If "Ned Myers" have not a better constitution than the Tuscarora, who died so suddenly on the grave of the murdered captain, from an affection of the heart, the publishers had better call in the aid of all their distinguished medical advisers. We do not expect, however, that the "excitement" will be sufficient to kill him also.

THE KEYES OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, and Power thereof, according to the VVord of God, by that Learned and Judicious Divine, Mr. John Cotton, &c. London, 1644. Boston, Tappan and Dennet, 1843. Smith, Drinker and Morris, Richmond.

The object of this work, when first published, was to quell the disorders which Ann Hutchinson had introduced," and "also to defend and systematize Congregationalism." "The Keyes" are by no means those of St. Peter. To many the antiquity of the work will be a recommendation; the "ancient spelling, punctuation and style are studiously preserved, as a curiosity," and the publishers promise more of the same kind, if they meet with sufficient encouragement.

Mr. Cotton is represented to have been a man of great ability and learning, having been graduated at Cambridge, England, and afterwards having lectured there with high honor. When he died in 1652, Benjamin Woodbridge, the first graduate of Harvard, wrote an elegiac poem, from which it is supposed Franklin took the idea of his celebrated epitaph on himself. Cotton, says the poet, was

> " A living, breathing bible; tables where Both covenants at large engraven were; Gospel and law in's heart had each its column, His head an index to the sacred volume, His very name a title page, and next His life a commentary on the text. Oh! what a monument of glorious worth, When in a new Edition he comes forth, Without erratas, may we think he'll be, In leaves and covers of Eternity!"

TRIETY YEARS FROM HOME; OR A VOICE FROM THE MAIN DECK, BEING THE EXPERIENCE OF SAMUEL LEECH,

six years in the British and American navies, mbellished with Engravings. Boston, TAP-INNET, 1843. Mr. Leech went through many d comes with "recommendations" before the te them. He fought for and against us and he late war; and was in the engagement benited States and the Macedonian, his descriph has gone the rounds of some of the newspah, Drinker and Morris have the book for sale ;following:

S4

ON THE BOOK OF PROVERES, topically arrang a system of practical ethics, for the use of chools and Bible classes. Boston, TAPPAN & 1843. In this neat little work, the wisdom of s systematised, under separate heads, and illusenforced by questions and references to scripture wats. "With all thy gettings get wisdom." These works of Messrs. Tappan and Dennet, whose circular we have also received, should have had an earlier notice; but we were absent from our post at the close of the last month, enjoying the pleasures and beauties of Boston, New Haven and other Northern Cities.

ALISON'S HISTORY. No 15. Harper & Brothers, New York: Smith, Drinker & Morris, Richmond. This is a very interesting number of this extensive History, containing, as it does, the closing struggles and successes of Napoleon, as well as his defeat and downfall. It also contains a short portion of the seventy sixth chapter, which is devoted to the United States. To this portion of the work, the Harpers have procured notes to be prepared, to correct the mistakes and errors of the author and to impair the force of his disparagement of Democratic Institutions. So far as Mr. Alison's views of government are concerned, it would be necessary to append notes to the whole work, for it is throughout a labored defence of the inequalities and injustice of Aristocratical establishments. He publicly solicited information that his ignorance might be enlightened, and has been induced to make some alterations himself. Chancellor Kent undertook the task and some of his communications are given in the notes. The author opens with a high wrought description of the West India islands and of this western world, drawing his bright pictures from the most glowing descriptions he could find, and sometimes bordering close on that El Dorado, once fancied to exist on this continent.

The United States are quite extensive and have vast resources and advantages, and the Missouri is a prodigious river; but, then, Canada is the country, excepting its barrens and icebergs; and "the St. Lawrence, fed by the immense inland seas, which separate Canada from the United States, is the great commercial artery of North America," commencing beyond lake Winnipeg; when the waters, as stated by Judge Kent, run westward, even from this side of the Lake of the Woods. Mr. Alison would easily connect this "great artery" with the Columbia River and the Pacific, by leaping over, or running through the Rocky mountains. Whenever this barrier is overcome, the restless activity of Americans will have achieved it.

He says, "Nature has marked out this country (Canada) for exalted destinies; for if she has not given it the virgin mould of the basin of the Missouri, or the giant vegetation and prolific sun of the tropics, she has bestowed upon it a vast chain of inland lakes, which fit it one day to become the great channel of commerce between Europe and the interior of America and eastern parts of Asia." Mr. Alison is certainly "out of his latitude." One day! But it supported, for it is certainly an honor to the country. One will be as a day "in the sight of the Lord," a thousand years. has but to read the very interesting accounts of the pro-

The contrast in the History, as soon as Canada is introduced, immediately reminded us of Dickens when speaking of Halifax and the United States. In former parts of the work, there were sufficient evidences of his strong national bias; but upon the broad theatre of European politics and warfare, we were compelled to trust mostly to his statements. When he enters upon our own country, however, we have a better opportunity of Judging for ourselves, and, though a European writer is likely to be more correct in relation to the affairs of that continent, yet we must make allowance throughout for any strong bias which we detect in any portion of his works. "Democratic ambition" and "the fervor of innovation" have been Mr. Alison's bugbears throughout his voluminous history. The statistics, which be presents, are important and interesting and are brought down to the period of our last census. The population has increased at the rate of 34 per cent. for every ten years, since 1790, when it amounted to 3,929,326. In 1840, it was 17,068,666. In the Mississippi valley, the population has increased, in the last fifty years, from 112,000 to 5,385,000, near fifty fold. The picture of immigration is vivid and in its main features true; but Mr. Alison, in his occasional grandiloquence, exaggerates a little. The more bustling and restless traits of our character are well portrayed, but much truth may yet make a false impression. We are represented as having no local attachments; but when we smash in the east, set out for the inviting west, transferring the quondam daughters of ease and luxury to the homely dwelling in the lone backwoods. Of course, there are solutions provided for all that is described-sometimes not a little amusing. The most so is the following: to the extensive circulation of bank paper maintaining the industry of the citizens, more than to any other cause, "the superior cultivation, wealth and population of the southern side of the St. Lawrence and lakes, to that which appears on the British side of those noble estuaries, is to be attributed." This is probably ungrammatical as well as unsound. The difference alluded to was as striking years ago, before the paper system could have produced any effect, yea before it was even introduced. Again, one reason why our people are so little attached to the soil and so readily leave their former homes, is that "agriculture being the general, and in many places almost only profession, it is regarded as a vulgar occupation; the aristocracy, except in Virginia and the Carolinas where primogeniture has more strongly taken root, is never to be found among the land-owners, any more than among the merchants." last clause might be true without proving the first. Mr. Alison frequently introduces these sweeping generalizations into his history, but they are sometimes more oratorical than philosophical.

SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS. October, 1843.

The second number of the XLV. volume of this able journal comes to us freighted with its usual valuable contributions of Science and Art. It is a source of regret to learn that there is any necessity for the appeal which its learned Editors make for increased patronage. They assure their friends that the work is in jeopardy and must be discontinued, unless the well wishers of Science come to its support. The scientific class of the United States is rapidly increasing, and this journal affords them not only useful information in the various departments of Science and Art, but an appropriate vehicle for their speculations, investigations and discoveries. Up to this time, it has been sustained with great ability, and we understand has elicited high commendation from distinguished men of science abroad. It is to be sincerely hoped, that the work will be

ralists" to see what advances science is making among us, under the auspices of her zealous votaries.

The number of the journal before us contains the remaining part of their proceedings and important and abstruse discussions are found to have been conducted with a warmth and interest, that might have been expected only in a political assembly. Among those who took an able and active part in these discussions, last Spring, two are now no more, Prof. Hall, a zealous Mineralogist and benefactor of Dartmouth College, N. H., and Mr. J. N. Nicollet, "the favorite pupil and friend of La Place." We can not dive deep into Scientific matters; but will mention a few items of more general interest.

"Specimens of various seeds were exhibited to the Association, which demonstrated the presence of phosphates in the cotyledons only. This was stated to be a general fact in every case where the experiment had been tried. The presence of the salts above noticed is a most important discovery. It explains the origin of the bones of ani-

"Around the cotyledon of Indian corn, Mr. Hayes discovered a layer of a salt of peroxide of iron. also demonstrated by examples shown to the Association. This iron shield around the cotyledon of corn is not to be overlooked, for it is the source of the oxide of iron which enters into the composition of the red globules of the blood

of animals.

"Indian corn also contains a fat oil which exists in the transparent hard portion of the corn, combined with starch and a peculiar nitrogenized body called zeine. This serves to form the fat of animals, and the starch and zeine form the carbonaceous compounds of the muscles and tissues."

" Dr. Owen read a paper on fossil Palm Trees, found in

Posey County, Indiana.
"They were discovered above twelve miles from New Harmony, in excavating in a slaty clay on the banks of Big Creek, a tributary of the Wabash, for the purpose of lay-ing the foundation of a saw and grist mill, and forming a rag dam. The stratum in which they are imbedded is one of the upper members of the Illinois coal-field.

"From the first commencement of the excavation from twenty to twenty-five fossil stumps have been seen. Dr. Owen has disinterred only three himself. These were found standing erect, with from five to seven main roots attached, and ramifying in the surrounding material. is every reason to helieve that if pains had been taken to expose the others, all would have been found provided with roots."

"Dr. Owen supposed from the present position of these trees, that tney have been quietly submerged and now oc-cupy the spot where they originally grew.

A more detailed description of this locality of fossil palm

trees will probably appear hereafter in this Journal."
"Prof. H. D. Rogers communicated to the Association the results of his researches in relation to the recent earthquakes, and gave an outline of a theory of earthquake action, by which he and his brother, Prof. W. B. Rogers, propose to explain the forces concerned in the formation of anticlinal flexures, and to account for several other dynamic phenomena in geology.

It is a source of pride to find our State University represented in the association. We have heard of this magnificent theory before, from the lips of one of its eloquent authors. They suppose that the interior of the earth is in a state of complete fusion, "that fluid lava underlies large regions of the earth's crust and that the crust is of very moderate thickness." This crust itself is formed and thickened by the gradual cooling of the melted mass; and, occasionally, large portions of it give way from the arched earth and fall violently into the burning gulf beneath. This great force, operating upon the liquid lava, throws it into terrible commotion, producing immense billows, undulating along its surface and imparting their motion to the superincumbent earth. At the same time, the steam rushes forth and produces the tremendous dislocations of formations and

ceedings of the "Society of American geologists and natu- | have been thrown upon it, overwhelming it with their flood, the mountains and vales have been formed as also the "drift" of the Northern Latitudes, concerning the origin of which there was at the same meeting of the association a very animated discussion. Prof. Rogers also gave some calculations of the velocity of earthquakes; from which it appears that they travel from thirty to thirty-six miles a minute, moving in a paralel, linear direction like an advancing wave. A great many new members enrolled themselves among the society, and we may confidently expect much for the cause of science from the individual and united efforts of this honorable and learned body.

> There are many interesting papers in the present number of the Journal-and among them an account of Prof. Morse's experiments with his Electro Magnetic Telegraph; and an article on "Vilrating Dams," by Prof. Loomis.

> The Dams at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; at East Windsor, Connecticut; at Springfield, Northampton, Hartford, &c., were found to vibrate quite violently, sometimes even causing annoyance to the people in the vicinity, by the jarring of the doors and windows of their houses. It was observed, singularly enough, that when the water was highest, the jarring of the windows, &c., ceased, and was greatest, when the water ran over the dams, in a sheet three or four inches thick,-and was prevented by placing obstructions on the dams, so as to divide the sheet of water.

> Prof. Loomis thinks the vilrations are produced by the friction of the water on the Dam, as it passes over. His inferences are not conclusive; but with the modesty and caution of a true lover of science he admits that he may

> soon have reason to change his opinions. We will conclude our imperfect notice of this learned journal, to which we felt the more desirous of inviting attention, on account of the appeal of its Editors, by alluding to the controversy between Mr. Dana and Mr. Couthouy. It appears that Science has its bickerings and personal strifes as well as Politics; but the general tone of Mr. Couthouy's reply is highly commendable. Mr. Dana charged Mr. C. in a paper read before the association, with having purloined from his portfolio, which he had confidentially laid open to Mr. C. in the Sandwich Islands, the results of his investigations as to the formation of Coral reefs, about the Gallepagos and Bermudas. Mr. C. denies and rebuts the charge and promises to disprove it incontestibly at the next meeting of the association. It will turn out, perhaps, that both are entitled to credit and the genuine scientific spirit is to share honor and to combine effort and information for the promotion of the cause. Such conflicts are much to be regretted and we trust this will be amicably adjusted, without much unpleasantness between the parties. The subject of dispute is quite novel and interesting. It has been ascertained that corals do not exist in water below 66° of temperature. About the Gallepagos, though nearly under the Equator, Corals do not exist,- "whilst growing reefs have formed the Bermudas in latitude 33°, four or five degrees beyond the usual Coral limits." The solution of this anomaly is what Mr. Dana charges Mr. C. with having surreptitiously taken from him and it is this. The cold Southern current along the South American coast reduces the temperature about the Gallepagos to 60° during some seasons of the year, whilst the warm Gulf stream raises that about the Bermudas.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

This valuable work is now complete, the sixteenth number having come out with the title, contents, &c. It contains also two plates, the one exhibiting various kinds of English and Scotch ploughs; and the other different breeds of strata, which the geologist has discovered. By these up-beavings of the glowing sea within the earth, the waters ful and important occupations, which engage the energy

and attention of man, is one of the most difficult to pursue profitably and judiciously. It has many more followers than adepts; and there has appeared to us to be lacking amongst its "independent" ones much of that emulation and ambition which stimulate those engaged in other pursuits. It is natural it should be so, because of the almost entire want of collision, or association between the farmers. Each one thought of making as good crops as he well could, with his force and land of the fertility of his own; but of making the best, or crops beyond what might usually be expected, few seemed to have any care. It is cheering, however, to the well wishers of the vast agricultural interest, to witness a new order of things rapidly springing up, and farmers cultivating and adorning their land with all the ardor and emulation which have hitherto been peculiar to other employments. Agricultural periodicals, popular treatises explaining the applications of science to agriculture and Agricultural Societies and exhibitions have given this excellent impulse, from which every community, in which it is felt, may expect great benefits. Our most distinguished men, Politicians and Professors, are engaged in these Agricultural movements. Farmers from many states recently assembled at the great Fair at Rochester, and we met, in the North, with a large planter from South Carolina, who wished to attend the exhibition of the American Institute, in order to see the latest improvements and inventions before he made his purchases of farming utensils, &c.

And a short time since, we beheld New-Haven filled with farmers, and the State House of Connecticut loaded with vegetables, fruits, flowers, and works of Art and domestic Industry; whilst Professor Silliman, one of the brightest ornaments of Yale, was moving actively about amongst the plain tillers of the soil, the zealous president of an agricultural society. Crowds, too, pressed to see a ploughing match, with oxen, with an eagerness which some reserve for the contests of Boston and Fashion.

Around us, here, evidences of Agricultural improvement are no less striking than gratifying; and we are soon to have the pleasure of seeing what our farmers, florists and gardeners have been doing. When we see the spirit of emigration sitting down upon lands it once thought of deserting, and tobacco growing on fields lately deemed entirely too poor to produce it, it excites the highest hopes and the sincerest pleasure. By associations properly organized and zealously sustained, Southern farmers may enjoy many of those advantages, which density of population, smallness of farms and their own labor give the Northern farmers.

Farming is now becoming a profession and it must be studied, as well as practised. Though there are no licenses, or diplomas necessary, yet much knowledge is requisite, and very many might find it difficult to pass an examination. Certainly there are many under-graduates, some of them reversing the celebrated passage, by making one blade of grass where two grew before. To those, who are not afraid of being, in part, book-farmers, the Encyclopædia presented to their consideration, by the enterprising publishers, Carey & Hart, must, from its plan and matter, be very useful. The publishers have outdone themselves, by giving more than they promised. May our farmers meet a similar return from their lands improved by judicious management.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, FROM THE NOR-MAN CONQUEST; with anecdotes of their courts, now first published from official records and other authentic documents, private as well as public. By Agnes Strick-land. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1843. Smith, Drinker & Morris, Richmond, Va.

without doubt one of the most remarkable women that ever lived; and though never a favorite, she has always commanded our highest admiration. Her reign was one of the most celebrated and intellectually the most splendid recorded in history. Queen Anne's throne was illuminated by the brilliance of great genius; but she herself was not much fascinated by its powerful charms. Elizabeth had a far higher intellect and went through a different preparation. She made the gigantic minds of her day cooperate with her and herself inspired a Shakspeare and a Spenser, whilst she employed the talents and eloquence of a Bacon, a Harrington and a Sidney. It would be impossible to write a dull book on Queen Bess; but Miss Strickland seems to have adorned the theme. The anecdotes are numerous and highly interesting, and we have full accounts of all her virgin majesty's numerous beaux. Owing to the mass of inedited matter, the life will not be completed till another volume appears.

ATALANTIS, A STORY OF THE SEA; IN THREE PARTS. J. & J. Harper, New-York, 1832.

This poem, for which we are indebted to its distinguished author, has been long since owned by Mr. Simms of South Carolina; and its merits are too well known to the Literary world for us to descant upon them. His subsequent productions have borne it upon their front as their title to public favor.

DONNA FLORIDA. A tale, By the Author of "Atalantis," "Southern Passages and Pictures," &c. Charleston: Burges & James-1843.

This is a successful attempt by Mr. Simms to imitate the style of Don Juan, at the same time discarding its impurity. Southern Literature is invariably pure. It is shocking and distressing to witness the licentiousness alsnocking and distressing to withess the intentionness are ready introduced into New York, chiefly by the cheap pub-lications. The Tribune has felt itself bound to apologize for suffering a certain work even to be advertised in its columns. Donna Florida is dedicated to James Lawson of columns. Donna Florida is dedicated to James Lawson of N. York, "for Auld Lang Syne"—a just tribute to his Scotch friendship and hospitality. A premium on the policy, that turns from the calculations and per centage of an insurance office to the delights of Literature! It insures the mind and heart from the perils of life. As we cannot now even attempt to do justice to the Poem, we must content ourselves with heartily commending Ponce De Leon, his loves and adventures to the Lovers of Poetry.

THE BANKER'S WIFE, OR COURT AND CITY. A novel, by MRS. GOORE. Mrs. Goore has already acquired reputation as the authoress of "Mothers and Daughters' "Mrs. Armytage." She is a pleasant writer and her novels are quite readable. The one before us is one of the Harper's cheap books, and cambe had of Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, HIS RELATIONS, FRIENDS AND ENEMIES. Comprising all his wills and his ways: with an historical record of what he did and what he did'nt; showing, moreover, who inherited the family plate, who came in for the silver spoons, and who for the wooden ladles. The whole forming a complete key to the house of Chuzzlewit, Edited by Boz. With illustrations by Phiz. New York Edited by Boz. With illustrations by Phiz. New York, Harper & Brothers, 82, Cliff street. Part III. Price 64 cents. To be completed in seven parts, each part containing three numbers of the English Edition and two steel engravings,

Now, ain't there fourpence worth, without any of the funny doings on the outside, or any of the fine writing and good things inside? It is a wonder that the bare title didn't send the vessel, that brought it over, to join the illfated President in the ocean's depths. Boz' attenuated wit, thus wasted in funny title pages, would have exhausted itself in "the Pickwick Papers," had it not been one of his wills and ways slyly to appropriate a little American humor. To rob a Philadelphia editor is what he did; to make any acknowledgment is what he didn't; but we must suppose, in charity, that this will yet be done in Martin's "will" and testament, or perhaps in the posthumous memoirs of the Chuzzlewits.

A beautiful and consistent advocate of an International This is the sixth volume of the Ladies' Cabinet Series, copy-right Law was that Boz: or did he do this merely to and contains the life of wonderful Queen Bess. She was give a practical illustration of how things are managed

now? No doubt this last was his object and that he will! make due amends—by appropriating also the forthcoming numbers of the "Charcoal Sketches." But Martin saw things strange and rare as his own funcies, in "Ameriky," and those who have any curiosity on the subject can have it gratified, at Smith, Drinker and Morris', for a few fourpences.

THE OPAL-A Gift for the Holy Days, New-York. J. C. Rickert, 1844.

It is enough to say of this beautiful Annual that it bears the name of N. P. Willis, as editor, a gentleman whose taste in belles lettres as well as the fine arts is well known. We learn that the enterprising publisher of this work designs to continue it from year to year, with increasing attractions, both in regard to illustrations and the letter press. The distinction of the work is its Religious character. In the present number, we find numerous articles of great merit and interest. C. F. Hoffman, Mrs. Scha Smith and merit and interest. C. F. Hoffman, Mrs. Scha Mrs. Embury have furnished excellent papers. We think the Opal inferior to no Annual of the season in point of literary merit, and its serious and elevated tone will commend it to a large class of readers who cannot approve the more frivolous specimens in this department of literature. Mr. Willis has contributed a beautiful poem. There are two articles by H. T. Tuckerman, and the volume altogether, besides several fine engravings, contains an admirable variety of prose and verse. - Communicated.

We have received, through Messrs. Smith, Drinker & Morris, the following serial publications.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY, By Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia. This valuable work will be completed in twenty four numbers, at 25 cents each. It is already issued as far as the twentieth number.

McCulloch's Universal Gazetter. Part IV. Harper & Brothers, New York. To be completed in 18 or 20 parts, at 25 cents each.

MEDICAL NEWS AND LIBRARY. Published monthly, by Lea & Blanchard, at the low rate of one dollar per annum. Les & Blanchard are most extensively engaged in the publication of standard medical works, which they have publication or standard medical works, which they have carried on with unshated enterprise, whilst the cheap publications have greatly interfered with their issues of miscellaneous works. But they still, now and then, dress Mr. Cooper off very neatly for the public inspection, and their "Ludies' cabinet series" are among the neatest and their abunes counter series are among the newton and most entertaining of the cheap paper-backs. We do wish that publishers would, could get back to binding books, and using larger type. A gentleman in the North, we think Mr. Lea himself, mentioned the injurious effects likely to be produced upon the eyes as a serious objection to the overdone cheap publication, at present carried on. overdone cheap publication, at present carried on. In a cocculist and the apothecary may receive from many a reader more money than would pay the difference in the price of more costly books, hesides enduring the pain of some of the most acute diseases "which flesh is heir to." The cheapness of books must induce many apprentices, clerks cheapness of books must induce many apprentices, cieras and others, whose days are occupied, to read at night, and often by economical and insufficient light. Thus, the danger, to which we have alluded, is greatly increased, and to classes of persons, too, who can least dispense with even the temporary use of their eyes. Messrs. Harper & Brothers, among the leaders of the great publishing revolution, would do well to consider this matter. Works of reference principally might be printed in small type, but those intended for successive reading should have an cye to the infirmities of human nature.

It is interesting to contemplate the history of these en-It is interesting to consemptate the instory of these en-terprising Brothers. Commencing with a capital of one or two hundred dollars, they solicited employment, in vain, from many "a made man," and received scarcely the con-solation of a seat, or one kind word. Discouraged and mortified, it was hard to make any more efforts; but with that perseverance which has been the mother of their success, one of them again sallied forth and soon presented their card to a worthy old Dutchman. From him fell the their card to a worthy old Dutchman. From nim tell the first words of encouragement! even he had no employment for them—"But, my lad," said he, "go try what you can do and if you can find nothing, come back again, and I'll see if I can't help you." The young publisher was forced to return and received from this Dutchman, an order to print "Seneca's Morals." From this, they have gone on,

publishing and prospering, until they have hundreds of hands, near a dozen presses, and thousands or dollars constantly employed in their active book trade. Every week subterranean values stereoty plates to the value of \$250,000. Verily it is a good thing for young men to begin with morals.

The Harpers have issued the prospectus of a splendid illustrated, or pictorial Bible, to be issued in numbers. Mr. Sears has already presented a pictorial Bible to the Mr. Sears has already presented a picturial solution of public. The Harpers have commenced the publication of Gibbon's celebrated History of the Fall and Decline of the Roman Empire, in fifteen numbers, at 25 cents each. We commend the work to the favor of the public, and the above treatise on the eyes to the attention of the publishers, for the sake of the dear public.

ROBINSON'S REPORTS.—Vol. I. A new volume is about to be added to the Virginia Reports, by the State reporter, Conway Robinson, Esq. Mr. Robinson's valuable services to the Legal profession, especially in Virginia, are well known. We are glad of the opportunity he now has of extending his well earned reputation. We are tempted, in this connection, to offer a small tribute to another gentleman, a tribute the more merited from its being so constantly and sincerely deprecated by him. The Reports are prefa-ced by a brief history of the previous Reports and of the The Reports are prefajurisdictions and systems under which the respective deci-sions were made. There is one circumstance to which we will advert. After a State Reporter has completed his work, he has to buy it from the State, unless he can secure a copy from the proof sheets sent in during publication. The Legislature might change this for the mere sake of appearances. But the State ought to extend to the Reporter the compliment that every publisher pays his author.

A Lecture on the Magnetism of the Human Body, delivered before the Apprentices' Library Society of Charleston. By Robert W. Gibbes, M. D., of Columbia, South Carolina.

Dr. Gibbes has collected a good deal of information upon the subject of Animal Magnetism, and thinks that the human brain possesses polarity, he having performed several experiments to prove it. Mesmerism has given employment to many humburgers; but, as the author contends, it is certainly worthy of scientific investigation. N who does not reject all testimony can disbelieve it. No man

ADDRESSES.

The Social Principle: The true source of National Permanence.—An Oration delivered before the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama, at its twelfth Anniversary, December 13th, 1842. By William Gilmore Simms.

Matter, Instinct, Mind, their Nature and Relations: the closing lecture of the second annual course of lectures before the Maryland Institute of Education. By N. C. Brooks, A. M.

An Address on the great points of difference between Ancient and Modern Civilization; delivered before the Demosthenian & Phi Kappa Societies of Franklin College, Ga., on the 3rd August, 1843. By Hon. F. W. Pickens, a member of the Phi Kappa Society.

An Address, delivered before the Society of the Alumni of William and Mary College, upon the 4th July, 1843. By Wm. W. Crump of Richmond, Virginia.

Discourse delivered at the Commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims of Maryland, celebrated May 15th, 1843, at St. Mary's, Maryland. By the Rev. P. Corry, A. M., Professor of Greek and Latin.

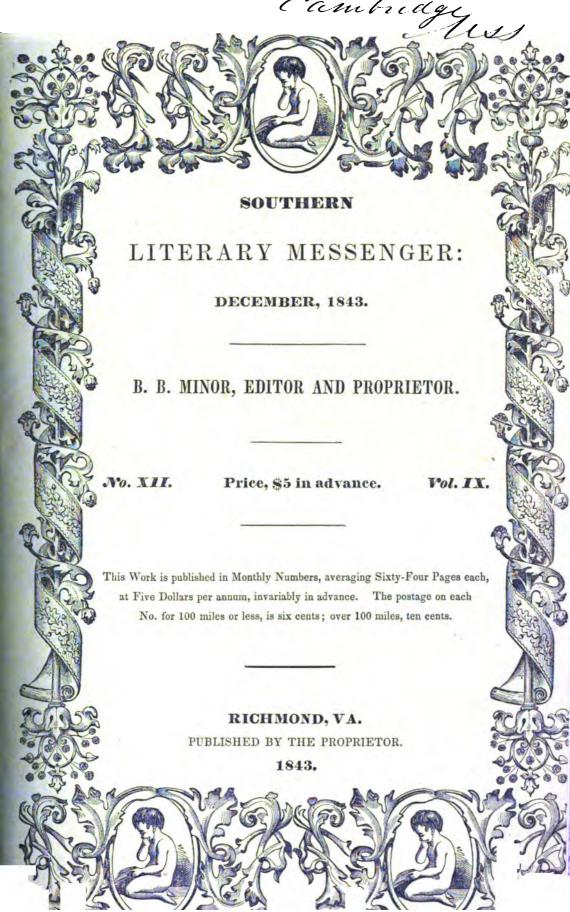
An Address delivered before the two Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina, in June, 1843, under the appointment of the Dialectic Society. By Doctor John Hill.

An Address delivered before the Tullipheboian Society of St. John's Literary Institution at their annual commencement, August 1st, 1843. By John Henry O'Neil, Esq.

An Oration delivered before the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, D. C., February 22, 1841. By Geo. Columbus Morgan, of Maryland, to which are prefixed the remarks of Wm. G. Wynn of Georgia.

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Books, Pamphlots, Blanks, Cards and Labele NEATLY PRINTED AT THE MESSANCER OF THE



CONTENTS.

NO. XII.-VOL. IX.-DECEMBER, 1843.

ODICINIAL DODWDS

OBJORNAL BROOK ARRIOTER

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.	ORIGINAL POETET.
PAGE	PAGE
1. Rough Notes of Rough Adventures; with a Let-	11. Long in Sorrow's Gloomy Night. By A. B. Meek. 720
ter. By J. N. Reynolds, Esq705	12. To the American Sky Lark. Alauda Alpestris.
2. Mathews' Poems—A Review of	By Henry B. Hirst, Philadelphia727
3. The Iceland Letter. From the German-(Con-	13. To Helen. By John Tomlin, Tennessee
cluded.)721	14. Life in the Autumn Woods. By P. P. Cooke 729
4. Virginia Antiquities	15. Stanzas suggested by the Death of an Infant735
5. Glimpses into the Biography of a Nameless Tra-	16. The Power of the Bards. By P. P. Cooke 744
veller-Chap. VIII. By the Author of "the De-	17. An Address. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Tus-
serter"730	caloosa
6. The Infants' Grave. By C. M., Williamsburg735	18. Sonnets. By Miss Anna M. Hirst, Philadelphia749
7. Slavery in the Southern States	19. The Birth of Love. By A. B. Meek
8. A Visit to Luther's Cell. By T. C. Reynolds,	EDITOR'S TABLE.
LL.D746	20. International Literary Exchanges
9. Mr. Webster's Bunker Hill Oration. Reply to 749	21. The Guardian and Female Institute, Columia,
10. Mr. Simms as a Political Writer. The Social	Tennessee
Principle—the True Source of National Perma-	22. Notices of New Works
nence. An Oration, Review of	23. What's Doing. 762
PAYMENTS TO THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. Anderson, PatrickTLJNashville, Tennesseevol 9 Long, Col. HenryLagrange, Georgia	
Almond, Jr., HRNNorfolk, Vavol 9	Morgan, George ColumbusWashington Cityvol 10
Brown, Thomas WGMMColumbus, Missvol 9 Bosworth, HProvidence, Louisianavol 8-9	May, Mrs. David Petersburg, Virginiavol 10 Miller, Miss Sarah C. Salem, N. C Pd. to Nov. 1844
Brame George W Perry C. H. Alahama vol 9	Maury, A. PTLJ. Nashville, Tennesseevol 9
Buck, M. C. Washington City vol 8-9	Moore, Mrs. A. M Eutaw, Alabamavol 9
Brown, Rev. M. MCumberland, Ohiovol 8-9	Milton, JohnPerry C. H., AlabamaPd. to Nov. 1844
Butt, Dr. R. B	Nunnally, LawsonRichmond, Virginiavol 9-10. Powell, Jesse HBattleboro', N. Carolinavol 9
Balfour, Dr. ERNNorfolk, Vavol 9	Peters, John W. GMM. Columbus, Mississippivol 9
Cocke, John	Parham, John LGMMColumbus, Missvol 9
Chandler, John ARNPortsmouth, Vavol 9	Pope, John WWJTMemphis, Tennesseevol 8-9
Drish, Dr. John R. IEJ Tuscaloosa, Alavol 9-9 Doddridge, N. P Circleville, Ohio Pd. to Sept. 1844	Parker, O. BSomerville, Tennesseevol 9 Percy, Charles B. TLJ. Nashville, Tennesseevol 8
Eastham, E. JWJTMemphis, Tennesseevol 9	Page, Capt. H., U. S N. RN Portsmouth, Vavol S
Emmerson, ArthurRNPortsmouth, Vavol 9	Rourke, Edward OTuscaloosa, Alabamavol 8-9
Fernandis, Miss Mary J. GMM. Columbus, Miss. vol 8	Roberts, Joseph M. Penfield, Georgiavol 9-10
Foltz, Reuben MLancaster, Pennsylvaniavol 9 Farragut, Lieut. W. A. C. RN Norfolk, Vavol 9	Short, Wm. AGMMColumbus, Mississippivol 8 Smith, Enoch JFulton, Arkansas
Gamble, Roger L. Louisville, Georgiavol 9	Serruys, Charles Washington City vol 9
Gholson, Mrs. T. S. Petersburg, VaPd. to Oct. 1844	Shepard, G. ATye River Warehouse, Vavol 9
Harrison, W. J. IEJ Tuscaloosa, Alavol 8-9	Shepherd, James MGranville, Tennesseevol 9
Hosmer, SamuelGMMColumbus, Missvol 8-9 Hammond, Charles BGMMColumbuss, Missvol 8	Southall, J. Branch. TLJ. Nashville, Tennessee vol 8-9 Trimble, JohnTLJ. Nashville, Tennessee vol 9
Holliday, ThomasGMMColumbus, Missvol 9	Tatom, SethLagrange, Georgiavol 9
Hopkins, Thomas WTuscaloosa, Alabamavol 9	Turner, David BRichmond, Virginiavol 9
Howard, N. P. Richmond, Virginia vol 9	University of NashvilleTLJTennesseevol 8-9
Hay, PTLJNashville, Tennesseevol 9 Hull, Henry HBoston, Massachusettsvol 9	Van-Orden, JacobCatskill, New Yorkvol 3 Wilson, Richard F. RNNorfolk, Vavol 9
Lewis, J. S. GMM. Columbus, Miss. Pd. \$16 80 in full.	Worrel, Richard A. RN. Norfolk, Va. vol 8
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A PARTING WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

Lawler, Levi W....Mardisville, Ala....Pd. to close 1843

At the close of the volume, the Messenger thanks you for your favors and bids you adieu. To some of you, this is a final greeting; but why should it be? Most of you we hope soon to salute with a "happy new year." For the next year, our hopes and expectations are high, as our efforts will be great. We have already announced that we aim at Ten Thousand subscribers. Could not Ten Thousand Southerners, who ought to sustain this, and every other similar Southern Enterprise, be readily counted out? If so, why will they not lend us their aid? Nothing is truer than that it is the interest of every subscriber to increase the circulation of the Work. The more patrons, the more influential and the more excellent the Messenger can and will be made. Let every subscriber, then, enlist one or two of his friends, and our number is obtained at once. Won't the friends of the Messenger set about this thing? When the Messenger was in its infancy, the Hon. R. H. Wilde obtained near 100 subscribers, in Augusta alone, and for several years collected and remitted every stiver of their subscriptions. Here was a gentleman, whose genius has explored foreign and domestic Literature, who thought the success of the Messenger identified with the cause of Southern Literature and ardently enlisted in its behalf. The example is worthy of imitation.

We have sent off a few extras to some of our patrons. The number was too great to send them to

all; but we wish every one to consider it as addressed to him, and to act accordingly. He will find it all in the November number.

In conclusion, we would urge you to remit. You thereby save us a vast discount, without loss to yourselves. We do not see how any can have the unfairness to discontinue without paying up. some do and give us much trouble.

As a great inducement to subscribers, 3 vols. (1842, 1843, 1844) will be furnished for only \$9: vols. (1843 and 1844) for \$7,50. Our terms are always in ADVANCE.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM-BENJAMIN B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPERTOR-

VOL. IX.

RICHMOND, DECEMBER, 1843.

NO. 12.

New York, Sept. 28, 1843.

DEAR SIR,—Your friendly note, requesting something from my pen for the columns of the Southern Literary Messenger, came to hand during a temporary absence from the city, which I trust will account for my answer having been delayed so long. For years I have been a constant reader of the Messenger, and having always regarded it as among the very first of our periodicals, was not a little rejoiced, that notwithstanding the death of its late indefatigable and worthy proprietor, the work was not only to be continued, but was in hands every way worthy and competent to sustain the high standard of its well earned reputation.

The torrent of reprints, poured out in diluting streams by the mighty agency of steam, is not always calculated either to refige the taste, or strengthen and improve the public mind, and still less to encourage and build up a national literature. Indeed, there is altogether too much of such reading at present, and what is still worse, there is not always sufficient care and judgment exercised in selecting that which is read. It is a hard contest for a periodical to compete in the market with these reprints sold at a shilling per volume. We are, however, much mistaken if the worst has not already come; and the dawn of a brighter and a better day is near at hand.

As to contributing to your columns, I fear I shall be able to do but little in that way, being at present wedded to the law:—of a certain kind of raw material, in the way of Rough Sketches of Rough Adventures, I have, however, an abundant supply on hand!

What the scheme of the South Sea Expedition in 1829 was laid aside by the authorities at Washington, and there seemed no prospect of reviving it with success, for some years to come, I embarked in a private enterprize for the purpose of increasing my knowledge of regions, as yet but little known, in the Southern Hemisphere, and of bringing that knowledge to bear on my return, to the consummation of an enterprize I had so much and so deeply at heart. The mere making of a book, therefore, formed no part of the plan of that preliminary gymnasium-excursion, and the notes I took have remained in my deak to the present time almost as they came from my pen at the close of each day's adventure. After having cruised for months in our tiny barks amid "thick ribbed ice" in the regions along the Antartic circle, and afterwards in the milder climes of the Pacific Ocean; I left the vessels for the purpose of exploring the interior of that almost classic region occupied by the unconquerable Araucanian tribes, and lying South of the Republic of Chili. The conquering armies of Spain, while in the zenith of her power, after overrunning Mexico, Peru and Central America, were vanquished and driven back by the invincible Araucanian, who, with naked valor, triumphed over the steel clad warrior. Of this region but little was ever known even by the Spaniards, and for two hundred years past, it has remained a kind of terra incognita to the civilized world.

Let the reader imagine that I had penetrated, no matter how, into the interior of this country—among the richest on the globe; proceeding from the Pacific Ocean I had reached the Andes in 40° south latitude, had commenced the ascent of a volcano, and at the distance of several miles from its base, had encamped for the night, in company with Grandon, who combined the rare qualities of companion, friend and servant, some Indian guides and

Spanish interpreters;—let the reader imagine this and be will be able to follow me in my journey through such scenes as you will find roughly sketched in the leaves I send you, and which I only regret my want of leisure to clothe in more becoming attire.

I cannot conclude without a renewal of my best wishes for success in the laborious task before you; tardily indeed may be your reward, but with constancy of purpose, it is sure to come. Editors of literary works, as well as writers, should bear in mind that "Fame is a dowerless virgin, to be wooed for Love and not for lucre."

Yours truly,

J. N. REYNOLDS.

B. B. Minor, Esq., Ed. S. L. Messenger.

ROUGH NOTES OF ROUGH ADVENTURES.

BY J. N. REYNOLDS.

Recommence ascending the Volcano. The Araucanian Pine. Deserted by our companion. Fissures in the mountain and emissions of sulphurous steam. Region of perpetual snow and mode of making our way over the slippery surface. Appearance of the crater. Magnificent prospect from the summit of the mountain. Descent and arrival at the residence of the Cacique. An Araucanian banquet. Getting out of a dilemma. Sickness of Curillanca and its advantage to us. Playing the physician. Unexpected difficulties. Visit to the ruins of Villa Rica. Cure of Curillanca and establishment of our reputation as a great medicine. Journey southward along the base of the Andes. Beautiful lakes. Visit Legen Pangi, or the White Lion. Crossing the Valdivia en cheval. Visit to the commissary. Arrival at Valdivia. Situation, &c. of that city. Productions and trade of the province. Tour northward. Progress up the Tolten. Journey along the banks of the Imperial. Respect shown us by the Indians. Remains of the city of Im-

We were too much excited to sleep soundly during the night and were up with the dawn, impatient to proceed. Rousing Grandon, we directed him, in company with the friendly Indian, to return with the horses to a spot we had passed the preceding day, where they could find water and pasture; and there to remain till we should rejoin him. As soon as there was light enough to enable us to make our way over the rough lava, we recommenced the ascent, accompanied only by the commissary. He set out in high spirits, expressing his determination to accompany us to the very summit of the volcano, should we succeed in reaching that elevation. The rise was very gradual for the first league, as we took an oblique direction up the side of the mountain, inclining to the south. The piles of lava scattered around were of vast size, but not apparently of so recent formation as those at the volcano of Antuco.

pany with Grandon, who combined the rare qualities of companion, friend and servant, some Indian guides and vegetation, covered exclusively by groves of the

Araucanian pine, which extended to the very edge ported by the strong staff-indispensable for such of the lower limit of perpetual snow, and grew on excursions—with which we were provided. But a soil consisting entirely of decomposed lava. We had never before seen such fine specimens of this singular tree. The trunks, in many instances, shot up perpendicularly to the height of 80, or 100 feet, almost without any diminution of their thickness, (which in the largest was about two feet diameter at the base,) and then sent forth a number of horizontal branches, the ramifications from which, running out in the same direction, formed a sort of natural roof, which had a very picturesque appear-The fruit of the Araucanian pine is greatly valued by the natives, and often constitutes an important article of subsistence. It consists of nuts, contained in a large external covering in the form of a cone, which sometimes holds many hundreds; they are somewhat smaller than the chesnut.

From the region of pines, we ascended at an angle with our former route which brought us farther to the north and west. Having reached an additional elevation of 1000 feet, we observed an immense fissure in the rocky side of the volcano, as if a portion had been blown off by a violent explosion. From this chasm issued a dense volume of steam, so strongly impregnated with sulphur, that we could not inhale it for a moment without a sense of suffocation. The quick rise of the thermometer on the proceding evening was now accounted for. The change in the direction of the wind had brought it in contact with this and similar emissions of hot vapor before it reached us, and hence the sudden increase of temperature which had alarmed the interpreter and excited the superstitious fears of our native guide. At a much greater altitude, on the same side of the mountain, we observed other fissures, from which currents of steam appeared to be constantly escaping. These openings doubtless act as safety valves to the volcano.

Notwithstanding the progress we had made, the summit of the mountain was still at a vast distance, and our companion, disheartened at the prospect and greatly fatigued, declined persevering in the attempt to reach it. Finding persuasion of no avail, we pursued our way alone, while he retraced his steps to the edge of the pine grove, there to await our return. After surmounting several craggy points, we at length stood on the main body of the snow, which was sufficiently solid to bear our

new and more serious impediments than we had yet encountered were before us. These consisted of immense channels, or ravines in the snow, some of them one hundred feet in depth, and varying from ten to thirty feet in breadth. The frequency of these fissures continually obliged us to make long circuits in order to get round their extremities, and rendered our progress, for the space of an hour, tediously slow.

Immediately above this region of abysses the snow presented a firm and even surface, but to reach it we were obliged to pass for more than three hundred feet along the top of a narrow connecting ridge, in some places not more than six feet in width, and flanked on either side by deep ravines, to the bottom of which a single false step would have precipitated us. Having made our way over this obstacle without accident, we proceeded for the next two hours, unobstructed by any thing except the steepness of the acclivity and the occasional smoothness of the encrusted snow. was now 11 o'clock; the sun shone forth from a cloudless sky, but the thermometer stood at only 38° and the wind was chill and piercing. Our path now inclined toward the south-east side of the mountain, where it is connected with the main chain of the Andes. Here we found the ascent less abrupt, while fissures in the snow were no longer observable; the intensity of the cold entirely counteracting the influence of the sun and rain, which produced these phenomena in less elevated positions. As we continued to mount, the thermometer fell to 28°, while a strong south wind, sweeping over the wintry peaks of the interminable Andes, gave additional effect to the keenness of the air. It is probable that we should have been unable to withstand its paralyzing influence, but for the increased circulation of the blood, occasioned by our incessant toil, and the mental excitement arising from a survey of the evidences, scattered on every side, of the awful convulsions which had once taken place around us and beneath our feet. The explosions, however, could scarcely have been so violent here, as at the volcano we had visited on the mountain frontier of the province of Conception. The latest eruption had been in the year 1818, when cinders and ashes only were sent forth; but these in such vast quantities weight and at the same time not so smooth as to as to cover the country and almost entirely to derender our foothold insecure. Half a mile above stroy vegetation. A shower of ashes fell even in this point it spread out in vast beds of dazzling Valdivia. Immense masses of cinders still lay whiteness which seemed as if coeval with the around the summit of the volcano, all of late origin mountain it covered. The cold increased and the as contrasted with the lava, the whole of which is surface became still harder, as well as more slip- very old. Indeed, on no portion of the mountain, pery and difficult of ascent, as we advanced. We or of the country at its base, did we see any thing found the easiest mode of progression was to dash resembling recent escoria. With reference to the on as rapidly as possible for about a hundred yards, north side of the volcano we cannot however speak, then to rest for a few moments, braced and sup- as we did not examine it, and the war, which was northern tribes, prevented our exploring that section of country.

At half past eleven o'clock we had reached the extreme elevation, which appeared to us about the same as that of Antuco. We were much exhausted, though on the whole suffering less from fatigue and oppressed respiration than on a former occasion. The benumbing effect of the keen piercing wind prevented us from making our observations as minutely as we could have desired; we had, however, a good view of the mouth of the crater, which we supposed to be at least one thousand yards in diameter—probably considerably more. From this orifice smoke issued at intervals, with much impetuosity; but in rushing out did not fill the entire opening. Sometimes the wind caused it to roll back, when the dark column would divide into several branches, which curled upward as if rising from various apertures, but were afterwards reunited in one volume as at first. The internal explosions appeared to be very light; but the air around the summit was surcharged with the effluvia of sulphur.

What a view did the pinnacle we had gained command! Surely the traveller receives an ample reward for his labors in the magnificent spectacles they enable him to contemplate. To the south, the high, craggy points of rock, towering in unclothed grandeur far above the beds of snow and ice, as well as the main ridges of the mountain, frowned in dreary contrast with the white, glittering covering which sheeted the acclivity immediately below, and with the region of vegetation still farther down. When M. Charles, the Icarus of his day, ascended from the bank of the Seine, and beheld the city of Paris fading from his view; when the Alps and Pyrennees were lost to him; when all he could behold of Europe was but a speck in the immensity of space, and he thought he was quitting the atmosphere of Earth for that of the moon; he was not, even at his loftiest elevation, on a level with the platform of Upper Peru, or much more than milway to the height of the pinnacle from which we now looked down. Never shall we forget the silent and awful grandeur of that scene. To the N. W. by W., lay the lake of Villa Rica-its bosom, smooth and bright as a shield of silver, and the river Tolten, which thence takes its rise, winding like a glittering thread from its margin. To the South were two other large and beautiful lakes, which we had discovered in them, which still returned empty, much to the ascending, embanked on the east by the eternal mountains, and hemmed in on the west by the first range of secondary formation, clothed with trees in fare, and the residue either eaten, or carefully For upwards of half an hour we concealed among the bushes. full foliage. enjoyed the sublime prospect; and then warned by the intense cold and recollecting the distance we Caciques in their intercourse with visitors, espehad to return, commenced our descent; having cially on occasions of festivity. In all their ac-

then raging between the Indians inhabiting the previously planted our staff, with a flag attached, plain in the same direction and some of the more rude in construction, but still bearing the stripes and stars, on the summit of the volcano of Villa Rica-January 15th, 1833.

> In going down, we adhered as closely as possible to the track by which we had ascended. At the upper edge of the pine grove we found our interpreter waiting, as he said, with much solicitude, for our re-appearance. Proceeding forward without delay, at half past 6 o'clock we reached the spot whither Grandon had been sent with the horses. Mounting one of them we hurried on at a brisk pace, and by 8 o'clock in the evening arrived at the dwelling of the Cacique, much wearied, though greatly delighted with our excursion. A little grove of apple trees, at a short distance from his residence, we selected as the place for our encampment at night.

> Having given a little entertainment to the chief before setting out, we found him preparing to make the return courteous. He had ordered a small beef to be killed, and a quarter of it being dressed, was served up a l'Araucania, at about half past 8 o'clock-half an hour after our arrival. The feast consisted merely of the beef, boiled, and a few roasted pines, served in large wooden trenchers. We sat on skins spread in a circle upon the cleanly swept area before the door, the food being placed in the centre. We should have mentioned that, in addition to the solid viands, each individual was supplied with a bowl of soup and a neat wooden spoon. The Araucanian host considers it a mark of respect in his guest to eat all that is set before him; to omit doing so is not unlikely to give offence. The task on this occasion was somewhat discouraging, though I doubt if appetites could have been readily found, better fitted to accomplish There were certainly not less than one hundred pounds of provisions to be discussed, and though Grandon offered to bear his full share of the burden, it was still a doubtful undertaking. The commissary, however, volunteered to get us out of the dilemma, having, he said, frequently extricated himself from similar embarrassments on former occasions. The place we had selected as our resting-place for the night was about 200 yards from the chief's lodge. At this point were placed Grandon and the interpreters, while we sat down to partake of the banquet in front of the wigwam and send supplies to our outlying friends. Making a beef-bearing Ganymede of our Indian servant, trencher after trencher did we dispatch to satisfaction of our hospitable entertainer. A portion of this food was packed away for the morrow's

Nothing can exceed the gravity observed by the

tions, in giving directions to their wives and ser-|leagues distant, in order to procure certain plants vants, the most calm and dignified deportment is that grew there, the healing virtues of which, if preserved. This chief had only four wives, who properly extracted and applied, would doubtless all resided in the same house, and were all in attendance at the feast. Their manners were modest and unobtrusive, and their cookery, though simple, was clean and palatable.

Considering that our fatigues of the previous day had entitled us to some indulgence, we did not rise until the sun was an hour and a half high on the morning of the 16th, and even then Grandon, with his head buried in his poncho-for the fellow cared little about his feet if his upper works were but well covered-insisted that it was scarcely daylight.

The most difficult part of our negotiation with the Cacique was yet to come. The site of the ill-fated town of Villa Rica, which it was our object to reach, had not been visited by any white man since the destruction of the place. No part of the Araucanian territory had been guarded with such scrupulous care. The natives had seldom been even willing to talk about it in their interviews with their neighbors at Valdivia. In our journey from that place, the interpreters had uniformly been of opinion that we should not succeed in this portion of our design. While deliberating on the best means of opening the subject, an incident occurred, which we made the instrument of forwarding our views. This was the sickness of the Cacique. About 8 A. M. he paid us a visit and complaining of being very unwell, requested us to cure him; a feat which he deemed we could easily perform, as we had procured medicine from the volcano to cure so many invalids in Valdivia. Here was a requisition on our professional skill which we had neither expected nor were very well prepared to meet. Having, however, assumed the character of doctor it was necessary we should endeavor to support it, so with great seriousness tongue of our illustrious patient; asking him at the same time a number of questions, with all the minute particularity, if not with the scientific acudown for about ten minutes, during which time we over, we informed him that he was sick, very sick, to be of service to him, as what we had brought tend to the very base of the Cordilleras.

restore him to health. On the shore of this lake we knew the town of Villa Rica had formerly stood, and had hit upon this plan to obtain a sight of its remains. The confidence which the patient reposed in our medical skill, added to his alarm at what we had told him, completely overcame the instinctive jealousy of the Indian; or perhaps prevented such a sensation from arising in his mind, for he not only unhesitatingly assented to our proposition, but directed his son to prepare the horses, and accompany us wherever we chose to go, if it were entirely round the lake.

Aware that a slight circumstance might induce the chief to alter his mind, we lost not a moment in availing ourselves of his permission, leaving the Commissary to entertain him in our absence. One of the other two interpreters positively refused to go with us, declaring that he would rather forfeit the emoluments of his appointment under the governor, which were seventy two dollars per year, than risk his life in attempting to visit the old town of Villa Rica. His companion, Pasquales, less timid, or perhaps more avaricious, consented to go, on condition of receiving a few dollars as a douceur, which we readily agreed to give him: insisting, however, that as we had by this additional pay virtually effected an insurance on his life, he was bound to lose it, if necessary, in our service. Grandon said he was too sick to ride that day, and imploringly besought us to leave him behind; he also delicately expressed a wish to know what line of conduct he should parsue, in the event of our parting proving a final one. We do not state these facts for the purpose of magnifying the dangers of the little adventure we had then in view; but rather as a sample of the distrustful feeling which the history of the past has we proceeded to count the pulse and examine the tended to create in the minds of the borderers, with reference to their Araucanian neighbors. After formally making over to Grandon the mule and the divers little nick-nacks, intended as premen, of a true son of Esculapius. We then sat sents to the Indians, contained in our trunks, we took horse, and accompanied by our interpreter pretended to be absorbed in deep reflection. This set off for Lake Lanquon, on the western bank of which Villa Rica once stood. A narrow path and that if a remedy were not speedily adminis- bearing off to the N. E. led us through a rich and tered, we could not answer for his life: that we beautiful tract of country, streaked, here and there, had not, unfortunately, any medicine with us likely with little strips of prairie, which seemed to exfrom the volcano was only applicable to a certain proceeded some distance, and were moving along class of diseases altogether different from his com- at an easy pace, when our Indian guide suddenly plaint: but, nevertheless, being anxious to save reined up his horse and said he could not proceed him, on account of the kindness with which he had farther. On demanding an explanation, the mantreated us, we had determined to make an effort ner of the interpreter satisfied us that he had been in his behalf. Before we could render him any playing false. We taxed him with his duplicity. assistance, however, it would be necessary, we He became still more confused, and finally contold him, to seek the borders of a lake, about three 'fessed that the chief's son had acted from his suggestion; but adroitly added, that he had been actuated by solicitude for our safety; that as regarded his own fate it was a matter of indifference, but that he could not bear the idea of our being massacred by the barbarous savages. He was evidently frightened at the possible consequences of what his cupidity alone had induced him to undertake, and anxious to extricate himself from the dilemma by any means he could devise.

savage as admirable as it is appalling. His demeanor had little of the dignity for which Curillanca was so much distinguished. He appeared indisposed to hear explanations, and manifested no concern at the illness of his superior. Without any circumlocution, he pronounced us, at once, was not affirmed that we came thither with interested views. Our late visit to the volcano was not, he said, unknown to him, and now we

The letter, or passport, we had received from the Governor of Valdivia was imperative. It commanded all persons holding office in the province to give us whatever aid we should require, and empowered us to take with us, at a moment's warning and to any point however distant, one or more of the regular interpreters appointed by the government. Referring to this authority, we told him to beware how he acted; that, by persisting in such conduct, he would forfeit all claim to compensation from us, and lose his commission and salary from the Governor; if, indeed, he did not subject himself to punishment more direct and severe. These threats had the desired effect; matters were arranged, and we again moved forward at a brisk canter, meeting Indians at every pass, but holding on our way without speaking to any of them.

By 10 A. M. we were in sight of the lake, and, as we supposed, but a short distance from the ruins of Villa Rica. Report had said, that the superstitions of the Indians prevented them from residing on the tragical spot: we had been told, however, that a chief lived near the suburbs of the once populous town, and we directed our guide to conduct us at once to his residence, which the young warrior did at half speed of his horse. We knew that this Cacique was inferior in rank to Curillanca, whose son was with us. This, however, was of little importance under present circumstances. In time of peace, their natural impatience of control renders the different chiefs of the same tribe or district, independent of each other; so that it was necessary to secure the favor of this petty prince, as well as of his superior. On our arrival at his dwelling, instead of going through the usual formalities so scrupulously observed by this grave people, we alighted without ceremony, and desired the interpreter at once to inform the Cacique that we wanted instant permission to proceed to the borders of the lake, in order to gather remedies for the cure of Curillanca, who was suffering from disease, and expected our speedy return to afford him relief. Our interpreter, having made the communication as requested, though in a tremnlous voice, the Cacique, Uaiquimilla, rose from his seat and fixed his keen penetrating eye upon us; seeming to pay little attention to the speech of our companion. He was a warrior of some celebrity, and appeared to be about the middle age, with a countenance full of those contradictory traits of character, which often render the aspect of the

His delanca was so much distinguished. He appeared indisposed to hear explanations, and manifested no concern at the illness of his superior. Without any circumlecution, he pronounced us, at once, an enemy, and affirmed that we came thither with interested views. Our late visit to the volcano was not, he said, unknown to him, and now we wished to penetrate farther into the country. He walked to and fro for some time, evidently under great excitement, shaking his head incredulously in answer to our statements, which he seemed to consider mere subterfuge. Finally he told us we could not be allowed to visit the lake, or proceed The manner of this chief throughout was farther. hurried and passionate, nor in the slightest degree characterized by that impurturbable gravity under which the Indian usually conceals his most bitter emotions. As if to heighten our difficulties at this moment, our foolish interpreter acknowledged to Uniquimilla that we were a stranger from a far country; a fact we had always considered it important to conceal. At this announcement, the splenetic Cacique evinced still greater excitement, continuing to traverse, with rapid steps, the little area before his wigwam, and muttering something which, as far as the interpreter could understand, related to the former wars of his people with the Spaniards, and his belief that we, like them, were come to search for gold and silver. By this time a bevy of ten or a dozen Indians, who resided near, had assembled round us. The young native, who had acted as our guide, looked on without uttering a word, silenced probably by the presence of superior authority.

We allowed the chief to go on, without interruption in his soliloquy, for such it appeared to be, until he had worked himself up into a species of frenzy. How far the others participated in his feelings it was difficult to ascertain, as an occasional low, guttural murmur of assent was the only token of interest they exhibited. The matter now began to wear a somewhat unpleasant aspect, and we thought it best to act with decision. Fixing our eye steadily on the exasperated chief for a moment, we then walked up to him and laid our hand upon his shoulder. This brought him to a parley. We then called Alonzo, our interpreter, and putting on a resolute air, directed him to inform Uaiquimilla of our astonishment at his conduct. then went on to say, that though he had forfeited all claim to our regard by his violent deportment, we were still his friend; that our motives in visiting his country were good; that we wanted neither silver nor gold, but only came at the request of the head Cacique, in confirmation of which statement, we pointed to his son; and that if he stopped us it must be at his own peril, as life and death were dependent upon the speedy accomplishment of our journey.

The testy little fellow was evidently unprepared for such a salutation; his countenance relaxed, his tone changed, and he stood apparently bewildered and uncertain what to do. We took advantage of this state of indecision to proceed; and telling the chief that we should not return without procuring the medicines we required, mounted our horse and dashed off toward the lake, accompanied by Alonzo, and followed at some distance by the young Indian. On reaching the water, we made our way through the thick grove of trees which skirted its margin, until we came to the spot where once rose the illfated town of Villa Rica. The remains of the place were still visible, consisting chiefly of shapeless heaps of stones; the outlines of what was once the public square might, however, be distinctly traced, but trees, two feet in diameter, grew in all directions on the sites of the demolished edifices. Here had once been heard the busy hum of commercing multitudes; here had sounded the hammer of the artizan by day, and the soft music of the serenade by night; here had echoed the tramp of the mailed squadron as it paraded forth, clothed in the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" here too had been worked those rich mines which gave the town its name, and rendered the situation so valuable in the eyes of the avaricious Spaniards. Now the city, where the treasure had been stored and the source whence it was gathered were alike mute; and the spot where they once rose joyously was shunned, even by the rude Indian, with superatitious terror.

We should have been happy to take a more leisurely survey of a locality so famous in the records of border war, but this was impossible, as the jealous gaze of the Indians was continually fixed The situation had been judiciously selected. A lake at least 30 miles in circumference stretches away from the ruins to the very base of the Andes, and beyond it rises the high conical peak of the volcano. Near the middle of the lake is a small island-then richly clothed with vegetation-on which it is said the wretched inhabitants able to defend the walls against their fierce assailants. In this island it is supposed that immense treasures were buried by the Spaniards; and the Indians it was stated, declined holding any conversation about it, when questioned on the subject at their conference with the authorities at Valdivia. The surrounding country, though fine, did not equal our expectations, raised as they were by the extravagant stories we had heard of its surpassing The river Tolten rises from this lake and makes its way, by a circuitous course, to the ocean; into which it empties about ten leagues from the mouth of the Imperial. We stood for some time on the margin of the lake, oppressed by the solemn' surprised at seeing our little acquaintance of Villa

quiet which pervaded the whole scene, from the far stretching Andes in the distance, to the mouldering fragments of the ruined city.

We did not, however, deem it prudent to linger very long on this spot; so, after plucking a few herbs from the abundant variety which grew at the water's edge, we remounted our horse and rode back at full speed to the dwelling of Uaiquimilla, before whose door we alighted with an air as unconcerned as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. More than twenty natives had assembled there during our absence, most of them noble specimens of the human form, but wild in their bearing and appearance. We now assumed a conciliatory manner, and exhibiting the herbs which were to restore Curillanca to health, invited Uniquimilla to follow us to the residence of that chief, where we promised to have every thing explained to his satisfaction as well as to make him some presents. This seemed once more to render him dubious what course to pursue, and we seized the oppor-While in view we tunity to make our retreat. rode along at a slow pace, but as soon as we entered the woodland about half a mile from the cacique's habitation, we thought fit so to increase our speed that it would have been a difficult matter for the little warrior or any of his horsemen to overtake us before we reached our old encampment, which we did a short time before sunset.

We found Curillanca calmly awaiting our return, but still indisposed, his complaint, which was accompanied by a high fever, being evidently bilious. We had already imposed entire abstinence upon him, and he had implicitly obeyed our injunction. Promising him some medicine prepared from the herbs we had brought with us, on the ensuing day, we administered, ad interim, a gentle aperient and directed him to take some warm soup early in the The unhesitating confidence with which he followed our advice, and his full faith in the efficacy of the remedies we gave him, greatly interested our feelings in his behalf, and we returned to our bivouac, with sincere wishes for his speedy recovery.

On the morning of the 17th, we were up before of the town made their last stand when no longer the sun and paid an early visit to our patient. He was somewhat alarmed at being under the influence of a medicine with the effect of which he was previously unacquainted; but we had informed him he would be worse during the night, and this assurance had lessened his uneasiness.

> A bowl of soup having been prepared, we sprinkled into it, with an air of professional mystery, a few leaves of wild mint. He drank copiously of the beverage, and by 8 o'clock, A. M., pronounced himself well. The fever had entirely left him, and our reputation as a great Machis was firmly established.

While preparing for a move, we were agreeably

Rica, with a dozen attendants, ride up at full speed. He was soon informed by Curillanca that we were a great medicine, and that all we had said with reference to our motives for visiting Villa Rica was The little chief was not only satisfied, but appeared desirous, in his turn, to propitiate our favor. We received his advances cordially, and made him some presents, with which he was much delighted. Matters being thus amicably settled, we all sat down and had a smoke together; Grandon figured largely, from the reflected importance he had acquired as mozotone of the great doctor.

In looking back on our past journey we could not but feel that the obstacles to reaching the point we had attained had been marvellously overrated. had been confidently asserted, both at Conception and Valdivia, that we should never reach Villa Rica. Whatever other portions of the Indian territory we might be permitted to explore, there, it was said, we should be prohibited from going. These statements had magnified in our eyes, the importance of our undertaking, and rendered us more ambitious of success. To obtain access to a spot more jealously guarded from the intrusion of the stranger's foot than any other within the Indian boundary, was to prove that no part of Araucania was impenetrable. This we had done, and we felt in consequence, the gratification which the human mind ever experiences in overcoming what has been represented to be an impossibility. numerous interpreters we had employed, who from their border life were familiar with the customs and manners of the natives and had an extensive acquaintance among them, doubtless were of considerable service in facilitating and giving security to our movements; nevertheless we are of opinion that the accidental circumstance of the Cacique's illness contributed more to the attainment of our principal object than any other cause.

As the road we now intended to take was such as would be impassable to a mule burdened with baggage, we determined to send Grandon with the latter animal and his load back to La Cruz, and at the same time to dismiss the two interpreters Alonzo and Pasquales, whose attendance we no longer needed. Accompanied only by the commissary and his Indian servant, it was our intention to proceed southward along the base of the Andes, for the purpose of visiting several large lakes in that quarter, which we had seen a few days previous while ascending the Volcano.

This arrangement being made, Grandon departed under convoy of the two interpreters, who had agreed to conduct him to La Cruz by the same route we had followed in coming from thence. We now took leave of the two friendly chiefs, and struck off on a small trail which led in nearly the opposite direction to that taken by our former companions. Our path lay, as it were, between the

secondary formation, running parallel with the latter, at the distance of a few leagues. Pursuing this track we reached the shore of Lake Witagg, a sheet of water about eight leagues in length, bordered on its western side by a forest of very heavy timber. A number of beautiful islands, covered with evergreen, rested on its placid bosom. On the East, its waters washed the base of the principal range of the Andes, whose peaks, hoary with the snow of ages, presented a striking contrast to the lovely landscape of island, lake and woodland which lay smiling below.

At the southern extremity of the lake, we came upon a large settlement of Indians, whose farms displayed a perfection of agriculture that would have done credit to a civilized people. dians in this quarter had been less in communication with the Spaniards than any we had yet seen. Indeed from Villa Rica to this point, and even farther south, are to be found the best specimens of genuine Araucanian, a circumstance which imparted a double interest to all we saw or anticipated seeing in this part of our tour. Neither the disastrous wars of the early conquerors, nor the latter struggles of the revolutionizing colonists against the mother country, had ever been carried on in this portion of Araucania; and the consequence was, that its inhabitants were not only more friendly, but failed to evince that jealousy and distrust which had occasioned us so much difficulty among the northern tribes. At night fall we rode up to the door of an Indian dwelling, one of a considerable cluster in sight. Its master at once surrendered his little Rancho for our exclusive use, and withdrew, with his family, to the habitation of a neighbor; thus paying us the highest mark of respect in his power.

Our horses were turned out to graze without our feeling any dread of losing them; and a bountiful supply of meat and vegetables, sent by the hands of the commissary's Indian servant, furnished substantial proof of the hospitality of our courteous host. Our fare consisted of lamb and green peasa supper by no means to be despised even by less hungry guests-for cooking which the house contained an ample supply of earthen utensils. No natives made their appearance, and we lay down to repose with a sensation of perfect security. Early in the night a heavy rain commenced, and continued, with slight intermissions, until dawn.

Our kind entertainer paid us a visit at sunrise, the Indians being universally early risers. He was anxious to know how we had rested, and if we had wanted any thing. When informed that we were more than satisfied with our entertainment and lodging, he appeared pleased and still more so on receiving a trifling present in the shape of gewgaws for his papooses. Next came the neighboring Cacique and after him more than twenty other base of the Andes and the first hill or mountain of natives, who all inquired if we had passed the night

agreeably. host, and their single hearted companions, we proceeded on our route. Farms, which gave promise of abundant crops, interspersed with groves of wild apple trees, diversified the country through which we were passing; while the adjacent inland hills were crowned by forest trees of gigantic growth. The wind was from the north and though the rain had ceased, the bushes by the way-side were still dripping with water. The lake, which was sufficiently large and deep to have permitted the evolutions of a fleet, roughened by the breeze, broke in heavy surges upon the shore. Leaving its margin we ascended a piece of high, rolling ground separating it from another sheet of water to the south, called Lake Wanigue. The waters of the two lakes are united by a deep and narrow channel. Lake Wanigue ranges longitudinally E. S. E. and W. S. W., and is about forty miles in length, varying from one to three leagues in breadth. It is the source of the river Valdivia, which, at the commencement of its course, is a large column of water forced along a contracted channel worn in the rocks. It descends by a rapid fall of several hundred feet, for the space of half a mile, and we could hear the roar and see the spray occasioned by its tumultuous commotion, at the distance of two leagues. The Indian settlement here was large and dense, every eligible spot appearing to be occupied. These people have seldom permitted any of their number to go to Valdivia. They not only kept aloof from the colonial contests, but, what is better and more wonderful, they have continued almost from time immemorial at peace with all their neighbors. They lived comfortably on the fruits of their industry, their farms affording them abundance of wheat, corn, pulse, with potatoes and other vegetables, and they were well clothed: indeed we had not seen an Indian poorly clad since crossing the river Imperial. The live stock on these farms comprised fine sheep, horses, and large herds of horned cattle.

At the southwest side of Lake Wanigue, on an elevated position commanding an exceedingly interesting view, was the residence of Legen Pangi, which in the Indian tongue signifies The White Lion. This chief, though not less than seventy years of age, was still vigorous and active. His hair, white as the snow on the neighboring mountains, hung in long heavy folds upon his shoulders, while his face had all the ruddy hue of health. He was by birth and rank a Cacique, but had never assumed the duties or responsibilities belonging to that station. On arriving at the age of manhood he had waived all claims to authority, in favor of his younger brother Catrinen. Legen, however, continued to be treated with respect and deference by the whole nation, and we were told that his influence was supreme; his counsel being always previously pursued, with the intention of striking

After smoking a cigar and enjoying a sought after and acted upon in matters of general pleasant conference with the chief, our generous interest. He was considered the Corocolo of his day, and, like his great prototype, was distinguished for his wisdom and moderation. We were informed that he was the first Indian of note who had expressed a wish that the colonies might succeed in their struggle for independence; though he never sanctioned any interference on the part of his people. The policy of his brother, the actual Cacique, had ever been modelled by that of Legen, and perfect harmony subsisted between them. When any of the surrounding tribes manifested a disposition to go to war, the chief, by the advice of his elder brother, sent them word that it was better to live in peace; he neither desired to rob nor kill his neighbors, nor would he ever go in search of them for such a purpose: but, should they come into his territory with hostile views, they would find every cane tree a lance, and plenty of warriors with stout hearts to wield the weapon. The consequence of this wise conduct had been, that for more than fifty years his nation had not found it necessary to fight a single battle. "The White Lion" appeared to be a true philoso-

pher of Nature's school, though without any mix-

ture of the Stoic or Anchorite in his composition.

He had ten wives, of various ages from twenty to

sixty, all of whom we saw bustling about their little

fires. Whatever other qualities, good or bad, they

might possess, we can at least testify to their culinary skill, which was very satisfactorily displayed in preparing an excellent meal of roast beef, potatoes and peas, to which we did ample honor. Legen, as well as his brother, was very rich, owning many fine farms and more than two thousand head of cattle. Notwithstanding his wealth, however, he had always been a moderate, and, for an Indian, temperate man. His chief delight was to pass day after day on the banks of his favorite lake, and occasionally to ride out and look at his fine herds. At the outbreak of the revolution the royalists made great efforts to enlist Legen and his brother in their cause, but their bribes and persuasions were alike ineffectual. Nor were the patriots more successful in attempting to attach them to the republican side; although that party had their sympathy and good wishes. Catrinen had several times visited Valdivia; Legen never; though the city was only at the distance of a few days' journey from his residence. This, he said, had not arisen from any hostile feelings towards his white neighbors, but from his dislike of change and love of a quiet life. We sat for hours by the side of this extraordinary man, conversing with him, through our interpreter, on various interesting subjects, of which we shall speak, in connexion with other matters, in our concluding chapter.

Taking leave of the Cacique and his brother, we set out in a direction more westerly than we had

the river Valdivia at a point where we should have | tops of the mountains as well as on their sides and less difficulty in crossing than we had before experienced. The day proved very unpleasant; the clouds which had been hovering about in the morning, gathered and thickened into an unbroken mass, and a heavy rain, rendered doubly disagreeable by a strong wind, set in and continued without a moment's cessation until night. Our route lay over an immense chain of mountains of secondary formation, covered with lofty trees, and a thick undergrowth of vines and cane, which was almost impenetrable. We were obliged to keep our heads on the necks of the horses to prevent being dragged from the saddles; and, in addition to the ceaseless pelting of the rain, were almost deluged by torrents of water sliaken from the overhanging foliage. Our progress was, of course, slow, and the day passed most uncomfortably; nor did its conclusion bring us any consolation, as we were compelled to pass the night among the mountains. The storm did not abate during the hours of darkness, and, as we were close under the Andes, the wind was excessively cold and benumbing. We set out early in the morning, the weather having become clear and pleasant, and at 10 A. M. reached the river Valdivia. The only method of crossing appeared to be on horseback, which, as the stream, though not more than one hundred and fifty yards wide, was swollen, rapid, and enclosed between steep banks, seemed a somewhat perilous adventure. The commissary's Indian servant, however, offered to lead the way, and gallantly urged his horse down the bank. The first plunge nearly submerged both man and steed, leaving little more than the head of the former above water. Our pioneer, however, landed safely on the opposite side, after being carried down some distance by the current, and setting up a yell of delight, turned to enjoy the sport he expected to witness in our transit. The animal we rode was a fine one, and no stranger, probably, to this mode of navigation. The bridle bits having been taken from his mouth, and the lasso put round his nose, so as to guide him if necessary, we gave him the spur and dashed into the river, experiencing of course the same fate as our guide, viz: a very sufficient ducking. The Commissary followed and we both reached the bank on the other side without accident.

During the afternoon we came to several streams, tributary to the Valdivia, which, being swollen by the recent heavy rains, we had to cross in like manner; but as they were narrow and easily passed, this was rather an amusement than otherwise. After pursuing for some distance a circuitous route, and visiting several considerable Indian villages or settlements, we made for the sea-coast, and arrived at the city of Valdivia on the evening of the 25th. The whole extent of country lying between the rivers La Cruz and Valdivia, though in some parts mountainous, would bear cultivation even on the theatre of some gallant exploits on the part of the

in the valleys. For the distance of ten leagues up the latter river, there are many Spanish families who live in harmonious intercourse with the natives, and to whom the soil affords the means of subsistence with little toil. They raise a few cattle, make and drink no inconsiderable quantity of cider, and in short revel in all the easily acquired luxuries of a lazy border life. South of Lake Wanigue, bordering on the base of the Andes, there was, we were told by the natives,-for we did not visit it—another lake called Ranco, even more extensive than those we had seen to the north. This piece of water, it was said, contained an island, about three leagues in length, thickly peopled by Indians. From Lake Ranco issues the Bueno, a deep and narrow river which receives in its course the waters of the Pilmaiquen, a tributary stream flowing from Lake Pueque. The Bueno sweeps through that delightful portion of the province called Los Llanos, or the plains, where there is a thriving Spanish settlement; the soil being admirably adapted to the raising of wheat and most other kinds of grain. This isolated outpost of civilization lies between Valdivia and Chiloe. river Rane which takes its rise from Lake Hanquive, still farther south, receives the waters of the Negro, and also passes through the country of the plains.

On our way to Valdivia we stopped for one day at the house of the Commissary General of the Indians, the father of our interpreter, who resided about twenty miles from the city, upon the bank of the river from which it takes its name. He owned a fine tract of land in that region, and was comparatively wealthy. We found a considerable number of Indians at his house, all daily guests at his table. He possessed great influence with the tribes, and, from all we could learn, was in every respect worthy of the confidence they reposed in him.

We have hitherto said but little of the city of Valdivia, nor do we design more than a brief notice of it here. It was founded, as has been already stated, by Don Pedro Valdivia, and is situated in 39° 47' South Latitude. It stands on an elevated alluvial plain, and is distant from point Galvia, at the mouth of the river, about three and a half or four leagues. It may indeed be said to be almost surrounded by rivers, the principal being the La Bana, or Valdivia, the recipient of the other numerous inferior streams; which all disembogue through its capacious channel into the bay of Mancera. In the bay, and but a short distance from the town, are the three beautiful islands of Constantino, Valenzuela and Mancera. The Port is one of the best on the coast, and attracted the attention of the English in 1624 and of the Hollanders in 1643; each party in turn having made strenuous exertions to gain permanent possession of it. It was well fortified previous to the revolution and became the

patriots, during their contest for liberty. The soil | ceeded in overturning several of them. of the province of Valdivia is, generally, well suited to the culture of wheat, vegetables and fruits. The country was celebrated in early times for the richness of its mines; but they have, of late years, been almost entirely neglected. Lumber constitutes the most important item in its trade; the mountains furnishing the material in abundance, and the rivers affording easy channels for its conveyance to the town, whence it is shipped to Valparaiso and the various ports of Peru.

Our arrangements permitted but a short sojourn The northern among the hospitable Valdivians. interior of Araucania was yet to be explored, and we were impatient to recommence our tour. Having obtained from the Governor an order to command the services of an experienced guide and interpreter residing near the river Quolé, and taking leave of our host Don Pedro Smith, (an Irishman by birth, who had married in the country and been settled there for thirty years,) we once more set out on our pilgrimage. A small boat conveyed us up the river to La Cruz, where we found Grandon edifying the inhabitants with marvellous narratives, "wherein he spake of moving accidents by flood and field," himself the hero of every story,-the lion of every circle. As soon as our horses were in readiness we pursued our way northward. arriving at Quolé we returned the animal we had hired from the Indian and received our own. this neighborhood we remained several days, during which time we made an excursion up the river in company with a Cacique named Callupupangi, or Blue Lion. The force under the command of this chief was small and his people were remarkably peaceable and well-disposed.

The Indians think nothing of swimming rivers on horseback: twice during our excursion we crossed the Quolé in this manner. The horses of the country are well trained to the exercise; we, however, who were not quite so much au fait to this equestrian system of navigation as the natives. sometimes got laughed at for our want of dexterity in managing them. Soon after our return, we set out for the Tolten, which we repassed at about a day's journey from its mouth. This route brought us into the district of the great Cacique, Uaiquimilla, or Lance of Gold, who was a noble specimen of the time-worn Indian warrior. He had fought for the royalists throughout the greater part of the revolutionary war in Chili, during which he had been uniformly distinguished for his military skill and determined bravery. We had heard several anecdotes of this chief from the Governor of Valdivia who had met him while in the army. On one occasion, the Governor stated, a troop of lancers led on by this gallant Indian had charged up to the very mouths of the enemy's cannon; transfixed the artillery men with their spears; and then, feeling of superstitious awe which influenced their throwing their lassos round the guns, actually suc-'countrymen near Villa Rica. We remained about

tives of Tolten, with their respective chiefs, had always fought under this Cacique. Having many years ago made peace with the new Government, he had ever since continued faithfully to fulfil the conditions of the treaty. His intercourse with the whites had long been familiar and confidential, and he treated us with great kindness. Like almost all his countrymen, however, he was somewhat jealous of the intrusion of strangers, and having had information of our visit to Villa Rica, was anxious to know if our errand were to search for gold and siver.

Still farther up the river, where it approximates more nearly to the Andes, resided Petrufguen, the young and interesting chief whom we had seen on our way up to the La Cruz. The Tolten is navigable, for small craft, for more than sixty miles, and the country bordering upon it throughout the whole extent appeared rich and productive. Cattle and sheep abounded on the fine pastures, but the natives did not appear, either here or elsewhere, to have paid much attention to the raising of hogs, of which animals we saw comparatively very few. A Cacique named Wenchucico had his residence near the mouth of the river; but was, at that time, absent on a visit, with about twenty of his mounted attendants.

Leaving the banks of the Tolten we proceeded across the country to the Imperial, where we again fell in with our old friend Antepan, or Loving Lion. We afterwards had interviews with several inferior chiefs of that district, whom we found less difficulty in conciliating than at our first visit. Here we succeeded in obtaining leave to ascend the Imperial; our object being to visit the site of the old city of that name, though we did not deem it prudent to make this avowal. The remains of old Spanish settlements frequently attracted our notice as we proceeded, and especially the embankments of a fort in a tolerable state of preservation. immense number of Indians inhabit the borders of this river. A cluster of them was continually with us, and the dwelling of a Cacique was pointed out at every interval of a few miles. With each of these petty princes we had a formal pow-wow or talk. Our journey at this period might be said to resemble a triumphal march, a messenger or escort invariably accompanying us from the residence of one chief to that of another, to bespeak for us hospitable treatment and a safe conduct. Thus pleasantly we wended on our way till we arrived at the site of the old city of Imperial, the scene of many a by-gone tragedy. The crumbling remnants of the houses, with the ditches and ruiped ramparts of the town, still remained, but the place was utterly deserted; the Indians being deterred from taking up their abode within its precincts by the same

a week in this neighborhood, holding conferences with the chiefs, witnessing the amusements of the people, and studying their institutions. Of these matters, for the sake of brevity, we shall treat separately in another chapter.

We had now been near seven months within and on the borders of the Araucanian country; had succeeded in penetrating all parts of the territory, from the ocean to the Andes; had ascended its principal rivers, and visited its lakes and the wild recesses of its mountains, so long deemed inaccessible to the foot of civilized man. We had seen the haughty tenants of the soil, beyond the pale of civilized influence, exhibiting their true character in the common routine of their simple, we will not say savage, life; and we felt that while the jealousy which had sometimes annoyed and retarded us was attributable to the remembrance of ancient outrage, the hospitality we had so freely and frequently experienced was the natural offspring of a noble generous nature.

MATHEWS' POEMS.

- Poems on Man, in his various aspects under the American Republic. By Cornelius Mathews, author of the "Motley Book," &c. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1843.
- II. Wakondah; the Master of Life; a Poem. [By the same.] New York: Geo. L. Curry, 1841.

Mr. Mathews is a young American writer, who is very little known to Southern readers. Indeed, as a Poet he is comparatively little known to the public in his own neighborhood; his chief successes having been obtained in a very different field of letters. It is our purpose, for reasons which, we trust, will make themselves apparent as we proceed, to introduce him to a better and more extended acquaintance among us. We shall endeavor, by a proper examination of his credentials, to show that he deserves our confidence and should be admitted to our hospitality. We are discosed to think, when our task is ended, that our readers will acknowledge, with due gratitude, that we have brought them acquainted with a very acceptable companion.

Mr. Mathews has taken a very active share in the advocacy of the measure known to the public as the International Copyright. He has delivered one or two very spirited lectures, and written one or two very spirited lectures, and written one of the editors of "Arcturus," a magazine of criticism and general letters in New York, which, while it was continued, occupied a very high rank in connection with its brethren. Subsequently, he has become more distinguished as the author of a satirical story, after the loose slip-shod manner of Dickens and other popular writers, entitled may, in the future, be destined to achieve. We discern in his writings the strong and struggling conception seeking utterance in new and original forms, and only failing, or faltering, in consequence, we are disposed to think, of insufficient training—an impediment which the practice of a few years will easily and thoroughly remove. Mr. Mathews is still a very young man, though he has written sign of modest genius—and the industry and devotion which are equally the signs of an honorable of Dickens and other popular writers, entitled

"Puffer Hopkins"—a work which has encountered more praise and blame, in equally extravagant proportions, than ordinarily falls to the lot of such performances; and by which alone, were there not other sufficient reasons for the same opinion, we should be disposed to think Mr. Mathews a writer of some stamina and substance. It is not your tame, nerveless and common-place productions that provoke people to quarrel about them. There are sundry other writings by the same author, which are not now before us. We are pleased to see, however, that an uniform edition is in preparation, which, when complete, and in our possession, it will give us pleasure to examine, critically, and for the equal benefit, we hope, of author and reader.

We confess frankly that we regard the writings of Mr. Mathews as valuable rather for the promise which they hold forth—the incipient powers which they indicate, than for their intrinsic and finished value. We do not yet consider him, (in poetry at least,) a practised writer. He has evidently not yet acquired that perfect mastery of his weapon, which achieves greatly, and, in the happy line of a master—

"Snatches a grace beyond the reach of art."

But he has the materials, the endowment, and evidently possesses a happy confidence in himself, which, even now, prompts him to attempt, and may hereafter hurry him on to achieve great things. His topics, themselves, in poetry at least, are such as require considerable resources of imagination and thought; and their very selection seems to betray that sort of ambition in their author, which, per se, is a partial guaranty for the possession of high intellectual endowment. It is seldom that unendowed men choose original or difficult subjects. They are generally content to follow on in the beaten paths, to toil upon the masses already thrown up from the quarry, to elaborate known outlines, grow eloquent upon the common-place, and profound upon the familiar-deep in shallows, and furious only when there is no sort of provocation. It was this very boldness of object which first drew our attention to Mr. Mathews as a writer: and though we are not prepared to say that he fully meets our wishes in what he has performed, we are not unwilling to admit that his labors have been such as will justify very high hopes of what he may, in the future, be destined to achieve. We discern in his writings the strong and struggling conception seeking utterance in new and original forms, and only failing, or faltering, in consequence, we are disposed to think, of insufficient trainingwill easily and thoroughly remove. Mr. Mathews

overcome those qualifying and baffling influences, | nal tribes of our country. To the poetical mind which, his best friends may readily admit, keep him back at present from his true performances, and prevent him from being now, what we do not doubt he will hereafter become, one of the most prominent of the literateurs of the young America.

We do not propose, in this place, or at this time, any elaborate or general notice of the intellect or the writings of Mr. Mathews. This task may fall to our pen at some future day. Our present examination will be confined wholly to the two poetical works, the titles of which stand at the head of this article,—in both of which we recognize that choice of subject which, as we have said before, indicates resources and an ambition, in the author, of a superior order. It is, perhaps, the misfortune of this indication, that it also leads to large expectations on the part of the reader, which, in the case of the young writer, whose experience in the use of his instruments is almost always inferior to the genius which impels them, is very apt to lead to disappointment. The captious, or shallow critic, in such case, happening upon a clumsy verse or sentence, a thought crudely conceived, or clumsily expressed, is very apt to fling aside the volume, and dismiss the writer with a contemptuous decision of his claims.

It is, perhaps, fortunate for real genius that it knows how to resent this injustice, and appeals in the end to more conscientious, and to less fallible We do not pretend to be wiser than our brother in this matter, but we are more circumspect, and we have that sympathy with the profession of the poet, which makes us look with more unreasoning faith into his tasks-to dwell upon the purposes which seem to fill his mind, and to endeawor to discern, through the sometimes imperfect and inferior setting of his muse, the jewel of thought or sentiment by which he would infuse it with life and shape it to a form of beauty. Such be the task before us now.

Mr. Mathews is what has been called a metaphysical poet. He borrows his inspiration rather from his thoughts than his feelings. His mind, rather than his heart, is apparent in his verse. thinks in rhythm. He deals in bold and artful, rather than in tender images. He is more sublime than sentimental-lofty, rather than touching. "Wakondah, the Master of Life," "Poems on Man," "Behemeth, the Mound Builders"—these are his subjects; these indicate a very great degree, by their choice, the tendencies of his intel-They are subjects calling especially for thought-for elevation of sentiment-for boldness of conception, for sublimity of idea. They reresources in reading and reflection, for vivid illus- diously involved, and call, in frequent instances, for tration and comparison. "Wakondah" is a name more than one reading before we arrive at the idea

it is suggestive of various uses. That we find nothing in Indian History to render our application of this choice of subject, instantaneous-that we can lay no hand upon the theme in connection with the name, is a proof how completely the author relies upon his own resources—a proof, at least, of his confidence in them, which invites the curiosity of the reader. We are anxious to see what use he makes of his subject. Unhappily, so far, our author gives us no opportunity of estimating his creative powers; and our analysis must be simply confined to the character of his individual verse. "Wakondah" is a fragment, to be finished only in the event that the public judgment is favorable. Here, however, a misfortune awaits him, which he has scarcely taken into consideration. The public judgment, (in our country at least,) is not likely to be passed upon metrical labors of any kind-particularly those which involve the higher standards of criticism. The taste for the fine arts, particularly poetry, is in very low condition in our country. The only poetry which takes the popular ear, is that which never tasks the popular thought. Simple common-places, gracefully expressed, like those of Longfellow, or clumsy versions of the Psalms, such as Mrs. Sigourney gives us in seldomceasing profusion-things which we read as we run-which never arrest us on the highway, are preferred far before Milton. A select circle, a sacred few, indeed, expect better things and occasionally find them; but these seldom utter themselves in print. The ordinary critic of the Reviews and Magazines is one who, if unprompted by private interest or friendship, rarely runs counter with popular taste; and the poem to which the vulgar million give the go-by, he is also prepared to pass, either with similarly contemptuous indifference, or with an hostility which deems itself perfectly safe in its assault upon a performance, which the great majority will never read, for the revision of his judgment. Under these circumstances, Mr. Mathews may wait long before he receives such an answer to his application which shall encourage him to conclude his poem. We, ourselves, favorably disposed as we are to him, if we based our judgment upon what he has given us of a plot in "Wakondah," should be loth to do so. Our approbation is yielded to the occasional versethe eloquent phrase and image, the original thought and fancy, and not to the sketch before us, considered as a whole. Thus considered, we are constrained to object to it, as too obscure in its design and utterance; --- and this obscurity, by the way, is one of the distinguishing defects of our author, quire, on the part of the author, the presence of a the less pardonable, indeed, as we conceive it to quick imagination, rare powers of invention, and be the result of deliberation. His verses are stuconferred upon the Deity by some of the Aborigi- which he would convey. Now, when we speak

alightly of common-place poetry, we are not prepared to give our sanction to that, the study of which too much fatigues us. Clearness and simplicity, as well as thought, are among the necessary essentials of good poetry. If Mr. Mathews thinks to elevate his standard by his obscurities, he commits a blunder, and cannot with justice complain of those, who, regarding poetry as one of the luxuries that we meant to sweeten the toils, and solace the leisure hours of life, are unwilling to find it enumerated among its tasks and labors. But let us turn to the poem itself, and give our readers some opportunity of revising our judgment as we proceed. "Wakondah" seems to us to open very beautifully.

ŧ.

"The moon ascends the vaulted sky to-night;
With a slow motion full of pomp ascends:
But mightier than the moon that o'er it bends,
A Form is dwelling on the mountain height
That boldly intercepts the struggling light,—
With darkness nobler than the planet's fire:
A gloom and dreadful grandeur that aspire
To match the cheerful heaven's far-shining might,"

This is a very stately verse, full of noble images and a solemn beauty. The line which we have italicised, presents the picture of a royal progress. The verse which follows is one of more ambition, and perhaps not so successful. The third line is rhythmically faulty, and materially affects the harmony of its connection. But the images are equally vivid and imposing.

IJ.

"Great God! how fearful to the gazing eye!
Behold the bow that o'er his shoulder hangs,
But ah! winged with what agonies and pangs
Must arrows from its sounding bowstring fly;—
An arc of death and warfare in the sky.
He plants spear upon the rock that clangs
Like thunder; and a blood red token hangs,
A death-dawn, on its point, aspiring high."

We proceed with the passages,—though the very first line of the next verse is faulty (literally) beyond measure:

III.

"Upon his brow a garland of the woods he wears;
A crown of oak-leaves, broader than their wont,
Above his dark eye waves and dims its brunt,—
Its feathers darker than a thousand fears,—
A cruel eagle's plume: high, high it rears,
Nor ever did the bird's rash youth surmount
A pitch of power like that o'er shadow'd front,
On which the plume its storm-like station bears."

There are fine things in this verse, bating what we think its obscurities. The images are picturesque and bold, and the central figure is a grand one; but we note as a defect the comparison of the literal and actual, with the metaphysical, as contained in the fourth line; and we are at a loss to know in what sense the author uses the word brunt at the close of the third. The description proceeds:

١V

"Fill'd with the glory thus above him roll'd—
How would some Chinook wandering through the night,
In cedern helm and elk skin armor dight,
Be pierced with blank amazement dumb and cold;—
How, fear-struck, scan the spirits awful mould;—
The gloomy front, the death-dispelling eye,
And bulk that swallows up the sea-blue sky—
Tall as the unconcluded tower of old."

We do not object to the quaintness which sometimes marks our author's utterance. The employment of obsoletisms harmonizes very well with such a description as that upon which he is engaged. The passage is a sustained one; but we object to the employment of the word unconcluded in the last line, as not only inharmonious in its present connection, but as absolutely improper in the sense of unfinished; at the same time we confess ourselves not satisfied with the comparison.

The next verse is a very forcible one. We are not pleased with that which succeeds it, but the whole passage is well sustained.

V

"Transcendant shape! But hark, for lo! a sound, Like that of rivers and of mingled winds Through forests raging 'till the tumult finds, Or makes, an outlet free from hedge or bound,—Breaks from the Holder of the mountain ground. Oh! listen to the sadly-urgent cry! No mightier shadow of a strength gone by, Through the whole perishable earth is found!

VI.

"The spirit lowers and speaks: 'Tremble ye wild woods, Ye cataracts! your organ-voices sound!

Deep crags, in earth by massy tenure bound,
Oh! Earthquake, level flat! The peace that broods
Above this world and steadfastly cludes
Your power, howl winds and break; the peace that mocks
Dismay, mid silent streams and voiceless rocks—
Through wildernesses, cliffs and solitudes!

VIL

"Night-shadowed rivers!—lift your dusky hands
And clap them harshly with a sullen roar;
Ye thousand pinnacles and steeps deplore
The glory that departs! Above you stands—
Ye lakes with azure waves and snowy strands—
A Power that utters forth his houd behest
'Till mountain, lake and river shall attest,
The puissance of a Master's large commands!'

VIII

"So spake the spirit, with a wide-cast look
Of bounteous power and cheerful majesty;
As if he caught a sight of either sea
And all the subject realm between. Then shook
His brandish'd arms;—his stature scarce could brook
Its confine;—swelling wide, it seem'd to grow,
As grows a cedar on a mountain's brow,
By the mad air in ruffling breezes took,

ΙX

"The woods are deaf and will not be aroused;—
The mountains are asleep and hear him not,
Nor from deep founded silence can be wrought,
Though herded bison on their steeps have browsed;
Beneath their banks in darksome stillness housed
The rivers loiter like a calm-bound sea;

In anchored nuptials to dumb apathy, Cliff, wilderness and solitude are spoused!"

The power of the Indian God has departed in the advent of a superior divinity. The inanimate world no longer shows the old allegiance. He has survived his sovereignty. The idea is a bold and beautiful one, and the passages which follow, in which Wakondah, deplores the departure of his power, and predicts the future, are not unworthy of the conception. But we have no room to give them. In the preceding passages which we have selected as a fair sample of the poem, the reader will perceive, with much that is forcible and beautiful, much that is inartificial and obscure. The epithet "wild" in the first line of verse VI. is introduced at the expense of the rhythm. The word "took" at the close of verse VIII, proves the author to be quite too unscrupulous in regard to grammar where the interests of the rhyme seem to require its sacrifice; and there is a confusion of metaphor in the latter part of the ninth verse, which greatly impaires its merit. This epithet anchored is a strained one-will apply very well to the fettered sea, but does not so well harmonize with the nuptial ceremony in which it is made to figure. But these are minor objections—to be mended if pessible, but not suffered to prejudice the reader against what is really meritorious in the production of the author. We can afford to give but two stanzas more from this poem-those in which Wakondah describes the descent of the new and superior divinity.

XVII.

"Lo! where our foe up through these vales ascends, Fresh from the embraces of the swelling sea, A glorious, white and shining Deity. Upon our strength his deep blue eye he bends, With threatnings full of thought and steadfast ends, While desolation from his nostril breathes, His glittering rage he scornfully unsheathes, And to the startled air its splendor lends!

XVIII.

"The nation-queller in their length of days,-The slaughterer of the tribes art thou !- The rude, Remorseless, vengeful foe of natural blood, And wood-born strength, rear'd up amid the mase Of forest walks and unimprison'd ways ;-The dwellers in unsteepled wastes; the host Of warriors stark and cityless, whose boast Was daring-proof 'gainst torture that betrays."

In the first of these verses the personification of the genius of the European is very finely carried out; but the verse which follows and which aims to embody, in apt parallelism, the nature of the Indian is very feeble, and stuff'd to repletion with disjointed and unmeaning epithets. We had marked other passages in this poem for selection, but our space denies them admission to this notice. They are not inferior to what has been here chosen as a specimen of the author's muse, and indeed, we are not sure that some of them are not very much 'Of life-thou gentle and thou sovereign Child!"

superior, particularly verses 22, 23, 24-32 and 33; some of them blurred by the defects indicated in the preceding, but all of them distinguished by an air of boldness, a vigor of conception, a majesty of utterance, which, however impaired by occasional obscurities, is yet wanting in little to make the strains in which it is found worthy of very high place among the best achievements of the American muse.

The poems on man are more recently from the pen of Mr. Mathews, and, though we are not disposed to rank them as quite equal, in an exclusively poetical point of view, with "Wakondah," they betray more practice, and, in merely mechanical respects, show a decided improvement in the artist. They are entitled " Poems on Man, in his various aspects under the American Republic,-but this latter part of the title might very well have been omitted, since they would be equally applicable to the same animal under any existing government. The poems are nineteen in number, are generally short, seldom extending beyond the fourth verse. The first of these, "The Child," we give at length.

THE CHILD.

"Calm, in thy cradle lie, thou little Child, Thy white limbs smoothing in a patient sleep, Or, gambolling when thou wakest at the peep Of the young day-as clear and undefiled As thou! Around thy fresh and lowly bed Look up and see, how reverent men are gathered, In wonder at a babe so greatly fathered Into life, and so by influence fed.

"They watch the quiet of thy deep blue eye-Where all the outward world is born anew, Where habit, figure, form, complexion, hue Rise up and live again in that pure sky; At every lifting of thine arms, they feel The ribbed and vasty bulk of Empire shake, And from the fashion of thy features take The hope and image of the common-weal.

"See! through the white skin beats the ruddy tide! The pulses of thine heart, that come and go, Like the great circles of the ocean-flow, And dash a continent at either side. Thou wield'st a hopeful Empire, large and fair, With sceptred strength: about thy brow is set A fresh glad crown, with dewy morning wet, And noon-day lingers in thy flaxen hair!

"Kingdom, authority and power to thee Belong; the hand that frees, the chain that thralls-Each attribute on various man that falls, Strides he the globe, or canvass-tents the sea: The sword, the staff, the judge's cap of death, The ruler's robe, the treasurer's key of gold, All growths the world-wide scope of life may hold, Are formed in thee and people in thy breath.

"Be stirred or still, as prompts thy beating heart! Out of thy slumbering calmness there shall climb, Spirits serene and true against the Time That trumpets men to an heroic part; And motion shall confirm thee, rough or mild For the full sway that unto thee belongs, In the still house or 'mid the massy throngs

This is a fine poem, yet we mark in the very first verse, the line which we have italicised, as an instance of that carelessness with regard to all the laws of harmony, into which Mr. Mathews so frequently falls, and which is, indeed, the very worst fault of his verse. The second and third verses are particularly happy, and the images are symmetrical, appropriate and well managed. Our next extract shall present the quatrains devoted to the citizen. These are plain, manly and sensiblesome of the lines strong and worthy of remem-There is possibly a want of the easy flow of verse-there is a ruggedness about the expression which, indeed, seems to us, to be the particular affectation of the author, which we are disposed to regard as injurious, in half the number of instances, to his success; but we do not dwell on this. We object to the word "forthright" in the second, and the word "up" in the third verses, as being unnecessary, and simply employed to fill out the measure. The latter word is in fact an ugly blemish.

THE CITIZEN.

- "With plainess in thy daily pathway walk—
 And disencumbered of excess: no other
 Jostling—servile to none, none overstalk,
 For, right and left, who passes is thy brother.
- "Let him who in thy countenance looks, Find there in meek and softened majesty, Thy Country writ, thy Brother and thy God; And be each motion, forthright, calm and free.
- "Feel well, with the poised ballot in thy hand,
 Thine unmatched sovereignty of right and wrong—
 T is thine to bless, or blast the waiting land,
 To shorten up its life or make it long.
- "Who looks on thee, not hopeless, should behold,
 A self-delivered, self-supported Man;
 True to his being's mighty purpose—true
 To a wisdom-blessed—a God-given plan.
- "No where within the great globe's skyey round— Cans't thou escape thy duty, grand and high, A man unbadged, unbonneted, unbound— Walk to the Tropic—to the Desert fly.
- "A full fraught Hope upon thy shoulder leans,
 And beats with thine, the heart of half the world;
 Ever behind thee walks the shining Past,
 Before thee burns the star-stripe, high unfurled."

The "Poor Man" which furnishes our next selection, contains some good verses. We have italicised the fourth and fifth because of the healthy, cheerful morality which they inculcate. The lines, besides, are very happy.

THE POOR MAN.

- Free paths and open tracks about us lie, 'Gainst Fortune's spite, though deadliest to undo: On him who droops beneath the saddest sky, Hopes of a better time must flicker through.
- "No yoke that evil hours would on him lay,
 Can bow to earth his unreturning look;
 The ample fields through which he plods his way
 Are but his better Fortune's open book.

- "Though the dark smithy's stains becloud his brow, His limbs the dank and sallow dungeon claim; The forge's light may take the halo's glow, An angel knock the fetters from his frame.
- "In deepest needs he never should forget
 The patient Triumph that besids him walks,
 Waiting the hour, to earnest labor set,
 When, face to face, his merrier Fortune talks.
- "Plant in thy breast a measureless content,
 Thou Poor Man. cramped with want or racked with pain,
 Good Providence, on no harsh purpose bent,
 Has brought thee there, to lead thee back again.
- "No other bondage is upon thee cast
 Save that wrought out by thine own erring hand;
 By thine own act, alone, thine image placed—
 Poorest or President, choose thou to stand.
- "A man—a man through all thy trials show!
 Thy feet against a soil that never yielded
 Other than life, to him that struck a rightful blow
 In shop or street, warring or peaceful-fielded!"

We must still couple our applause with censure. The antithesis—"Poorest or President"—which we have italieised in verse sixth, is very clumsy and inartificial. "Pauper or President," would have been more to the purpose, and quite as appropriate. The word "rightful" in the seventh verse, though necessary to the sense, is fatal to the rhythm. The verse might have run thus:—

"A man—a man though all thy trials show!

Thy feet against a soil that nought hath yielded
Save life to him that struck a rightful blow,
In shop or street, warring or peaceful-fielded."

We should not dwell so earnestly upon these instances of erring versification, in the writings of Mr. Mathews, but that he seems to regard them with such wholesale indifference. They are recurring constantly in his lines, to the grievous injury of many of his best passages.

We can afford but one more selection from this volume, the last that it contains and not the happiest. It does not appear to have been taken up con amore. It is "the Poet"—a theme which should have been equally dear to Egotism and the Muse. Mr. Mathews has evidently been at some pains with it, but he should have made the moment of labor wait upon the mood.

THE POET.

"The mighty heart that holds the world at full,
Lodging in one embrace the father and the child,
The toiler, reaper, sufferer, rough or mild
All kin of earth, can rightly ne'er grow dull;
For on it tasks, in this late age, are laid
That stir its pulses at a thousand points;
Its ruddy haunts a thousand hopes invade,
And Fear runs close to smutch what Hope anoints.
On thee, the mount, the valley and the sea,

"Men—bountiful as trees in every field,
Men—striving each, a separate billow, to be seen,
Men—to whose eyes a later truth revealed
Dazzling, cry out in anguish quick and keen,
Ask to be championed in their new-born thoughts.

The forge, the field, the household call on thee.

To have an utterance adequate and bold—
Ask that the age's dull sepulchral stone
Back from their Saviour's burial-place be rolled:
All pressing to be heard—all lay on thee
Their cause, and make their love the joyful fee.

"There sits not in the wildernesses' edge,
In the dusk lodges of the wintry North,
Nor crouches in the rice-field's slimy sedge—
Nor on the cold, wide waters ventures forth—
Who waits not in the pauses of his toil,
With hope that spirits in the air may sing;
Who upward turns not, at propitious times,
Breathless, his silent features listening:
In desert and in lodge, on marsh and main,
To feed his hungry heart and conquer pain.

"To strike or bear, to conquer or to yield,
Teach thou! O, topmost crown of duty, teach
What fancy whispers to the listening ear,
At hours, when tongue nor taint of care impeach
The fruitful caim of greatly silent hearts;
When all the stars for happy thought are set,
And, in the secret chambers of the soul,
All bleased powers of joyful truth are met.
Though calm and garlandless thou may'st appear,
The world shall know thee for its crowned seer.

"Mirth in an open eye may sit as well,
As sadness in a close and soher face:
In thy broad welcome both may fitly dwell,
Nor jostle either from its nestling-place.
Tears, free as showers, to thee may come as blessed,
As smiling, of the happy sunshine born,
And cloaked-up trouble, in his turn, caressed
Be taught to look a little less forlorn,
Thy heart-gates, mighty, open either way,
Come they to feast or go they forth to prsy.

"Gather all kindreds of this boundless realm
To speak a common tongue in thee! Be thou—
Heart, pulse and voice, whether pent hate o'erwhelm
The stormy speech or young love whisper low,
Cheer them, immitigable battle-drum!

Forth, truth-mailed, to the old unconquered field—And idre them gently to a laurelled home,
In notes softer than lutes or viols yield.
Fill all the stops of life with tuneful breath,
Closing their lids, bestow a dirge-like death!"

There are fine thoughts and good lines in this poem, yet, as a whole, we are constrained to say that we do not rank it highly-possibly, for no better reason than because we looked confidently to find the whole strength of the author in it. But this is a comparative judgment based only upon what we consider the superiority of other pieces in the collection, whose topics were of inferior interest and susceptibility. We shall not insist upon our objections, and are not unwilling that our judgment shall be disputed. Reading the verses again, we are prepared to think that such will be the case. They evidently improve on better acquaintance,and this, par parenthese, is one of the merits of our author's writings generally. The tone of this production is very much like that which distinguishes some of the more lyrical and less contemplative of Wordsworth's verses. Some of the lines that please us most we have underscored. There are others again for which, we are free to

say, an author should himself be scored. In the first verse, for example, he makes an unpleasantly abrupt transition from the third to the second person; a transition which might have been avoided with great care, and which is wholly unpardonable. The second line of the same verse is stretched out one foot beyond its true dimensions. A similar inaccuracy occurs in the second line of the second verse. These are the defects which discourage the ordinary critic and reader, whose ear the very organ to which poetry makes its first appeal, if once offended, instantly provokes the hostility of the judgment, and the real merits of the author escape attention in the prejudice which is thus occasioned. We trust that Mr. Mathews will give more heed, hereafter, to this matter. We can assure him that it is a matter of far more importance to the Poet and his cause, than he seems just now to consider it. We can tell him that he has taken more liberties with rhythm than Milton, or Shakspeare, or Byron, or Campbell, or Scott, or Moore ever ventured upon, and he may deem himself a fortunate person if other critics let him off so easily as we. Nay, were it not for his real merits, and the superior resources which we think are to be found in his mind, we should have dealt in the more unsparing language of censure. He will find that, however the critic may be disposed to esteem the genius of the muse, he will not the less denounce her, who shows the holes in her stocking.

"LONG IN SORROW'S GLOOMY NIGHT." A SONG.

BY A. B. MEEK.

Long in sorrow's gloomy night,
Had my heart deserted lain,
When thy face like sweet moonlight,
Brightened all its sky again!—
There was 'round thee such a glow,—
Like the air where angels move,—
That my heart dawned from its woe,
And all was beauty,—all was love!

Once I knew a silver tone,
Sweeter than an angel's hymn,—
It from earth methought had flown,—
Flown to join the seraphim!—
But thy voice recalled the spell,—
Melody unknown above!—
On my heart its influence fell,
And all was music,—all was love!

Shall that gloom again return?
Shall this music cease from me?
Is my heart aye doomed to learn
Beauty's shade is Misery?
Lady fair,—the answer thine,—
Thine the destiny to prove,—
Frown,—my heart will cease to shine,—
Oh! smile,—'tis music, light and love!

Alabama.

THE ICELAND LETTER.

TRANSLATED EROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued.)

"And this is thy firm resolve?" asked Frau Von Saar of Fridoline on the following day.

"My serious determination: I esteem the young man it is true, he is pleasant in society, intelligent, witty, what you will, but I find it impossible to love him."

"Do you speak of Ludwig Hohenheim, Fridoline?"

"Of him and of no other."

"You are inexplicable: if I were a maiden, and Hohenheim offered me his hand, I—"

"Very likely," interrupted Fridoline, "many things are possible to a widow of twenty-five, that are impossible to a maiden: he will suit you well, he cannot be more than thirty."

"But understand Fridoline, it is you he loves and not me."

"You are mistaken, but if he had taken a whim to prefer me a little, you will own that is no reason why I should be fascinated with him. Enough: as a friend and companion Hohenheim is welcome, as a lover, he would be intolerable."

"You rare dear girl, what great difference can there be in the same person, as a lover, or a very delightful friend? You must not my dear, expect men to be so agreeable so-Heaven knows how, as you find them in romances; and even if you do, have you never seen a novel, whose hero was a married man? I do not see any thing unbearable in the race; you appear to consider men, when husbands, very insignificant beings, they only interest you it seems, through their various follies as lovers. You will be very apt to find that the agreeable friend and companion before marriage will continue so after the wedding; but the romantic lover, lays aside his foolscap, as soon as you assume the bridal wreath. I do not say but that they remain fools even though they put off the cap, for sometimes Heaven knows, they become tiresome, illnatured, disagreeable sinners enough."

"Do you speak from experience?"

"Alas! my old man, Heaven help him, was in his fifty-ninth year, and notwithstanding his dreadful cough, as foolish an Adonis, as one could meet with. My parents thought much of my beauty, and had great expectations for me, blessed Heaven! well, I was a good child, and harkened to their projects, ah! after the wedding, I beheld my old man with quite different eyes; the cough I could have forgiven, but—"

"So be it, no doubt you are right, only do not desire me to do that which is impossible, and to love Hohenheim is indeed quite so with me: I cannot bear him, it is distressing to me to be civil to him; yesterday evening I was forced to do much violence to my feelings."

"You are surely jesting."

"I never spake more truly, and I will prove it to you, for I will not join the party to-day; perhaps he may be there; I have promised the Landrathine Kulm to pass Sunday evening with her, and cannot retract, but I shall thank Heaven when it is over."

"I have completely deceived myself," said Frau Von Saar.

"I know not why; I have spoken to you openly, and I have only one favor to request—promise me never more to speak of Hohenheim, I give the conquest of him up to you."

"Be honest with me Fridoline, thou lovest another."

"I do—I speak to thee without disguise—and now not another syllable on this subject. I love, and love unhappily."

"Just one word more—if thy affections were not engaged, would Hohenheim then?"—

"No, never."

When Fridoline entered her chamber, she found on her toilet a likeness of Hohenheim, and near it the withered rose, she had received from him the evening previous. Her mischievous friend had not yet done teazing her. Fridoline remained motionless before the picture, at length took it up. and moved trembling to the door. "I shall certainly," said she, "be married off here whether I will or not," but just then the Frau Von Saar, who wished to surprise her, laughingly entered the room.

"Take this," said Fridoline in a sad and broken voice.

"What ails thee?" cried Frau Von Saar in alarm at her friend's looks—thou art as pale as death, has my jest?—thou art not well."

"Take this away," repeated Fridoline, and sank down upon a chair. Madame Von Saar rang for her maid, and ordered fresh water.

"You should not have done this," sighed poor Fridoline.

"Good heaven!" answered Frau Von Saar, "I can scarcely believe that such an antipathy—or, what shall I call it? can exist between two people. It is unheard of, you appeared to be pleased with each other; I have seen you now daily for three weeks and have observed that you appeared to seek, rather than avoid one another."

"Thou hast promised me never more to speak of Hohenheim."

Frau Von Saar at this lost all-composure. She walked up and down the apartment, casting looks of deep compassion upon her companion; now she attempted to speak with her, then turned abruptly away, rang again for the chambermaid, and ordered her carriage, intending immediately to seek the Landrathine Therese.

Fridoline heard the command, and discontentedly shook her head. Her suspicions, that there was a

plan to draw Hohenheim and herself into an engagement, gathered strength; many things in the daily conduct of Frau Von Saar and the Landrathine were now explained to her. Now did she comprehend, how it happened that Hohenheim and herself had been constantly, as if by accident, partners at the card-table. Her womanly pride was roused, she could scarcely conceal her mortification, and her oppressed heart relieved itself by tears.

The Frau Von Saar continued to pace the room in deep thought: a quarter of an hour elapsed, and the silence was yet unbroken. The carriage came to the door, Frau Von Saar drew near Fridoline and took her hand in her's. "I am grieved," said she, "thus unintentionally to have distressed thee, thou wilt hereafter see that I only intended thee good."

"I thank thee little for thy kind intentions," said Fridoline, all her displeasure again aroused.

Frau Von Saar appeared much disturbed, her eyes filled with tears: Fridoline's plaintive voice, however, gave her courage once more to venture on the forbidden subject.

"I implore thee beloved girl," cried she in a most supplicating tone, "I beseech thee by our sisterly friendship to be candid with me. Is it thy unalterable determination? can you not love the amiable Hohenheim?"

"I cannot," sobbed Fridoline.

"Unhappy child! I pity thee! he was the man—"
Fridoline interrupted her—" not a word more of
him," said she as she threw herself weeping upon
a couch.

The Landrathine Therese had a similar conversation with her brother, almost at the same hour, and with nearly as little success as the Frau Von Saar had met with in her friend.

"You may listen or not," said she, "but I must speak to you of Fridoline, I wish nothing better than that she may please you, she is a charming girl, and knows how to win all hearts. I'll wager she loves thee.

"I know to the contrary," said Ludwig, "and even if she did it were impossible that I—I beseech thee and every one else to leave me in quiet."

"No Ludwig, thou deceivest thyself, Fridoline has just as much intellect, just as much sensibility as thy Ottilia, and if thou wouldst but confess it, she is far more beautiful than thy invisible friend. I can carry the comparison between them yet further, and, moreover, I will prove what I say, only have patience; I have heard a great deal to day."

- "From whom ?"
- " From the Frau Von Saar."
- "Does she know Ottilia! does she know her!"
- "She has told me news of her; she will shortly make her appearance in our little circle."

"Well sister, then, and not before, will I give you a decided answer."

"It is useless; you love an imaginary being, and will find her so ordinary a maiden, that you will involuntarily turn away from her. How is it possible that a man of sense, knowledge of the world, and experience, can so grossly deceive himself? How many maidens might fall in love with poets and authors, if they were fools enough so to do. But they know that Bards do not always converse in poetry, that their lips do not always speak the language of the muses, that in common life they are very prosaic persons, and only divine, while at their writing desks. There is something more than poetry, fancy or sentiment, required in married life. A sound healthiness of mind and body, good humor, gentle forbearance towards each others faults, smiles where there might be tears; these are the gifts that throw the magic of beauty, the charm of enduring novelty over the uniformity of domestic life, and strike springs of water from the most barren rocks."

"Listen to the philosopher!" said Ludwig smi-

" Laugh if you will, I know you can say all this better than I can, but if the skilful physician is sick, will he not take medicine from the hand of his pupils! I am not learned, but I know from the experience of others, that treachery destroys the head and heart, and we are traitors to ourselves. You are an unconscious imitator of a hero of romance. You cannot be what they are, and you aim at being much more than we every day mortals. Weak in reality, you would glitter with false hues: you find the world base and unfit for you, because you can discover nothing therein, but pure hearts and good sound mother wit. I know maidens who will weep their eyes red over the distresses of a novel, and thrust aside the poor beggar in the street, who solicits their pity; I know mothers who write most beautiful cradle songs, while their children are neglected and dirty."

"Wilt thou not come nearer home, Therese!"

"Oh yes; I know men, who from a passion for
the wonderful and romantic, discard the quiet hap-

piness of domestic life."

"And I know women," said Honenheim, "who notwithstanding they are very intellectual, amiable and clever, scold and quarrel, because they require that every shoe should be made on the same last, whether it fits every one or not; who insist that every person shall think and feel as they do, and call every honest man who does not say A B C after their fashion, a hero of romance."

"You do not vex me Ludwig; only be true to thyself; thou lovest Fridoline, and will not confess it, because you would remain true to Ottilia; is it not so?"

"I declare to thee Therese, truly and for the last time, that to Fridoline I am perfectly indif-

ferent. My heart feels nothing for her; a betrothal is not to be thought of, much less a wedding."

Frau Von Saar being announced, Therese hastened away to receive ber, and Hohenheim was alone. A third person had best not interfere between two lovers in affairs of the heart; for lovers have singular humors, caused by the sickness of the mind under which they labor, and are very apt to go exactly contrary to the wishes of their friends. This was well known both to Therese and the Frau Von Saar; but the healed are very apt to forget what their feelings were before their convalescence, and it was from this very cause, that these two ladies, who thought they were conducting things admirably, had well nigh ruined all.

Meanwhile, poor Hohenheim was very far from obtaining as great a victory over himself as possibly he believed he had, but he was very anxious to do so, and banish Fridoline's image entirely from his heart. He tried very hard to persuade himself that her grace and beauty had for an instant only, surprised and dazzled him. He found his manly honor, his firmness of character inadequate to the trial. He thought of his love and truth to a maiden, who for three long years had constituted his happiness, betrayed by a slight acquaintance with another, whom he had only known for as many weeks, and whom he tried to persuade himself was only superior to the rest of her sex, in outward charms. But all this trouble was in vain; in vain, too, did he draw Ottilia's picture from his bosom, and hold it, in this dangerous moment, before him. Her blue eyes smiled as saintlike as ever, her golden ringlets still glittered like a glory around her; but involuntarily his outward vision darkened, and before his inward sight glided Fridoline's image, adorned with all the graces which love and youth can bestow. Her dark eyes, full of the deepest feeling, were fixed on him, and the radiance of Ottilia's curls were eclipsed by the brown ringlets of her rival.

At one moment, she appeared to him, as in the garden, surrounded by the soft light of the moon; now in the dance, sweeping past him in the dazzling blaze of a hundred lamps, her whole being radiant with enjoyment.

"And she loves me! Oh, she loves me!" exclaimed he with an odd mixture of ecstasy and sorrow; again he gazed upon Ottilia's picture, and read in those innocent eyes the silent reproof of his fickleness. He blamed himself severely, found the torture intolerable, and a thousand times wished himself in the winter-world of Lapland, where he slept more soundly on the rocky floor of the poorest hut, than he could now do on pillows of the softest down.

Therese, with womanly cunning, and not without pleasure, watched this secret struggle; "well brother dear," said she, when she returned to his apartment, "I see thou remainest as faithful to thy

fair one as a knight of the round table, so I will not play the part of a malicious fairy in thy magic story, and separate two tender hearts. Heaven forbid! my plans, indeed, are entirely destroyed, but thy happiness shall be my only desire; be tranquil, you have judged Fridoline rightly, and I was deceived.

- " How, Fridoline!" said Ludwig hastily.
- "She loves thee not, but is secretly engaged to another."

Ludwig lost at once sight, hearing, and feeling; he knew not whether he stood, or walked, or sat; Therese spake on, but her brother remained like a lifeless statue, and understood not one word of the rest that she said.

- "You are intolerable," exclaimed she, suddenly shaking him by the shoulder, as if she would wake him from a slumber, "are these the thanks for my good news? I wish Ottilia joy, but she may, perhaps, prefer a lover who is deaf; I expected nothing less than that thou would'st in thy happiness have fallen at my feet, kissed my hands, sprang up booted and spurred, and enquired 'where is she?'"
 - "Why? Fridoline? what is she to me?"
- "You are unjust to her, she is a lovely girl; pooh! but we will speak of her some other time, I meant not her just now."
 - "You said she was secretly engaged to another."
- "Yes—but I said, too, what you did not appear to hear, that Ottilia had arrived; was here—here in the Residence, and I hope, in a few days, to become acquainted with your angel."
 - "Ottilia bere."
- "Now what a frozen tone is that? truly Ludwig your caprices about one maiden would serve a dozen."
 - "Where does Ottilia dwell!"
- "I know not—I know not sir, thou shalt see her in the succeeding week, with twenty others, without being able to distinguish which she is, but if upon the first glance you should know her, then will I believe in sympathy of souls, in the correspondence of spirits, and that marriages are sometimes made in Heaven.
- "I hope," said the Frau Von Saar to Fridoline, "you were only jesting about your departure hence?"
- "No-my uncle insists that I shall return home,"
 murmured Fridoline.
- "Poh! if your uncle should get vexed, I can easily pacify him; you will make me sick if you leave me so suddenly. I shall believe that you are still angry with me for my little innocent jest; had I known earlier what I now know of Hohenheim, I would not have carried the joke so far."
 - "What knowest thou?"
- "The Landrathine spoke to me yesterday, but entirely in confidence."
 - "You surely heard no ill of him!"
 - "Certainly not-but I imagined Hohenheim

loved thee, and mistook mere courtesy for feeling, expected object attracted and absorbed his attenand simple admiration for the trace of a deeper sentiment; it is entirely otherwise, Hohenheim loves thee not."

"So much the better; in fact, you only tell me what I have already known for some time; the man who admires all-loves none."

"Not so, fair maiden, this is not the case with Hohenheim, he has already chosen, and is faithful to his lady love."

" Indeed !"

"She is a lovely creature, a blonde with heavenly

"It is all the same to me."

"All the same to you," repeated Frau Von Saar, as smiling, she placed herself before her, and laid her hand affectionately on her shoulder.

"Certainly," said Fridoline, casting down her eyes, "did you think otherwise."

"I am exceedingly curious," continued Frau Von Saar, " to become acquainted with this golden haired Magdalen. She will reside near us, and you must stay, if it is only to find out what kind of last pillar, the lady in the black crape veil." taste Hohenheim possesses."

"Truly it is not worth the trouble, I go tomorrow at all events; he may worship ten blondes, if he pleases; I wish him all happiness."

"Thy face dear child looks anything but pleased; Ha! what a knitting of thy brows; is it then true, that you really are as indifferent as you pretend to be !"

Fridoline was silent, and endeavored to free herself from her friends' grasp.

"Are you again displeased with me?" enquired the latter.

"Certainly not."

"Look at me in my eyes then."

Fridoline looked up, but her eyes were blinded by tears; she started suddenly away, sobbing bitterly, and rushed hastily to her chamber to hide herself from every eye. Taking the remains of the withered rose which she had placed as something sacred in a casket, among her jewels, she tore the poor faded leaves apart, and opening the window, scattered them to the winds of Heaven.

On Sunday, Ludwig accompanied his sister to divine service. He went seldom, but never without feelings of pious devotion, particularly when his heart was saddened by grief. The dim shadow of the pillars, the high arches and gothic cloisters, the solemn majesty of the hymns which rose to the Father of all, the first holy sound of the organ, which always recalled to his mind the innocent feelings of childhood; all had a salutary and beneficial effect upon his feelings, and he never left the threshold of the temple, without finding his heart comforted, his whole nature happier and more

tion. At one side of the church, on a bench under the window, among several well-dressed females, sat one, whose face was hidden by a black veil. which also fell down over her shoulders. His glance had accidentally been attracted by the gloomy color of the crape; but when the unknown threw it back, he believed he should have fainted, for be beheld a pale countenance surrounded by ringlets of the brightest gold. The distance did not permit him to distinguish her features, but the general appearance was that of Ottilia.

He gazed long-" it is she," whispered an inward voice, and an involuntary shudder came over him, "it is she!" His agitation increased as he became aware that the unknown turned her looks upon him, then spoke to her companions, who in their turn, directed their attention towards him.

"Do you know yonder person!" whispered he to Therese.

"Which!" asked the Landrathine.

"There, on the seat by the window, near the

Therese smiled; "I know her not," said she.

This, "I know her not," only strengthened Ludwig's suspicions. It was absolute conviction to him. The golden curls vanished from his sight; he felt, he knew not what, a mixture of love, fear and pleasure; in one respect, however, Ottilia answered not his expectation; she appeared entirely too lively; sometimes she would stand up, and, leaning against the window, gaze all round the church; then converse with her neighbor; then laugh with some young gentlemen who stood behind her; whisper first to one, then to another. next cast her eyes upon her prayer-book, and, finally, find something to do in arranging the folds of her veil now thrown wholly back, and so kept herself in a constant state of activity. Ludwig had not thus pictured Ottilia to himself; her quiet Madonna graces and face of gentle resignation, rose up before him, and the gay, frivolous being, who appeared so wholly regardless of the holiness of the place she was in, was certainly an entire contrast, not only to them, but to the charming plaintiveness of her whole correspondence.

"Can I have been so utterly deceived? can that be my heavenly enthusiast? can she think of me as she writes?" During this soliloquy, his eyes involuntarily wandered, from her, to the place where Fridoline and the Frau Von Saar (the latter of whom also wore a black crape veil,) sat in deep meditation. The fair Fridoline's eyes were fixed with nun-like severity upon her prayer-book, as she joined her gentle voice, with sweet earnestness, to the rich strain of music, which rose to the vaulted roof. The verse

> "There is yet a rest for thee, Arouse thee, troubled heart,"

It was during a magnificent chorus, that an un-'touched many a responsive chord and brought

forth many a sigh; Fridoline's head sank lower, | Saar also entered and insisted upon Ludwig's doperhaps to hide her tears from the surrounding singers, but the white handkerchief, pressed to her eyes, betrayed her to Hohenheim. He trembled, his breath became quicker, "She grieves, she is not happy! ah! and am I? she loves another, loves unfortunately, and I! what a world, where fate severs congenial souls that seek each other!" Just then commenced the hymn,

"Soon their grievous course is ended, Soon their bitter trial o'er. Then to heavenly rest thou goest," etc.

This appeared to apply entirely to himself: he sank back and his eyes filled with tears. He heard but little of the sermon: Ottilia and Fridoline occupied all his thoughts. He compared them together as they sat there before him, unconscious of the influence they both possessed over him. Ottilia appeared to look at him often and earnestly; Fridoline never raised her eyes, and her imperturbable devotion to her prayer mortified more than Ottilia's attention to himself flattered him; "not one look this way, though she knows I am here, and we are at least friends." He then tried to persuade himself that he was quite indifferent to all she did, and that he absolutely hated her for her extraordinary conduct. He turned himself, so as to see only Ottilia and endeavored to excuse her frivolity; pronounced her much more charming than Fridoline, looked again at the latter, and saw with bitter grief, that she had no glance for him. When the service ended, Therese laughingly said, "Beats not thy heart! Ottilia is in the church."

"Is she !" answered Ludwig, and perceiving, in the same instant, that the blonde had arisen with her companions, and was about to depart, curiosity, love, hope, and perhaps also a little desire for revenge against Fridoline, spurred him on to watch and wait at the door for the approach of the fair unknown. He flew foward; the human mass crowded together in the portico of the church, and he mingled with impatience among them. A lady covered with a black crape veil, stood near him; the dim light caused by the thick pillars and carved arches, prevented his seeing her face; she turned towards him, he felt his hand seized by the delicate one of a female, a soft pressure! he returned it, and was scarcely conscious that he lived. "Is it possible! she has known me in the church, and hence her joy, her restlessness, her gayety. But how could she recognize me ! no one here knows who I really am, my name is changed-perhaps, Therese"-and thinking thus, he entered the portico of the church, still holding that small hand in his. A carriage waited at the door: oh! Heavens, what a discovery! that fatal veil had seduced him from his happiness! It was not the blonde, but only the Frau Von Saar; he led her, however, to the carriage and beheld with considerable embarrass-

ing the same.

Frau Von Saar appeared to enjoy all this highly. Fridoline sat with quiet gravity opposite to the man she had declared she so much disliked, and to conceal her embarrassment, asked twenty idle questions, and received as many idle answers.

"Children," said Frau Von Saar, wickedly laughing, "I am somewhat malicious-I know you are sworn foes. Heavens! what fearful glances you throw on one another-I am almost afraid to be in the same carriage with you; conceal your hatred a little, till you are again at liberty."

"But madam," stammered poor Ludwig, "how can you believe-that-I-perhaps-that-Mademoiselle Bernet-I am innocent."

"Ah! dont tell me of innocence; you become scarlet from chagrin, every time you look at Fridoline; did I not perceive your irritability at the church-door? you were ready to quarrel with me, before the whole assembly: I was absolutely obliged to hold you."

"Can you believe this of me!" asked Ludwig of Fridoline.

"You know how fond Frau Von Saar is of mischief," said she turning away.

The carriage stopped and they alighted; Ludwig must of course accompany the ladies to the house, at least for an instant. Frau Von Saar withdrew on pretence of business, and he was left alone with Fridoline.

The mortification and distress of the latter were only increased by this mischievous conduct of her friend and she uttered not one word; Hohenheim lost all courage, and was only conscious how unutterably precious this maiden had become to him. He could no longer conceal from himself, that he loved her far beyond the sainted Ottilia: he tried more than once to speak, but the words died upon

"Then you were also in church," said Fridoline, at length, merely by way of saying something.

"You saw me not, you would not see me. How have I thus excited your displeasure, or do you hate me without cause !"

"I do not hate you; who says I do, Herr Hohenheim !"

"Yourself, though not in words, Oh! Fridoline, if I may yet address you by that familiar name, it was, indeed, an evil omen, when the rose fell and I retained the thorns, and yet I treasured them among my most precious relics."

"Herr Hohenheim, recollect yourself, and do not speak thus; a dearer friend preserves the rose for you, why trouble yourself about the thorns?"

"For me, Fridoline, there are no more roses, this is our last day, let me then open to you my whole heart. I am unhappy, wretched."

"Now Heaven forbid! Herr Hohenheim you ment, Fridoline, already seated therein. Frau Von will be happy when away from here, forget, that for one instant, we were both betrayed into weakness; choly manner, the whole company drew is a circle your heart belongs to another; we will banish all around him: Fridoline alone remained, standing at memory of each other: cast away the thorns, your a distance. His melancholy mood, involuntarily, rose is mine no longer, I have it not."

Fridoline said all this, with quiet esrnestness, but Ludwig trembled with emotion, he pressed a hot kiss on her hand, turned hastily, and left her.

After this bitter interview, there was for Hohenheim, no more joy in this world; he returned to his sister's house with a distracted countenance, shut himself up in his chamber and refused to join the mid-day meal. "I love her!" he cried, "and only her! Unhappy infatuation which drew me to Ottilia, whom I knew not, with Fridoline I could have been happy. I have wasted my happiness on a chimera, a chimera! a pitiful, paltry, extravagant folly; and I must now renounce a Heaven, even while its portals open to receive me. There is nothing now for me on earth, but misery; these wounds must ever bleed. Love can never more bless me, once only can he enchain the heart; our life has only one spring, the rest is but a feeble, insipid after summer, that wearies, but never refreshes. Ottilia! I have sworn thee fidelity, and I will not break the presumptuous oath. I will be thine as much as so miserable a man can be,—if one so wretched can make another happy."

Early in the afternoon, the company assembled at the Frau Landrathine's; Fridoline alone came late, she had been engaged in preparations for her journey, on the ensuing morrow; at least this was the excuse under which she passed some bitter hours of that trying day. Hohenheim was equally tardy; he feared the teazing of his sister, he feared to meet Fridoline's eyes, he dreaded the hour of separation.

They appeared nearly at the same time. Each read in the looks of the other the sorrew that was in their hearts; they mingled with the other guests, and approached each other not, but their thoughts were together, and their glances sought one another through the crowd. The lamps were lighted; Therese and the Frau Von Saar were gayer even than usual, the very spirit of joy seemed to possess them. Fridoline and Ludwig alone appeared silent and as if they belonged not to that party of happy persons.

Therese at length drew her brother to the piano, "Will you not play?" asked she, "will you not give us one song?"

"Plays he on the piano?" exclaimed Frau Von Saar, "truly you keep your accomplishments very secret, let us hear you—we pray—we entreat; you have been very naughty to day and should make some atonement?"

Hohenheim seated himself at the instrument. "Fridoline will hear thee, perhaps be attracted by thy music," whispered love, hope and vanity.

He preluded for a few minutes, in a melan-

choly manner, the whole company drew is a circle around him: Fridoline alone remained, standing at a distance. His melancholy mood, involuntarily, brought to his mind his requiem to his father's memory, through which he had won the notice of Ottilia. He played the symphony, then the lay itself; he sang, and his heart gave free vent to its feelings in the sad lament, wherein a noble soul mourned over the perishing happiness of this world and religion drew aside the golden veil of eternity.

A death-like stillness shewed the sympathy of the hearers. Hohenheim's music found the way to all hearts; a mild sadness spread itself around, which no one felt more deeply than Fridoline, who, weeping bitterly, softly withdrew from the saloon.

This disturbed not the musician, but another circumstance attracted his attention; he had finished; the last tone was yet ringing in the ear, when Amos rushed through the circle of listeners. "Meia Herr," cried he—" a letter from Iceland!"

"Another letter from Iceland," marmured the whole company.

"Is the address in the Iceland tongue?" enquired a professor, peeping at the same time over Amos's shoulder.

Ludwig trembled, without knowing why, "But to day is not post-day, how came it hither?"

"Oh-ha!-some one brought it here to the house: that it comes from Iceland I will venture my head: no one can tell me anything about the letters from that quarter," was Amos's reply to his masters enquiry. Ludwig took the letter, he knew Ottilia's hand: the envelope was without post-mark, but the direction was to Copenhagen. Therese drew her brother aside. "These Iceland letters" said she, "seldom make you happy: go here into this cabinet and withdraw your gloomy countenance from the view of my guests." And with these words, she pushed him mischievously into a neighboring apartment, and leaving him, he opened the letter with a trembling hand-recognized Ottilia's writing, and read as follows:

"I am in the Residence, beloved Theodore, but to-morrow I leave it. I came here to get tidings of you, and to become acquainted with your sister: one of my young friends has introduced me to her under a feigned name, that she might not betray me to you. I now betray myself; from you will I have no reserves. I will never deceive you on any subject, and thus compel you to show me equal generosity. I am unhappy, dear Theodore, but I will endeavor to give a correct idea of my situation. Judge me not, without having more than once, and coolly and dispassionately read these lines, written under deep anguish. To myself have I sworn, though never to you, that I would give my band to no one, before I became personally acquainted with yourself, and I also bound myself by a vow, to give myself to you, if I found you worthy of me. once requested my miniature: I sent you a false one.

that I might yet have the satisfaction to see-to know you without your knowledge. Theodore, I confess all, every little innocent manœuvre. Ah! I have yet more to tell: I have become acquainted with a noble young man, already engaged to another. I heard too late of his earlier love: he is an honorable man, I saw his secret struggle: still he remains faithful to his betrothed, but his heart is no longer hers: he permitted me to see his sorrow, and I-Theodore, I too, was weak! yes, Theodore, I have loved him, yet he remains true to his former engagement. I remain true to you. I have told you all, you know him surely-he is a distant relation of your own, his name is Ludwig Hohenheim. knew me under the feigned one of Fridoline Bernet : he has-"

Theodore read no further-" Oh my God! she then is Ottilia!" cried he, and sank almost senseless beside a chair. Therese and the Frau Von Saar, who had left the door of the cabinet open in order to watch the perusal of the letter, saw him fall. The former shrieked loudly and rushed towards him; he appeared perfectly lifeless, his face as pale as the face of death. The alarm became general and the company pressed into the cabinet. Therese threw herself, weeping, on the body of her brother, "Theodore! "Theodore!" cried she, "Oh my brother, my brother!" Her screams brought back his fainting spirits; some of his friends raised and supported him in their arms, while his sister continued to weep loudly and call upon his name. Fridoline, who just then returned to the saloon, was amazed to find no one there but the Frau Von Saar, who was wringing her hands in the utmost distress. She heard Therese's exclamation, and repeated call of "Theodore-my brother, my brother!"-a shudder passed through her. "In God's name!" cried she, seizing earnestly on the Frau Von Saar, "what is the matter? What is it I hear 1"

"Ah! dear Ottilia! it was meant but as a jest, but it has totally failed—go in Ottilia, he is Therese's brother—Theodore and Hohenheim are one." The company had now gathered in confused groups, and with lights in their hands, surrounded Hohenheim; joy had returned to their countenances, for he was recovering rapidly; but Therese still wept upon his breast.

"Lead me to Ottilia," said he in a feeble voice, "lead me to her."

His sister started up and flew to the saloon, where alone and powerless, stood poor Fridoline. "Ah! Ottilia! dear Ottilia," cried she, while she cast herself sobbing on her neck, do not forsake my brother." The astonished guests (who now returned to the saloon) were perfectly amazed and at a loss to comprehend the whole scene. Therese led Ottilia through the row of spectators. Theodore recognized her beloved form, he staggered towards her and stammered, "I am Theodore."

- "Ottilia," said Therese, "you will not abandon him ?"
- "Ah! Theodore!" sobbed Fridoline, in a broken voice, as she sank on the heart of her beloved.
- "Ottilia! Theodore!" were the only words uttered by those happy ones.
 - "You will not leave me Ottilia?"
 - "Ever-ever thine," was the answer.

Therese with tears in her eyes triumphantly embraced the Frau Von Saar, "no more such comedies," cried she.

"And I," said the faithful Amos, (who full of sorrow and alarm had been standing in a corner of the room, watching the whole scene) "I will never as long as I live bring him another letter from Iceland."

TO THE AMERICAN SKY-LARK.

Alanda Alpestris .- Audubon.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Far, far away.

With the blue heavens around thee, in the light The red sun sheds upon thy plumage grey, Thou tak'st thy flight.

And, like a strain

Of music poured from lips of seraphim, Thy song descends upon the smiling plain, A gentle hymn,

To where thy mate,

Amid the springing spears of emerald grass, Sits on her nest, whilst thou, with heart elate, Dost upward pass,

To wait the hour,

When, with her gentle young, she'll seek again With swelling soul and wing of freahened power You agure plain.

Sweet bird, farewell!

Thine is the flight of Genius, that awhile Doth Lark-like mount beneath Fame's sunny spell And Fortune's smile:

But soon the storm! then

Then, with the swiftness of thy downward flight, It passes from the vision, and its charm Is lost in night.

Philadelphia,

TO HELEN.

BY JOHN TOMLIN, ESQ.

I will not tell thee, that thou art A Pleiad shining o'er my heart; A glorious river that doth roll A mighty current thro' the soul.

But ah! thou art to me those lights, Which Morning breaks on mountain heights;— An Eden full of joys and smiles, An Ocean full of summer isles. When dire disease imparts its glowing hue, Its victim feels his danger come and past; But, following flattery in her transient trail, Death steals along to seize his prey at last.

And when a mother presses to her heart,
With many a holy prayer and holy sigh,
The boon so dear—affection's still voice speaks,
"Tis far too bright and beautiful to die!"

The child is dead—and who shall call it back?

Fond parents weep—but who shall dry their tears?

When one so young and innocent has left,

Why should sighs echo to alarming fears?

Hark! comes a message from the world above—
"Religion is the glorious minister"—
It speaks of death as sleep—the grave a bed,
Where sweet repose has drowned each mortal care.

It tells of waking in a land of rest—
Of bathing in the founts of christal light—
Of one eternal day, without a cloud
To change its lustre into gloomy night.

It speaks of infants too—so like their own— Of sinless spirits, smiling, happy, sweet! But most of all assures the sorrowing ones, "The living and the dead shall one day meet."

This was the balm that staunched the bleeding wound,
That healed the mother's lacerated soul,
That dried the father's tears, and turned his eyes,
With holy longings, to the blissful goal.

Then all was calm: the slumbering infant slept;
Its little hand lay gently on its breast;
No weeping there, for every living saint
Felt it had gone to its eternal rest.

"Twas borne away to yonder burial ground,
Where every eve the fainting sunbeams die,
(Happy to die where one so lovely sleeps)
And watching angels keep their vigils nigh.

Oh! let a rose be planted on its grave,
A spotless emblem, that shall bud and bloom,
And let its beauty and its fragrance live,
To guide the wanderer to the infant's tomb.
Petersburg, Sept. 1, 1843.

SLAVERY IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Mr. Editor:—If you have been an attentive observer of late events, it cannot be necessary for me to remark that the question of Slavery in the Southern States is every day assuming a deeper interest. Scarcely can you open a newspaper, printed in the North, or coming from across the ocean, but you find it teeming with accounts of its agitation in some form or other.

Notwithstanding the signal defeat which the advocates of abolition encountered in the Congress of the United States in 1837, and upon every other occasion when the question of Slavery in the Southern States has been discussed in that body—we still find them persisting, with a zeal which nothing but fanaticism could sustain in their unprovoked attacks upon this most invaluable of the institutions

of the south. I say the most invaluable of the institutions of the south, because most closely and indissolubly interwoven into the texture of her social and political systems. A powerful press at the north, zealously devoted to the cause, is flooding the country with publications of the most inflamatory character directed mainly to the object of exciting in the citizens of the non-slave-holding states an abhorrence for the institutions of their southern brethren. Societies-thoroughly organized-having for their avowed object the abolition of Slavery in the Southern States, are to be found in most of the Northern Cities. Orators, unscrupulous in their statements, and armed with the blackest calumnies, taking advantage of the proverbial blindness of fanaticism, are travelling the country in every direction, poisoning the public mind with false and exaggerated accounts of the barbarous cruelties growing out of the relation of master and alave. Conventions, called together for the purpose of effecting a more thorough organization among the Northern Abolitionists, and for giving harmony and union to their future action, have convened at several points. But lately, the newspapers were filled with accounts of a great Convention which assembled at London under the imposing name of the "Word's Slavery Convention." The wealth, intelligence and character of the principal individuals composing that assemblymany of them the first among the aristocracy of England—have lent a dignity to the subject which it has never before assumed. Many other instances might be cited of the fearful rapidity with which the spirit of abolitionism is spreading itself-were it deemed necessary. It has already seized upon the schools, the pulpits, and a large portion of the press in many of our sister states, those mighty instruments by which the opinions and feelings of the rising generation are formed and directed. Under their influence, unless this spirit be checked in its career, a few years will behold one portion of the union, and that holding the preponderance of representation in the Federal Covernment, inhabited by a population educated in a false philanthropy, inspired by a blind fanaticism, and with minds and feelings embittered against the Institutions of the other. The next step will then be to seize upon the Ballot-box. And when this comes to pass, I fear the end will not be far off. In vain will the weaker portion seek protection for its domestic institutions behind those constitutional barriers, which the wisdom of the founders of our government has erected around the reserved rights of the states. In vain will it revert to the nature of the government under which we live-to the fact that it is a government of limited powers,that the powers not granted are expressly reserved to the states, and that among those reserved to them is the right of exclusive legislation over their domestic institutions. In vain will the South hold

grew up amidst the conflict of antagonist interests which could be brought to harmonize only after months of arduous toil—that the subject of slavery interposed one of the greatest difficulties in its formation, and that when the Southern States became parties to it, it was upon the express condition, that the relation then existing between the two races inhabiting their territory should remain for ever undisturbed by any action on the part of the General Government. Arguments such as these will avail nothing. It is not in the nature of fanaticism to be considerate. Its rashness is not less proverbial than its blindness. Setting out with some abstract idea, it rushes on towards the attainment of its end without reflecting that it inflicts in its wild career evils ten-fold greater than those it would correct. We have little reason to hope that | tions and, at the same time, the integrity of the it will be false to its true character in this case. Assuming that slavery is an evil, it will commence at once the mad work of its abolition, without stopping to reflect that such a course involves a breach of faith plighted on the most solemn occasion, a gross violation of the fundamental law, and the destruction of the social and political relation which has existed, for more than two centuries, between two distinct races inhabiting the same country, with much of happiness and prosperity to both. I, therefore, repeat what I have said, that should the evil day ever arrive when the spirit of abolition shall prevail in that section of the country which holds the preponderance of representation in the General Government, the Southern States will look in vain to the Constitution to protect their domestic institutions. Then they will have presented to them the alternative, the dreadful alternative, of either a surrender of the Institution of Slavery, or a dissolution of the happy relation existing between the States.

The view, which has been presented of the rapidity with which Abolitionism is extending itself, and of the imminent danger with which the Institution of Slavery is thereby threatened, is believed to be in no wise exaggerated. Any one who will observe events of daily occurrence, and reflect upon their necessary tendency, must assent to the justice of what has been stated. How, then, is the fatal apathy which seems, at this critical period, to have seized upon the entire South to be accounted for? How happens it, that while assault after assault, the most cruel and unprovoked is directed against her domestic institutions, no arm is raised in their defence—that, while the fanatic of New-England, the philanthropist of Europe and men holding high places in government, whose position alone lends authority to their opinions, are daily and hourly pouring upon her head floods of the bitterest denunciation, and doing all they can to brand her as inhuman in the estimation of the civilized world, no His remarks, however, seem to refer more particularly to voice is heard vindicating her character—that, with 'the present state of things .-- Ed. Mess.

up the history of the Constitution, and show that it so many able men within her borders whose fame is identified with hers, and to whose eloquent pens she might so well intrust the guardianship of her ancient renown, she is yet mute? This should not be. Her inaction lends countenance to her revilers. If she is attacked, she should defend herself. If her assailants use arguments, she should refute them-if calumnies, she should expose them-if denunciation, she show how unfounded it is. Above all, if they come to her in the name of a false philanthropy, let her remind them that charity, though it need not end, should begin at home, and that while they are sweeping the distant horizon for objects of compassion, wretchedness and destitution in their worst forms abound at their own doors. Silence—inaction—at this crisis, is not the policy of the South-if she would preserve her institu-Union.

> I have now, Mr. Editor, accomplished the object which I had in view when I took my pen in handwhich was simply to call the attention of those interested to the danger which seemed to me to threaten, at no great distance, the Institution of Slavery in the Southern States. I, therefore, might, and probably should stop at this point; but, assuming that it is your intention to devote the Messenger, in part at least, to the South, and to the vindication of her institutions and believing that it is your wish that it should reflect her peculiar opinions and feelings upon the vital question under discussion, I have been induced to trouble you with one or two views which I have long entertained upon the subject which heads this article, hoping that you will at once discard them, should you deem their insertion in your valuable paper, for any reason impolitic.

> The remarks which I am about to submit upon the subject of Slavery in the Southern States naturally distribute themselves under three heads. First.—The grounds upon which the Southern master rests his Right to hold his slave in bondage. Secondly.—The Difficulties which present themselves to the abolition of Slavery in the Southern Thirdly.—The Effects growing out of States.

> * The South has not been so silent and inactive as our correspondent alleges. Professor Dew, Judge Beverly Tucker, Judge Harper, Doctor W. G. Simms, Doctor Arkright and many others, besides the Editors of Southern newspapers, have triumphantly vindicated the Institution of Slavery in the Southern States; assuming and maintaining much higher ground than our correspondent has. The South should occupy the very highest ground on so important a subject, yielding nothing to her opponents and revilers; but we are willing to present the arguments in our favor in any proper form, for some will be convinced by one mode of reasoning, who would not by another. ' If W. would refer to some back numbers of the Southern Review, or of the Messenger, he would learn how ably and successfully the Institution of Slavery among us has been sustained.

the relation of master and slave as exhibited in the present condition of the two races in the South.

First.—As to the grounds upon which the Southern master rests his Right to hold his slave in bondage. This is an important question, and it meets us in the threshold. What, then, are the grounds upon which such a Right is asserteda right which involves a forfeiture of the liberty of a large portion of the human race, and which is admitted to be repugnant to the principles of natural law! I answer, unhesitatingly, Necessity. The stern necessity of the case constitutes the title which the Southern master holds in his slave as against the slave himself—overruling his natural right to liberty. It is that necessity which justifies and which alone can justify imprisonmentwhich vindicates the law when it offers up the life of its victim upon the altar of the public security, or the victor in the field of battle, in putting to death the captive who has yielded to his prowess.

In two of the cases which have been cited as illustrations, it is true that some crime must be committed by him whose life or liberty is forfeited and it may be supposed by some that that circumstance distinguishes the case of the criminal from that of the slave. But surely it cannot be necessary to remark, that the object of punishment is not to avenge but to prevent crime—that, therefore, crime, as it involves a breach of the moral law merely, is not the foundation upon which rests the forfeiture to the state of the life or liberty of the citizen, but that it is instrumental in producing that result so far only as, by endangering the security of society, it induces a necessity for its suppression-which is the true ground of the forfeiture. Necessity is the justification, and its very nature excludes all inquiry into its origin. When it exists, whether criminally or innocently induced, it constitutes a justification complete, ample, indisputable. The fact that the slave is himself innocent, and that the necessity which holds him in bondage is the fruit of the inhuman policy of others, may, indeed, elicit additional sympathy in his behalf, but it cannot make the justification on the part of his master less perfect. It is known to all, familiar with the early history of the country, that slaves were imposed upon the Southern States, while colonies, against their repeated remonstrances, by the cruel policy of the mother country. It is also known that those, who were most instrumental in giving effect to that policy, were the ancestors of our Northern brethren, who imported large numbers of the African race from their homes across the Atlantic, and sold them "as slaves" in the Southern colonies—realizing large profits by the traffic. It is farther known, that after the Revolution which separated us from the mother country, one of the first acts of the General Government was to provide for the speedy abolition of the Slave Trade.

had collected in the Southern colonies almost, if not quite, equal to the European race inhabiting the same country. Between these two races there exist organic distinctions destined never to be effaced, and the influence of which has been confirmed by education and habit. From the earliest history of the colonics, the relation which has existed between these two races has been that of master and slave. To attempt, at this day, to change that relation would be to disorganize and revolutionize the social and political systems of the entire South, and to lay the foundation of a civil war which could only result in the expulsion or extermination of one of the races. In the necessity growing out of this state of things, the Southern people find, as they conscientiously believe, a full justification for slavery as it exists among them.

Secondly.—As to the Difficulties which present themselves to the abolition of slavery in the Southern States.—The first difficulty which I will mention, because it is paramount with me, is the utter absence of all power in the General Government to effect the purpose. If the Abolitionists propose to accomplish their ends constitutionally, there is here interposed an insuperable barrier. But I fear they will have little difficulty in surmounting this impediment. I have already said—that should the evil day ever arrive when the Abolitionists shall wield the power of the General Government, the Southern States will look in vain to the Constitution to protect their domestic institutions.*

The next difficulty which I will mention has, in some degree, been anticipated. It grows out of the fact, believed to be indisputable, that the only relation which can peaceably exist between two races, nearly equal in number, separated by constitutional distinctions which are indellible, and inhabiting the same country, is that of master and slave. Let fanaticism disguise it as it may—the true issue is, which of the two races shall be masters and which slaves. To suppose that they can live together harmoniously, upon terms of social and political equality, is to betray a blindness to

* As a specimen of the spirit which prevails among these men, and of the reverence in which they hold the Constitution, I call attention to the following extract from a Northern paper. "The Abolitionists held a meeting last week at Buffalo, at which James G. Birney, of Michigan, was nominated as candidate for President, and Thomas Morris, of Ohio, as a candidate for Vice President. A resolution was passed, in which they assert that they do not feel bound to respect the third clause of the fourth article of the Constitution, whenever applied to the case of fugitive slaves. They say they will treat it 'as utterly mall and roid, and consequently, as forming no part of the Constitution of the United States,' whenever called upon, or sworn to support it." The paper states, that "All the most distinguished Abolitionists in the country were present." We have here a foretaste of what we may expect, should the event supposed, ever come to pass. Constitutional barriers will be In the meantime an immense African population but slight impediments in the path of the Abolitionists.

advanced, perhaps, than any other in Europe in the arts of civilized life, throwing aside all the restraints of religion and law, and running riot to such a pitch of licentiousness that the friends of in the path of the Abolitionist, and that arises out good order and of the happiness of the human race were glad to find refuge from anarchy, even in the blackness of despotism. We have little reason to hope that the experiment of emancipation in the Southern States would result more favorably. In France, the conflict was between classes—the one assailing and the other defending the ancient barriers of exclusion and prerogative. Here the conflict would be between races,—the one but poorly tolerating equality where they conscientiously believe there should be subordination, and with difficulty suppressing instinctive repugnances which education and habit have confirmed-the other, incensed by the memory of recent wrongs and rioting in the recovery of their natural birth-right-engaged in a war of extermination-a war which, to say the least, must involve the annihilation, subjugation, or expulsion of one of the races. Such a result would be inevitable. No power upon earth could prevent it. The causes from which the conflict would spring are laid deep in our natures. As soon might I believe that the waters of Arethusa would mingle with the ocean, as that the European and African races-nearly equal in numbers, inhabiting the same country and enjoying social and political equality, would barmoniously blend together, and peaceably cooperate in the administration of government.

I pass to another difficulty. It grows out of the amount of capital involved. An almost insuperable barrier would here seem to spring up in the path of the Abolitionist; but great as it is I do not attach to it that overruling importance which results from the relation existing between the races. The amount of capital invested in slave property in the Southern States has been ascertained to be certainly not less than eleven hundred millions of dollars. This capital has long since distributed itself through all the channels of Southern industry. It constitutes the basis upon which rests the agricultural operations of one entire section of the Union. It enters familiarly into all the multifarious interests growing out of the relation of debtor lect them because they furnish a high standard. and creditor. It is the subject of mortgages, of deeds of trust, and is one of the main pillars of ledged, and, if we can stand in the comparison and orphanage rely for subsistence. To annihilate that we are not irretrievably lost. In what one, it, without compensation and without indemnity, then, of the manly virtues is the South inferior to would spread ruin through all the varied depart-the North! Is it in courage? Let the annals of ments of society, destroy the happiness of fami- the Revolution answer the question. Is it in pa-

the past and a gross ignorance of the human heart. I lies, and cut off at one blow the future production The incapacity of a people, long habituated to ser- of those great staples which constitute almost the vitude, for the enjoyment of rational liberty is pro- only exports of the country. To suppose that such The close of the last century furnished a revolution could be effected peaceably, or witha lesson upon this subject, which should be long out the production of vast and incalculable misery, remembered. We then saw a great nation, farther is to betray a very imperfect conception of the nature of property, and of the important part it enacts in human affairs.

I will mention but one more difficulty which lies of the cruel policy which he has seen fit to adopt. If he believes that denunciation and calumny, and the attempts which he is daily making to excite in one portion of the Union antipathies against the other, will promote his ends-provided he proposes to accomplish them peaceably and constitutionally, he could not commit a greater error. There is a tendency in persecution to strengthen the cause against which it is directed. Never was that tendency more forcibly exhibited than in the present case. For the agitators of the North, instead of having Southern allies as, in all probability, they would have had under the auspices of a wiser policy, (for false philanthropy has no local habitstion,) have, by the fanatical course which they have pursued, united the Southern people as one man in a determined resistance to the assaults which have been made upon their rights. And I do not think that I speak too strongly when I say, that the prevailing sentiment is-that, if indeed the Institution of Slavery is destined to fall before the tide of blind fanaticism which is rolling against it, it will carry with it the pillars of the Union.

Having now, I hope, demonstrated, First-That the Southern States have a full and perfect justification for slavery as it exists among them, and Secondly-That the difficulties which present themselves to its abolition are almost insurmountable, I propose, in the Third place, to submit some few remarks upon the Effects of Slavery as exhibited in the present condition of the two races inhabiting the Southern States.

And First-As to the European race. What has been the Effect of Slavery as exhibited in the European race inhabiting the Southern States? Has that race degenerated morally, intellectually, or physically ! No one will assert it. That "comparisons are odious" has grown into a proverb; but they may be yet justified when used for the purposes of self-defence. Besides, character is relative and must be measured by some standard. Let us, then, take our Northern brethren. I se-Their many excellencies are known and acknow-Upon it old age and infancy, widowhood with them, it will afford pretty strong evidence

triotism? I appeal again to the annals of the Revo- labor is the common destiny of the great mass of lution. Is it in wisdom? I hold up the records of the country and ask-who were most instrumental in erecting the beautiful fabric of government under which we live, and in vindicating its title to the lofty stand which it has assumed among the nations of the earth? Is it in chivalry? That will scarcely be selected as the point of comparison. In what, then, is the European race inhabiting the Southern States inferior to their countrymen in the North? In the arts of gain, they may, indeed, concede a superiority; but that, as they believe, is properly attributable, not to the existence of slavery among them, but to the fiscal action of the General Government. In nothing, then, fairly attributable to the institution of slavery, are they inferior. In some things, indeed, were it becoming to do so, they might assert a superiority. To those lofty virtues which, in the time of the Plantaganets-the old Baronial days of England-when the feudal system was in its full vigor, grew out of the relation of Lord and Vassal, between which and the relation existing between master and slave in the Southern States no slight resemblance may be traced—they lay an especial claim. A chivalrous daring-a spirit that may break but never bend-an estimate placed upon individual honor which counts all else as dust in the balance-virtues, such as these, are the peculiar birthright of the Southern people. They hold them as a direct inheritance from that bold race of cavaliers who emigrated from all parts of Europe and settled in the Southern colonies. Nor have they been impaired in the transmission. But, as I have already said, the South asserts no superiority, she only refuses to yield it. And here I close this chapter of comparisons, into which I have been betrayed only for the purposes of vindication.

Secondly.-As to the African race. What has been the effect of slavery as exhibited in the present condition of the African race inhabiting the Southern States. The views which I am about to submit upon this branch of the subject will, I fear, be deemed heretical by many; but I have the consolation to believe, that when truth shall have had time to vindicate itself, and the thick mists in which fanaticism has enveloped this subject shall have dispersed, their justice will be universally acknowledged. I will, then, lay down two propositions, which, if they have any truth in them, constitute a perfect vindication for the South, and should for ever silence that intrusive humanity and transatlantic benevolence, with which she has of late been so much persecuted. The first of those propositions is—That the present condition of the African race in the Southern States is superior to subsistence has long since arrived, and that this nethat which is the inevitable destiny of the laboring classes throughout the world. In order that there of periodical misery, has existed ever since we may be no misapprehension upon this point, it may have had any histories of mankind-does exist at

the human race—that there is now, and has been, waging incessantly, in every age and clime, since the infancy of society, a war between labor and capital; and, that at no period of the world, has labor received more than a small proportion of its own products. It would be easy, were it deemed necessary, to trace the origin and history of this war between labor and capital, which has always resulted in the subjugation of labor, and to point out the forms which this servitude has assumed at different periods of the world. But this would be apart from my purpose. All that I have now to deal with is the fact, which is indisputable, that capital has, in all ages, held labor in subjection, and that labor has never received more than a small proportion of its own products. What that proportion is, and, by a fixed principle of our nature, must be, is the point to which I wish to direct the present inquiry. This is the question, and its solution is not difficult. It is to be found in a legitimate deduction from the tremendous principle so ably developed by Malthus in his " Essay on Population." The deduction may be startling, as is the principle itself; but the one has commanded an almost universal acknowledgment of its truth, and the other is believed to be indisputable. In that essay the great, but long neglected truth flashes forth with a fearful vividness—that along the whole line of human progress, there is a tendency in the population of every nation or community to increase beyond the means of subsistence which its own territory can supply. Nor have we the consolation, as some have supposed, that the misery necessarily resulting from this tendency in population to press upon the means of subsistence-to suffocate itself by its own too great fecundity, is an evil of some remote indefinite period, in all probability never to be experienced; on the contrary, if there be any truth in the author's speculations, that time has long since arrived. The pressure is now felt-has been felt from the earliest period to which the records or traditions of the human race extend, and will continue to be felt until some organic change is effected in the constitution of our nature. But let the author speak for himself.

"If the proportion between the natural increase of population and food, which was stated in the beginning of this essay, and which has received considerable confirmation from the poverty that has been found to prevail in every stage and department of human society, be in any degree near the truth, it will appear, on the contrary, that the period when the number of men surpass their means of cessary oscillation, this constantly subsisting cause be well to premise what will not be disputed—that present and will forever continue to exist, unless

some decided change take place in the physical constitution of our nature."

It thus appears that there is a principle, fixed in the "constitution of our nature," which has been operating from the beginning, which is now operating, and which is, in all probability, destined to operate through all time, by which population is always held at the utmost point of repletion at which it can sustain itself, and that it would long since, in obedience to the law of its progression, have pressed by this point, were it not checked by an absence of the means of subsistence. We have, then, arrived at this important truth—that the want of subsistence is all which prevents population from rushing on at a ratio of increase which must soon stifle the world with the excess of its own prolific progeny. With this datum we can have little difficulty in solving the problem which we have in hand, viz: What proportion of its own products is allotted to labor. For if, indeed, there be any truth in the premises; if population—that is labor—is, by a fixed principle, always held at the utmost point of repletion at which it can sustain itself, with a tendency still to press on in a geometrical ratio of increase, which tendency is only checked by a want of the means of subsistence, is it not obvious that if you furnish the means of subsistence you remove the only obstacle to its almost infinite production? Here, then, we have the solution. It is founded in the laws of supply and demand. Subsistence* is all that labor receives out of its own products, because, with subsistence, any amount of labor may be commanded. To show that I am sustained in the result to which I have arrived by the highest authority, I will here insert an extract from "Say's Political Economy."

"Simple, or rough labor may be executed by any man possessed of life and health; wherefore, bare existence is all that is requisite to insure a supply of that class of industry. Consequently, its wages never rise in any country much above what is absolutely necessary to subsistence: and the quantum of supply always remains on a level with the demand; nay, often goes beyond it; for the difficulty lies not in acquiring existence, but in supporting it. Whenever the mere circumstance of existence is sufficient for the execution of any kind of work, and that work affords the means of supporting existence, the vacuum is speedily filled up."—p. 287.

It is proper to state that the author qualifies this proposition to some extent by stating in effect—that, inasmuch as labor must soon become extinct without the means of perpetuating itself, it necessarily derives from its products a portion sufficient, not merely for its present maintenance, but likewise for the recruiting of its numerical strength. Allowing this qualification, it thus appears that a bare

 Under which term I include present subsistence, together with the means of perpetuating itself.

subsistence, with the addition of just enough to enable it to perpetuate itself, is all that simple labor receives, or is ever destined to receive through any prolonged period of time. This presents, indeed, a melancholy picture of the present condition and future prospects of the great mass of the human race. But it is not less true than melancholy. What an awful and, at the same time, literal fulfilment does it furnish of the curse inflicted upon man at the fall—"Cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life—in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground!"

With this view of the present condition and future prospects of the laboring classes throughout the world before them, I appeal to that portion of our Northern brethren who have engaged in a crusade against the institutions of their countrymen in the South, and beseech them to pause in their wild career. I call upon them, in all candor, to say whether that philanthropy is not false and that fanaticism blind which would disturb the relation of master and slave in the Southern States-a relation which insures a certain subsistence to nearly three millions of laboring men. In being furnished with subsistence, together with the means of perpetuating his race, the slave, as we have seen, stands upon a common platform with the workingman every where. In having that subsistence secured to him-in being placed beyond the reach of want-in having the assurance that in old age and infancy, in sickness and in accident, the substantial comforts of life will be supplied him, he is advanced a step farther in the amelioration of his condition. How incomparably superior is it to that of the peasant of Ireland-the pauper of England, the serf of Russia, or the lazarone of Italy. But I here forbear, as it is my intention to follow up the views which have been presented-somewhat speculative in their character, by an appeal to facts, from which it will appear, if I be not greatly deceived,

Secondly;—That the condition of the African race in the Southern States will compare advantageously with that of the working classes throughout the world.

In the remarks which have been submitted, we were lead, by a course of speculative reasoning, to the conclusion that labor is no country can command, for a prolonged period, more than a bare subsistence, together with the means of perpetuating itself. Assuming this to be true, and reverting to the indisputable fact that the slave in the Southern States was furnished both with the means of subsistence and of propagating his race, the farther conclusion was irresistible, that his condition is at least equal to that which is the common destiny of labor throughout the world. Let us see how this conclusion is sustained by facts. Before doing so, I beg leave to state it as my firm

conviction, deliberately entertained after having the condition of the peasantry of Devonshire, the bestowed some attention upon the condition of the working classes in other countries, that nowhere is the distribution of wealth more favorable to the laborer than in the Southern States of the Unionnowhere is a larger share of his own products allotted to him, or less exacted from him. To take each country separately, and institute a comparison between the condition of its laboring classes and that of the slave, would be a task for which the writer has neither time, material, nor ability. purpose is to take one country only and institute England is selected the comparison as to that. Her Parliamentary for many obvious reasons. Reports furnish us with information on the subject which we do not possess in reference to other countries—the laborer of England is supposed to be a fair representative of his class throughout Europe; her peasantry, as she boasts, are the happiest in the world, and from her philanthropists come to us the most frequent and urgent appeals for the abolition of slavery. Let us, then, see how the condition of the slave in the Southern States compares with that of the peasantry of England-" the happiest peasantry in the world." What follows rests principally on English authority. The Westminster Review for January 1842, says-

"There is not a step, but simply a hand's breadth between the condition of our agricultural laborers and pauperism! For though the labor of our parish vards and Unions is more dependent and less remunerated than that of the free labor of those who keep themselves aloof from the parish, yet such is the actual condition of the farming men of this country, to say nothing of Ireland, that if only sickness during a few weeks assail them, or they lose employment during the same space of time, they have nothing to fall back upon, but the large district receptacles for the sick, the famishing and

"Misery every where exists-vast and incalculable misery! but it is more obvious, condensed, palpitating, and fuller of interest to a mere casual observer, in the great towns and cities, than in the fields, moors, fens and mountains of our land. Misery in the country is less obvious to the passerby, to the votary of pleasure and dissipation, and even to the man of leisure and reflection: but it is not less real. The cottagers of England, once so cheerful and gay, are melancholy and mournful. The voice of singing is never heard within their Their inmates vegetate on potatoes and hard dumplings, and keep themselves warm with hot water poured over one small teaspoonful of tea that barely colors the water, and which is administered to the fretful children by their anxious and impoverished parents."

Mr. Lester, in his late book on the Condition and Fate of England, has the following paragraphs-

garden of England, the editor of the anti-corn circular says: 'We invite particular attention to the account of the condition of the Devonshire peasantry given in this number. It appears that the average wages paid to the laborers, who till the soil of that garden of England, are under eight shillings a week! Tens of thousands of heads of families are there toiling for a shilling or fourteen pence a day each, which, supposing them to have a wife and three children, will not be more than eighteen pence a head; less by sixpence than is allowed for the subsistence of a pauper in the Manchester work-house; nay, less than is paid for the food and clothing of the criminals confined in our New Bailey prison! Such are the peasantry of beautiful Devonshire. Truly may it be said, God created a paradise and man has surrounded it with an atmosphere of misery, and peopled it with the wretched victims of a selfish legislation."

How completely do the facts here developed confirm the speculative views which have been presented. It appears, then, that the peasantry of "beautiful Devonshire," "the garden of England," derive from their labor but a bare subsistence, together with the means of rearing a family, that is, just enough to enable them to live themselves and to perpetuale their race! So that, were their condition one jot or tittle worse and that condition universal and of sufficient duration, the human race must gradually disappear from the face of the earth on account of the absence of the means of replenishing the vacuum which death is daily and hourly making in its ranks. But again:

"The editor of the Somerset county Gazette expressed great surprise that such a state of things prevailed in Devonshire, and congratulated the peasantry of Somerset on their independence. committee, however, was appointed to make a similar inquiry into their condition. In reference to it the editor says: At the Board of Guardians on Wednesday, however, we received painful evidence that the agricultural laborers of Somerset are, if it be possible, worse off than those of Devonshire. One case will be sufficient.

"'A woman applied for relief on account of the ill health of herself and children, and the certificate of the medical officer stated her to be suffering from want of sufficient nourishment. She bore two children in her arms, one of them having inflamed eyes. The case was strictly examined, and with a view to information on the real state of our boasted peasantry—the happy children of our soilthe pride of our land,—as they are called by poets and landlords, we put several questions, the answers to which filled us with surprise. The following is the substance of her statement: Her husband is a farm laborer, working for a farmer in the immediate neighborhood of Taunton. His wages are "In giving an account of the investigation into seven shillings a week only, with an allowance of cider for himself. We ascertained that these were the wages generally given by the farmers in the neighborhood. The family consists of the peasant, his wife and five children under ten years old. The farmer sells them wheat, not the best, but still, she said, very good, at eight shillings a bushel. She bought half a bushel a week, which consumed four out of the seven shillings. She paid eighteen pence a week for house rent; it cost her sixpence a week for grinding, baking and barm, to make the wheat into bread; and another sixpence was consumed in firing, and only a solitary sixpence was left to provide the family with the luxury of potatoes, clothes and other necessaries, for comforts they had none. And this is the condition of the English laborer.'

"These and similar accounts of the peasantry of England were published more than two years ago. Since then, the state of things has been growing worse and worse every day. The price of food has greatly increased. Commercial embarrassment has carried a distress bitherto unknown, through every part of the country; and the most undoubted authorities, Quarterly Reviews, Members of Parliament, London and Provincial Journals, have all confirmed the sad truth, that although the peasantry have been surrounded with overflowing granaries, yet 'those who till the earth and make it lovely and fruitful by their labors, are only allowed the slave's share of the many blessings they produce.'

"I might crowd facts together, and accumulate evidence, but the case would be no more strongly made out. Our Republican travellers have said little about the condition of the poor in Great Britain of any class; much less have they thought of looking for distress in the English cottage. Little has been known, even in England, among the higher classes of the agricultural distress until recently, and they have cared still less than they knew. All hear the groans of the factory operatives who are congregated in dense masses in the large manufacturing towns. But from the scattered and isolated position of the country laborers, their sufferings are less likely to be inquired into. Poets, who vegetate in Grub street attics, may sing of 'vine-clad cottages,' and Republican tourists, who struggle to gain admittance to aristocratic circles abroad, (and this is no difficult matter for any foreigner,) and who are there flattered, not only out of their Republicanism, but their humanity, may say a thousand soft things to lords and ladies, and England being a paradise; it will nevertheless remain true, that 'there is not a step, but simply a hand's breadth between the condition of the English agricultural laborer and pauperism."

And this is the condition of the "happiest peasantry in the world." And it is from the midst of this mass of human misery and destitution that a Why, then, sh

voice comes to us interceding for the slave. Strange infatuation that men should cross the ocean for objects of sympathy when wretchedness and suffering, in their worst forms, lie at their own doors, and the cries of starving millions are ringing through their halls. Let our reply to England and to those other nations, which, in the name of a false philanthropy, would tear down our most valued domestic institutions, be, in the language with which the Founder of our faith rebuked this blind spirit of intrusion, "Hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote from thy brother's eye."

The quotations which I have made have been confined exclusively to Agricultural laborers for two reasons-first, because most of the Southern slaves are agricultural laborers, and I thought it would be more satisfactory to compare their condition with that of laborers of the same class in other countries, and secondly, because there seems to prevail here a very mistaken opinion in reference to the happy condition of the peasantry of England. Were it deemed necessary, I might go to the collieries and there, from their dark depths, fill up the picture with scenes of such ineffable horror, that the heart sickens at the recital. I might go to the factories, with their hecatombs of youthful victims, sacrificed, without remorse or sympathy, upon the altar of a cruel and inhuman policy. But this is unnecessary, and I pass by these two great marts of human misery with but one citation from the Quarterly Review for Dec. 1840: "It is a monstrous thing to behold the condition, moral and physical, of the juvenile portion of our operative classes, more especially that which is found in the crowded lanes and courts of the larger towns-the charnel houses of our race. Emerging from their lairs of filth and disorder, the young workers, 'rising early and late taking rest,' go forth that they may toil through fifteen, sixteen, nay, seventeen relentless hours, in sinks and abysses, oftentimes even more offensive and pernicious than the holes they have quitted; enfeebled in health and exasperated in spirit, having neither that repose which is restorative to the body, nor that precious medicine which can alone tranquillize the soul, they are forced to live and die as though it were the interest of the state to make them pigmies in strength and heathens in religion."

We have here a faithful view of the true foundation upon which is reared the colossal grandeur of the English nation. Crime, poverty and ignorance are the pillars which support the most stupendous monopoly which the world has ever seen. England has boasted, and still boasts, that her "merchants are princes." Let her not forget that her laborers are paupers. Beneath the shadow of the most gorgeous throne in Christendom live a starving population.

Why, then, should the slave repine at his condi-

tion, or be the peculiar object of sympathy? He is well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, and enjoys the substantial comforts of life. It is true, indeed, that he is doomed to labor and, at the same time, to realize but a small proportion of the products of his labor. But this, as we have seen, is the inheritance of the working-man every where. One portion of the community always has, and always will live upon the labor of the other portion. In this respect, therefore, the African slave and the European operative stand upon a common platform. Slavery-that slavery in which capital has held labor in all ages and in all countries, is the irretrievable destiny of both. The only question with the operative is-what form his slavery shall assume? Shall he be the slave of a master, whose interest will nurture him in infancy, and whose humanity will provide for him in old age; or shall he be the slave of the community, which, after having by its cruel exactions made him a "pigmy in strength and a heathen in religion," bequeaths to him, in the decline of his days, as a remuneration for a life of arduous and unremitted toil spent in its service, the happy alternative of starvation, or the parish? One of these two forms of servitude is the condition of the laborer throughout the world. Which entails the least suffering upon its victim ! This, disguise it as you may, is the true question! Let the actual present condition of the African race in the Southern States of the Union and that of the agricultural and commercial operatives of England answer it.

Westmoreland Co., Va., Oct. 6th. 1843.

THE POWER OF THE BARDS.

BY . P. COOKE.

I love the verse of England, Her consecrated lays, Which tell the faithful story Of life, in ancient days.

The past is barred by shadows, But the minstrels march before, And guide us, with their music, To the breathing life of yore.

They raise up clearest visions
To greet us, every where,
And they bring the brave old voices
To stir the sunny air.

We see the ships of conquest White on the narrow sea; We look from Battle Abbey, On the hosts of Normandy.

We hear the horns of Rufus
Out on the dewy mead;
We see Wat Tyrell's arrow,
And the dead king's flying steed.

We go with gallant Henry,
Stealing to Woodstock Bower,
To meet his gentle mistress,
In the gentle twilight hour.

We see Blondel and Richard, We hear the songs they sing; We mark the Dames adjudging Betwirt the bard and king.

We see the iron Barons
Doing that famous deed—
Wringing the great old charter,
From John, at Runnymede.

We ride with Eastcheap Harry On his first bloody plain; We hear the fat knight's moral On Percy Hotspur slain.

We mark the waving banners
Of the Red Rose and the White,
And the crookback, on his charger,
In the haze of Barnet fight.

We see the eighth King Henry
To royal Windsor ride,
And the fair necked Boleyn reigning
A palfrey at his side.

We join Queen Bess, the Virgin, And prancingly go forth, To hold that stately revel In stately Kenilworth.

We join the ruder revels,
Under the greenwood tree,
Where outlaw songs are chaunted,
And cans clink merrily.

We join the curtal friar, And doughty Robinhood, And Allan, and the miller, At feast in green Sherwood.

We greet maid Marian bringing
The collops of the deer,
And pitchers of metheglin
To crown the woodland cheer.

We lie down with the robbers
At coming of the dark;
We rise with their uprising
At singing of the lark.

We rise to hear the ringing
Of the abbey bells at prime—
The bells of the stately abbeys
Of the proud old priestly time.

And owe we not these visions
Fresh to the natural eye—
This presence in old story,
To the sacred art and high?—

To the high art of the Poet,
The maker of the lays?
Doth not his mighty music
Charm back the ancient days?

Forever more be honor

To the voices sweet and hold,

That thus can charm the shadows

From the breathing life of old!

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Total Abstinence Society of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, on the Anniversary of American Independence.

WRITTEN BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

As a general rule the Messenger does not admit public addresses; but as not many of them are in the poetical style, and the following is from the pen of a lady, and possesses much poetical merit, an exception is made in its favor. The subject of temperance, too, is one of the most interesting and exciting that now engages the attention of large portions of the people of this Country, of England and Ireland; and perhaps we owe the cause an offset to the "Familiar Letters to my readers," in which the writer rather threw cold water upon the efforts of the tetotallers.

[Ed. Mess.

Is there a freeborn heart, that does not burn With patriot fires, to meet this day's return? That does not feel each bounding life-pulse thrill, As the loud pæans roll from hill to hill-And echoing as they thunder on the gale, In jubilation sweep from vale to vale? No !- in this living mass, there is not one, Who does not glory as Columbia's son, More proud such lofty ancestry to own, Than claim the lineal grandeur of a throne For every name recorded on the scroll Of seventy-six, is blazoned on the soul, In characters of strength, and depth, and light, Resplendent stars of a despotic night. Yes! on this great commemorative day, Memento of a race now passed away, Gathering around our country's altar, we, The children of the dauntless and the free, Would consecrate the memory of our sires, Where once they knelt, round Freedom's vestal fires-Oh! men of eagle souls and lion will-Are ye not present, warm and conscious still? Has not a mighty, an o'er mastering power Waked your death-slumbers, this inspiring hour? How can ye sleep, when myriad banners wave, Like star-gemmed rainbows o'er each uncient grave? When the four winds your names in triumph bear, And freedom calls you, from your lonely lair? Hark! to a voice, like gales through forest gloom, Deep, sweet and solemn, from our father's tomb.

We are coming, we are coming,

Not in winding sheet, or shroud—

Nor with burnished arms, illuming,

Lightning-like, the battle cloud.

As the wind, with viewless motion, In the spirit's power we come— Sweeping back, o'er Time's dark ocean, Mystic travellers, we roam.

We have heard the cannon's thunder,
As o'er every hill it burst—
Peal on peal, it rent asunder
Chains that locked our alumbering dust;

We have seen our flag unfolding,
To the freeborn breath of heaven—
While the glorious sight beholding,
Lo! Death's marble gates were riven.

By the bosom's deep pulsation,
By the husbed and trembling breath,
Mingling with a living nation,
Glide the shadowy sons of death.

We are gliding, we are gliding,
In your midst an unseen band—
Feet,—once waves of war dividing,
Hands,—that grasped the battle brand.

We have tossed on couches gory,
That your brows in peace might sleep—
We have toiled in fields of glory,—
You the golden harvest reap.

We have borne the heat and burden,
Of a day of wrongs and fears;—
Be it yours, to watch the guerdon
We have won through blood and tears.

'Tis yon banner, proudly floating, Freedom's oriflamme of stars— For those stripes our veins were spouting, Every beam was bought with scars.

Should that hanner meet pollution, From a tyrant's crushing tread, Crimson deep be the ablution, O'er its sullied honors shed.

If disunion's fingers rending

Tear the mingling lines apart—

Let the folds, with grave-like winding,
Shroud a nation's broken heart.

As rolls the war-drum o'er a chieftain's bed— So dies away the anthem of the dead.

Years following years are past, since first this day Was hallowed thus, and years will pass away, O'er countless years, and still this annual rite Shall be the time-mark of their pauseless flight—A pillar, towering through the mist, to tell To unborn ages, what the past befell.

Ye've read in holy page, the wondrous theme Of Israel's pilgrimage,—how Jordan's stream Rolled refluent, and disclosed its rocky bed, Bared by the arm of God, for man to tread—And how the tribes, at Joshua's command, Heaved twelve grey stones upon the promised land. What said the chief, when 'mid the waves, they bore Those rocks, as dry as Arab's burning shore?—"Take them," he said, "and a memorial raise Of granite strength, to everlasting days—And when your locks are white, and round your knees Your children's children cling, then point to these, And tell them how the God of Israel dried Beneath your feet, dark Jordan's conscious tide,"

People, more favored than those men of old,
Back from your feet oppression's waves have rolled:
The same high Power, that severed Jordan's flood,
Has led our country safe through paths of blood—
Sustained the arm, which Freedom's ark upheld,
Though storms assailed and threatening billows swelled.
What monument is reared? Each bosom shrine
In this broad land bears a memorial sign—
A sign, that shall unperishing remain,
When Time has crushed the rocks on Gilgal's plain.

But there are nobler triumphs for the page, Rich with the records of the present age.
What, though the British Lion crouched below
The conquering Eagle,—still another foe,
More deadly, lingered on our forest soil,
Hiding in ambush its envenomed coil—
A moral Python, terrible in strength,
Trailing with stealthy pace, its slimy length—
With scorching breath, and poison-dripping fangs,
Piercing vitality with those dire pangs,
A foretaste of the immortal fires of hell,
The deathless worm, the flame unquenchable.

This serpent monater, swelling, lengthening crept Even o'er the graves, where our forefathers slept; Darted 'mid Love's sweet flowers its forked tongue, Mingled its hiss with strains by rapture sung-Glided around the household hearth, and spread Its hideous volume, by the dying bed. Surely man turned with horror and disgust, And crushed the demon reptile in the dust, Or fled in wild and impotent dispair, Far as the winds of Heaven his flight could bear. No! with bland smiles, he hailed the loathsome guest-Hugged in his arms, and to his bosom prest,-Fed it, a vampire, from his life's best vein-And laughed to see its thirst his being drain-Then woman's trusting heart was made to yield A fountain, in its inmost depths unseal'd-And infant innocence, in beauty's bud, Was offered, bathed in its own spotless blood. Oh! for the arm of Washington, to stem The waves of woe, that must our land o'erwhelm! Oh! for the mind of Franklin, to unwind The lightning chains, which man's great spirit bind! Oh! for the might of that departed race, That once redeemed our nation from disgrace!

But listen-a voice like the silver-tongue'd bird, Over mountain and valley, in music is heard-And a step like the tread of a night-falling shower, Soft, stilly and light, steals the dew from the flower-Through the mist there's the gleam of a crystalline rod-The face of an angel-the hand of a God-One touch of that wand, and the monster is laid. At the feet of the captives, his dark coils have made :-The victor is vanquished—the victim is free-And millions rejoice in one deep jubilee. The land, which once drank of the blood of the brave. Is cleansed from its stains, by the pure sparkling wave; The goblet is dashed from the bacchanal's lip, Who leans his hot brow, where the cool fountains drip-The cup of the drunkard is filled-but the hue Is no longer of wine-but the pale, pearly dew, And water, cold water now flows in the howl, Where the fire-current burnt into body and soul-Oh! guard, ye twice-ransomed from bondage and shame, From future pollution your glorious name-Your lip to the streamlet,-your hand to the blade, Then death to the foes that your bosom invade-For hold be the hand, whose strong sinews are nursed By drops, that from rocks of the mountain side burst-And dauntless the heart, that by passion assailed, Has triumphed, in truth's golden panoply mailed.

CONCLUDING ODE.

Oh! sound the loud anthem, exultingly sound,
From his slumbers inehriate the giant is waking.
He has broken the withes, that around him were bound,
The wiles of the syren indignant forsaking—

Though the locks he has worn
Of their glory are shorn,

They shall once more the brow of his manhood adorn; Then sound the loud anthem, round Liberty's shrine, And pour a libation,—but not the red wine!

Rejoice—for the land of the martyrs of old

Has heav'd the foul weight that its bosom was crushing—
O'er the stains of pollution a bright wave is roll'd—
And springs lately dry are with melody gushing,—
O'er the silver for'd title

O'er the silver-fac'd tide,
See the awan gently glide,
And fold its white wings by the proud Eagle's side—
Oh! sound the loud anthem, round Liberty's shrine,
And pour a libation,—but not the red wine.

As the gems of the night more resplendently glow
When their beams in the mirror of ocean are shining,—
So the stars of our Freedom more brightness shall throw

When their rays with the gleam of the waves are combining;—

May they ever unite,
In their beauty and light,
And chase from this fair land the shadows of night;
Oh! sound the loud anthem, round Liberty's shrine,
And pour a libation,—but not the red wine.

A VISIT TO LUTHER'S CELL.*

BY T. C. REYNOLDS, LL. D. Heidelbergensis.

Leaving the church, the Sacristan conducted me through a narrow street of very ancient buildings, called the Collegien Gasse, or College Street, to the ancient Augustine Convent at the opposite end of the town near the Elster Gate. In going thither we passed an antiquated building very unimposing in its appearance, and not very large, on which was placed a tablet with the inscription:

Hier wohnte, lehrte and starb Melancthon. Here dwelt and taught and died Melancthon.

Nothing, as I was told, remained which connected the building with its great occupant of yore, and I, therefore, to my subsequent great regret, did not enter it. A little further on we passed the market-place, in front of the Town Hall, a building not remarkable in any respect. In this market-place stands, under a canopy of cast iron, a statue in the same metal, of Luther in his usual costume, a monk's dress, and the open Bible in his hand. It was executed very recently by Schadow, one of the first living sculptors of Germany, for the Prussian Government, which gave it its present location. On the pedestal are inscribed the words

"Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehn, Ist's Menschen Werk, wird's untergehen."

If work of God, 'twill ever stand, 'Twill perish if from man's weak hand.

The sun was now about an hour high and the market-place was filled with peasants from the country, loaded with heavy burthens of fruit and vegetables. The women kept up a continued chatter in the singing Saxon dialect, and the men, with true rustic curiosity, were chiefly employed in watching the movements of my strangership. Around the base of the statue a few flower-girls were collected, proffering their treasures with a grace of entreaty 'twas impossible to resist.

A few moments more brought us to the gate of the Convent. This building was purchased by

• In the "Visit to the Graves of Luther and Melancthon," in the November number of the Messenger, the following errata (which affect the sense) are to be noted: on p. 642, for Russia read Prussia, for and miles read and three or four miles; on p. 643, for variety read rarity; on p. 644, for Southern read Luthern.

Luther's children after his death, and devoted to the uses of the once famous University of Wittenberg—which some of my readers may recollect is mentioned by Shakspeare as the place where Hamlet studied. The University was united by the Government about twenty years ago with that of Halle, in disregard of the associations connected with its name as the nurse of the Reformation, and despite the murmurs of its Saxon subjects. It is now devoted to the use of a theological institute here, but the Faculty has been transferred to Halle, which, as is well known, now ranks as the first the twindow and the coarse but strong architecture of the room. This window is in the old Gothic form, terminating in a point at the top. The panes of glass are round and not more than two inches in diameter, thin at the edges and gradually thickening, like the bottom of a bottle, towards the middle which was rough and broken on the surface. Thus each distinct pane must have been separately manufactured, and not cut out of a larger plate, as at the present day; and, doubtless, economy too insuled the monks in selecting such small glasses, theological school in Germany.

The entrance, through an antiquated arched gateway under the North wing, conducts into a spacious court. This is open to the East, where it borders on the city ramparts, but surrounded with buildings two stories high on all the other sides. We crossed over to the South wing and, on the South-east corner of the court, passed up a winding stair-case in a small tower jutting out of the line of building. Arrived at the top, we entered a dark, narrow ante-chamber: the old oaken door creaked upon its hinges as the Sacristan solemnly opened it and we were ushered into

LUTHER'S CELL.

'Twas in this apartment he meditated a change in the religion of Europe and formed his plans of resistance to the Pope. The room stands just as he left it. 'Tis about 12 or 15 feet square and about 10 feet in height-a small space, but large enough to think great thoughts in. The oaken walls and floor are black with age and a part of the latter is almost completely rotten-'tis the plank upon which the Monk was accustomed to walk to and fro in his meditative moments. Against the West wall is an old oaken bench in front of which is a large and clumsy oaken table. On this bench the Reformer used to sit and on this table once lay his Bible and writing materials: the ink-spots are still to be discerned. I wished for a moment to cut one of these spots out with my pen knife, but I hesitated to commit such a sacrilege until the opportunity of doing so had passed. A young lady of Weimar, who, on a visit to the Library of that city, had slily cut out a small piece of Luther's gown, the veritable Simon Pure monk's dress itself, offered me a thread, or ravelling from it. As the thest was already committed, I felt sew scruples of conscience; but my gallantry did not permit my taking advantage of the lady's kindness to lesson the value of her relic. 'Twas the severest test my gallantry has been put to, and since I have acquired a taste for such trifles, I would not insure its resisting a similar temptation now.

To return to my subject: as Luther sat on this bench, before him was the outer door of his apartment, and on his left hand was the solitary large with his own hand over the doorway leading into the window through which the light poured full upon the sacred page he was perusing. The talkative sian character (which resembles the Greek)—Petr.

glass in the window and the coarse but strong architecture of the room. This window is in the old Gothic form, terminating in a point at the top. panes of glass are round and not more than two inches in diameter, thin at the edges and gradually thickening, like the bottom of a bottle, towards the middle which was rough and broken on the surface. Thus each distinct pane must have been separately manufactured, and not cut out of a larger plate, as at the present day; and, doubtless, economy too influenced the monks in selecting such small glasses, inasmuch as when one was unluckily broken it would cost less to replace it than if it were larger. These small panes or plates of glass are soldered into metal frames and the window opens in the middle, each side opening and closing like a shutter. The windows in all Continental houses are constructed in this manner to this day, and, to give a strange instance of difference in taste, the people of the Continent look upon our mode of raising our windows, by means of a pulley, as barbarous, antiquated and clumsy in the extreme. I will not attempt to decide the matter, but leave it with the expression of my preference of the Continental windows, simply because such a window can be thrown entirely open from top to bottom, while at least one half of our windows must be always closed and be useful only in admitting light.

Two coarse, clumsily made oaken chairs stand facing each other by the window. In these, Luther's visitors and select disciples sat to listen to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips. The closets were pointed out to me, and also the stove, made more than three centuries ago, of baked clay and having on its sides rude figures in basso relievo of the four Evangelists. Tis a large and clumsy affair, but in character with the room. Just such stoves are used by the Germans at the present day-so stereotype and unchanging are the habits of that nation-'twere well for them, if in their religious opinions, at least in those of a large number of their educated men, they had departed as little from the paths of their forefathers. book-case was shown me. I doubt if it could contain the works of the Fathers alone, but the sturdy and soaring genius of Luther probably little relished those pious but prosy Doctors of the Church.

In this apartment are kept full-length portraits of Luther and Melanethon in their monastic dress, and on either side similar portraits of their friends and protectors, Frederic the Wise and John the Steadfast in their costume as Electors of Saxony and Arch-Marshalls of the Empire. All these portraits are by Crauach. The walls of this room are covered with names, the most remarkable among which is that of Peter the Great, written with his own hand over the doorway leading into the dormitory. It is written with chalk, in the Russian character (which resembles the Greek)—Petr.

For its preservation it has been covered with a glass-case.

We proceeded through the dormitory, (an apartment rendered worthy of notice solely by the fact that in it the Reformer was accustomed to sleep,) and a passage without a window, into Luther's lecture room, which he used until the concourse of his hearers became so great that he was compelled to remove to a larger hall. It is now not much more capacious than his cell, but I am inclined to think it then included a room adjoining, now filled with rubbish. With that room it would form an apartment about 20 feet by 50. In it stands the chatechistry which Luther used for chatechising and for lecturing: 'tis ornamented with portraits of Luther and the first Rector of the University, and also with the arms of the University encircling a portrait of Frederic the Wise, its founder. The chatechistry is nothing but a kind of pulpit of plain oaken wood painted. On one side of it stand against the wall full-length portraits of Luther and the Elector just named, and on the other side a similar likeness of the unfortunate John Frederic the Magnanimous, or more properly, the Greatsouled, the last of the Ernestine Electors of Saxony. These portraits are all by Lucas Cranach, whose also is the altar piece preserved in this room and representing Christ upon the cross-an old, but otherwise not remarkable painting, far inferior to most of the works of this excellent artist, nearly all of which, in my various journeys during a four years sojourn in Germany, I have seen. There is also here an old wood engraving on wood, instead of on paper. It is a portrait of Luther, very accurate, and remarkable as a specimen of the art in its infancy. In a case, in this room, are preserved several relics of the Reformer; his beer can, of earthen-ware, is, as is well known, quite capacious: it would hold a little more than two quarts. Here is also a piece of embroidery by his wife, representing the emblems of Christ's passion, the cross, spears, crown of thorns, &c.

In a corner of this portrait of Luther, as if more in mockery than in pride, stand his family coat of arms and one which he framed for himself. former I did not particularly notice, but the latter, as the Reformer's own design, deserves some attention. It is made in complete defiance of all the rules of the Herald's Office and is rather a mystic emblem than a wordly ensign of nobility. In the centre is a cross, lying on a heart, which again lies on a rose floating in a sea of blood,* bounded by a golden ring. The explanation is this: the heart bearing the cross of Christianity and resting on the rose (the emblem of Truth) will reach through the blood of Christ to an eternity of supreme bliss. (the boundless ring being the emblem of eternity, and gold representing all that is valuable and excellent.)

* In restoring the painting this by mistake was painted blue, in all his Prussian Majesty's dominions.

We retraced our steps, and from a window in the tower containing the stair-case, the Sacristan pointed out to me the tree which now marks the spot, a few hundred yards beyond the Elster gate, to the East of the town, where Luther publicly burnt the Papal Bull by which, Leo the X. condemned his doctrines and excommunicated him as

an obstinate heretic, Dec. 10th, 1520. We descended the steps and were met by a party of travelling journeymen, anxious to see the cell of Luther. The good Sacristan did not seem overpleased at their apparition, for they usually visit such places out of mere curiosity, and their means do not permit them to renumerate the Sacristan for his trouble on any liberal scale. Nevertheless it is gratifying to find in this, in Europe so needy class, even a germ of higher feelings and sentiments, and where a taste for the elevated and for something above the common-place in life has not existed before, 'tis often engendered by the sight of works of art, or the mysterious influence which the scenes of great events exercise over every soul to a greater or less extent. I slipped his fee into the Sacristan's hand, and exchanging our adieu with uncovered heads, as the good old custom in Germany still requires, we parted and, as the reader already knows, for ever. The memory of that wan and melancholy old man still lingers in my bosom and gives the tombs which he guarded even a still greater hold upon my affection and my remem-

I returned rapidly to the Post-House, and was soon again on my way. The clumsy old diligence rattled along the roughly-paved streets, the sentinel threw open the ponderous gates of the passage under the Southern ramparts, the draw-bridge was quickly passed, and I found myself on the banks of the "abounding and rejoicing" Elbe. Before me lay the plain on which Charles V., three centuries ago, encamped with his powerful besieging host.

The Spaniard came down like a wolf on the fold, His cohorts all glittering in purple and gold,

aided by the crafty Duke Maurice of Saxony, to crush the last hopes of the captive Elector. Behind me were the ramparts which the brave citizens of Wittenberg, under the heroic Sybella of Cleves, defended against the concentrated might of the German Empire under its greatest Emperor, until Charles, by threatening the life of the Elector, obtained from the fears of an affectionate wife what he had failed to gain in honorable combat. My fancy bringing all these things before my mind's eye was fast carrying me back into those martial times, when the merry notes of the postillion's horn roused me from my reverie, and the heated dust rushing into the windows of the coach soon convinced me of the disagreeable reality that I was rolling along one of the most sandy and dusty roads

An able writer, in a late number of the Southern | his memory. Review, has remarked "The Hebrew nation furnishes the only instance in which the carrying forward of the torch of the world's advance has proved a curse to the bearers: again we are reminded of the fate and destinies of Cain, though the judgment has fallen most heavily here."

'Tis melancholy to reflect, that the same remark is strictly true with respect to the German nation. Such have been the evils arising to that country from the political tendencies of the Reformation, that many of her writers are disposed to regard it as a fit compeer of the French Revolution and the greatest evil ever inflicted on that people. A century and a half of dissension and thirty years of civil war are but items in this catalogue of calami-A dismembered Empire, total loss of patriotic feeling, the complete extinction of individual freedom and the establishment of innumerable petty, though iron despotisms, extensive immorality and irreligion were the boons conferred on Germany by the religious wars originating in the Reformation. The effects of these wars are still distinctly traceable in Germany. The places which have been rendered most famous, by a strange coincidence and fatality, have received a double portion of this inheritance of evil. Wittenberg is a decayed and lifeless fortress, Augsburg an impoverished city, deprived of its independence and fast losing its wealth; Worms and Spire mere collections of hovels and the magnificent castles of Heidelberg and the Wartburg mere heaps of ruins.

But, nevertheless, an impartial examination of the good and the evil, as well to the Roman as to the Protestant Church, to the states, as to the people of Germany, must convince us that the former greatly predominates. The hand of man, busy for two centuries in repairing the evil which a few years of war had done, has now restored to the Empire its former prosperity, character and intellectual vigor. Evil has been endured for a season, but the beneficial effects of the Reformation will continue to be felt for ever.

I recollect seeing in the newspapers, several years ago, a statement that Martin Luther, a citizen of Cologne, and the only remaining descendant of the Reformer had been received into the bosom of the Roman Church. In his poverty and old age, the open-hearted and open-handed charity, for which that church has always been eminent, was extended to him, and gratitude or conviction induced him to embrace its faith. So went the tale, and I believe it to be substantially correct. few years ago, this last scion of the house of Luther breathed his last, in the communion and faith of that church at which his ancestor and namesake, three centuries before, had aimed so vigorous a

They now belong to us all, their characters and deeds to History, and their bright example to you, reader, and to me and all man-

*I am indebted to John Siegling, Esq. of Charleston, who has resided, during his absence abroad, for some time in Erfurt, for the information that a family of the name of Luther still exists in that city, who claim descent from the Reformer. As the information came to me after writing the above, the reader will excuse my not amending my peroration accordingly.

SONNETS.

BY ANNA M. HIRST.

LIFE.

Alas, alas, alas! and what is life? A dreaming of dim dreams and their forgetting-A star of beauty, in its rising, setting-A white plume seen and sinking in the strife Of hoping-yearning for what Time will sweep Away unheeding; and no more-no more! We walk the earth; but on the shadowy shore Beyond the stars-beyond the azure deep-Beyond the purple verge of infinite space, The immortal Soul of Man shall live again-Live where its glories never more may wane, And where its nobler memories will efface All thoughts which rend the solemn pall away,

LONELINESS.

That shrouds the meanness of its primal clay.

It is a sad, sad thing to be alone-Alone within a world so bright as this-To meet at night no light and welcome kiss And hear no answer to our heavy moan, Save, loud without, the solemn organ tone Of the wild wintry winds about the eaves, Or rustling in the woods the withering leaves-Alas, alas! for early hopes—they've flown! Their song brought back no echo and-they died-(Died, like an infant sinking into rest, And seeking heaven from its mother's breast!) Leaving me nothing but my iron pride-Pride which I wrap around me, as I tread The ways of life, the living and-the dead. Philadelphia, November, 1843.

MR. WEBSTER'S BUNKER HILL ORATION.

Josephus, after somewhere enumerating with his characteristic terseness and accuracy the leading features that should direct and adorn the writings of the historiographer, has observed, that men often acquire fame for originality and invention at the expense of truth and justice. After the intervention of so many centuries since the very appropriate application of this reflection to the relater of historical events, it seems to me that it has descended to us in this age of literary warfare and rivalship with a peculiar and renewed force of The blood of Luther has now disappeared | truth attached to it—belonging equally to the rhetofrom the face of the earth, and of Melancthon also rician with the historian. Orators especially, in no descendant exists to cherish his name and honor their ardor for literary distinction and eminence

sometimes sink the sterner precepts of the logi-|back through a train of events for the "ultima cian into the windings of the sophist, and to conform facts and circumstances to the illustration of some particular end, distort and blemish by a mere creation of the brain the more authentic relations of stern, uncompromising truth. To declare the oration of Mr. Webster at Bunker Hill not to be in many respects censurable on this account, would be but an acknowledgment that the other colonies of the United States were only the abettors and assistants of Massachusetts in the vigorous and victorious prosecution of the war of American Independence, and not, as they really were, sharers and participants in the toil, blood and glory of that eventful epoch! For, in speaking of the colonization of Massachusetts, Mr. Webster is not alone content with asserting the superiority of the motive, that induced the pilgrims of Plymouth to seek a home in the Western world, beyond that of all other emigrations of a similar character, but his positions establish the principle that one of the battles of Massachusetts was of itself the achievement of our liberty, and therefore, to draw a very fair corollary, the efforts of the other members of the "old thirteen" were but secondary and not of primal importance to a successful termination of the war. I include all other emigrations of a similar character with Virginia, for in the comparison instituted between her and Massachusetts by Mr. Webster, if he does not by inference refer to all the other colonists, it was, to say the least of it, an invidiousness on his part, in singling out Virginia from among her other sisters of the Union as an object of attack and unworthy comparison, not at all becoming the motives that should influence the actions of a great and liberal mind; and would be strong presumptive evidence to prove upon himself what he deprecates in others, that upon that day's worship, he "stood there with the strifes of local interests festering and rankling in his heart." Conceding to Mr. Webster's oration all those eminently gifted qualities that characterize the effusions of his mind; combining much felicity in the conception and arrangement of its parts with great discrimination in the selection of some of his historical facts-nor wanting either in that peculiar power of analysis and condensation, by which, as with a wand of logic, he reduces and sublimates those facts, and builds upon their elemental parts some of the sublimest structures of his mind; yet there is much to reprehend in the omission of occurrences intervening between the transpiring of events related, and the establishment of the consequences deduced from those events, which materially affect the chain of proof by which his most important positions are established. Nor in the ardor of zeal to maintain by reasoning the excellence of his theme, has he left unspared from the the seventeen millions of happy people who form vast crucible of his searching, analytical mind, that the American community, there is not one who has greatest axiom of the logician, not to seek too far not an interest in this monument, as there is not

ratio" of your proof. The original precepts that bursted with such lofty grandeur from the pregnant brain of Aristotle to sway with an iron sceptre the vast empire of the human intellect, have not exercised a more potent influence on the past ages of the world, than Mr. Webster now exerts upon some classes of the American people and press, by their great estimation of his intellectual capacity. Aristotle, coming down to us as a lamp of genius through the twilight of two thousand years, has chastened our thoughts by the mild effulgence of his philosophy, shed his rays on generations as he passed them, and yet continues descending in triumph on the bosom of Time, uniting and tempering the sublime conceptions of the ancient, with the more useful perfections of modern science. was a sublimity based upon originality, confering a diadem of power, sparkling with the births of genius and the glories of intellect. Whether the genius of Mr. Webster, in bursting from its chrysalis to soar aloft to its present sublime position, will continue through centuries of time to reign over the province of language and thought with the same absolutism in oratory as Aristotle in philosophy, is a problem dependent upon the resources of talent immatured and mind unborn for its solution: but this one thing is certain, that Mr. Webster's rule for the present is no less firmly established than was that of the great Stagirite in its commencement. Hence the prejudice to combat in assailing his positions, and in exposing the fallacy of their conclusions; and the serious importance to the reputation of a state to be defended by a prompt and complete refutation of the censure, fulminated through the almost fatal medium of such high and weighty authority. Local prejudice, such as pervades the oration of Mr. Webster, neither dictates a syllable of what is here written, nor leads the mind of the writer to enter upon a defence of one section of our country to impugn the fair fame of another portion. His only wish is to present each state, as she is and has been, blessed by the civic acts of her statesmen, and crowned by the martial deeds of her soldiery, as the best shield to defend the motives and patriotism of her citizens against every invidious comparison inconsistent with her equal participation in the toil and glory of her sister confederates. The defilement of no gem that sparkles in that cluster of glories, won upon the purple plains of the North by the brave sons of Massachusetts, is his design. justice which demands of him to prove that the laurels of victory, reeking with the gore of other fields of slaughter, have also had an agency in producing the happy consequences of the American Revolution. I agree with Mr. Webster that "in

one who has not a deep and abiding interest in that of stubborn facts, to form a basis of admitted prewhich it commemorates." As Americans, it matters not in what particular section of country destiny has placed us as philanthropists and brothers in nationality of sentiment-bound together by one common feeling of national pride and glory, we cannot but have one opinion, one interest, "deep and abiding" in its nature, in whatever tends, by an exhibition of festal gratitude, so to perpetuate a remembrance of those men of heroism, of their wars of blood and trophies, of their victories of death and freedom, achieved as well upon the sunny fields of the South as among the icy regions of the North. Consequently, the gratitude due to the heroes of Bunker Hill is not to be found like a coronal of beams resting upon the summit of the obelisk reared to their memory, nor is its foundation so infirm as the embeded granite upon which its stately shaft reposes: it is rather like the eternal bosom of the earth that sustains the edifice, indestructible in its nature with the cohesive power of uniting and binding into fraternal concord the jaring elements that rage around its circle. The sons of the South, viewing its spiral summit lost in the clouds, are kindled into emotion and filled with gratitude, because the soil over which it towers was watered by the flowing of blood, which afterwards mingled copiously with the streams that poured from their Fathers' veins on the sunny plains of their own But whilst conceding that the heros native clime. of Bunker Hill have an equal claim upon our gratitude with the other colonists of the United States for services rendered, we never can consent to remain quiet and have it contended that those services were in themselves productive of such important consequences as to supersede the necessity of the hardy and daring exploits of our ancestors subsequently performed, when liberty or slavery was yet to be determined as the price of their achievements. I cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Webster in the following propositions which he gravely lays down as the basis of his speech, upon the truth or falsehood of which much that follows depends:

"But the consequences of the battle of Bunker Hill are greater than those of any conflict between the hostile armies of the European Powers. It was the first great battle of the revolution; and not only the first blow but the blow which determined the contest * * and one thing is certain, that after the New-England troops had shown themselves able to face and repulse the regulars, it was decided that peace never could be established but upon the basis of the independence of the colonies."

Now we would have supposed, after perusing the many sublime productions of Mr. Webster, that his genius, soaring above the hyperbole, had long since lost a relish for those ideal imaginings so opposite to the light of truth and reason. But in the above declarations, we have abundant evidence that talents the most lofty, when impelled by zeal in the main-

mises by which a proposition sought to be proven is seemingly sustained by historical accuracy and logical deduction. If nothing else, Mr. Webster's subsequent effort to prove that the "origin of the principles of the American Revolution lay back two centuries in English and American history," should at least have caused him to pause before asserting that "the consequences of the battle of Bunker Hill are greater than those of any conflict between the hostile armies of the European powers." For my own part, I might concede the magnitude of the consequences as claimed, but did I entertain the opinion of Mr. Webster as to the origin of our revolutionary principles, I should deny the bearing of every consequence, that would tend to prove, by an indefinite limitation of Time, Space and Action, the negative of my own proposition by my own principles. But Mr. W. does not limit the Time, which has given birth to Actions, the consequences of which are to be compared with the results of the battle of Bunker Hill; consequently, they are left by him to be sought from history both prior and subsequent to our revolution. And the grand theatre of European warfare is the Space from which we may select actions of comparison with that of Bunker Hill. Mr. Webster speaks philosophically in deducing the consequences of an action, and, therefore, means to include every nation affected or influenced by them. Being then unlimited as to time, and there are actions momentous in their consequences, which have taken place since our revolution, let us, for the sake of testing the accuracy of Mr. Webster's assertion, estimate the effects of the battle of Bunker Hill as compared with those of the battle of Waterloo, upon that freedom, which we are gravely told was picked up two centuries back in English history. We will then imagine that momentous conflict undecided. Napoleon, the scourge and terror of the Princes of Europe, takes the field at the head of legions, hitherto almost unconquerable-warriors, who were but nurslings of the camp, with spirits sharpened by every conflict, nor born to lanquish under the severity of any disaster. The same Imperial Eagle, that spread its hovering pinions over Marengo, Austerlitz and a hundred other scenes of glory, whose course defied the burning sands of the desert march, until triumphing in the victories of the Great Gallic Leader, it streamed from the Pyramids of Menenos, again floats from the standards of France, cheering her soldiery beneath its folds, now, as heretofore, to lay tribute the exhaustless glory of the world to immortalize their valorous achievements. The sovereignty of Europe is the prize for which the Rulers of Nations dare to contend. If Napoleon should be successful, the free institutions of Holland, the democratic spirit that breathes tenance of a favorite thesis, can disregard the ob-through the Swiss Cantons, Mr. Webster's boasted stinate truth of history, and pervert the meaning freedom, transmitted through the English constitu-

tion to its millions of subjects in every climate and nations, have undergone an ignominious execution land beneath the light of Heaven, would perhaps be as such. held in feudal durance by some haughty Premier of St. Clouds as the consequences of subjection and battle of the revolution; and not only the first defeat. But the great Emperor saw his star of glory descend beneath the horizon, carrying with it the lustres of its former splendor, and the diadem of his Empire. The destiny of nations was secure, and Europe again dispensed the blessings of peace and government to its millions of human beings. The consequences of this eventful conflict were, first, the repose of Christendom; secondly, the security and perpetuation of British institutions by the defeat of the only foe that sought their annihilation. Granting with Mr. Webster that the "origin of our government, forms of society and political sentiments lay back two centuries in English," as well as "American history," which establishes the fact that the species of freedom enjoyed by both nations is the same, and assuming absurd propositions might be successfully main-(which is far from true) that the battle of Bunker tained. Hill was "the blow which determined the contest" for liberty with us, as that of Waterloo secured such reasoning, be considered the rightful producthe perpetuation of British freedom, we then find the importance of the consequences of the former battle as compared with those of the latter, to the firm basis of the Pythagorian hypothesis our bear the same proportion as the population of the United States does to that of the whole Bri--tish Empire, taking the number of inhabitants at the times of the respective battles as the ratio of computation. For the species of freedom secured by the two actions in both countries being, according to Mr. Webster, the same, the standard value of either can only be estimated by the comparative science, referred back for its existence or beginning number of people, who possess that freedom as the behind the great intellect of its author to his (perconsequence of the one or the other. of inhabitants of the United States at the battle of down the stream of generations, in search of a be-Bunker Hill was about 3,000,000, whilst the British Empire at the battle of Waterloo, exclusive of which contained within its limits the seminal orithe vast and thickly populated foreign dependen- gin from which Copernicus and Newton, in comcies under its dominion, numbered not less than mon with mankind, had a being or beginning. 25,000,000: then the consequences of Bunker Hill These are absurdities similar to those involved in were to the consequences of Waterloo as three is strictly reducing to its consequences Mr. Webster's to twenty-five, in other words, by the effects of the assertion, that "the first blow" of our revolution latter twenty-five persons participated in the bles- "determined the contest." For he here evidently sings of freedom to every three, who enjoyed it prepares for himself a dilemma-either to mainthrough the influences of the former! Such is the tain that the beginning of our contest for liberty false and very erroneous conclusion involved in by the battle of Bunker Hill established our Inde-Mr. Webster's statement. But does he perceive the unenviable position assigned to our revolu- exploits sustained by the treasure, and consecrated tionary fathers by strictly pursuing his mode of by blood from the noblest of his countrymen, from reasoning. For if English and American "princi-the plains of Abraham to the fields of Yorktown ples" at the time of our revolution, and two cen- and Cowpens, were of no substantial benefit in turies anterior, were the same, then there was no just cause to compel their separation from the contest. The latter horn of the dilemma, I imamother country; and consequently our ancestors gine, Mr. W. has no ambition to seize upon; the were illegally and wrongfully opposing a legitimate former I have shown to be absurd in its nature and government; and, therefore, were of necessity dis- consequences, and, therefore, that the battle of turbers of the peace of society, traitors to their Bunker Hill was not "the blow which determined country, and should, by the customary usage of the contest," but only the beginning of the contest.

Mr. Webster continues: "It was the first great

blow, but the blow which determined the contest." In the nature of things every event of importance, requiring time and toil for its accomplishment, must have had some beginning, to which its termination or end can be referred; otherwise any act, the most trivial, could not be performed. But to argue that the termination of a contest in the nature of things could not take place without a beginning, and that therefore, that beginning gave it both being and end, is a mode of logic reversing every established rule of the science by reasoning from particular to general circumstances, instead of reversely. The "primum principium" of his proposition is too far removed from its "consequentia," by the commitment of which error the most The sublimest demonstrations, that mind and genius could conceive, would no longer, by tions of their authors. Copernicus, with his "de orbium cœlestium revolutionibus," explaining upon solar system, could be legally robbed by logic of every theorem so firmly established by his clear, demonstrative reasoning. And Newton, his great compeer in mathematical discovery, sharing a like fate with himself, might have had the mortification, after the toil of years, to hear the immortal "Principia," containing the grandest discovery in all The number haps) brainless ancestors, and so on descending ginning or cause of being, to the garden of Eden, pendence, or to contend that the brilliant series of prosperously terminating that long and arduous

The following passage could not have been conceived in language more culpable for historical omissions and disregard of historical truth:

"And one thing is certain, that after the New-England troops had shown themselves able to face and repulse the regulars, it was decided that peace never could be established but upon the basis of the Independence of the colo-

The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on the 17th of June 1775, after which time the colonies "decided," according to Mr. W., not to accept peace but upon the basis of Independence. In this assertion is exhibited one of two things-either a gross and unpardonable ignorance of the history of one's country, or (which is the most probable) a disposition to establish his declaration by perverting and omitting facts indispensably important to truth. But to the proof for a refutation. I find by Ramsay's History of the United States, v. 2, p. 26, that the colonies, instead of contending for Independence unconditionally after the memorable 17th of of June 1775, proclaimed and observed with great solemaity on the 20th of the following July of the same year, a day of public fasting, humiliation and prayer to Almighty God, "to bless their rightful sovereign, King George, and to inspire him with wisdom to discern and pursue the true interest of his subjects; * * * that America might soon behold a gracious interposition of Heaven, for the redress of her many grievances, the restoration of her invaded rights, a reconciliation with the parent state, on terms constitutional and honorable to both." And never, as observed by the historian, since the fasts of the Ninevites, recorded in Holy Writ, was one so universally kept, or observed with such manifestations of deep and solemn affliction of spirit. Thus, not one month after the very "blow." which Mr. W. says "determined the contest." when the colonists were buoyant with expectation of future success from the results of that engagement, we find them bowed down with grief and concern before the throne of Heaven, deprecating a separation from the Mother Country. They had not recourse to humiliation and prayer only: but immediately after "the New-England troops had shown themselves able to face and repulse the regulars," they, with the rest of the States, in order to preserve a connection with their father-land, were promulgating subtle arguments and distinctions more suited to the tedious closet of the dialectic Disputant, than to the care-worn brow of the Patriot. For I find also, on the same page of the same author, that a nice distinction, founded on law, between the king and his ministers, was instituted and urged by the colonial orators and writers. The king, it was contended, had done no wrong, but his ministers were guilty of treason for using the royal name to enforce unconstitutional measures, "the phrase of a ministerial war became proofs is a conclusive negative to Mr. Webster's common and was used as a medium for reconciling assertion.

resistance to allegiance." Thus did the colonies, after the battle of Bunker Hill, resort to every pretext to preserve their allegiance to their king, to whom, with astonishing pertinacity, they clave, even whilst condemning his acts performed through his ministers, evidently proving that "peace, upon the basis of Independence," was then neither demanded nor desired by them.

Again: it is not only in the face of this testimony that Mr. W. asserts the seeking of Independence unconditionally, but in total forgetfulness, or wilful omission of that masterly and sublimely written petition, from the pen of the acutely intellectual and metaphysical Dickinson of New Jersey, which even wrung an encomiastic notice from the uncomplimentary parsimony of the critical and deeply learned Chatham, estimating it as a state-paper unrivalled in the diplomacy of the ancient or modern world, and as a composition, concise and energetic beyond even that master-model of style, Thucyides. After the battle of Bunker Hill, when they had made their solemn appeal to the God of Armies, and appointed George Washington to lead them to victory, the colonists were even then so desirous of reconciliation, that the cluster of sages, who assembled as their representatives in general congress at Philadelphia sent that celebrated petition to the British Parliament, containing the unanimous declaration and prayer of the colonies, that the Mother Country would not force them by her acts to a separation. This petition, containing the most devotional attachment that affection and principle could inspire for his majesty's person, family and government, proclaiming the colonies bound to Britain by the strongest ties that can unite society, deploring every event that would tend to weaken or disunite them, desiring not only most fervently a reconciliation between the two countries, but that a concord between them might be established upon so firm and lasting a basis, as to perpetuate its blessings uninterruptedly by either to succeeding and endless generations, was presented to Parliament by Mr. Penn and Mr. Lee, on the memorable 1st of September, 1775.

Thus, by the recorded testimony of history, I have proven, first, that not one month after the battle of Bunker Hill, the colonies proclaimed and observed a day of public fasting and prayer for a reconciliation with the Mother Country; secondly, that, when their rights were invaded by their king through his ministers, they endeavored " to reconcile resistance to allegiance" by the speeches of their orators and the publications of their writers; thirdly, that they drew up and sent to parliament a petition, couched in language the most respectful, deprecating the evils of a separation, in which was feelingly evinced their affliction of spirit at the approach of such an event. Either of which three

historical facts, because the assertion of Mr. W., as to the battle of Bunker Hill being decisive in regard to the result of our Independence, seems to give somewhat of an air of precipitancy to the commencement struggles of our Fathers for freedom. If such had been the case in the incipient progress of that contest, the bedimmed part of our ancestral character would greatly preponderate, though the remainder shall be illumined by a series of the most brilliant exploits; for, in what age or country can we find displayed such forbearance in the midst of revolution, such wisdom in the rage of exasperated feeling, and such unfaltering courage in redressing the endurance of every wrong, as was exhibited by the Heros of '76, both in council and in battle? Their wrongs, endured in their unwillingness to throw off and revolutionize their government, is a theme of harrowing, yet proudly exciting interest. And shall it be proclaimed by ourselves that this beautiful trait of discretion in the midst of revolution no longer sparkles in the tiara of virtues that they wreathed for themselves by an unsullied career of glory? Repel the assertion that would cast even an air of suspicion upon this envied, admired and noble trait of revolutionary character! It was the prudent discretion, they displayed to the world in their three acts, I have quoted from history, which put them in the right, and gave them power to appeal to "the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions," and to ask assistance from the Princes of Europe: and the knowledge of a rightful cause bade them firmly and unbendingly defy the power of an empire walled in by its Navy and garrisoned by its millions. And shall the effects of these three memorable events of revolutionary performance, producing a spectacle more sublimely grand than all the victories that have showered their rivers of blood upon earth, be weakened or erased from historical belief by the high authority of Mr. Webster? Should defilement, obliteration, or the asseveration of man, ever expunge the golden page that truthfully treasures these three noblest acts of our ancestors, their most exalted trait of character will be forever unknown to the world, and their enviable example lost to posterity. Again; an authority revered by the American people is produced to weaken and destroy the effects of these events-that of the immortal Commander-in-chief. According to Mr. W., the memorized statement of some surviving Centenary makes him exclaim, after hearing some particulars relative to the battle, that "the liberties of the country are safe." Before this can become testimony to falsify history, we must first define what was then meant by the term "liberties of the country." The colonies were at that time, as I have shown, opposed to separation from England. All they asked for was "to be allowed to enjoy the liberties of English

I have been thus particular in adducing these subjects, and to share in the blessings of the Euglish constitution." Here is the very word "liberties" used by them in the signification then given to it; and the idea meant by the term "liberties of the country," could not have been other than the preservation of every right guarantied by the requirements in the sentence above quoted, and in this sense did General Washington speak. man of Washington's prudence and discretion, whatever his own private feelings may have been, having an intimate knowledge of his country's solicitude for reconciliation, and necessarily of their solemn declarations to that effect, which had been and were yet to be conveyed to the King and Parliament of England, could never have been so unwise as to let fall from his lips an observation, the meaning of which would impair the pledged faith of his countrymen; and, for all he knew, destroy their anxions and fondest anticipations of a redress of grievances. But admit, for the sake of argument, that the observation was then used in the sense of Mr. Webster's construction, is it not more safe to rely upon the facts of an accurate historian as our guide, and the lamp of reason as our criterion in ascertaining the probability of an observation, than to destroy the truth of the one, and extinguish the light of the other with the frail narrations of interested persons, and this, too, when their statement would blacken the most shining quality, that interests the contemplation of revolutionary character?

Another of Mr. Websters statements, and I have done with this branch of his oration. "The consequences of this battle," he says, "were of the same importance as the Revolution itself."

By testimony and proof above cited I have shown that "this battle" in its consequences did not bring Independence, as before asserted by Mr. W., or if it did, that the people destroyed its effects by three of their subsequent actions; but the revolution did bring in its consequences Independence, consequently Mr. Webster is in error, when he asserts, that "the consequences of "this battle were just of the same importance as the revolution itself."

[To be continued.]

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

BY A. B. MEEK.

Sure Love was born in these orange bowers,
Though they fable him child of Eastern clime?
Sure here he first played with the rosy Hours,
And cheated the count of that gray-beard, Time?
The odors, that float on the morning breeze,

The soft, purple sky, that smiles from above,
The swan on the waters, the wren in the trees,
And the flush of this Bright Land gave birth to Love?

Oh yes! 'twas here in the glowing South, Where Nature is dressed in bridal array, Where the sun aye kisses, with fervent mouth, The fruits and flowers that blush in his way, Where, 'neath the magnolia, bright waters gleam, And ever you list the low plaint of the dove,-Where all is divine as Endymion's dream, Oh, here in this Bright Land was the birth of Love!

Here then let us build, for the Spirit, a shrine: In his native bowers his worship prolong: The orange and myrtle and jessamine twine, And hail him ever with incense and song! The birds will bring music, the flowerets sweets, The angel-eyed stars, fond ministrants prove, And our hearts brim with bliss, as each one repeats Oh, here in this Bright-Land was the birth of Love! Alabama.

MR. SIMMS AS A POLITICAL WRITER. THE SOCIAL PRINCIPLE;

The True Source of National Permanence. An Oration, delivered before the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama, at its Twelfth Anniversary, December 13, 1842. By William Gilmore Simms of South Carolina.

Tuscaloosa: published by the Society, 1843, pp. 55. There exists in the minds of many, a notion that a novelist must necessarily be nothing else but a novelist. More particularly is it considered, that eminence in political life, or political science is incompatible with a high degree of excellence as a writer of fiction. The same feeling exists with regard to many, if not most, other pursuits: 'twould seem as if the envy of mankind will not readily yield to one man the merit of being great in more than one thing. Even erudition and intellectual superiority in the theory of a science have too frequently been held to be incompatible with practical ability in the exercise of its concomitant profession. The friends of that gifted scholar and great lawyer, the late Attorney-General of the United States, will remember how frequent and well-grounded were his complaints, that because he was a jurist, men supposed he could not be a lawyer, and we have heard from his lips, but a short period before his death, the remark that the eminent jurist, whose affecting tribute to his memory will long be counted among the most noble products of a noble head and a noble heart, was compelled to pass through the same ordeal on his elevation to the bench, and the vulgar mob of our degenerate bar presumed, at first, at times to deny the excellence of his decisions—because he was infinitely more learned than they. But such prejudices, (for they deserve no better name,) have no other foundation than the disinclination alluded to which men feel to acknowledge the universal power of Genius. Milton's political writings can be placed by the side of his Paradise Lost; and in our own ble Utilitarianism—a period when men are counted day the late Marquis of Wellesley has shown to us by hands and not by souls, and a steam-engine is that the most eminent qualities as a statesman can the Magaus Apollo of our Mythology, the St. Salbe united to the inspiration of the poet, while the vator of our Calendar,-a period rife with social parliamentary abilities of M. de la Martine leave heresies, which, did not the common sense of our us in doubt whom most to admire, the author of people preclude the possibility of their becoming

ber of Deputies. The historical novelist indeed, 'twould seem, must necessarily be a deep thinker on matters of Government and Political Science. "Richelieu" and "Darnley" convey to the reader an idea of the political judgment and soundness of views which we have noticed in such high degree in the conversation of their gifted author. Bulwer, too, may safely trust to the political wisdom contained in his romances to bear his name up as it floats down the stream of time, though the immoral dross which they contain may be justly thrown aside and forgotten; to him also was it reserved to shame the professed scholars of Britain by rescuing the fame of the Great Democracy of Athens from the aspersions of the mere philologists and giving us the best history of that extraordinary people which our language contains. The occupations of the historical novelist, his prolegemena, (to give an old word a new application.) fit him for the duties of an historian and a political To use a remark in the Oration before us, (though there in a different connection,) "to account for the successes of individual mind will go far to account for those of the community;" to describe the individual character of his hero, and the aspect of his times, to dissect the human heart and make himself familiar with its inmost recesses so as to paint the personages in his story true to nature, true to their historic character, and true to their times, constitute ample preparation for the task of the political writer—the application of that knowledge to present events and the affairs of nations and society generally. With these views, we cannot approach Mr. Simms' Oration but with expectations of finding it of as high excellence in its line as his romances are in theirs, even had not his History of South Carolina, and an article of singular ability on Slavery, in the Messenger of November, 1837, prepared us to expect an essay of the very first order of merit. Nor were we disappointed.

Our limits do not permit us to give an extended analysis of the Oration: nor would we be justified in forestalling and marring the pleasure which our readers, who have not seen it, may be induced to seek from its perusal. We propose merely to notice some of the sentiments contained in it, which we think timely and such as cannot be too frequently brought to the public view at a period when educated barbarism is making rapid strides in our land, and when the good old principles of our fathers are giving place to an adoration of Mammon and the deification of the most grovelling and abominathe Chute d'un Ange or the leader of the Cham- universal among us, would introduce a state of things in which all the higher and better feelings of our nature would be smothered, taste and art disappear, and in which Raphael would paint signs, Michael Angelo be a master-carpenter, and Shakspeare and Dante starve.

Mr. Simms says with great truth of the English settlers on this continent:

"They came to colonize and not to conquer, though, in effecting the one object, they necessarily secured the other. In this simple fact consists the great secret of their success." (p. 9.)

In another part he corrects some too common errors which, however trivial and merely historical they may appear, lie at the bottom of the heresies which infect the minds of the abolitionists and many other fanatics at the North and at the South:

"It is well to remark that, in our Declaration of Independence, the wrongs done, the provocations suffered, are spoken of only as so many aggressions upon society; and the understanding is never for a moment outraged or offended by a single abstraction about that liberty, which, save in name, is nothing more than a spirit of refined society. They shook themselves free from the King of Great Britain, for the same reason which first prompted them to seek refuge in the wilderness,-the comfort and the security of home. Not so much with the view to the assertion of an abstract principle, the neglect of which might, at some future day, have involved them in probable loss of right or privilege, but because of absolute present abuses and usurpations." (p. 12.)

In the following sentiment we fully concur with Mr. Simms, (he is speaking of the by-gone times of "Merrie Englonde:")

"I confess, the hearty and generous nature which spoke out in those days, dashed, it might be, by a little excess of that rustic simplicity which became rudeness, has a charm for contemplation, which makes it half doubtful whether civilization, in refining too much on this character, has not impaired some of its most valuable virtues." (p. 20.)

In the following remarks, M. Simms has hit upon the true cause of John Bull's surliness, whenever he gets out of his "sea-girt isle :"

"It is in consequence of this unquestionable social superiority, that the Englishman, let him go where he will from home, is always a discontent. His most ordinary and indispensable requisites are denied him in other lands, and the substitutes which are offered, only remind him, as if in mockery, of the superior value and attractions of those which he has abandoned. Doubtless, in the clamor which he makes, he not only betrays some feebleness of character, but is unjust to other people. But that he attaches too high a value to those things which make his home more dear to him than any other,-which make him love his country with an individual passion that seems to swallow up all others,-cannot well be said by those who behold, in this very attachment, the true secret of his own and his country's eminence." (p. 22.)

The following remark indicates a penetrating glance into the secrets of "that strange philosophical romance, the progress of society," (as Mr. Simms graphically designates it on p. 7:)

"It would not be difficult to say how much of the law-

with which we are reproached by the modern British, is due to the reckless and detestable ambition of their ancestors-their greedy avarice-their insatiate thirst of power, and their total disregard, in that prolonged warfare, of all those redeeming usages of war, which sometimes entitle it to the applause of humanity." (p. 30.)

How much more complete an answer to the calumnies and crude notions of idling British tourists does one such philosophical reflection afford, than whole cart loads of such trash as the "change for American Notes!"-a book, by-the-by, which looks very much as if it was "made to order" on this side the Atlantic.

The following remarks deserve to be deeply weighed:

"Nothing is so fatal to this discipline as the emancipation of the boy, in his tender years, from the restraints of the maternal household-from the guidance of the parental hand and eye-from the pure and sobering influences-the regular habits and the cheering smiles of the domestic hearth and habitation. Nothing so soon prompts the boy to throw off his allegiance to years, to station, to worth and virtue, as the capacity of earning money for himself. Money is the sign, among us, unhappily, of the highest social power,-and the possessor of it soon learns to exercise it as a means of authority. It is a new doctrine, certainly, in our country-but not the less true for that-to teach that the longer a boy is kept from earning money for himself, the better for himself-for his real manhood-for his moralshis own, and the happiness of those who love him." (p. 44.)

Yes, we exclaim with Mr. Simms, not the less true for that.

We designed noticing some of the many other striking, deep and philosophical remarks with which the Oration literally teems; but we have already found difficulty in selecting, from among the many good, the best. Remarking then that Mr. Simms, by this Oration, (not to mention his other works,) has fully legitimated himself as a political writer, we will close this notice by the following extract, (italicising some sentiments, which cannot be too often pondered in a country such as ours at present is:)

"After what has been already said, I need scarcely repeat, Gentlemen, how very wretched and dangerous I think our whole social system. We are all wrong, even as regards the search after fortune,-for where are the fortunes of those who have been most searching, and, as they fancied, most successful? We are still more in error, as regards our pursuit of happiness. We lack too many qualities of training and education, to succeed well in either of these objects. We lack fortitude as well as patience-modesty and veneration—gentleness of behavior and industry of habit. We neither know how to toil nor how to endure. We regard labor as slavish, and endurance as a sort of baseness. We indulge in the most confident assertion, at one moment, and, in the next, repine in the most dastardly complaint; and in all our promises and performances, prove ourselves singularly insensible to the true objects of delight or happiness. These, I have shown, are to be found in a more devout adherence to the laws of domestic comfort. But these laws we do not admire and do not obey. We have no faith in one another. Our tastes are purely animal. Our appetites master us. We lack the simplicity of a truthful, earnest nature. We substitute rudeness for frankness. We look lessness and violence which now disgrace our country, and upon a gentlemanly deportment as a proof of imbecility,

and we are more pleased with the swagger of the ruffian, who | that it will destroy these prejudices, by promoting both inyields nothing, than with the courtly grace of the gentleman, who knows what a noble thing it is to yield gracefully. These, it will not be denied, are too much the characteristics of our social life. It is in this respect that we find all our deficiencies. Viewed, externally, as a mere nation, we are a surprising people, and our vanity is sufficiently delighted in being called so. We obey the laws of progress as promptly as any other nation-perhaps much more soin all those concerns which regard man as a machine capable of certain physical performances, or those only besides, which, if not absolutely physical, concern nothing so much as physics. But these, believe me, are small triumphs-not to be counted in the history of progress in a great Christian nation. The powers of steam—the facilities of railroads—the capacity to overcome time and space, are wonderful things,but they are not virtues, nor duties, nor laws, nor affections. I do not believe that all the steam power in the world can bring happiness to one poor human heart. Still less can I believe that all the railroads in the world can carry one poor soul to heaven. And these are the real objects of LIFE-to live well, and do well, in preparation for the future." (p. 51.)

Alas! 'tis a great mistake, as Mr. Simms observes in another place, "to confound the idea of a cunning or an ingenious with a GREAT PROPLE."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

INTERNATIONAL LITERARY EXCHANGES.

We wished to call attention to this interesting subject in our last number, but were compelled to defer it. Since then, it has been briefly noticed by many of the Public Prints; but its importance and utility justify a more extended consideration. Indeed, Mr. Vattemare's plan of International Exchanges of works of Science, Literature and Art has been long and often before the Public; and has received the high sanction which it deserved, of both word and deed. The Messenger has been its advocate long since. What gives occasion to this notice, at this time, is the receipt of a neat pamphlet from Paris, containing the " proceedings of a meeting of the citizens of the U. States, in Paris, at the Athénée Royale, March 27, 1843, embracing an address, by Alexandre Vattemare." Letters of invitation were issued and a large number of gentlemen and ladies of distinction assembled. Nathaniel Niles was called to the Chair, and Benjamin P. Poore appointed Secretary. Mr. Vattemare's address is highly interesting, animated, chaste and appropriate. He shews how readily his scheme was embraced in Europe and immediately acted upon by several nations. At length, he undertook "the self-impozed task" of visiting the United States, for the purpose of introducing it here. He was, at first, discouraged at finding no public Institutions here, that would be suitable and convenient depositories for the works which the adoption of his system would secure to us. But still he persevered and found Congress, as far as they could constitutionally, and the people ready to adopt and carry out his laudable and magnificent design. Truly it is a noble design, that of breaking down every barrier to the free interchange of works of Intellect and Art,-to the fullest extension of their triumphs; of establishing between all nations one universal currency of thought. " It is an honor to have suggested such a scheme. Nothing but the narrowest national prejudice can raise objections to it, and one of its glories is Mr. Cooper proposed the publication of Ned's adventures.

dividual and national intercommunion.

The account given by Mr. Vattemare shows with what success his efforts here were attended. Dr. Chapman, he says, prescribed his plan to the people of Philadelphia. He returned to France with the works of our authors, mechanics, artists and to a number of whom he makes acknowledgments in his address. The two Chambers of France readily enacted a law to carry Literary Exchanges into effect, and "have already sent 340 volumes to enrich the Library of the Capitol." Maine, New-York, Pennsylvania and Maryland have also enjoyed the benefits of these Exchanges. Why should not Virginia and other Southern States share them? They all have something to give-their Statutes, Law Reports, Journals, Maps, Histories and Historical and other Documents. Many of the works which Virginia put up at auction lately and sold for a song would be suitable for this generous international barter, in which we hope soon to see her and her sisters engaging. They all have, in their archives, much that is worth offering to other nations. Upwards of 3,000 volumes have already crossed the Atlantic from France to the United States, and authors, artists, musicians, engravers, &c., are rapidly forwarding their productions to be distributed amongst us. When Mr. Vattemare had concluded his address, the Comte CASTELLANE, President of the Royal Athenseum, Mr. Glade, one of the Vice-Presidents, Mr. Hippeau, the Secretary, and M. Julien de Paris, made a few remarks approving the scheme and highly flattering to Mr. Vattemare. The Compte said, " He was glad to see the citizens of different countries thus united to pay a just tribute to one, who had done so much for both France and America, and hoped that the Literary acquaintance, thus auspiciously commenced, would ultimately end in an intimate intellectual union." Mr. Van Zandt offered several resolutions, among which was one, that the General Government of the United States should appoint an agent at Paris to effect Literary Exchanges, to receive and to distribute works offered for Exchange and, of course, recommended Mr. Vattemare as the person to receive the appointment.

The Pamphlet also contains an appendix in which appear the various Legislative reports approving Mr. Vattemare's scheme and the letters of the ministers presenting works, from their respective departments, on the part of the French Government. Heartily approving the plan of Mr. Vattemare and having been highly interested by the perusal of "the proceedings," &c., we were near publishing his Address in extenso; but must content ourselves with this abstract.

The Americans, at Paris, have established a reading room, where will be collected the literary and scientific Journals of the U. States. Mr. Vattemare was also the friend of this laudable Institution—we think a mover in it. We have seen a letter to our worthy predecessor requesting a copy of the Messenger for this reading room. His sickness, perhaps, prevented him from attending to it; but we will take pleasure in forwarding the Messenger and in doing all we can to promote every such undertaking. We hope never to be indifferent to any thing that savors of mental improvement and an American spirit.

NED MYERS, OR LIFE BEFORE THE MAST. Edited by J. Fenimore Cooper. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia,

This, the Editor avows to be the veritable history of an old "shipmate," with whom he sailed previous to his entering the Navy. Ned once wrote to know if the author of the Pilot, &c. was not his old comrade, and learning that he was, a meeting took place, in the course of events; then a visit to Mr. Cooper's "Romantic" residence, during which



The work before us is the consequence. Ned was a very promising boy, as might have been inferred from the Prince of Wales standing as his Sponsor, whilst he was with the British troops in Canada, where Ned was born-his father being in the British service and, perhaps, adjutant to the Prince. Ned, with genuine sailor-like prodigality, threw away all his great expectations from the favor of his father's noble friend, and bribing the mate of a Halifax vessel, with the fowling piece the Prince had given him, ran off and sailed for New-York. After remaining there awhile and poorly requiting the kindness shewn him, he ran off again, telling a falsehood to effect his purpose. But we have neither time, nor space, nor inclination to re-write Ned's history. Suffice it to say, that he was shipwrecked and all that and made a complete "shipwreck of a good conscience;" that he sailed in more than one hundred vessels, was twenty-five years, during his numerous voyages, out of sight of land; saw many sights, endured many sufferings. became a great rogue and an ahandoned sot; and was a pretty genuine scamp. Of all this, however, he has repented and now preaches very good morality, especially to sailors. Much good may it do them; and, indeed, we hope it will benefit them. Certainly sailors call loudly for the efforts of the reformer and the philanthropist. Ned in the noble exploit of stealing a dog, for the sake of a sixpence tied round his neck, once fell into the Dock and would have been drowned but for the timely rescue of Mr. Cooper; and now the same kind friend is endeavoring to rescue his name from a Literary death. Whether he succeeds or not does'nt matter much. But if Ned was in the water again, we think his book is light enough to buoy him up like a swimmer's cork.

It would be curious to ascertain how often Mr. Cooper is referred to and spoken of as the Editor. This interesting fact is recurring from beginning to end. It appears on the cover and the title page; in the preface; on page 9; on page 10—twice on page 11, and so on, to page 230—and twice in one paragraph on page 231. Don't forget to honor the Editor. Oh! no.

Ned had a far stronger constitution than the unfortunate Tuscarora of the Hutted Knoll; for repeated attacks of the awful "horrors" could'nt kill him. After all, we hardly think that Ned will eclipse Mr. Dana. Drinker and Morris have the book.

THE GUARDIAN.

This excellent, though unpretending monthly magazine is always gladly welcomed. There are special reasons why we should receive it ever with a smile; but its merits must commend it to all. It is "a family Journal, devoted to the cause of female education on Christian Principles; edited at the female Institute, Columbia, Tennessee, by the Rector, the Rev. F. G. Smith, with the aid of the Rt. Rev. visitor, Bishop Otey, and of the tutoresses." Its matter is pure and choice, original and selected. The young ladies of the "Institute" often appear with much credit in its pages. It is also the organ of communication between the Institute and its patrons, containing a monthly report of the standing of all the pupils, so arranged as to be intelligible to their parents only. It must incite the young ladies to greater diligence, enticing them to read and to exercise their pens. Indeed, in the Institue, particular attention is paid to composition, a too much neglected branch of education in the South. This whole Institution seems to be conducted on a most liberal and judicious plan, and affords unwonted facilities for a polished as well as solid education. It is a crown of glory to Tennessee and the mere structure is a beautiful ornament to the pleasant and healthy town in which it is situated. The building is a handsome model of the Gothic order and surmounts a gentle eminence.

on the Western border of the town, in the vicinity of a grove of magnificent oaks, beneath whose shade we once beheld a most enchanting scene presented by more than a hundred bright and joyous maidens paying homage to their Queen of May. In front of the Institute rises a rugged and barren hill, which the classic and undaunted imaginations of the lasses have styled Mt. Parnassus. In a few years the grounds about the building will be adorned and improved with much taste. The wonder is, that in so short a time, so noble and extensive an Institution should be reared and kept in successful operation. In short, we know of no Institution where superior provision is made for the intellectual, moral and RELIGIOUS culture of the female mind. A description of it, together with an engraving of the building, appeared in the Messenger a year or two since; which many of our readers may remember. It is now in a very flourishing condition, having over two homdred pupils and twenty persons engaged in the various departments of instruction. From such an Institution, the Guardian issues and is published in the large folio form, sixteen pages monthly, at the exceedingly low price of one dollar per annum, in advance.

AN ELEMENTARY, PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL TREA-TISE ON NAVIGATION: with a new and easy plan for finding Diff., Lat., Dep., Course and Distance, by projection. By M. F. Maury, Lieut. U. S. N. Second Edition, revised and corrected. Philadelphia: Edward C. Biddle, 1843.

Nothing can be more important than that Students of any branch of Knowledge should be provided with suitable text books. When they are compelled to seek the knowledge which their spirit of inquiry demands, from a number of sources, gathering here a little and there a little, it may indeed often happen, that they derive much benefit from their researches, and the very difficulties which they encounter impress results upon their minds.

But much precious time is thus often wasted and the mind is much perplexed and harassed by fruitless investigations. Indeed the number of books to be consulted, often difficult to be procured, and the tediousness of the research too frequently deter many, who have some desire to learn; and especially is this apt to be the case with mathematical studies. The young midshipman enters the Navy, at an age when he cannot be expected to have mastered much Science; and yet he has constantly to deal with some of its most beautiful results and to apply some of its most important principles. From what the votaries of Science have accomplished for him, the navigator may readily apply even abstruse principles and guide his frail bark in safety over the dangerous deep, without knowing any thing of Astronomy, Mathematics, or the properties of the magnet. But this mechanical method should not satisfy the mind of the bold mariner. It will not at all suffice for the members of a gallant profession, who are welcomed into every circle and should be as great adepts in the learning as the chivalry of their corps. Indeed, they are required to make certain advances in Science and are subject to careful examinations; but those ambitious of distinction will not be content with the mere requisitions of the Law and the examiner. Of these was the author of the valuable treatise before us. But in pushing his inquiries with that noble ardor which still characterises him, he met difficulties and obstacles which impeded his progress and consumed his time. Hence he conceived the design of the Treatise under notice, with the view of assisting his brothers of the Navy and of furnishing, in one work, the principles and demonstrations, which it was important for them to understand. The student, instead of following him through his tedious course, can now pass by regular and easy steps from the first principles of Algebra to the more

abstruse learning in his most honorable profession. Whilst the work is so well calculated to be of service to the gentlemen of the Navy, having originated in the wants and experience of one of them, it is no less adapted to all those who "go down to the sea in ahipe" and who care to understand the rules by which they guide their way.

The author has received the highest testimonials from many competent judges, and there is a probability of the work being adopted in the examinations held for members of the Navy. Another officer in the Navy was led by the same wants and difficulties to form the plan of a similar work; but having been anticipated by Lieut. Maury and finding his work supply every deficiency and well adapted to the wants of the Navy, he immediately abandoned his intention. Navigation is both a beautiful Science and an Art. Those who have to practise the Art are led by the lucid arrangement of the author to an easy comprehension of the Science. The zeal and ardor which induced him at so early an age to devote himself, whilst in active service, to the prosecution of such studies and the preparation of so necessary and useful a Work are worthy of all praise and imitation. It has already reached its Second Edition and been adopted in several of the Naval schools. Let those who have the authority, see that Naval students are provided with it; and let them do all in their power to foster the spirit which produced it.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE, in 8 numbers, at 25 cents per number. The first complete American Edition. Harper & Brothers, New York—1843.

The fifth number of this valuable series has been received from Messrs. Drinker & Morris. It contains "Hints towards forming the character of a young Princess," the well known treatise on Education written and designed for the Princess Charlotte of Wales; and also part of "Christian Morals." The leaven of Mrs. More's writings should be well infused into society.

GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.
With notes, by the Rev. H. H. Milman. With Maps.
Harper & Brothers, New York—1843. Drinker & Morris, Richmond.

We announced in our last number, that the Harpers were about to publish in serial form this splendid work. The republication of such standard productions, besides the valuable works of reference, is the chief, almost the only benefit from cheap literature. Even voluminous works are thus bought and read by those who would turn away from the array of a complete edition—even though it should cost no more than in the present form. We are among those who are glad to have the notes of the Rev. Editor. Religious sentiment should pervade every History. The Bible furnishes the model and embodies rules to guide the Historian's pen.

When the most philosophical and unprejudical minds of the age see in Christianity the powerful and purifying agent of Modern Civilization and the indispensable bond of human society, it cannot be too much regretted, that its value and its triumphs should have been so disparaged by the genius and eloquence of the learned Gibbon. It is true that the antidote to the Historian's poison is to be found on every hand and therefore some have preferred the inedited History. But so fatal a poison should have its antidote constantly by, lest some hapless reader should imbibe its venom. Besides, farther researches have proved that the author's statements needed correction and annotation. We can not better conclude this brief notice than with the following extract from the hiography of the author, which is prefixed to the present edition of his masterly Work.

"Considered as an historical writer, Mr. Gibbon is un-

questionably of eminent rank; but he would have been more commendable, if he had acquired the power of adapting his language to the nature of his subject, passing with facility from a bold and dignified strain, into the minor graces of narrative and simple detail. His fondness for French authors had imperceptibly led him to adopt their poetic and figurative style, and he describes the puerile transactions of his youthful days, in the same splendidmanner as he records the fates of kingdoms, and the triumphs of warlike chieftains. But the pen of criticism has been sufficiently exercised, upon former occasions, in pointing out some defects, and eulogizing the great and numerous excellencies of our celebrated Author: it is harlly necessary that the task should be renewed.

"The Work, again submitted to the public, has, for a long period, been universally acknowledged as remarkable for great depth of research and accuracy of information; and, in these respects, it will never cease to be regarded as an invaluable fund of historical knowledge, suited to all ages and countries, and calculated to afford both pleasure and instruction to the statesman, the philosopher, and the scholar."

PERILOUS ADVENTURES; or Remarkable Instances of Courage, Perseverance and Suffering. By R. A. Davenport. New York: Harper & Brothers—1841.

• We have not much of a passion for the perilous, or the marvellous, though we remember some books of this description with affection. There is not often much instruction in them and their effect is to render useful reading tame and dull in comparison. In so far as the mind can be incited and enticed by presenting to it deeply interesting matters, it is well to indulge it. Hence intensely exciting books and even fairy tales have often produced a fondness for reading, which has afterwards sought wholesome mental food.

Nothing can be more absorbing than the Romance of History. Indeed, Fiction, to be natural and entertaining to a mind at all regulated, must derive her creations from some existence. Historical novels are not only the most instructive, but the most thrilling. But to separate all the Romance of History from the more sober parts, however real and true it may be, is, in our opinion, of doubtful propriety. The unity and consistency of History are thereby destroyed, and in fact its reality, because only parts are given, which, however true, often appear distorted from the absence of those incidents intimately connected with them. The work before us contains "perilous adventures" in the lives of Prince Charles Edward of England; of Cassanova, who was confined in the State prison of Venice; Charles II.; the Earl of Nithsdale, Stanislaus Leczinski and Cortez.

A work has been recently published containing the letters and despatches of Cortez, whilst engaged in his conquests in Mexico; which many of the public prints pronounce very entertaining.

A COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE CONSTITUTIONAL JU-RISPRUDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES, delivered annually in Columbia College, New-York, by William Alexander Duer, LL. D., late President of that Institution. New-York: Harper and Brothers, 1843.

The motto of this work, whilst it proclaims a great truth, explains its object; "Est omnibus necessaruim nosse rempublicam." Cir. The lectures were prepared and delivered with a view of supplying a defect in the Education of American youth, by giving them an acquaintance with the Constitution of their Country. Partisan newspapers are too often the only instructors that our young men have; and enjoyed considerable influence—without the knowledge of the first principles of the Constitution. With minds igno-

rant of its fundamental doctrines and unimbued with its spirit, they do not look upon it as a great Precedent fixed by the people, to restrain themselves as well as any body else; but are prepared to make it whatever they deem the people desire it. Thus they construe it according to the will of the existing majorities and not according to the intention and understanding of its framers.

With the peculiar views of President Duer we have nothing to do. The political instruction which we advocate should be as general as possible, illustrating the History of the Constitution and the adjudications upon it, without enforcing the doctrines of any political school. This work and the foregoing form Nos. 159 and 160 of the Family Library and can be procured from Drinker and Morris.

THE ROSE, OR AFFECTION'S GIFT, for 1844. Edited by Emily Marshall. Illustrated with ten highly finished Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a very neat and handsomely bound volume, containing a very sweet and pure piece of poetry, "The Poor Man's Children," by Mary Howitt, and several tales tolerably interesting. Too many of our annuals are like some of our flowers that bloom only once a year. Their bloom is pretty, but their perfume faint. Books that take a year to grow should be very good. Call on Drinker & Morris.

Kendall's Life of Grn. Andrew Jackson.

The Harpers have commenced the publication of this work, to be completed in 15 numbers. Mr. Kendall had before him all the public materials, which are very abun-* dant, for the biography, and also the private papers of the General himself. His intellectual ability to do justice to the subject we do not doubt; his disposition to exalt and celebrate his hero is known to all. A better selection of a biographer, who would present the character and actions of the distinguished ex-president in a favorable light, could scarcely have been made. To be impartial will no doubt be his aim; but that he will be successful is very questionable. It is useless, however, to expect much impartiality in such productions; and the best way of arriving at the truth, after all, is to compare and balance the statements of friends and opponents. It is remarked, by Prof. Tucker, in the outset of his "Life of Jefferson," that few men had been the subject of so much praise from his friends and of obloquy from his enemies. In this respect he is destined to be-nay has been, rivalled by Genl. Jackson. Were not different histories of the life and times of the Hero of Orleans and the author of the Proclamation written, it would prove him conclusively not to be the great man he has always been considered. The character of none of our Public men would assume such various shades, according to the political affinities and sentiments of the painter. Mr. Kendall's work will probably be laudatory throughout. Many others would produce one essentially opposite. One of the Calhoun school proper might give him all credit for the earlier part of his career, for his conduct at New Orleans and for high, heroic endowments; but what would be his estimate of the Removal of the Deposites, of the Proclamation and the force bill? He would be again brought back by the Sub-treasury and coincide generally with the principles and measures of the Democratic Party. Mr. Bancroft would certainly advocate the remission of the fine imposed by Judge Hall and condemn the conduct of the Judge as harsh and arbitrary. Many of our most distinguished men, able, too, to make very good historians, (a late eminent Senator of Virginia, for example,) would give an entirely different coloring to

and fairness must be gleaned. One will create a necessity for the others. Mr. Kendall seems to be too near the person and times of his hero, too closely identified with him and too long engaged in his partizan defence, to be as impartial as even a friend and admirer might justly be expected to be. But this will doubtless lend a greater interest to his memoir. We found the first number quite interesting. Genl. Jackson's ancestry came first from Scotland to Ireland, whence his father emigrated to the United States, and fixed his family in the Waxhaw settlements in South Carolina. It was there that the "Old Roman" was born, on the 15th of March, 1767.

He and his brother, at a very early age, were frequently with bands of patriot soldiers;—at the age of nine he was in a battle and at the age of fourteen, he saved a party of whigs from surprise;-running out, and posting himself behind a tree he fired through the crotch and killed one of the advancing party. His mother, left a widow whilst he was very young, was a warm whig and patriot and was several times forced by the inroads of the British soldiers to retreat, with the rest of the settlers, into North Carolina. The author takes occasion to interweave some of the details of the Revolution with his memoir: and the exploits of Sumter, Marion, Morgan and Gates lend much interest to the work. We hope that this feature will be preserved in the future numbers. Though this repetition of History may be useless and tedious to those already familiar with it, yet many will read the Life of General Jackson who would not a History of the United States. Every American should be made acquainted with the deeds and sufferings of our patriot fathers; and none were performed or endured more honorable than those in South Carolina, during the ravages and inroads of Cornwallis and Tarleton.

The first number is embellished with a very good full length engraving of the General and a map of the seat of the war in North and South Carolina. It is for sale at Drinker & Morris'.

THE COMPLETE COOK. Plain and Practical Directions for Cooking and Housekeeping; with upwards of six hundred receipts, &c., &c., &c. With additions and alterations by J. M. Sanderson of the Franklin House. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

If we were to copy the whole tittle page of this "complete" and philosophical treatise, it would put all the Stoics' into a stew, by converting the world into Epicureans; and certainly the Peripatetics would cease their perambulations to take a seat at Sanderson's Table. We have had some experience as to the ability of the Franklinian Editor and pronounce him decidedly competent. The work is, indeed, very useful, as some folks we wot of have already found it. The beat recommendation is that Drinker and Morris sold two or three supplies before we could notice it. The same publishers intend to issue in the same cheap form the Baker and the Confectioner. They will be on in time for Christmas pies. They are good books to send an Editor; they show him how to make puffs.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY, comprising a Complete Description of the Earth, physical, statistical, civil and political, &c.; and the Industry, Commerce, Political Institutions and Civil and Social State of all Nations. By HUGH MURRAY, F. R. S. E. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Va.

demn the conduct of the Judge as harsh and srbitrary.

Many of our most distinguished men, able, too, to make large volumes, embracing 1,900 pages of useful matter, very good historians, (a late eminent Senator of Virginia, for example,) would give an entirely different coloring to the whole transaction. We conclude, then, that there must be various histories of Genl. Jackson, from all which truth

respective departments; and it is adapted to the United LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, from the Norman States by Thos. G. Bradford, Esq. of Philadelphia, who has entirely rewritten the chapter upon our Country, with the exception of a few parts, and inserted the latest statistics that were at his command. The rapid increase and improvement of the U. States seems to baffle the Compilers of Statistical works, rendering an annual change necessary. But the American Almanac and other useful publications obviate this difficulty. It is wonderful, that the small sum of six dollars can command, for every one, the labor, study and ability of so many eminent Professors and the employment of such a vast amount of Capital, as have been indispensable for the preparation of this stupen-

In the same rank we may place BRANDE's ENCYCLO-PÆDIA of Science, Literature and Art and McCulloca's GAZETERE, published by Harper and Brothers, New-York. The V. part of the Gazeteer we have received from Messrs, Drinker and Morris.

ECCLESIASTES ANGLICANUS; being a treatise on Preaching as adapted to a Church of England congregation: in a series of letters to a young clergyman. By the Rev. W. Gresley, M. A., late Student of Christ Church. First American from the Second English Edition, with supplementary notes collected and arranged by the Rev. Benjamin I. Haight, M. A., &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia; Geo. S. Appleton-1843. Drinker & Morris, Richmond, Va. pp. 310.

Rhetoricians have pointed out many of the requisites and peculiarities of Pulpit Eloquence; but none have reduced into one system the rules applicable to it; and the young preacher has been compelled to trust, in a great degree, to the light which a general education afforded him. To these he may confidently trust; but may certainly often be guided by the experience of others digested into well considered precepts, taking warning from their errors and encouragement from their success. Mr. Gresley sensibly felt the want of Rhetorical guides in the commencement of his ministry, and for several years past carefully noted whatever he met in his reading, tending to illustrate his subject; which notes, together with his own reflections, he has arranged into the treatise before us; a treatise at once instructive, plain and learned. He seems to be very familiar with Aristotle and other writers upon Rhetoric, ancient and modern, to whose works he frequently refers, and illustrates his views with anecdotes and extracts derived from a variety of sources. A just view of the importance and difficulty of the preacher's mission shows us how essential it is for him to be fully armed for the contest, and, having a proper knowledge of human nature, to study every means that may convince and persuade men. The treatise is more particularly adapted to a Church of England Congregation because their Clergy are in the habit of writing their discourses; but there is a great deal of it adapted to every preacher-and much, indeed, to every public speaker. That part of Rhetoric, which treats of the philosophy of feeling and the association of ideas, is common to every Orator. The Art of Oratory is a beautiful and a high one, aiming at the loftiest achievements, involving often eternal consequences and dealing with the most subtle and difficult principles of mental philosophy. From the perusal of Mr. Gresley's work, the laity would derive much instruction; but, by producing a higher appreciation of good preaching, improving their judgments and calling forth their critical powers, it might diminish their enjoyment of that which they are often compelled to hear. The American Editor has added notes and collected, in an appendix, extracts pertinent to the text from many learned authors not easily accessible to the American Student.

Conquest, with anecdotes of their Courts, &c., &c., By Agnes Strickland: vol. III. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard-1843. Drinker & Morris, Richmond.

This neat and interesting volume contains the lives of Isabella of Valois, surnamed the "little Queen," second Queen of Richard If.; Joanna of Navarre, Queen of Henry (V.; Katherine of Valois, surnamed the Fair, consort of Henry V.; Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI.; Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV,; and Anne of Warwick, Queen of Richard III. The lives of these distinguished personages must interest and instruct every reader. How remarkable was the change that took place in the character of Margaret of Anjou! At one period, we find her possessing all the timidity of the weaker woman, even seducing her sovereign from his duty and by the entreaties of affection enticing him away from his army, thereby imparting courage to Jack Cade and his followers and bringing defeat to the Royal Generals and disgrace upon Henry. At another period, we find her as bold and warlike as an Amazon, braving danger and daring as a bero. This change became perceptible from the birth of her son. Maternal fondness and ambition then saw the danger of a timid and vacillating course to the hopes and grandeur of her boy; and Margaret began to display something of that spirit for which she afterwards became so very conspicuous.

Shakspeare has given a curious scene, in the Courtship of Richard III. and Anne of Warwick. He meets her whilst mourning over the body of the murdered Henry VI., and, by flattery and hypocrisy, disarms her rage and succeeds in virtually procuring the promise of her hand, whilst avowing the murder of her lamented husband and his father. Improbable and untrue to History! Ia truth, the princess Anne did not follow the body of Henry as Chief Mourner, and was forced to marry Richard against her will. She is said to have even disguised herself and served as a maid, in order to avoid his importunity. He had in early youth conceived an ardent passion for her; which she never in the least reciprocated. Though the curses she invoked upon Richard and whomever might be his wife were not literally fulfilled, yet she lived to see her cup of sorrow running over. There seems to have been some illegality in their marriage, caused by her refusal; and Parliament, lest she should disorce the King, passed a law entitling him to all her estates and providing for a remarriage, which never took place. Afterwards "the crossback" thought of availing himself of the illegality of their union. But disease relieved him from this necessity, though her decline was not rapid enough for his impatience. Richard is said to have shed tears, at her funeral, which we concur with the authoress in thinking not to have been as hypocritical as they were generally deemed. She says, "but those who knew that he had been brought up with Anne might suppose that he felt some instinctive yearnings of long companionship, when he saw her laid in that grave where his ambitious interests had caused him to wish her to be. Human nature, with all its conflicting passions and instincts, abounds with such inconsistencies, which are often startlingly apparent in the hardest characters." The details too personal and minute for general History contained in these works give them a peculiar charm.

THE TWIN BROTHERS. Harper and Brothers. New-York, 1843: Drinker and Morris, Richmond.

This is a very readable little book, describing the conduct and fate of two brothers, who so strongly resembled each other, as not to be easily distinguished. Their career, however, was rather a tragedy than a "comedy of errors." The tendency and moral lesson of the book seem to be good. AMERICAN ALMANAC. 1844. D. H. Williams, Boston.

This most valuable of our annuals has now been published for fifteen years and has been gaining favor every year, and, by some new improvement, increasing in value. The present volume has several new features. It contains in addition to its old stores, a list of all the members of Congress from 1789 to 1843, with their terms of service, and an abstract of all the public Laws passed by the last Congress. Call on J. W. Randolph.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY: A Book of Thoughts and Arguments Originally Treated By Martin Farquhar Tupper, M. A. of Christ Church, Oxford. Two series in one vol. Herman Hooker, Philadelphia, 1843: Joseph Gill, Richmond, Va.

We are delighted to find that Mr. Hooker has presented the American public with the rare treat which this exquisite work affords. We advise all our readers to get it and read it; but lest they should not, they shall hear of it again. It is a mine of gems, sparkling with beauty and truth; and was too long hidden from the American reader, except in the few copies of a costly English Edition.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, OCTOBER, 1843.

This able Review has been received from J. W. Randolph the agent. It contains nine able articles upon American, English and German subjects, besides many chaste and judicious critical notices. The Editor, Mr. Bowen, ever wields a graceful and a nervous pen, and is aiming with most laudable spirit to give a new impetus to the already high and well earned reputation of the N. American.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS. Harper and Brothers, New-York, 1843: Drinker and Morris, Richmond.

We expected to furnish our readers with a critical notice of this exciting work, from another pen; but, being disappointed, must confine ourselves to a very few words. Its great characteristic is its fullness of incident and the intensity of its interest. Whilst these have procured and will procure for it thousands of readers, they render it objectionable to a pure, moral taste. Though the revelation of such "mysteries" may be nothing uncommon in Paris and may be designed to incite the efforts of the philanthropist and the legislator; yet this thrilling work must produce something of the evil, that would flow from keeping company with the characters described. Its moral tendency can only be sustained upon the principle, which would introduce the young, the pure and virtuous into all the haunts of vice, debauchery and infamy with which the world abounds. The parent who is willing for his children to enter these, even once, may put "the mysteries of Paris" and its associates into their hands. We have also received a portion of the New World edition; but with the Translation Controversy we have nothing to do. The Harpers have issued "Gerolstein," a Sequel to the Mysteries, by the same authar.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE. No. XVI.

The Harpers have now completed this great and voluminous History. Whilst it is an avowed justification and defence of Aristocracy and Monarchy, and exhibits Democracy only in its worst aspects, it is one of the greatest, and, in many respects, most valuable labors of modern Mind. That which gives it a peculiar value to England and all the upholders of thrones and the friends of a certain Statu quo Liberty, renders it objectionable to Americans. But its copiousness of detail, its careful compilation, its important tables, its vast range, its stores of inaccessi-

ble materials, its noble speculations render it valuable to the civilized world. The horrors of the French Revolution and the beautiful and lively pictures of foreign travellers in America, give character to its estimate of Democratic Institutions: the author should be ashamed of having indulged in sober history in a spirit and language, in regard to this country, that ought to be confined to Reviews and slip shod Travels. However, were we a Historian, we would glorify the United States, as he does England. The copious Index furnished by the Harpers is of inestimable value.

WHAT'S DOING.

It is our intention to introduce hereafter into each number of the Messenger a general summary of Literary Intelligence. Our own judgment and that of several judicious friends strongly commend it. Owing to the index and numbers will be several strongly commend it. merous bibliographical notices this month, we are restricted to a very few items. Captain Marryatt's last work, "Trato a very lew items. Opening many sets and the vels and Adventures of Mons. Violet, "is chiefly stolen from Kendall's Santa Fé Sketches. A letter from Mr. K. to the New York Courier & Enquirer points out the largeny. Wm. B. Hodgson, Esq., late United States Consul at Mogadore, is about to publish a curious and learned work upon the condition of the Foulah race in Africa. Some account of this extraordinary people has been already communi-cated by him to the National Institute, at Washington. Col. Trumbull, the celebrated Historical painter, and Clevenger, the Sculptor, have followed Allston to the tomb. Thus two of the Muses are weeping over the loss of their devotees, whilst their sisters and the lovers of the Arts are sorrowing in sympathy with them. Col. Trumbull was the aid of Washington in the Revolution—and first attracted the attention of the Commander-in-Chief by his skill in drawing. Leaving the army, in dissatisfaction, he obtained permission to study painting in London under Mr. West. Whilst thus engaged, he was imprisoned, in a spirit of retaliation, by the English Government; but was shortly afterwards liberated and continued his studies. His paintings are less valuable for their finish, than their historic interest. Most of the portraits in his works are true to nature. His paintings, illustrating some of the most important events in the Revolution, adorn the Capitol of Washington. Copies of them, on a smaller scale, together with many other pieces, miniatures, &c. are in the Trumbull gallery at Yale College, which we lately had the pleasure of examining. A next and suitable building has been erected for them, and they are exhibited for a small charge, which is applied to the Education of poor young men. During his life, the College paid him an annuity of one thousand dollars. Now the whole gallery is vested in the Institution.

The New World announces a new novel by Mr. W. G. Simms "Count Julian, or the last of the Goths." The Langleys have probably issued, by this time, the life of Sumter by the same author. Mr. Prescott's History of Mexico will soon be issued—but he is anticipated by Brantz Mayer, Esq., with a work upon the same in-teresting country. An ex-congressman of North Caro-lina and a gentleman of Virginia are engaged upon Lives of the distinguished and eccentric Roanoke orator. new Mirror has been publishing many reminiscences of the same. Marshall Bertrand will publish a History of the Campaign of Nupoleon in Egypt, dictated by the Emperor himself and containing his views of the politics of Europe at the same period. Mr. Paine of Leicester, Massachusetts, has achieved a new triumph for American in the construction of a magnificent tellescope of unrivalled Mr. Adams is enjoying an ovation through the West, lecturing on science, temperance and every thing else. "The old man eloquent" is ready upon all. A history of Pennsylvania, embracing an account of her vast improvements and resources, is in preparation by Mr. Day of N. Haven, lately an engineer on the public Works of the Keystone State. The New World copies "Moral and Mental Pertraits" of Bryant and Halleck from the Messenger. are glad to see it appreciates so highly our "distinguished periodical." Our hint about postage is not "an echo" of periodical.' Our hint about postage is not "an echo" of the New World's; or it would have been acknowledged. Let us have the Reforms; It may have the credit for the good service it has done. We would gladly continue, but are

TO MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

The Messenger will be furnished to members of Congress during the session, at the subscription rate. Many members are in the habit of taking it as one of the papers furnished them by Government. They will please send in their orders immediately, that extra copies may be struck off in time.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, LL. D.

It gives us sincere pleasure to announce to the Patrons of the Messenger and to the Public, that Mr. Simms will be a regular contributor to the Messenger, for the ensuing year. Mr. Simms is too well and too favorably known, as a Poet, Novelist and Historian, to need any thing more than a bare announcement. Many other distinguished writers have promised contributions.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

The following respectfully—some reluctantly, declined. "Reflections on a Rose Bud," &c.; "A Walk About Town," &c.; "Clara;" "Emma;" Lines by "S. R. W.;" "The Isle;" Translations from Gellert; "To Miss—," by "X;" "The Fall of Spain;" "Southern Girls," ("Sawney's" subject good and his praises just.)—"Swedenborg, "God," "Lines on the Death of a Young Lady," and "The Return" under consideration. The rest accepted. We are indebted to the accomplished Editor of the Magnolia, for several articles intended for that Journal. No room for more, though many remarks to make. All favors kindly received. "A Dream" by "C. S."—well written; but declined.

THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST TALE will be awarded by James E. Heath, G. A. MYERS and Wm. B. CHITTENDEN, Esq'rs.

AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

IIT The names of many of the former Agents, who have not declined acting for us, are retained and we have taken the liberty of inserting the names of several others, which they will please understand to be a request to act as Agents. We hope that wherever we, the Messenger, or the cause of Agents are requested to do all the canvassing they can. Literature, have a friend, he will use his influence for the increased circulation of the work, and all Agents will please remit.

Wm. Gouldin, General Agent and Collector for Virginia.

Capt. Wm. A. Jackson, Fredericksburg.

Burgess & Stringer, New York City.

W. C. Little, Albany.

B. R. Peck, Syracuse. John J. Young, Fredericksburg. Judge B. Tucker, Williamsburg. John B. Minor, Charlottesville.

Wm. Wirtenbaker, University. James P. Holcombe, Fincastle. Edwin Cook, Liberty. Joseph S. Mellon, Wheeling. The Postmaster, Staunton. Richard H. Toler, Lynchburg. President Landon C. Garland, Boyd-

Rev. H. Ruffner, D. D., Lexington. Th. Johnston, Jr., Wheeling. P. G. Van Winkle, Parkersburg.

NORTH CAROLINA. James M. McCorkle, Wadesborough. W. H. Jones, Raleigh. George W. Granbery, Sunsbury. Editors of the Observer, Fayetteville. W. H. Owen, Chapel Hill.

SOUTH CAROLINA William B. Johnston, Camden. T. W. Bacot, Charleston. MARYLAND.

Knight & Colburn, Baltimore.

D. B. Turner, P. M., Huntsville. H. B. Gwathmey, Mobile. W. D. Marrast, P. M., Tuscaloosa. Fergus P. Ferris, Courtland.

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Israel E. James, Philadelphia.

Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA Franck Taylor, for the District of Col. Bell & Entwisle, Alexandria.

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James W. Armstrong, Eatonton.
G. L. McCleskey, Stewart county. Rev. Mr. Bowman, Greensborough.

Editor of the Sou. Banner, Athens.

ALABAMA

Savannah.

Geo. F. Baltzel, P. M., Apalachicola, Benj. W. Gause, Tallahasse. E. J. Hardin, St. Joseph's.

TENNESSEE.

Paul H. Otey, Columbia.
Dr. H. R. Robards, Columbia.
Rev. Mr. Cressy, Clarksville.
Thomas Booth, La Grange. Benjamin F. Riddick, Oakland. Berry & Tannehill, Nashville. Wm. B. Hamlin, Somerville. Campbell Wallace, Knoxville. Dr. Wm. J. Tuck, Memphis. John Tomlin, Jackson.

KENTUCKY. Gen. James Taylor, Newport. E. D. Anderson, Maysville. Thomas S. Kennedy, Louisville

OHIO. C. W. James, Cincinnati. G. G. White, Oxford. W. B. Fairchild, Xenia.

MISSISSIPPI. George M. Mullen, Columbus. T. A. S. Doniphan, Natchez. J. B. Clausel, Holly Springs.
A. C. Baine, Granada. LOUISIANA

George W. Baynard, Clinton. L. B. Landry, St. Francisville. Charles S. Leckie, Alexandria.

Thomas L. Jones is our General Collector for the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee and Louisiana.

Israel E. James is our General Collector for the States of North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, Maryland, Delaware and the Eastern States,—assisted by Henry M. Lewis, James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem and Henry Platt.

C. W. James is our General Collector for the Western States, Iowa and Wisconsin, assisted by Moses Meeker, James R. Smith, J. B. Humphreys, J. T. Dent, and G. Comstock.

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RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

TENTH VOLUME

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, FOR 1844.

The present number completes the IXth volume of the Messenger; and the time has arrived for announcing the Xth to its Patrons and to the Public. The character and objects of the work are now fully known, and also how far these objects have been attained. The test of nine years has conclusively shown, that Southern energy, talent, taste and liberality can sustain a Literary journal, inferior to none, and, in the opinion of many impartial judges, superior to all of the periodicals published in the United States. What assurance does not this give for the future! That energy shall not flag; that talent is improved by past exercise, invigorated and polished for yet higher triumphs; sparks are kindled that once appeared to be extinguished; and new-born genius is spreading its wings for noble flights. That Liberality is nourished by renewed prosperity; and men, lately stinted in mental luxuries, or having learned in adversity the cheapness and blessedness of Literary solaces and delights, will open purse and heart to receive every pure intellectual offering. The Messenger solicits, nay shall claim their patronage; for its character and contents shall ever be worthy of encouragement and approbation. Relying upon its own excellence, as it always has done, it must and shall prove itself most worthy of support. Its contributors always have been of the first order of talent, native and cultivated, vigorous and polished; and such they will continue to be. A list of the avowed writers for the work will soon be published; and the public can then see by what names and what pens, the Messenger has been sustained, adorned and honored. Its matter shall be choice, embracing prose and poetical articles, of the first beauty and merit, mostly original, sometimes selected. Pleasure shall ever be combined with utility and moral improvement; and the characteristic solidity of its matter shall be, in a great degree, still preserved. This must arise necessarily from the character of its contributors and the lofty aims of the work. Rejecting the foam and froth, it will present the pure clear waters of the Where the waters fall, with noise and clamor, the froth is found; but the Messenger dips fountain.

where they flow off gracefully in a pellucid stream.

Measures of public policy and general utility have always been discussed with eminent ability in the Messenger, which has even had the honor of originating measures for the action of Congress. The people of the West are now rejoicing in the establishment of a Naval Depot, at Memphis, and commissioners have recently arrived there to carry the plan into operation. They should not forget, that the Messenger was the advocate, and one of her ablest contributors the author of the scheme.

The West is, in many essential circumstances, identified with the South, and both require an analysis the Messenger to result in the scheme, identified to the scheme.

agent like the Messenger, to vindicate their institutions, to maintain their interests, to reflect their sentiments and to illustrate and uphold their Literature. In all the wide spread West and South, there are few Literary periodicals; (though many of the newspapers display a good deal of literary taste,) whilst in the North, there are multitudes and new ones springing up every week.

The Messenger claims and intends to be a distinctive, but not an exclusive Southern Work. The Price of the Messenger has been objected to by some. Five dollars is a very convenient sum for many reasons; but convenience is no ground for demanding it. There is no monthly in the U. States of the size and character of the Messenger, that does not charge five dollars; whilst many, North and South, charge more in proportion. If one attend five or six fashionable concerts, take five or six box tickets to the theatre, or subscribe to one ball, or one political or club dinner, he cheerfully spends five dollars. Shall he not much more readily spend it for the Messenger? If it be worth having, it shall be worth the full price that has always been asked. The terms could not be reduced without greatly disparaging the work.

A portion of each number will be devoted to reviews and notices of new works, and the circulars

of extensive publishers; and readers will be presented with the current Literary intelligence.

Those who are willing to trust to this programme of Vol. X. can send in their orders immediately, according to the Conditions prescribed.

CONDITIONS OF THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

1. THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER is published in monthly numbers. Each number contains not less than 64 large super-royal pages, printed on good type, and in the best manner, and on paper of the most beautiful and expen-

best manner, and on paper of the most beautiful and expensive quality.

2. The "Messenger" hereafter will be mailed on or about the first day of every month in the year. Twelve numbers make a volume,—and the price of subscription is \$5 per volume, payable in advance. If THE YEAR COMMENCES WITH THE JANUARY NUMBER. NO SUBSCRIPTION RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN A YEAR, BUT SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED ANY TIME DURING THE YEAR. II

2. The risk of transmitting subscriptions by mail will be

3. The risk of transmitting subscriptions by mail will be

assumed by the proprietor. But every subscriber thus transassumed by the proprietor. Dutevery subserved that transmitting payment, is requested (besides taking proper evidence of the fact and date of mailing) to retain a memorandum of the number and particular marks of the note sent.

4. If a subscription is not directed to be discontinued before the first number of a volume has been published, it

will be taken as a continuance for another year.

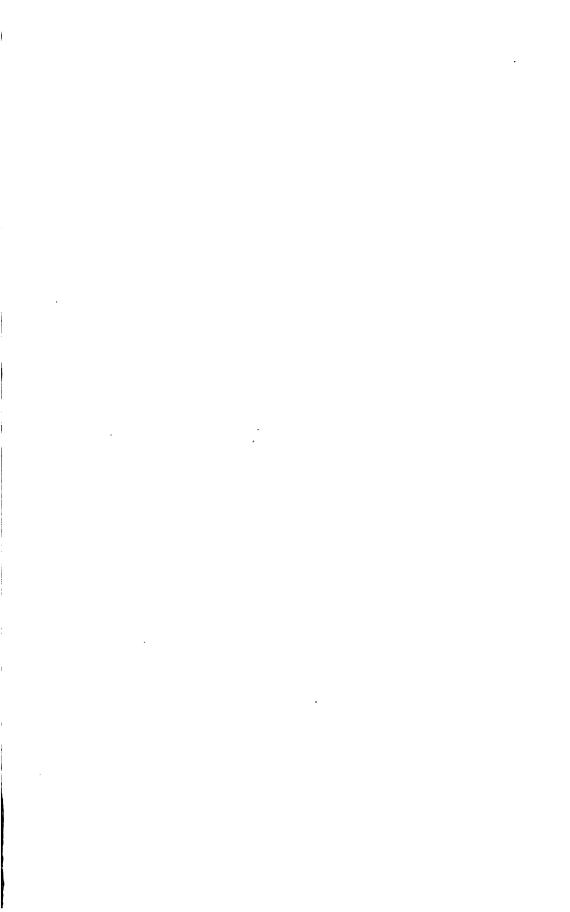
5. Any one enclosing a \$20 current bill, at one time, with the names of FIVE NEW subscribers, shall receive FIVE copies of the MESSENGER for one year.

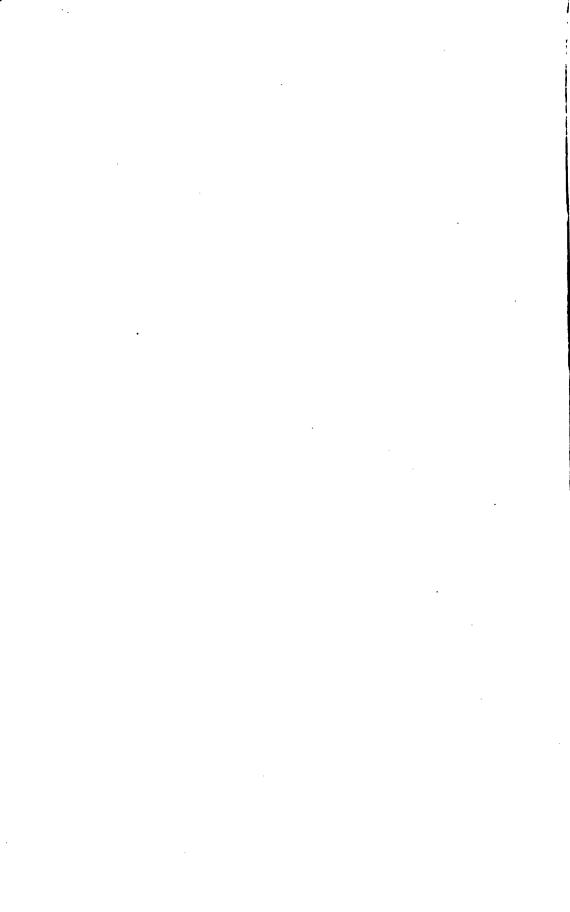
6. No subscription will be discontinued while anything remains due thereon, unless at the entire of the addition

remains due thereon, unless at the option of the editor. Richmond, Va., Nov. 1843.

107 POST MASTERS will please send OFFICIAL NOTICES of discontinuances, as the Law directs, and not return the Messenger. The notice is free. The other is not.

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